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JANUARY.

1876.

THE LADIES' Repository.

L. no. 10 Oct. 7

E. WENTWORTH, D. D., EDITOR.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,
CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.
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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY:
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, ART, AND RELIGION.

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REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1876.

THE BASLE "MISSION'S-FEST."

ALL is not given over to indifferentism and infidelity in Continental Europe. There is presented the aspect of a spiritual desert. Oases, however, may be found. They are not always on the common route of travel. The "Guide-book" does not guide to them. They escape the attention of the eager sight-seer. But when one turns aside and seeks, they may be found. And with the finding there comes a juster appreciation of Christian life and Christian work in the homes of Luther and of Calvin; a deeper sympathy with the faithful few who stand by the truth and seek its extension; more precious memories than art or nature or wrinkled ruins can inspire,—that of saintly lives, whose perfume sweetens the air of these historic and classic lands. He is ignorant of that which is most worth knowing, who, passing by, has no communion with their noblest spirits, who witnesses not the intense struggle, the contending against unbelief, the determined purpose on the part of holy men that all faith shall not be swept away before the over-rushing tide. The world hears much of infidel raids and captured outposts; of the present universal, concentrated fierce attack all along the lines; but the heroism which holds the citadel of truth is unchronicled. The writings of a Strauss are heralded abroad; the many and thorough refutations in the land of Strauss are ignored or unknown. Declarations

of unmixed evil and unbelief have been as common as they are cheap. It will serve a better purpose to search the good and give it to the light. The writer can bear testimony to the fact that there are those who have not bowed the knee to this modern Baal; firmness, determination, courage, intensified by the poisoned arrows of assault. Nowhere can there be found more beautiful lives, a holier devotedness, characters more pure and spotless, spending themselves for the true and the good. Chivalry still remains. It has taken on a higher form, and seeks nobler ends. In all Switzerland there is no place where religious activity has a more marked manifestation than in Basle. It has been the boast of this ancient city that, until now, an unevangelical minister was not permitted to occupy a pulpit. The crowning glory, however, is its "Mission's-Institute." This has the distinction of being the largest Protestant missionary training-school in the world. And the lands that sustain it with men and money can not be barren of religious life. Amid jeers and opposition, it nobly holds on its way. This institution is the center of a Christian circle that embraces not only a large portion of Switzerland, but also, in an especial sense, Southern Germany. In its origin, it dates back to the year 1815. Seven godly men, inspired with a love for their fellows, formed themselves into

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an "Evangelical Missionary Society." Europe had been scourged by a long and bloody war. The time of peace and of blessing had come. The place of organization was the Pfarrer's House of the ancient St. Martin's Church; the church where Ecolampadius first proclaimed the old doctrines of the new Reformation. A pastor from Würtemberg was placed at its head. Seven youths formed the beginning. The primary object, to train men who should translate and preach the divine Word in any and all parts of the habitable globe. From this feeble commencement has grown the present "Anstalt," that attracts the attention of European Christendom. Its lines of healthful influence go out to the continents of Asia and Africa, and to the New World. A tasteful and commodious building has been erected, at the expense of four hundred thousand francs. It is pleasantly located within a neatly kept garden, just outside of one of the ancient and picturesque gates of Basle. Nearly two hundred persons may find a home under its protecting roof. Upon entering, one catches the spirit of the place. The atmosphere is of Christian work in its broadest sense, and in a living incarnation. The salesroom is stocked with missionary publications, — biographies and histories, pamphlets and leaves, from the half-penny sheet to the folio, popularly designed, illustrated, replete with information of distant lands, and of missionary men and mission work therein. They are adapted to every class and condition. Here are likewise the extensive museum of curiosities from idolatrous climes, bureaus for the transaction of business, living and class rooms of professors and students, the chapel, the *salon* of the controlling committee, and the culinary department. Ninety young men are in course of the six years' training. Baden, Prussia, Alsace, Bavaria, Hesse Darmstadt, Switzerland, Russia, China, Western Africa, Turkey, Asia Minor, are represented; while little Würtemberg, foremost in missionary zeal, furnishes nearly the one-half. From varied avo-

cations they have come. The weaver, the tailor, the shop-keeper, the vine-dresser, the teacher, the merchant, the peasant, and, in solitary instances, also, the noble, have here made their self-consecration to Christ and Christ-work. Health, piety, and life-devotedness are the conditions of entrance. Languages, ancient and modern, the usual course of the theological seminary, and the added special branches preparatory to their life-work, form the curriculum of study. All is gratuitously provided. The care of the house and grounds is the only equivalent rendered by the "Zöglinge." Thus the doors are thrown open to the poor, by whom chiefly, as well as to whom, the Gospel is to be preached. Otherwise the institution were a failure. The hope of heathendom lies with the humble. "Not many mighty, not many noble," are called to this work.

Religious life and experience are placed uppermost. To this end, special religious meetings by the classes, separately and collectively, are held weekly, while there are daily morning and evening Bible and prayer services. It is a Christian home, and a Christian workshop preparatory to the world-parish that lies beyond. But behold an unwonted agitation: an air of excitement and expectancy. It is the "Mission's-Fest." And strangers are pouring in from all the surrounding districts; by railroad, by stage, by private conveyance, on foot; all ranks and all ages. The whole family is *en route*, as to a Jewish feast. The peasant from the Black Forest, with ancestral buckskin knee-breeches and silver buttons; the frau, with braided hair and streaming ribbons; the tradesman, the manufacturer, the pastor; the returned missionary, broken in body but joyful in spirit. It is Basle's annual gala week. For the people at large, it is a kind of Methodist camp-meeting and old-time general training united. A welcome holiday for the overworked body; how overworked, the American laborer, especially the American woman, happily knows not. A greeting of friends, and the higher, nobler purpose in which all men seem to unite,

the desire to worship God, and to labor for the extension of his kingdom. Fifteen hundred guests are entertained by the "Society and its friends;" the high and the low, the rich and the poor receiving an equal welcome. Private houses and hotels are filled. Public buildings, including "the barracks," are converted into places for sleep. Business is at a standstill. The ribbon factories, in which Basle leads the world, are silent. The thought of ribbon workers, for a brief period, is turned to a kingdom not of this world, the adorning of whose citizens is that of a meek and quiet spirit. Appropriate religious services are held on the preceding Sabbath. On Monday comes the greeting of the guests, and on Tuesday evening commence the Anniversaries, for which eager multitudes have been in waiting. The gathering is in the open air. A Basler of wealth and a friend of the "Mission," has placed his extensive and beautiful grounds at the disposal of the Society, for the evening. The invitation has been general, and it is estimated fifteen hundred are present. In groups they saunter along the shaded walks and neatly trimmed lawn; a day to be marked with a white stone by the many, as the glowing countenance testifies. Blessed is the man who increaseth his brother's happiness. Refreshments are provided by the hospitable host for the entire company. Tea, a not common beverage, and beer, a bit too common, it may be, to the masses, are served. All classes meet upon a religious equality. There is no respect of persons before the Basle "Mission's-Fest." An hour is delightfully passed in social intercourse; another hour in religious exercises. There are tables for the sale of the missionary publications. Old and young, including the wee kind in white cap and sober, antiquated dress, bear away the precious leaves, and thus the interest is extended. The proceedings are continued through the following days of the week. There is the examination of the Zöglinge, and the annual report from the presiding officer, the honored Herr Inspector Josen-

haus, who, for twenty-five years, has acceptably filled this delicate and arduous position, carrying in his mind and on his heart, the institution at home, and the vast mission fields abroad. Addresses are delivered by representative men, of different Church communions and different nationalities. Missionaries from distant lands speak of their trials and triumphs; missionary information is given; earnest appeals are made; a missionary enthusiasm is created. One day is set apart for an excursion and picnic, ten miles away, to Beuggen on the Rhine. The way is enlivened by grand German chorals from the two thousand happy pilgrims. Passing through the mediæval gate, the grounds of the ancient castle are reached. At one time it formed the headquarters of Bernhard, Grand Duke of Weimar. He here defeated John of Werth, at the close of the Thirty Years' War. Eight thousand men were buried in the fields around the castle moat. It is an enchanting spot, shaded by venerable trees of chestnut, its beauty increased by the sweeping curves of the Rhine. Here the day was passed, socially and festively. The great object of the occasion, however, was not lost sight of in the earnest addresses that were delivered to the attentive throng. The evening garden gatherings are repeated, breaking the monotony and relieving the heaviness of such assemblies. It is the German *gemüthlichkeit*, so delightful, inexpressible by English word. Upon the last occasion of this kind, it was thought five thousand were in attendance. And vast multitudes attended the varied services, for the "Mission" has a hold upon the masses. And these Anniversaries serve to intensify and extend the influence. The sturdy peasant from the Black Forest, or from some distant Swiss or German hamlet, is alive with missionary zeal. The little ones drink in the same spirit, and, in time, the family is personally represented in the mission field. Many of the surrounding villages are connected by these warm, living ties with the work beyond. In addition to

those who have fallen, one hundred and fifty, still remaining, have gone forth at the Master's call; and the number of volunteers is increasing, year by year. The lions of the week thus far have been the rescued missionary prisoners from Coomassie, the brave Ronseger and Kühne. For four and a half years they were held in durance trebly vile by the King of the Ashantees. Prayer did not cease to be offered for their deliverance, by the "Society" of Basle. And deliverance came, by the advent of British red-coats on the gold coast. One, although in the prime of life, is entirely broken in health, and can not resume missionary labor; the other is strong and vigorous, neither his spirit nor his body broken. Fearless and hopeful, at the earliest opportunity, with new recruits, he will return to prosecute his interrupted and much loved work in Southern Africa. Once and again, on the weary march, under the burning sun, snails, cayenne pepper soup, and a gomüse, prepared from plants, their only nourishment, these captives, their strength and hope exhausted, threw themselves upon the ground and entreated death. Men were beheaded by their side by the merciless captors. Through fear or policy (it may be by reason of the earnest and united supplication to the loving Father, who does hear when his children cry), the prayer of the sufferers was unheard by the tyrant master. A tone of exultation and thanksgiving pervaded the assemblies of the entire week by reason of the presence and safety of their much loved and long prayed for brethren. The words of the one, the mute eloquence of the other in bodily weakness while receiving the greetings of the congregated multitudes, were alike thrilling.

The interest, however, of the occasion culminated at the Einsegnung, or blessing. This took place at the justly celebrated Münster, which occupies a prominent summit, the Rhine flowing at its base. For more than a thousand years has a church stood upon this sacred spot. The present cathedral is in perfect con-

dition, of faultless proportions, a grand and imposing specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. Herein sat the famous Council of Basle, during the stormy days of the Reformation. Along the cloistered and secluded quadrangle meditated Erasmus, hesitating in his adherence to the Pope or to Luther. A refuge from the heat is the thick-walled dome, the rays of the sun kindling into glory the holy figures that from the windows look upon the scene. The great multitude fills the spacious edifice. The niches in the walls, that seem far up in cloud-land, are animated with living statues. The notes of the organ, far, far away, accompanied by the Missionary Brüder choir, resounds through the vast structure, a structure wisely adapted to music, as unwisely to oratory. Appropriate addresses follow, two of which, creditable to head and heart, are pronounced by missionary candidates. Now floats upon the air, subdued, plaintive, as if catching and throwing out the very spirit of the occasion, the soft sound of music,—the parting, the unknown future, the trials, the abiding Presence, the meeting by and by in the Heimat above.

The writer, though not a poet, ventures to give the last stanza in English verse:

"Brothers, the good seed strew,
While the seed-time still remains;
Till He himself returns,
Work, work in the Savior's name.
Then glad will the harvest-song resound,
And the Reaper with his sheaves be found."

As the sweet strains die away in solemn stillness, twelve young men gather around the altar. The prayer of consecration is offered. They fall upon their knees, and the hands of blessing, as of patriarchal time, are laid upon their heads. The name of each is called, "Lieber Bruder," and mention is made of the work now entered upon, the designated land whither, Abram-like, he goes, the accompanying Savior, and in his name are the added words of blessing. India, Africa, Russia, distant parts of the earth, are assigned for a life service. Tears fall from many eyes that behold the "living acceptable sacrifice." A prayer commits

to the loving Jesus the loving young disciples to his protection and blessing evermore. From the far-off distance there comes still more sweetly, in the bliss of assurance, as if an angel-chant, to cheer and sustain, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." The fraternal kiss is added, and the "Einsegnung" is at an end. All hearts seem bowed in the sacred presence. The sublimity of the scene, that nature can not rival, to which art can not aspire, awes the soul. Holy lives given to holy ends. Men may decry the Christian's faith, but these are they who will die in its defense; and, the still severer test, who will live for its propagation, the long, patient, toiling, suffering years. There is a nobleness in this consecration, this pouring out of life for another,—a Christliness of disinterested love, of which a sinning, sorrowing world has ever need.

Theodore Parker, closing the biography of Judson, with wet eyes, wrote in his journal: "If the missionary cause had never done any thing more than to build up such a character, it is worth all it has cost." The reflex influence of this work continues until this day to give such characters to the world, for its reproof and for its imitation. It is the solution of the mysterious words, "the losing one's life to find it." The littleness of little lives and selfish ends is uncovered in its radiant light. The old missionaries gather around; they who had borne the burden and heat of the day, their natural force abated, their eyes dim with tears as well as with age. These strong young men step forward to take their places. "Fill up the ranks," thinned by disease and death, is the watchword of an aggressive Christianity. The world for its Redeemer.

Engaged in the same work, though distinct, and celebrating its own festivities during this gala week, is the Pilger-Mission of Chrischona. Upon a mountain-top, three miles away, stands its imposing cluster of buildings, solitary and isolated. A characteristic legend is connected with the spot. In the third,

or, according to other authorities, in the seventh, century, a Christian king of England had a highly favored daughter, Ursula by name. Her hand was sought in marriage by the son of a heathen king. The maiden gave her consent on the condition that she should be allowed three years for a pilgrimage, and be accompanied by eleven thousand virgin companions. In their travels they were miraculously led. Six angels went before them, clearing the roads, bridging the torrents, pitching their tents, and keeping sacred guard. On their return from Rome, Basle was reached. Here, alas! one of the maidens, Chrischona, or Christiana, died. It was impossible to remove the body, until two young heifers that had never borne the yoke were harnessed to the wagon. They, undirected, or, rather, divinely directed, led the way. Trees, rocks, stones, fled before them. They did not rest until the high summit was reached. A church was built upon the spot in commemoration of the event. It is the ancient church of Chrischona. This is the legend of St. Ursula. She has thence become the patroness of all young maidens, of school-girls and their teachers. The saintly virgin is represented in art as spreading her broad mantle, under which many of her young companions gather. But there are thousands of them to whom the artists, in their perplexity, have never devised the means of doing justice. A halo of glory surrounds the crowned head of the virgin princess; the staff of the pilgrim is in her hand; there is borne aloft a white banner with a red cross, symbol of the victorious Christian; while an arrow represents the martyr-death. The ancient church on the solitary mountain-top had fallen into ruins; but once yearly was there a gathering of Romanists for a commemorative service. It was a common shelter for cattle.

In the year 1840, the venerable, godly Spittler, name of precious memory, here established the "Pilger Mission." The dilapidated church of St. Chrischona and a single student constituted the incipient

institution. The young man made his home in a chamber of the desolate church, and performed the duties of evangelist in the adjacent country. From this unpromising beginning has grown the present prosperous Missionary Anstalt of Chrischona. New buildings have been erected; the old church has been renovated; nearly one hundred acres of land have been secured surrounding the premises; and to-day more than sixty students are in training for their life-work. The little Christian community of St. Chrischona numbers one hundred members. It forms one family. In the benevolent and devoted Haus-mutter the writer found a girl acquaintance of many years ago. It was on Mount Zion, at the hospitable home of the venerable Father, the Bishop of Jerusalem. He himself had gone forth a missionary student from Missionary Basle.

This institution is on a somewhat different basis from that already described. The young men pass three hours daily in hand-work, either in the shop or in the field. They are required to master a trade. Their term of study is four years. They then go forth as Christian artisans, or artisan missionaries, qualified to civilize as well as to Christianize those to

whom they are sent. They receive a moderate outfit and their traveling expenses. Subsequently, "they are to eat their own bread with thankfulness." No salary is pledged, but, in case of necessity, aid is received. Three hundred have gone from this mountain-top to lift men to God. The work in Abyssinia, and the "Apostolic Highway," that was to link this country with Jerusalem by missionary stations, are some of the fruits of this society. From this missionary eyrie, laborers continue to go down into the world, "to work until the Master comes." Like unto him, the whole earth is in the sweep of their thought and love. As those of old, they go forth without scrip or purse, relying upon the promise that they shall not lack. An equal number of "Pilgrim Missionaries" pass out to the scene of active and beneficent labor with each returning Fest. Year after year, there flows forth from this ancient town this stream of lives for the healing of the nations. May guardian angels watch over these consecrated youth, and at the end the "Reaper with his sheaves be found!" If one is skeptical in regard to Christian life and Christian work in these lands, he should visit Basle during its festive week. GIDEON DRAPER.

NERVOUS DISEASE—INSOMNIA.

MEDICAL science has changed its verdict, lately, on the subject of overwork, and the supposed consequent nervous maladies. It is taking the ban off of labor, and "rehabilitating" it in its old honor as of curative virtue. A distinguished lecturer before a medical institution, in London, has given, as the practical upshot of his inquiries about the prevalent nervous troubles, insomnia, etc., first, that the patient should avoid high pillows in sleeping; secondly, that he should be sure not to avoid moderate work.

Still later, Dr. Wilks, of Guy's Hospital, London, has appeared in the *Lancet*, with a sharp warning against the prescription of idleness, or "rest," as a remedy for these vague maladies. His views are not only the result of extensive observation, but of cerebral physiology; for the brain may be said to be a secretory organ, and its health depends upon its activity. Though thought is "spiritual," yet it is indisputably conducted by the action of the brain-material, especially of its "gray substance." All vital action, so far as it is materially apparent,

consists in the consumption and reparation of tissue,—of the substance of the organ acting. Now, apply this fact to the brain, an organ hitherto habitually active, and perhaps over-active, absorbing nutriment and yielding its effete residuum in every act of thought or feeling, what must become its condition if this activity is suddenly and entirely (or as nearly so as possible) arrested? What would become of the stomach, were it treated in like manner, even had it long been over-worked by gormandizing? It may need to be supplied with healthier food, or less of it, but abrupt and complete abstinence would be ruinous to it. Dr. Wilks, therefore, thinks that the worst sufferings of these complaining brain-workers and bad sleepers arise from this blunder. He draws some striking pictures of such supposed sufferers,—the broken-down husband, who must shirk the support of his family; the wife, sinking under the burden of domestic vexations from intractable servants and uproarious children; and the delicate daughter who has the frightful misfortune to discover that she has "nerves," and infers—or if not she, yet her sympathetic mamma—that the physician must insist that she relinquish at once "her cottage-visiting or Sunday-school teaching," and betake herself to inaction, to day-lounges on her sofa, that destroy the night's rest on her bed; and whose self-indulgence and dread of exertion may enfeeble her whole nature until she becomes bedridden, or at least house-fast, for the remainder of life, with hardly an appreciable symptom of positive disease.

While, therefore, this London authority admits that there may be real cases of *overwork*, he believes they are comparatively rare; there is more over-worry, over-apprehension about health, and consequent neglect of that normal degree and variety of work which might readily restore the patient to cheerful and useful life. Even in cases of specific brain disease, as well as of nervous disease, not specifically involving the brain, occupation (without excess, of course) is the

logical prescription; inanition is almost certain doom in such cases.

Many a man who has retired rich from business, in apparent good health, has found that he must return to his old occupation, or an equivalent substitute, or die a pitiable hypochondriac; and his case is perfectly intelligible, on the above view of the physiology of the brain. Hence, says Dr. Wilks, "If the question is put broadly, 'Are people suffering from overwork?' I, for one, should have no hesitation in saying no; but, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons *are suffering from idleness than from excessive work*. As regards the community generally, or at least those of its number who come before the medical man on account of their ailments, my belief is, that the explanation they offer arises from a delusion; and, amongst girls, so far from any studies or other work being injurious, I could instance numerous cases of restoration to health on the discovery of an occupation. Very often, when a business man complains of being overdone, it may be found that his meals are very irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy and soda, and thinks it not improper to half poison himself with nicotine every night and morning. The lady, in the same way, eats no breakfast, takes a glass of sherry at eleven o'clock, and drinks tea all the afternoon; when night arrives, she has become ready to engage in any performance to which she may have been invited. It is generally admitted that, amongst men, a want of occupation is so detrimental that no demonstration of the fact is required. They are the bread-winners; and the pursuit after the necessities of life, for one's self and belongings, is believed to be intimately associated with health. But if this be a physiological law, it is equally applicable to women; and it may be shown that a large number of ailments in girls is due to want of occupation, or idleness. Some clever girls, who are naturally joyous, hopeful, and gay when

young, soon reach an age when they become sentimental, and all the bright visions they had pictured, slowly fade away; they fall into a listless, dreamy state, which acts most injuriously on their physical organization; their artificial and morbid condition is too often fostered by medication and unnatural diet; the seeds of consumption or other ailments are being sown; and the interesting invalid slowly fades away. All this might frequently have been prevented by an occupation, or some active exercise of the faculties. If healthy and vigorous persons be taken, there appears no absolute necessity for rest at all, in the popular sense of the term. The rest required is gained during sleep, meals, and necessary healthful exercise. Instances might easily be quoted of statesmen, judges, and members of our own profession, who know no absolute rest, and who would smile at the suspicion of hard work injuring any man. The subject of overwork, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it, on the community at large, are vastly over estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves, who apply to the doctor, are not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stock-brokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village-school, or Sunday performance on the organ, are undermining their health, and so on. In short, in my experience, I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork; and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

There are few medical men who will not admit that this is good common sense, but the Professor at Guy's indulges a

frankness which they can not often use. "Nervous patients" are their terror; they must do the best by them that they can, and they find it sometimes necessary to the welfare of the patient, that they should compromise their judgment of the case, and seem to sympathize with his exaggerated symptoms. Otherwise, their advice may be rejected, their judgment be impugned, and the self-deluded sufferer may throw himself into the hands of incompetent medical pretenders, or destroy himself with nostrums.

Such sufferers hanker after sympathy, but this is the worst thing that can be given them. On the other hand, severity is not good for them. A gentle neutral demeanor, neither confirming them in their moral feebleness, nor provoking them to distrust your competence to understand and counsel them, is the best; but the consummate wisdom necessary for this is rare indeed.

One of the symptoms of these maladies, recorded in medical books, is the moral self-absorption of the invalid. He expects every possible sacrifice for his relief or comfort, and will make none himself; this demand sometimes takes on the aspect of a supreme selfishness.

Another grievous symptom is a cruel suspiciousness, usually aimed at those who are nearest, and should be dearest, to the sufferer. The best services are impeached, the purest and tenderest motives accused. No maladies require more forbearance. No recrimination should escape the lips of attendants or friends under these provocations. They should not attempt to *drive* the patient, but to *draw* him out of his morbid moods. No other course will avail.

Another frequent symptom, as recorded by medical authorities, is a self-accusing temper, incompatible as this may seem with the exorbitant selfish claims of the patient already noticed. He is disposed to exaggerate every little defect of his past life into an unpardonable enormity. He takes back to himself the guilt of his old sins, though they may have long been repented of and forgiven. Many a truly

devoted Christian has, in such moods, believed that his whole religious life has been a course of self-deception or of unconscious hypocrisy. Zschokke, in one of his most powerful stories, treats of this morbid delusion of the conscience, and shows that the best men are sometimes its worst sufferers. Washington Irving, one of the noblest and purest of men, enfeebled in his old age by nervous exhaustion, said that he felt, at times, as he supposed a man must who had committed some great crime.

Again we say, it is useless to argue with the patient in such cases, it is often worse than useless, for it only leads him to attempt corroborations of his own arguments. A decided, good-humored denial of his morbid assumptions may be given; but he must be gradually led out of his delusions by a right sanative treatment. By this he will come, sooner or later, to think less about his symptoms and delusions; then to doubt them, and suspect that his "nerves" have been playing tricks upon him; and, at last, without the aid of a single syllogism, he *feels* that he is restored in mind and body, and will wonder, if not inwardly laugh, at the whimsicalities which have been befooling him.

But what is more particularly the right sanative treatment? We proceed to answer this question, but must remind the reader that the description of symptoms, above given, is not applicable to all cases; the most prevalent ones in this country (and they are becoming so in Great Britain) are simply those of *Insomnia*, or wakefulness, accompanied, of course, with more or less nervous restlessness and suffering, but not by delusions. The right treatment is, however, alike in all; with only such exceptions as the idiosyncrasies of the sufferer may indicate, and these must be left to the judgment of his medical adviser.

And, first, we must say with emphasis, *no medicines*. Be assured that no advanced medical authority would prescribe drugs in these cases, unless it be through distrust that the patient will use

the hygienic treatment, which is preferable and sufficient, or because of some such idiosyncratic reason as we have just alluded to. Touch no opiates. Especially use not, except by medical prescription, the chloral hydrate, which, within a few years, has been hailed as the great hypnotic, or sleep-giver, but which is now universally considered, in the country (Germany) which first gave it to the world, as a destructive poison. Its action depends on the amount of alkaline matter in the blood; if this is sufficient to take up the chloroform of the dose, immediate peril is escaped; but this is a variable quantity, and is not ascertainable; should it be deficient (as it at any time may be), the risk is serious. Chloral hydrate doubtless has its place in the *materia medica*, but should never be used except with the best medical advice. Even where it may not immediately peril life, it nevertheless acts deleteriously on the nervous system, insidiously but profoundly.

Spirituos stimulants are often prescribed, and with success, especially in acute, or temporary Insomnia. All is still better if the patient is exempt from bilious tendencies; these are likely to be aggravated by their use, and they again aggravate the disease. Clearly, then, it is best to abstain entirely from medicines, unless the physician see special reason for them.

The great "specific" for this whole class of maladies is open air exercise. Every such sufferer should be out of doors at least three hours every fair day, and, if his health is otherwise good, he should brave unfair weather as well. Three hours is a tolerable "constitutional," as they say in the English universities; double that time would be still better. If the sufferer can adopt an entirely out-door occupation, better still. He should retire to his bed every night *tired* and longing for rest, but never exhausted. Excessive fatigue is unfavorable to sleep. The hours of exercise should, therefore, be relieved by intervals of rest. Some sort of daily occupation

should be steadily maintained, as Dr. Wilks insists,—some task that shall pre-occupy the mind, or draw it out from the self-absorption to which nervous sufferers are usually addicted. This is a physiological necessity of the brain, as we have seen. It is surprising how the painful restlessness, with which the day begins with nervous patients, subsides, and gives way to serene self-control after a short application to some agreeable and absorbing occupation. Lord Home, the once famous author of the "Elements of Criticism," was occasionally subject to hypochondria; he records that he could always cure himself by attempting the composition of a new essay or book. Goethe passed through an early period of melancholy; he conquered it by literary occupation. Not merely the filling up of the time by miscellaneous reading, or casual business, but its daily, regular occupation, by some continuous, though never onerous, employment, is necessary. If it takes up the morning, or half the morning, it may suffice to render all the rest of the day tranquil and cheerful. The remainder of the day, spent in outdoor exercise and social recreations, will prepare him for improved rest at night; and, if he goes on thus improving for a few weeks, he will find, at last, that he has subdued the enemy, and needs only to keep himself fortified by correct habits against any repetition of its attacks.

We attempt to point out only the chief remedial considerations; for to multiply them much would defeat them by confusing or discouraging the patient; but we must add one more, and a comprehensive one, which applies radically to most, if not all, forms of these maladies: *take good care of the stomach*. Some high medical authorities are disposed to attribute Insomnia exclusively to gastric causes, save where there is an obvious impairment of the brain. Its proximate cause is doubtless either too much or too little blood in the brain (perfectly reconcilable conditions, though so opposite), but this irregularity of the circulation may itself arise from gastric causes. An

English authority attributes Insomnia generally to what he calls *nocturnal dyspepsia*,—the formation of acrid gases in the stomach and bowels, which, irritating the nerves of the delicate mucous surface, disturb the brain, and thereby drive away sleep. Such symptoms are almost universal with bad sleepers, indicating an acid condition of the contents of the stomach, and thereby indicating, also, the right remedy; namely, good digestion by good food. This theory is important, for to a great extent it is undoubtedly true, and, so far as it is true, it suggests the true treatment.

It is noteworthy that a supposed similar, but really identical, disease of the last century bears a popular name which implies the same origin to which this English authority attributes most of our modern Insomnia. Readers of the light literature and the biographies of the eighteenth century, will recall the word "vapours," as the title of a malady which prevailed generally in high life. The dames of society, in England, and especially in the gay *salons* of France, were forever complaining of their "vapours." The novels of fashionable life, the drama, the innumerable biographic memoirs of French literature, Addison's "Spectator," Johnson's "Rambler and Idler," the letters of Lady Montague, of Madame de Sévigné, of Madame Deffand, of Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, abound in such allusions. The "vapours" were, in fact, a sort of epidemic. Among the French the term was about synonymous with "ennui." Madame de Deffand (especially in her famous correspondence with Horace Walpole) never ceases to complain of her loss of sleep, and the restlessness and misery of her life. The gay Englishman revolted at the ever-recurring refrain of the "vapours," of "ennui," and the curious correspondence came near being broken off several times by the melancholy iterations of the morbid lady. Her early friend, and afterward successful rival in Paris *salon* life, Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, fairly raved about her "vapours," her "ennui," and

loss of sleep. She had recourse to laudanum as a remedy for the latter, and, as a consequence, died prematurely. These ladies were "queens of society," their *salons* were thronged by the beauty, the talent, and the nobility of Paris; but their writings show that they were habitual sufferers. Their "vapours" (produced by gastric fermentation of poorly digested food) expressed a symptom which indicated the real nature of the disease. It was a form of dyspepsia, and, we repeat, it was identical with the most prevalent form of our modern Insomnia. Treat the stomach rightly, and the evil will vanish. The eating of wrong food, or right food at wrong times, is the parent of nine-tenths of this prevalent mischief.

Finally, let us add that the "peace of God" is an inestimable auxiliary remedy in such cases. We have alluded to some of their moral symptoms; trust in God,

evangelical faith, is the best cure of these. It will seem a difficult one to many such sufferers; but let them remember the simplicity of faith, and that no faith is more acceptable to God than that which quietly holds on to his outstretched hand in hours of darkness and desolation. They that thus trust him "shall never be confounded." And even the "trial of their faith is precious." If they will combine with the out-door exercise we have recommended religious visitations to the poor and afflicted, they will find a double efficacy in them. Their morbid self-absorption will give way; their excessive claims for sympathy will yield to the more real claims of other sufferers; and in blessing, they shall be blessed. It has been truly said that "activity is the law of happiness, but benevolent activity is its supreme law."

ITINERANT.

GARRETS.

PART I.

"NOTHING is more apt to introduce writers to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well for us if he only left us at the door,—the mischief is, he sometimes chooses to give us his company at the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman usher, often turns master of ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret."—GOLDSMITH.

"WE never think of a garret," says Ryan, "but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poor poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All idea of the sins of the flesh evaporates on our entrance, for if all the flesh that ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of the opinion it would not amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and the grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it with a sullen smile, or a flood of tears. How venera-

ble does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face; its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig; and its numberless loop-holes of retreat for the north wind to pour through and cool the poet's imagination!" The life of the author is, at the very best, one sure to be filled with troubles. Talents bring always a sensibility easily hurt, and ambition is seldom satisfied. Even where much is accomplished, the high ideal still floats beyond the grasp. But if, in addition to these unsatisfied longings, the poor author has to dig his bread with his pen, then, indeed, he is to be pitied. Cherishing the

loftiest thoughts, yet ignorant where to obtain meat for his children. Lifted to the highest heaven with some beautiful imagination, only to be hurled to the lowest depth by the bailiff's knock. Hungering for bread as well as for fame, hovering between the empyrean of their fancy and a howling mob of creditors, harassed, disappointed, starved, maddened, Otway, Chatterton, Cowper, Collins, and an innumerable host of others as unfortunate, have passed away, some in insanity, some in want, some by their own hand.

From the earliest times, we find the chronicle of departed genius identified with poverty and suffering. Homer is not only the first poet, but also the first beggar, of note among the ancients, and groping his way from door to door, repeated his poetry to obtain his bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was, for his diversion, a maker of verses, but, to obtain his livelihood, a turner of a mill. Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in prison. Paul Borghese, who, as a poet, ranked with Tasso, though he knew fourteen different trades, died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, the most lovely in character of all the poets, was often obliged to borrow a crown to pay for some necessity. He has left us a pathetic little sonnet addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes by which to write, as he is too poor to buy a candle! And what can we say to express our commiseration for poor Bentivoglio, whose comedies will die only with the Italian language, the intelligent, the magnanimous, the humane, who, after spending a noble fortune in acts of charity, and falling into extreme poverty in his old age, was refused admittance into the very hospital his benevolence had erected?

If we turn from Italy to Spain, we find the renowned Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," unquestionably the best burlesque the world has ever produced, pursued by want, even in his old age, forgotten and unknown, left to perish of hunger.

Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal,

the famous author of the "Lusiad," deprived of all the necessities of life, died in an alms house at Lisbon. The facts of his desolate condition, curiously enough, are preserved by an entry in a copy of the first edition of the "Lusiad," in the possession of Lord Holland, written by the friar who was a witness of the dying scene of the poet. The note is as follows: "What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill-rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without having a sheet or a shroud, *una sanana*, to cover him! What good advice for those who weary themselves, day and night, in study without profit!" The Portuguese, Disraeli says, after his death bestowed upon the man of genius they had starved, the appellation of "great."

Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; then his coffin was borne by fourteen poets, who, without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness.

In France we find no exception to the general law of starving literary characters. Vaugelas, one of the best writers of his time, was so deeply in debt that he derived the surname of "The Owl," through being obliged to stay in-doors all day, only venturing out at night, for fear of his creditors. His will is rather a remarkable one, and proves him to have been as honest as he was unfortunate. After bequeathing every thing to the payment of his debts, he adds: "But as there may still remain some creditor unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society, so that if I could not while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

Corneille was found by Racine dying, without even a cup of broth to allay the pangs of hunger.

If we turn to England, we find there also the same misery and neglect. Cole-

ridge tells us poetry is its own "exceeding great reward." And let us hope, for the author's sake, it is; for amid hunger, cold, and nakedness, many of England's noblest sons endured what must have been, save for this high gift, wretched, wretched lives. When the picture grows too sad and dark, let us think of Burns, perhaps, with "Tam O'Shanter" possessing his whole soul, coming upon him as an inspiration, as he rushed along the banks of the river, the tears bursting from his eyes, and every feature glowing with the light that filled his soul; or perhaps of Goldsmith, ragged, hungry, sitting at his desk with his finger held up at his little dog to make him sit upon his haunches, while his page is still wet with these lines:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Beginning as far back as the genial old Geoffrey Chaucer, he who has been truly named the Father of English poetry, we find that his early life was fortunate. Both Richard II and Edward III granted him some emoluments, and he speaks of himself as "once glorified in worldly wellfullnesse, and having suche goods in welthe as makin men riche;" but his old age was visited with trouble and pecuniary difficulty, so great as to hasten his death, which occurred in 1400. Time, which has destroyed almost every thing connected with Chaucer, can not touch with his destructive finger his great work, the "Canterbury Tales," which, though they lay buried upward of seventy years in manuscript before Caxton, the first English printer, gave them to the world, still continue to be read and admired.

East Smithfield, near the Tower, was the birthplace of the rare old poet, Edmund Spenser. He was poor, with no powerful friend at court to push his fortune, and it is to be hoped that this pretty little story of his first acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney is true. It is said that Spenser determined to try his fortune with this courtier, celebrated more than any other for his intellectual accomplish-

ments and his kind heart; so he set out one morning for Leicester House armed with the ninth canto of the first book of the "Faerie Queen." He was admitted, and presented his manuscript to Sidney, who had not read far before he was so struck with a verse in the Allegory of Despair, that he ordered fifty pounds to be paid the author. On reading the next, he added fifty more, and doubled the hundred at the third stanza; ordering the steward to pay at once, lest he give away his whole estate!

Let us hope this little story is at least partly true; for poor Spenser had so hard a life after, we need not begrudge him a little good fortune. At all events, Spenser was certainly introduced to Elizabeth by Sidney and Leicester, and spent much time and many hopes at the court of the maiden queen; but that he suffered much, and was disappointed in his desire for advancement, is well known. The best drawn picture of the miseries of court attendance ever given the world will be found in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," beginning:

"Full little knowest thou who hast not try'd,
What hell it is in suing long to byde;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine on fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

The few incidents known at all of the "true and gentle poet" are familiar to the general reader,—his residence in the lonely and desolate castle of Kilcolman; its destruction by the Irish populace; his after residence in England, embittered by the loss of his child, who was burned in the castle; his great poverty; and, finally, his death, in an obscure lodging house in King Street. He received the usual award of genius,—after being left to hunger and die unaided and alone, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great honor, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. His hearse was attended by

poets and authors, who threw mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, into his tomb.

Milton, the prince of poets, as Hazlitt calls him, spent an unhappy but useful life of sixty-six years. Though not actually ground down to starvation, his property was very small, and for years he eked out a scanty living by keeping a boarding-school. His first marriage was a very unhappy one, though whether Mary Powell or the poet himself were the more blameworthy remains a mooted point. He lost his sight at the early age of forty-five, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth, having been in the habit, when even a lad, of sitting up till the "wee sma' hours" to con his books. His enemies triumphed in his blindness, saying it was a judgment upon him for his disloyalty; but he wittily replied, "If it was a judgment upon me to lose my eyes, what sort of a judgment was that upon Charles which cost him his head?" His blindness did not stop his labors, and it was not till all things had been "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," to him for six years, that he began the composition of the grandest English epic, "*Paradise Lost*." He did not have the gratification of knowing of its final grand success, though it had been published seven years before his death, and he received for it the pitiable sum of five pounds, being too poor to publish it himself.

"In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Samuel Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

Such are the words with which Dr. Johnson closes his brief account of the author of the greatest burlesque in the English language. While the profligate Charles II, whose whole life was a disgrace to the nation which bore with it twenty-five long years, was, with his whole court, convulsed with the wit, shrewdness, and perfectly irresistible

drollery, of "*Hudibras*," its poor author was fêted to pine and die in a garret. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but never obtained it for him; the Duke of Buckingham, the worthy servant of such a master, granted him an interview, but, seeing two of the court ladies pass, ran out to meet them, and did not return. The small fortune he received with his wife was lost; he worked and struggled, only to die in great want, in an obscure street in London, and was buried by the charity of a friend. Sixty years after this neglected child of genius had been freed from the pangs of hunger and cold, the mayor of London raised to his memory a monument in Westminster Abbey. Such are a few of the circumstances checkering the miserable career of the most brilliant comic genius England ever produced.

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, resolved to clay and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

John Dryden who, we are told by such competent judges as Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Edmund Burke, contributed more than any previous writer to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, died in a garret. He had some happy days of success, and at one time was poet laureate, with a salary of two hundred pounds, which, in those times, was considered munificent. His marriage to the Lady Elizabeth Howard added neither to his wealth nor his happiness, and we find him frequently bringing his satirical pen to bear upon matrimony. What with his unlovely wife, with her weak intellect and violent temper, her proud relations and his lowly ones, and poverty constantly goading him on to renewed exertions, no coal-heaver need have envied him. The revolution of 1688 deprived Dryden of the office of poet laureate, and, though he continued to write better and better poetry, his imagination being brighter and more brilliant as he reached the close of his life, like the mighty river that increases

in power and volume as it approaches the vast ocean which will finally engulf it, he grew poorer and poorer, till death found and released him. As usual, after starving the poet, a subscription was taken up for a public funeral, and his remains, after lying in state for twelve days, were buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

I have somewhere seen a beautiful thought, which compares the bird of paradise, the most exquisite of the feathered tribe, to the fancy of the poet, the most brilliant gift of God to man. As the gale drifts behind the gorgeous plumage, exposing all its wondrous beauty as it shoots along in the very face of a contrary wind, so the tempests of life act upon the imagination of the poor author, and serve only to make him put forth every power, and thus exert a vigor and grace which no pampered or indolent imagination could ever have produced. This was the case with Johnson and Thomson, whose indolence nothing but hunger could ever have overcome; and with Goldsmith and Steele, whose love of pleasure and wandering only the sternest necessity could have vanquished. But upon some the storms beat too severely, and, after ineffectual struggles, they sank under the violence of the tempest. Such was Thomas Otway, a brilliant name, but one associated with a melancholy history. Far outshining his contemporary, Dryden, he sounded the notes of tragedy and distress with a hand which, Sir Walter tells us, in his opinion, rivaled Shakespeare's; and Goldsmith used to assert that, of all tragedies, "Venice Preserved" came nearest in excellence to the great master's. It was written in a garret, its author deprived of every comfort save that which his pen afforded him. His life, checkered by want and extravagance, was closed at the early age of thirty-four. It is said that, hunted by his creditors, he lay concealed in a house on Tower Hill. Here, after enduring hunger till its gnawing had become unbearable, he rushed forth almost naked, his clothes having been long

since pawned, and, finding a gentleman in a neighboring coffee-house, begged of him a shilling. Dashing away, he purchased a roll, and, in his mad haste, choked to death upon the first mouthful.

Addison, like Dryden, "married discord with a noble wife." His name, however, does not rightly belong in these annals, for though he wrote the poem on the victory of Blenheim in a garret, it was the key to his success; and his progress after that was so rapid, that he can hardly be considered to belong to this "noble army of martyrs."

Nor can Pope properly be connected with these melancholy numbers; for Pope, when only twenty-three, was at the pinnacle of popularity, and was removed beyond all necessity by his "Homer," which occupied twelve years of his time in writing, begun when its author was only twenty-five. Pope made, by his translation, over five thousand pounds, and was thus forever freed from that adulation to the aristocracy which was, previous to his time, so universal and so degrading. In reference to his emancipation, he triumphantly exclaims:

"And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive."

He ordered the following lines, still to be seen in the old church at Twickenham, to be engraved upon his tombstone:

"FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you;
Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

Is there any one who has not heard the sad, sad story of Chatterton, "the marvelous boy, who perished in his pride?" Let us imagine him, his father dead, his mother poor, with his silent, reserved manner, gloomy even at times, at times bursting into floods of sudden tears, now wandering in the beautiful church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, where he professed to discover the old iron-bound chest of William Canyuge, and from whence he drew the poems of Thomas Rowley; or now begging a painter to draw him an angel

with wings and a trumpet to sound his name over the world; now crying, with Cowley, "What shall I do to be forever known!" At the age of sixteen, a mere slender stripling, but with a heart leaping with pride and ambition, he set out for London—with not a friend in the great cruel city, his only capital his pen, and a few pounds borrowed at the rate of a guinea apiece from two or three humble friends—to introduce the poems of Thomas Rowley. We all remember his choice of Walpole as the patron to whom he should send his wonderful discovery, and let us read part of the letter the intellectual Horace, perfectly deceived, sends him upon their reception. He thinks himself "singularly obliged," he gives "a thousand thanks," "what you have sent is valuable and full of information," "the verses are wonderful for their harmony and spirit." He also offers to have these verses printed, if they have never been offered to the public, and concludes in these words, "I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir, but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you," etc. This was all, of course, before Gray or Mason, who finally saw the manuscripts, had pronounced them forgeries; and no one of the literary celebrities of that day had the discernment to perceive their beauties, when the discovery as to their authorship was made. And poor Chatterton! When it was known that he, a poor boy of sixteen, without money or protectors, was the writer of these glowing verses, full of power, poetic freedom, and intellectual riches, all with one accord turned against him. He was denounced in savage terms as a base thief, a miserable counterfeiter, a damnable impostor. What a wreck was here of all his bright visions, his vaulting hopes of fame and fortune! Still, he persevered, and in the midst of obloquy, contempt, and grinding poverty, he poured forth from his

miserable garret in Shoreditch, through the newspapers, brilliant letters of bitterest satire, sparing not even the king himself. Ah! why did not the gentle, generous Goldsmith, or rough, dogmatic but kind-hearted old Johnson, discover the heart and genius thus cruelly trampled upon? Alas, as far as any help from any literary man was concerned, London might as well have been a vast and trackless ocean. From the first, "the marvelous boy" appears to have been in a state of starvation, wandering from one wretched part of London to another, as hunger pursues him steadily, inexorably, day by day, each hour staring him more fearfully in the face; and thus the grandest genius living marches on to despair and suicide, and not one person lifts a finger to give him help, or to keep him from that last fearful step. After days of starvation, in a wretched garret in Brook Street, this youth, already one of England's greatest poets, though barely seventeen, stung to the quick by the utter neglect of the literary world, too proud to beg his bread from those who were too bigoted to perceive that he had more than earned it, put an end to his existence by poison. He was buried in a pauper's grave, denied even the poor recompense of a tomb; for houses cover the spot where his bones were laid, and none but the God whom, in his despair, he cursed, knows their whereabouts. In the words of Howitt, nothing in the annals of literature resembles the history of this boy-poet; he stands alone. Never did any other youth of the same years, even under the most favorable circumstances, produce works of the same high order; and never was a child of genius treated by his country with such unfeeling contempt, such iron, unrelenting harshness of neglect. Alas,

"Black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
O'er the earth, in which he moved alone."

MARIA P. WOODBRIDGE.

TRANSLATED.

BEFORE the glowing grate,
Serenely fair, and rocking to and fro,
Dear grandma sits, a very queen in state,
Her sweet face prisoned in a cap of snow,—
 A rare Madonna face
 Of purest grace.

A heart at perfect rest,
And free from every form and stain of sin;
The kerchief folded on her quiet breast
Not whiter than the spotless soul within.

 A life of inner peace,
 Which does not cease.

Well may the folded hands,
All brown and wrinkled with the toil of years,
Lie still and rest, as one by one the sands
Of life run out, while eyes devoid of tears,
 And grown so strangely dim,
 Look up to Him.

The years have gone their way,
And wrecks have strewn her path on every
 side;
Since, fresh and fair, she stood one Sum-
 mer day,
Beneath the holly boughs, a comely bride,
 With roses in her hair,
 So sweet and rare.

Now at the sunset gates,
Where falls a halo on her silver hair,
Life's weary journey done, she calmly waits

In that sweet trust which has its birth in
 prayer;

 And blessings fall in showers
 In these still hours.

How quiet in the street!
And all within the house grows strangely still,
For one dear soul, with newly sandaled feet,
Is watching Jordan narrowed to a rill.

 Elijah's steeds once more
 Are at the door.

O, grandma, pure in heart!
Translated when thy sun was sinking low,
May thy sweet life to other lives impart
The strength in thy firm steps to seek to go;
 And may our prayer still be,
 To die like thee!

The night is growing late,
And grandma sits serenely in her chair;
No more to rock before the glowing grate,
Or know another burden or a care.

 God saw that it was best,
 And gave her rest.

Rest on in quiet now;
The world has known few spirits half so
 sweet.

I'll stoop once more to kiss the marble brow,
Now fairer, since her joy is made complete.

 So let the pilgrim sleep,
 No more to weep.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

CLEARER VISION.

I THINK true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision, quick to find
 The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
 Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
 And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light,
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You do not see my friend at all,
 You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb;
 You, but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
 You, but the garment and the clay.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

MODERN EGYPT.

THE thick veil that so long hung over ancient and mediæval Egypt is at last thoroughly broken, and that land of wonders is now hastening to step forth into the light. For many centuries it is known in history as the land of the Pharaohs under the rule of the Ptolemies; and thus it remained during a long period, by their misrule rather than their rule, a sealed land to other nations. The first Napoleon did better than he knew when, in obedience to his rising ambition, he carried his army into the plains of Egypt, and invaded the sacred valley of the Nile. He broke the magic wand of a dynasty that had long held the Egyptian people in the grossest bondage, and regarded them as created only for their purposes, and belonging to them. He was the selfish instrument used by Providence to liberate a people for his own purposes, and was foiled in his design, to their good.

The French invasion opened the eyes of the Egyptians to their own degradation, and inferiority to European nations; and when the army of France withdrew in disgrace, and its leader fled furtively back to Paris, a great man arose among these benighted people, who was destined to found a dynasty that would bring them forth into new life. This man for the period was Mehemet Ali, who soon proved to be a great man, and one of the wisest and most vigorous rulers of the period. He arose almost as a miracle in the surrounding darkness and ignorance, and soon proved himself to be a general and a statesman by intuition. He saw that the curse of Egypt had been its continually changing rulers, who were little more than Turkish satraps, sucking out its life-blood, each eager to get the largest draught. He realized the necessity of a ruling family whose fortunes would be identified with those of the country, and he had the courage and the strength to give reality to his plans. By

the force of his character, he compelled the Sultan to grant to him the hereditary rule of his own family, and this latter he then brought up with that intent.

The story of Mehemet Ali, and his struggles with opposition in endeavoring to introduce a new era, we must forego, with a view of treating more closely of the Egypt of to-day under the rule of his grandson, who is now rapidly gaining a valid claim to be considered the great reformer of Egypt. Ibrahim Pasha, father of the present Khedive, and son of Mehemet, lived but a short time after his accession to the throne, and Said Pasha succeeded him, as his oldest son; and on his death, in 1863, the present monarch ascended the throne, and he is considered by far the most worthy and intelligent of the followers of the founder of the house. Both Ibrahim and Said Pasha were inclined to carry out the intentions of their great predecessor; but the present ruler has so far exceeded them in his movements of reform that we shall confine ourselves mainly to his career. His education, though much superior to that of Oriental princes in general, was, nevertheless, for one destined to the throne, much neglected in his youth.

The power gained by the French in Egypt, added to the ease of intercourse of the two nations by sea, caused nearly all the Egyptian princes to be brought up with French masters. The romantic history of the French army in Egypt drew thither, on the return of peace, many of the *savants* and poets of France; and their influence and that of their writings naturally drew to them the eyes of the Egyptians, more than to any other nation. This sympathy was for many years so great that French influence was predominant until the year 1870, when the French were so humiliated by the Germans. Ismail Pasha, therefore, received a French education, for which

purpose he remained some time in France, and naturally acquired an exaggerated appreciation of the only country he knew outside of his own. To his credit be it said that, of late years, he has largely broken away from it, and now has around him, in nearly all the departments of his new national life, Germans or Swiss.

But even in his youth he took as active a part as he dared in political matters, and was always on the side of progress and Christian civilization, in harmony with the European powers. Under the short reign of his brother Said, during which time he was heir presumptive, he had several opportunities to try his hand at governing, especially two years before he ascended the throne, when the ruling monarch confided to him the reins of government, during a visit to Europe. When he took the helm of State in hand on his own responsibility, he came forth with a regular public address to his subjects, in which he announced his intentions to introduce the European form of constitutional government and a legislative body. He promised a reduction of the taxes, and the consent of the Parliament to impose them, as well as liberty of the press, abolition of the feudal system with the Egyptian pariahs, and, as far as possible, the abolition of the slave-trade, so long the curse of the country. Again, he proposed that the income of the monarch should be under some control, as well as that of his household and the princes; so that these should not be permitted to put their hands into the treasury when they pleased. And again, he called attention to the low state of the educational system throughout the land, and promised great amelioration in this respect.

This was a great leap into the dark of a man with the best of intentions without a knowledge of the difficulty of carrying all these out in a land two thousand years behind the age. This was no easy task, and, in some instances, an impossible one; so that Ismail Pasha has not always succeeded as fast as he would like in

causing his people to approach the civilization of Europe. The Mohammedan faith itself is a fearful barrier to such progress, to say nothing of the ingrained traditions of the nation in some of the most repugnant systems, especially that of slavery. It was quite common, therefore, in foreign writers on Egypt, to find insinuations that he was not sincere in his presentations, because it was not possible for him immediately to carry out the reforms which he proposed. From time immemorial matters in Egypt have moved slowly; the country has not the least conception of haste, and it is consequently hardly right to judge it by our standard. But after many discouraging circumstances and a great many mistakes, the Khedive can look back at numerous reforms introduced, which, a few years ago, would have seemed incredible.

When he came into power, he found the great Suez Canal just begun, but still laboring under great embarrassments. The French had commenced the work, under the engineer Lesseps, but the English were always opposed to it, because they felt that it might help the growth of French influence, not only in Egypt, but perchance in the distant East. From the first moment, the Khedive came forward with men and means; and, without his sympathy and material aid, it could not have been built; for the English would gladly have heralded its failure. Indeed, they did this, systematically, as it was, until its success was so decided that it were folly to deny it. It was then believed that the tolls would never pay the expenses; but these were nearly five millions of dollars last year, and these figures insure the stability of the enterprise. The great canal has opened up a direct way to India for the missionary of the cross, as well as the messenger for commerce or diplomacy; and, despite the expense of keeping the channel in navigable order, this will now be done, even should the nations of the world find it necessary to do so.

And again, it may be truly said that Ismail Pasha has made the great effort

of his reign the abolition of slavery. And it will be understood that this is no slight undertaking in a land where slavery has been tolerated as long as history tells a story. The heathen, the Christians, and the Moslems in Egypt have considered this system as one of the natural and necessary concomitants of social organization, and have not only tolerated but also favored it; for the slaves, among the latter at least, were considered as servants, and sometimes as members of the family and household. It has been hard for the Christian world to believe in the sincerity of the Khedive's intentions in this matter, largely because of the duplicity of his subordinates. He may desire the abolition of slavery as much as he will; if his officials are not in sympathy with him, it is no easy matter to carry out such measures successfully. But he has spent immense sums of money, and made great endeavors to effect the abolition of this evil.

The great expedition of Sir Samuel Baker into the interior of Africa was undertaken, at least by Baker, more with the intention of breaking up the slave-trade than of acquiring territory, although the Khedive has been accused of having the latter aim alone, and feeling that Baker was too zealous. But the proof that this is an error is the fact that subsequent expeditions, in which Baker has had no part, are quite as zealous in rooting out this evil as were the former ones. Those who desire to attribute a selfish motive to the expeditions of the Khedive may find it in the fact that he has learned that his land will be more valuable, even to his treasury, without slavery than with it; for this cursed system hangs like a pall over every region where it is practiced, and makes it practically useless for any other enterprise. He has not yet succeeded in totally preventing the slave-trade, nor the holding of slaves in Egypt proper; but this has been no fault of his nor of Baker. Circumstances are sometimes, too, superior to him, and he can only by degrees realize his wishes, or set bounds to a system which thousands of

years have implanted in the breasts of the people. Slavery is officially prohibited in all Egypt, and every expedition that goes out receives orders to regard and treat it so. This is attested by all the members of the Libyan Expedition, which was out all last Winter. And those under American officers, who were engaged in the early Spring, in entering Soudan, as well as those who are now about to start on another up the Nile, receive the same orders regarding the suppression of the slave-trade.

And in the same spirit, servile labor is no longer exacted. Until quite recently, the Egyptian Government demanded from the people a large amount of unpaid labor, so that men and beasts were at the disposal of the government officers the greater part of the time. They were therefore worse off than slaves in some instances, for they were obliged to take care of themselves, and labor for nothing. In the earlier government enterprises, the officials simply demanded what they wanted; and, if men and animals were not forthcoming, the former were flogged and the latter stolen. But now, the camels that are required for the expeditions are hired of their owners, after long and tedious bargainings about the price; or, if it be necessary for the authorities to seize beasts in a case of emergency, their labor is paid for at fixed rates. And enforced labor, in this sense, is sometimes required in the execution of great undertakings, like the Suez Canal, because of the indolence of the people, who are not inclined to work even when paid for it.

In some matters, it is thought that the good intent of the Khedive, in endeavoring to bring his country into the condition of civilization, rather outstrips his judgment. In adopting a constitutional form of government for his nation, he thought it wise also to introduce a parliament, without taking into consideration the crudeness of the people, and their manifest incapacity to govern themselves. A little study as to the nature of the case would have convinced him that a nation needs to pass through some degrees of

development, and especially needs a certain measure of popular education, before it becomes of age in this respect. Then to ask it to rule itself before it is free from the leading strings is to ask too much; and if the parliament was ever expected to be more than a collection of prominent individuals from the various sections of the country, for consultation with the sovereign regarding local interests, it was overestimated in its importance. As a parliament, this body has done some queer things, that have caused no little amusement to the foreigners in Egypt; but it has done no harm, because its deliberations are asked, and not its votes; and the ruler wisely uses it as a means of keeping up a popular connection between the throne and the nation, and gives to the latter the appearance of self-government, which causes it to take more interest in the general development of local resources.

The very best thing done by the Khedive, during his entire career so far, is the revolution that he has introduced in the condition of women in the East, beginning with his own family. His long residence in France gave him a worthier conception of the true place of woman in society than he could ever have acquired in his own country; and, though no special laws have been passed in this regard, he has done, by setting the example, far more than mere law could do. The greatest curse that the Mohammedan faith imposes on its followers is the subordinate and slavish position awarded to women, in addition to the system of polygamy; and the nations controlled by this belief can never rise to the best attainments of modern civilization until this evil and injustice be discarded; for it is a crime against the State as well as against the family. The Khedive himself, according to the traditional custom, has four wives, and mainly, perhaps, because he became thus united to them before his eyes were fairly opened to the abuse. But he has settled one evil result of this polygamous union, by declaring that the first one only is his legally con-

stituted wife, in regard to heirship of his throne, and he has designated his eldest son as his legitimate and legal successor; and this choice has been ratified by the Turkish Sultan, not without a good deal of conflict, and, it is rumored, a good deal of money. The Khedive has, in this way, settled the course of his dynasty, and prevented many contentions and cruel murders in the royal family.

But he has taught his children wiser things, for none of them have more than one wife; and his daughters, the princesses, before marrying, make a distinct bargain that their husbands must be satisfied with one wife; and such contracts are of course all made with the knowledge and consent of their father. This idea of women having any thing to say or demand in regard to their marriage is a new and useful feature in a land where the habit has been to give them away to a suitor to be his slaves rather than his wives. And this state of things has been brought about among the women only by a course of education in European, and we may say Christian, customs. The daughters of Ismail Pasha are ladies of culture and intelligence, as are many of the princely ladies of the land in sympathy with them. A great many female teachers and nurses have been brought from France and England, who form a part of the household of the Khedive, and take the care of his children in all stages of their growth. And these are the very best that can be had for money; of which the father is very lavish for this purpose. The result is, that the Egyptian princesses are educated as European ladies, and adopt their manners. Indeed, they carry this to an excess in some matters, especially in patronizing the French opera and ballet. The Khedive has had the misfortune to commence some of his reforms with the vices rather than the virtues of European society, and, among other things, he has thought it necessary to engage a French operatic troupe for his capital, at a great expense. The thing is, of course, an anomaly and anachronism,

and has imposed an immense burden of debt on the treasury of the monarch. But it at least helped him to bring out the ladies of his court, and especially his own family, who appeared in the private and royal box on nearly every occasion, not so much, it is thought, because they really enjoyed some of the scenes placed before them, as with a view to lend the support of their presence to an enterprise that was thought to be a necessity to the new life. The aspirations of the princesses on these occasions was to appear in the costume of European ladies; but it was a dreadful task to pile on chignon, bustle, and other enormities of our ridiculous fashions, to which they were not accustomed; and the result was, that they did the thing about half, commingling the Oriental with the Occidental in such style and measure as to present a make-up irresistibly ludicrous to the prying and critical eyes of the European ladies who happened to be present at these representations.

But this evil has, in some measure, cured itself. Ismail is tired of the folly, exactions, and expense of these imported French singers and dancers; most of them have gone home, while his daughters have been permitted, in private, to assume a more modest and convenient style of dress. And the money that the Khedive is saving in this way he is applying to the more noble purpose of popular education for the female as well as the male sex. Mehemet Ali, as well as his successors, recognized the necessity of having schools as the first measure of reform. But, instead of beginning at the foot of the ladder, they commenced at the top, by establishing academies and higher schools, mainly for the education of officers and physicians. We can well imagine how these gentlemen would come out with no elementary training. The Khedive was wise enough to perceive, in the necessities of his own family, those of the nation, and to comprehend the true state of the case, in the absolute need of elementary training schools for all classes. He, therefore,

wisely concluded that it were better to turn the matter around and begin at the bottom of the ladder.

To do this effectively, he needed foreign help; and for this he wisely passed by the French, and went to a nation distinguished for its teachers; namely, the Swiss. In addition to the fact that the Swiss nearly all understand French and German equally well, as both languages are legal in the country, they are a race of pedagogues. Thousands of teachers, who popularly pass for French or German in all parts of the world, are in reality Swiss, who gain their positions from the fact of their being able to teach these two very different idioms. The French had been so long in use in all departments of modern civilization in Egypt, that it was not easy to ignore it, while it was desirable and profitable thus to commence the introduction of the German, which is now acquiring great influence there. A Swiss gentleman, by the name of Dohr, filled the requirements of the case, and was made director of education throughout Egypt, and has virtually introduced a new era into this work. He first established elementary schools for boys, in which he introduced the usual branches taught in such schools in all Christian countries. Hitherto, the programme for the boys had been the committal to memory of few or many verses of the Koran, and perhaps the four fundamental rules of arithmetic; and this was about the sum and substance of the education received by Egyptian youth. Now they are required and taught to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history; and such elementary schools for boys are being introduced into all the cultivated parts of Egypt.

Director Dohr now went a step further, and also established common-schools for girls, with the view of giving tangible expression to the idea that woman is called to do something else than simply to serve as a slave; and that she has the same soul and capacities for development as man. This measure met with much opposition. It was thought a great

innovation to introduce, as has been done to some extent, schools for the higher education of the girls of the better classes; but the idea of educating the girls of the masses was, by many, voted to be preposterous. It is needless to say that the Khedive and his educational commissioner have had to struggle with great difficulties here. It was necessary to root out old prejudices, religious fanaticism, and a general disinclination on the part of parents to send their daughters to school. They were in no wise able to estimate the advantage of school training, and therefore every-where raised up obstacles that were to be moved away with absolute force. But in this measure the Khedive is supported by excellent men, and his vigorous and determined beginning in this matter must insure lasting good to the country.

In the higher fields of intelligence and culture, the Khedive is now calling to his aid some of the first German scholars and African explorers. He has intrusted Schweinfurth, the celebrated German traveler in Central Africa, with the task of forming a Geographical Society for Egypt, whose special duty shall be the study of the physical geography of the country, with a view to guide and counsel the active explorers, and apply all the resources of science for the development of the unknown interior. Dr. Nachtigall, who has made himself so famous by his expedition, on behalf of the German Emperor, to the Sultan of Soudan, across the desert of Sahara, has also entered the service of the Khedive, who offers such brilliant fields of exploration, and such generous support to these men, that the Germans are unable to keep them at home. Another explorer of exalted fame,—Gerhard Rohlfs,—was engaged last Winter in the investigation, at the cost of the Khedive, and sustained by his troops and officials, in the exploration of the famous Libyan Desert. Rohlfs knows the Khedive well, and sustains him heartily, as a most earnest man, desirous of doing his best to regenerate

his country, notwithstanding his many mistakes, for which Rohlfs thinks that he is taken too severely to task. This distinguished German, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts, evidently regards the Khedive as the first man of the age in the Orient, and would hasten his relief from a sort of vassalage to the Sultan of Turkey, who still claims the right to a higher control of Egypt, but is generally satisfied with a money tribute, annually, to help him in paying the cost of running his expensive government in Constantinople.

The Khedive has also taken into his employ quite a number of American army officers, mostly of the Southern States and the Confederate service, whom he has placed in charge of military and geographical expeditions into the interior. Profiting by the experience of Sir Samuel Baker, and other explorers, they have penetrated into the interior with great rapidity and success, and are carrying to the Upper Nile the rule of the Khedive, among those whom Baker could not subjugate. Colonel Long has in this way completed a famous work, if all his reports may be relied on, for they seem almost fabulous.

Colonel Purdy, another American officer, has been very successful in an expedition to the interior of Darfur, by way of the Upper Nile. The main object of the exploration was to find a military and commercial pathway to the interior of this distant province; but it ended, as all such will, in the complete subjugation of the province to Egyptian rule; for the Khedive is evidently intent on building up, for his country and his dynasty, a great Egyptian empire, that shall swallow up a large portion of Eastern and Central Africa. In doing this, he will need, in many instances, to resort to harsh and tyrannical measures; but he is certainly carrying civilization into Africa at an astonishing rate, and is letting his army fight slavery as the greatest curse of all the country.

WILLIAM WELLS.

HYMNODY.

PLATO said, in the days of Malachi, "There is no more efficacious way of instructing youth than by odes and songs; but this should be the work of a god or of a divine man." The Hebrew Psalms fill up Plato's ideal,—divine words spoken by divine men for God's glory and man's edification. The Psalms are living; they project their life into our life, and mingle the sighs and complaints and joys of four thousand years ago with the sorrows and gladness of to-day. Hebrew history and prophecy crystallized into eternal immobility or passed into oblivion with the extinction of the Jewish commonwealth; but Hebrew song became the heritage of nations and ages, the property of all time, the joy of all peoples. Nothing fits humanity like the Hebrew Psalms. They have their appropriate place in Christian liturgies, and should be chanted, read, or sung, in addition to the usual Scripture lesson, in every Sunday morning service. Versions of the Psalms were among the earliest and commonest translations of the Scriptures into the language of the common people. They were rendered into Saxon in the eighth century. The European reformers turned them into verse in the vulgar tongues, and set them to tunes for use in the services of the sanctuary. The disciples of Wyclif, in the fourteenth century, and the followers of Huss and Jerome, in the fifteenth, were great Psalm-singers.

Luther and his coadjutors versified and set them to music. Clement Marot, a courtier, and Theodore Beza, a Greek professor, made a version in French, which was used by Calvin and the Genevan Church. Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, versified the Psalms in Edward VI's time. Thomas Sternhold, groom of the robes to Henry VIII, contributed fifty, John Hopkins, a schoolmaster, fifty more, and a third hand supplied the other fifty, to the British Prayer-book; and this rude literal version was used from

the middle of the sixteenth century, till supplanted by that of Tate and Brady, in 1696, the version now in use in Episcopal services on both sides of the ocean. In 1719, Dr. Isaac Watts published his "Psalms of David, imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to Christian state and worship," thus literalizing the United Presbyterian ideal of the Psalms, which are to be looked at through "New Testament glasses," the New Testament being a mere "commentary on the book of Psalms," the writers of which recorded the "outer life of Christ, while David records his soul-life." Strange to say, these Judaizers reject Watts's version, and aim to reject all man-made hymns in worship. Dr. Ritchie gives three views in his *Life of Crothers*, as exhaustive of this one-sided controversy. First, there are those who aver that, in the exercise of our Christian liberty, we have a right to use songs of human composition, and that such songs, founded on the New Testament, are *preferable* to the Hebrew Psalms. Secondly, others aver that the Psalms *alone* are to be sung in the Church to the end of time. A third position is, that, while the Psalms are valuable, and should be constantly read or chanted in the Churches, it is no disrespect to them, or violation of the command of God, to use other hymns alongside of them. There is no directory for worship in the New Testament. There are no slavish quotations of the Psalms or other Scriptures, but, rather, liberal adaptations of the Old Testament word by speakers and writers in the New. Fragments of hymns, and themes for holy song, are scattered all through the New Testament, from the song of the angels who heralded Christ to the hallelujahs of the angels in the book of Revelation. Poetic recitation is included in the miraculous gifts to the Corinthian Church: "Every one of you hath a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an

interpretation." If the doctrine, the tongue, the revelation, and interpretation were extempore, why not the psalm also? No man can show to the contrary. The Ephesians and Colossians were exhorted to "let the word of Christ [not the word of Moses, Asaph, and David] dwell in them richly in all wisdom," and to be "filled with the Spirit;" "speaking to yourselves," "teaching and admonishing one another," with all sorts of poetic composition, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," with the wide liberty characteristic of the Christian dispensation.

Advocates for the exclusive use of the Psalms say that the heathen converts could not have composed Christian hymns, and the Jewish converts would not. Rénan is nearer right when he says "the hymns of young Christianity proceeded from every one, and were not written." Outside of the original Hebrew, which has been for two thousand years dead, all versions and paraphrases of the Psalms are man-made and uninspired. If Jehovah regards the verbiage of the Psalms, it is better to praise him in good Hebrew than in bad English. The objection that hymns are used to propagate heresy lies with equal force against all parts of the Bible, since no heresy exists that does not rely on Scripture for its proofs. It is objected that hymn-books are sectarian, and one facetious writer says if an Œcumenical Council of Protestants were to assemble to prepare a common hymn-book, it would take them five years, and the result of their labors would be a volume as big as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, so that a lady would require a wheelbarrow to take her hymn-book to Church! The New Testament says nothing against hymns, nothing in favor of the exclusive use of Psalms, and contains not only specimen hymns, but the models of hymns, the seeds and seed-thoughts of hymns, as well as of prayers for the use of the Church in all ages. In ecclesiastical history we get glimpses of hymn-singing by those who remembered the apostles.

In the year 107, less than forty-five years after Paul wrote to the Ephesians and Colossians, Pliny wrote his celebrated letter to Trajan about the Christians, and characterized them, not by their preaching and praying, but as those who arose with the sun "and sang a hymn to Christ as to a god."

Philo, as quoted by Eusebius, says of the Therapeutæ, "They not only pass their time in meditation, but compose songs and hymns unto God." Again, Eusebius says, "Whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren, from the beginning, celebrate Christ the Word of God, by asserting his divinity." Paul of Samosata "stopped the psalms that were sung in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the late compositions of modern men, but; in honor of himself, he had prepared women to sing at the great festival in the midst of the Church, which one might shudder to hear!" The fact that Bardesenes used hymns to propagate heresy is presumptive evidence that hymns were used in his time as vehicles of the truth. Latin hymns have come down to us from the fourth century. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, in 353, made a collection of songs, mentioned by Jerome, now lost. He is also named by the Council of Toledo as one, who, in conjunction with Ambrose, had composed songs for the Church in praise of God and to the honor of the apostles and martyrs. It is vain to say that this was a papist innovation, for Hilary was a simple local bishop, and antedated Popery by centuries. Ambrose (340 to 397) first introduced into the Western Church a practice common enough among the Jews in David's time,—the responsive chanting of psalms and hymns. "Doctrinal hymns resounded through the city" (Milan). The celebrated *Te Deum Laudamus* is ascribed to him, but the authorship of this splendid composition, like that of many of the finest productions of human genius, can not be traced absolutely. The Middle Ages have sent us many fine Latin hymns, the sublimest of which is the untranslatable *Dies Ira*. A

hundred have tried their hand at it, without success. Walter Scott's stands in our hymn-book :

"The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away."

Dr. Strong's may be found in the REPOSITORY for January, 1873. This "acknowledged masterpiece" of mediæval verse is, in the Roman Church, the mass for the dead, and forms the theme for Mozart's requiem. Another beautiful hymn dates from the thirteenth century, the famous *Stabat Mater*. It is regarded by Protestants as pure Mariolatry. The Lutheran Reformation brought a fresh impetus to holy song. The hymn-book has been to the Germans what the prayer-book is to the British, a national liturgy. The hymnody of Germany is the richest in the world. The singing was monopolized by priests, after priestly power became absorbing and dominant in Europe. The Reformation restored the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and the songs of the sanctuary to the common people. It took a century for the Reformation to permeate the English masses. Saving a few accidental hymn-writers, all the poets of the modern sanctuary date from this side of Shakespeare and "Queen Bess." Of the hymnists in our hymn-book, not more than half a dozen were born in the seventeenth century; and only one began and ended his life within that century,—Dr. Henry More (1619-1687), who wrote hymn 202 of the Methodist collection :

"On all the earth thy spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew."

Bishop Ken (1637-1710), at the age of sixty, published three hymns, "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight." We still sing the daylight odes, and the other might be made to do duty on watch-night occasions :

"Awake my soul, and with the sun." (397.)
"Glory to thee, my God, this night." (607.)

His doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

is thought to have been repeated more times than any other piece of English composition except the Lord's Prayer.

It is an epitome of the 148th Psalm; is, indeed, the 148th Psalm condensed into a four-line Christian doxology,

"Praise the Lord from the heavens,—
Praise him in the heights;
Praise him, all ye his angels;
Praise him, all ye his hosts," etc.

In the same century with Ken and Addison was born Isaac Watts (1674), the "inventor of modern English hymnody." The psalm-singing in the Independent Church, of which Watts's father was deacon, must have been a dreary humdrum. He complained that the old hymns were sad affairs; they grated on his poetic ear like the filing of a saw. "Give us something better," was the reply; and the next Sunday the congregation was invited to close its services with the first hymn Isaac Watts ever wrote, about 1692, when he was eighteen years of age. It is familiar to Calvinistic congregations, but is not in our hymn-book. It is founded on the fifth chapter of Revelation, and alludes to the "new song," the "elders," "harps," "vials full of odors," "the prayers of the saints," "the Lamb," and "redemption in his blood." The first verse runs thus:

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown."

Most, if not all, of Watts's hymns were written in his youth, and first published in 1707. Cunningham says, "a first edition of his hymns is rarer than a first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of which only one copy is known." Chalmers's "British Biography," 1817, said, "in popularity his psalms and hymns far exceeded all publications of the last century," the sales averaging over 50,000 copies per annum. Watts has been severely criticised. This shows that he is regarded as worth criticising. The highest expression of contempt for a production is to say that it is "beneath criticism." Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says of Watts: "His poems are by no means his best works." "He stood not in the first class of genius." "I

can't praise his poetry, but I can praise his design." "He never wrote but for a good purpose." A writer in Knight's "Cyclopædia:" says, "Poet he can scarcely be called." "Smooth, nervous, judicious, touching, eloquent, he was the classic of the people." Doddridge says, "His style is harmonious, florid, poetical, and pathetic, yet too diffuse, too much loaded with epithets." Dr. Drake, a critic who wrote in 1814, says, "The style of all his works is perspicuous, correct, frequently elegant." Montgomery calls his "the greatest name among hymn-writers;" "the inventor of hymns in our language." Dr. Milner, Watts's biographer, says, "Charles Wesley approaches nearest to him, but must yield the palm for originality, catholicity, and versatility of genius." In Sermon cxxi (1789) Wesley criticises Watts's hymns as containing "coarse" and "amorous" expressions. He says, in his own translations from the Moravian hymns he took care to avoid all "fondling expressions," especially the word "dear," which he "never uses in verse or prose, in praying or preaching." In deference to this opinion of Wesley, who questions whether some may not think him "over-scrupulous," the epithet "dear" is not often found in our hymn-book. John Newton's hymn (296), verse third, reads,

"Dear name, the rock on which I build."

In hymn 813 we find,

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend."

In hymn 797, Watts, verse 5, our revisers have substituted "my" for "dear," and read,

"My Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,"

making two lines commence with the same pronoun. "Blest Savior," would be better, and "dear Savior," as Watts wrote it, perfectly harmless. In that very sensuous hymn (907, Newton),

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,"

we have

"My Lord, if indeed I am thine,"

which is such an evident come-down from the rest of the hymn that the Christian world instinctively sings as Newton wrote, "Dear Lord." Watts's minor poems had prodigious celebrity and circulation. His cradle hymn,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"

has rocked whole generations of babies to sleep; and his advice to youthful beligerents,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,"

has taken the tuck out of many juvenile fights, saved much surgery in black eyes and bloody noses, and humanized thousands. It is due to theologic affinities as much as to poetic talent that Watts is credited with half the hymnody of the United States. Over seventy of the best of his lyrics are in our hymn-book, some of which could be spared, and others from his pen substituted in their places. His version of the hundredth Psalm was finely emended by Wesley, who changed

"Nations attend before his throne,"

into

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

For Watts's original,

"He dies, the heavenly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings; deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground,"

Wesley substituted the fine lines

"He dies, the friend of sinners dies;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

It is a curious inquiry what would have been the fate of Watts's hymns but for the Wesleyan revival of the last century. It is doubtful whether they would have found audience outside the walls of a few Dissenting meeting-houses. In 1738, the Wesleys returned from Georgia, and immediately organized in London a society for mutual religious edification, similar to those in Oxford before they left the country. Justified by a living faith in themselves, they at once sought to disseminate the new-found experience, and compiled and published an eight-penny (twenty-

cent) hymn-book, selected from various authors, chiefly from Dr. Watts, the first in that remarkable series of cheap publications, that went hand in hand with preaching, to regenerate the masses and evangelize the country. With the spread of the revival spread the hymns, and popular singing became as distinguished an agency in the reformation of men as the preaching; as the Methodist Sankey, with his spiritual songs, is a right arm of power to the revivalist Moody, at the present hour. Nearly fifty publications are enumerated, in Wesley's works, of a hymnic character, mostly in cheap form, issued during the century. The fecundity of Charles Wesley, as a hymn-writer, is wonderful. It has probably never been equaled in the history of the world. The wealth of Methodist hymnody is far greater than it can make any use of. The poems of the bard of Methodism were over six thousand, of which less than six hundred, and these ample for all ordinary purposes, have been shaped into ritual dimensions and form, for use in the sanctuary. The British Wesleyan hymn-book has five hundred and sixty, or, including the supplement, over six hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns; our hymn-book, five hundred and sixty-three, two-thirds of which are universally known and sung, and many of which it is impossible to use on account of their meter. John Wesley wrote hymns, his sisters, brother older, and father wrote hymns; and, in the wake of the Wesleyan reformation, shoals of hymn-writers have followed, till the Christian world is supplied with a body of English psalmody as rich and varied as that of the Jews in the times of David and Christ. Within the last twenty years half a dozen treatises, most of them worthless, have been written on "hymn-writers and their hymns." One of them, recently published in Philadelphia,—expensively gotten up, but carelessly edited, and mostly hotch-potch,—gives, at the end, a synopsis of hymn-writers, eight hundred and fourteen in number, some of whom we know to be mere twaddling rhymists, distrib-

uted as follows: Church of England, one hundred and ninety-seven; Lutherans, one hundred and thirty-eight; Unknown, eighty-nine; Baptist, eighty-three; Congregational, seventy-eight; Catholic, forty-eight; Presbyterian, forty-four; Methodist, thirty-four; Unitarian, twenty-eight; Reformed, twenty-five; Moravian, fifteen; Episcopal, fifteen; Scattering, twenty. In this catalogue the Wesleys are included in the Church of England, which, while it uses few hymns in its rituals, has by far the largest number of hymn writers. Watts is classed with the Independents, which claim, besides him, but two other hymnists.

The revised edition of the Methodist hymn-book has now been in use twenty-eight years. One-third of its contents are practically dead, and might give way to later and more vital productions, or be expunged from the book altogether, to the manifest advantage of the volume in size, portableness, and expense. The hymn-book would follow more naturally the law of growth, if it were possible to get it,—like the Discipline,—once in four years, into the hands of a committee of tinkers. As this can not be, the book must be permanently encumbered with its "body of death," or it must, once in a generation, slough off, in a new edition, that which time and experiment have proved to be only spoiled prose, or a useless jumble of rhymes, epithets, and capitals. Only that which has in it the elements of vitality will survive. Lyric after lyric of the present compilation has been tried and found wanting. It is a pretty good test of popularity if, given, to individuals of average memory, the first line or first verse he can repeat the remainder. But popularity is not always the measure of solid worth. Only those lyrics are popular, in the true sense, that are sung universally, and sung forever. There is needed in hymn-writing something deeper than the poetic talent. The great poets of the race are not hymn-writers. If a name like Dryden, Pope, or Scott gets into a hymn-book, it is by accident. Not one in a thousand of the poetic fra-

ternity has the first touch of that spiritual experience, that deep religious sensibility, that spiritual magnetism, necessary to make a successful hymnist. It is impossible to *make* a hymn. It must come of itself glowing from the soul, an irrepressible spontaneity, the voice of experience the highest inspiration, not of a fabled muse but of the spirit of the living God; a wail of anguish, or a burst of joy that will go singing down the centuries, in verse ever so homely, moving all hearts and enlisting all sympathies, while polished numbers will die in the utterance, or raise only a sentiment of cold admiration by their crystalline beauty, or artistic finish and glitter. If Watts and Wesley were "no poets," in the literary sense of that term, they were what is better to the masses, religious hymnists, who have inspired the tongues and pens, and thrilled to glowing fervor the hearts, of many generations.

Most of the world's authors are speedily forgotten. The most favored are remembered for some one work that has rendered their fame enduring and their names immortal. Lucky is the bard who, out of a hundred efforts, strikes a single chord that becomes a perpetual vibration. Wolfe will be remembered longer than Southey, with his lumbering epics, for his single monody, the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will survive the dramas of Addison and Byron. Perronet is immortalized by a single strain,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Robinson by,

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

Muhlenberg by,

"I would not live away."

Charlotte Elliott by,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

Sarah F. Adams by,

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Hart by,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

Toplady by,

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Heber by his missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Samuel Stennett by,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Ray Palmer by,

"My faith looks up to thee."

Cennick's memory is adorned with two gems,

"Children of the heavenly King;"

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

Montgomery, a "second Cowper," wrote some good things, and our last revisers drew liberally upon his stores; but one-third to one-half of these selections might be profitably weeded out.

A considerable number of the hymns set down as "anonymous" might be turned out without being missed. Miss Anne Steele (1716-1778), good Baptist, is in the same category with the Moravian poet, a few good things, nothing particularly striking.

Addison (1672-1719) an accidental hymn-writer, Doddridge (1702-1751), Cowper (1731-1800), ("whose numbers were baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire,") each contributed gems, and each has hymns that we could spare and not miss them. Newton wrote several good hymns, and so did Hart, so did Fawcett (1739-1817).

Dr. Schaff attributes to Lyte (1793-1847) a hymn not in our book,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."

A number of others might be named, some good, some indifferent.

Aside from accidental inspirations, the great hymn-writers of the past and present centuries can be counted upon the fingers. The body of any Church-hymnal must be made up from Watts and Wesley, Doddridge and Cowper, Beddome and Montgomery, with selections from the best of the psalmodic versifiers. The Methodist Episcopal Church South, after the disruption of 1844, created for themselves a hymn-book arranged in three parts: Public Worship, Social Worship, Domestic Worship, with a well meditated classification of sub-divisions under each head. Our last revisers drafted over a

hundred composers; the Church South seemed to think it needful to the dignity of a hymnal to show a like imposing array of names, and enrolled about a hundred authors, many of whom, in both books, are what the theater men call "supes," with no more vitality than so many lay figures. In the Southern hymn-book Charles Wesley appears 540 times against 563 in ours; Watts 150 times against 75 in ours; Doddridge 62 in place of 24; Montgomery, whom our late revisers certainly overrated, exchanges 57 for 22; Anne Steele, who tends to oblivion, or rather to be remembered only for a few choice favorites, comes down from 29 in ours to 8 in the Southern revision. Heber and Hart are both on the decline. Both wrote good verses, but more that were poor. Both books, Northern and Southern, need expurgation of the poor verses of good poets, and the merciless excision of all the smaller fry. The cruellest thing done by the Southern publishers was to deny to Toplady the authorship of "Rock of Ages," and thus to remand that lovely lyric to the region of the "unknown" and conjectural, whence have sprung so many beautiful adornments of Church hymnody, from the magnificent *Te*

Deum Laudamus to the prisoner's hopeful wail:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When will my sorrows have an end
Thy joys when shall I see?"

and the choicest morceaux of verse ever put together for man's instruction in divine doxology. Great hymn-writers, genuine psalmists, are few. Only the best productions of the best writers are worth preserving. No more than a book can a hymn be kept afloat by the mere name of its author. If it is leaden it will sink, though written by Milton; if genuine it will soar, though penned in obscurity by some "consecrated cobbler." The Darwinian "survival of the fittest" is the law of hymnody. The undergrowth will die out in the shade of the majestic monarchs of the poetic forest, some of which will have life, size, and endurance like that of California's gigantic sequoias. It is the business of hymn-book makers and revisers to find out the "immortelles" of sacred verse, and wreath only those. In another article we may consider the hymn-book and its selections as modified and controlled by music and tunes.

EDITOR.

IN SOUND OF THE BELLS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR GROWN FOLKS.

THE Rev. St. John Makepeace sat alone in his study. It was a capacious room, the floor of which was covered with a carpet, glowing with the warm colors of tropical blossoms. Windows draped with heavy crimson damask, and richly wrought lace. A flood of light pouring through the tinted shades of the chandelier upon rare gems of art,—brackets holding gleaming white and heavy bronze statuary; oil-paintings of the heart of old forests, and the flash of falling water. An enormous black walnut book-case,

finely carved and closely filled, occupying one entire side. A stand of flowering plants in one corner. A wide satin sofa, from which the pillow, a cluster of calla-lilies on buff ground, had carelessly fallen. A marble-topped center-table filled with books and magazines; easy chairs and foot-stools, a smoking-set of gold and ebony on a little stand, and at his writing-desk, the occupant of the room, fresh sermon-paper before him, and, a great gold pen held carelessly in his fingers.

The Rev. St. John Makepeace was a good and popular man. His work was easy and agreeable, yielding him "an exceeding great reward." He had found life a pleasant and comfortable thing, and was on the best of terms with the whole world. No more serious trouble weighed upon him than the selection of his text for the coming Sunday. He was anxious that his Christmas sermon should be appropriate to the occasion, that his people might not be disappointed in their intellectual repast. He carefully turned the leaves of his well-worn pocket Bible, and read, "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us."

God with us! He wheeled his chair around that he might look on the pictured Christ, whose sad, earnest face gazed at him from the canvas as if it were alive. "Emmanuel,—God with us,—manifest in the flesh." He pondered the words, and his eyes strayed to the red coals in the grate, following the forks of flame as they shot up in long, weird, quivering spirals. The little marble clock ticked away the minutes. The red coals turned to ashes, and fell with a clattering noise. It grew late, and presently the heavy bells rang out upon the frosty air,—midnight!

The Rev. St. John Makepeace can not tell to this day whether he dreamed or not. When he came to himself, there were drops upon his forehead like those of the wintery storm without. He is sure that he faced and felt it, led from his warm, luxurious room, into the bitter cold and raging wind, by a hand which bore the mark of a nail. Upon his very doorstep he stumbled and nearly fell.

"Please, sir, do n't hit me." The small voice was nearly drowned in the roar of the tempest. "It was warmer where the light came through the window, and I did n't mean to be in nobody's way."

Shivering with cold and terror, he crouched in fear of blows, a little ragged child whom the world had cast out and forgotten,—remembered, however, and clasped in the loving arms of Him who

said, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

Down the wide street, with lights shining from the windows of happy homes, they silently passed,—the Christ and the child, while the man followed wonderingly. All doors were shut against them, and the solid black walnut panels gave back no echo to the Master's knock.

Down the wide street to one darker and narrower,—to another narrower and darker still, given over to that poverty and wretchedness which the world crowds out of sight, and to the evil deeds which seek to hide their foulness from the eyes of men.

Here a door stood ajar, and the scarred hand gently pushed it open. A woman,—a skeleton, rather, with hungry eyes and ghastly features; a hollow cough that tore and racked her, sewing rapidly by the light of a fast-dying candle. A babe moaning feebly upon her lap. Bare floor and walls, gray ashes on the hearth, a broken table, holding a broken saucer, an old knife, and the skin of a potato. She welcomed the Christ with a quick, glad smile that faded as she saw the man.

"I do not know him," she muttered, frowningly; "he has never been here before."

"He will not stay," was the answer. "Can you take the child?" and the little one he had carried in his arms was left where nothing could be given it but sheltering love and care.

Down into a black, foul cellar; air thick with smoke, poisoned with the fumes of strong drink, a haggard man, struggling with invisible horrors, cursing the devils that pursued him. The tortured wretch glared at them, and motioned them away.

"What have I to do with thee?"

But the hand which bore the print of the nail was laid soothingly upon the maddened temples, the evil spirit was cast out of him, and the sense of a better manhood found its way for the first time, into the darkened heart.

In the street again, to meet a figure fleeing from a life less merciful than

death. The wallowing river rolled just beyond. Only a few more paces, and the black water would forever bury the misery and sin which found no help or sympathy from man. But the Christ spoke low and tender words, scarce overheard by the man beside him, the desperate woman listening with bent head, and tears filling the eyes that had long ached for such relief. She, for whose soul no man had cared, turned back strengthened and comforted, because not hopelessly condemned.

Down the street to another. Through the wide vestibule of a hospital, wherein were gathered the suffering ones of earth. Long, quiet corridors, clean cots, and faithful attendants; the bruised body cared for, but heart and spirit left to struggle by itself. The man shrank back from the evidences of physical anguish; the Crucified could better understand and pity. The man had spoken often to souls, strong, happy, prosperous, and rejoicing in hope,—he had no words for such as these, weak, distressed, wrecked, and hardly patient in tribulation.

From cot to cot, with few but cheery words, the Master passed, while the man followed as silently as before.

To some the divine message came for the first time, assuring them that the Father, who cares for all his children, had not forgotten them. Those to whom the Man of sorrows was no stranger kissed the hem of his garment as he passed, the pangs of human suffering softened by the sense of divine love.

Through hospital wards onward to a prison, where diseased souls pined in worse than dungeon darkness. He who went to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance, found them waiting for the glad tidings of pardon and peace. The inmates of those dungeon walls thus separated from man learned how closely they were still bound to God, and though the freedom of his earth was forfeited by sin, they could still hope for the liberty of the heavenly kingdom.

Under the Winter sky once more. The storm had spent itself; the gray clouds

were scattering, and a faint tint of red touched the east.

The two stood together in the shadow of the "Church of the Chosen," a magnificent pile of granite, on the corner of Makmoneh Street and Enjoyet Avenue. It towered against the sky like a wall built between earth and heaven. A model of architectural skill and beauty was the "Church of the Chosen." More than a million dollars had gone to the rearing of its solid walls, stained glass windows, rich carvings and upholstery. A massive iron railing surrounded it, and the hand with the print of the nail tried in vain to open the ponderous gate.

Just at that moment the bells rang out from the steeple, loud, jubilant, ushering in the anniversary of the day which gave a Savior to redeem the world. The Rev. St. John Makepeace sat in his study-chair, the sermon paper lying untouched on the desk near by, the great gold pen held in his fingers. The Christ, with the sad, earnest gaze, which never changed, looked at him from the canvas. The fire was out, and the bells were ringing,—not the midnight bells, to which he had just listened. These were Christmas chimes. He fell on his knees and prayed.

The usual "brilliant congregation, composed of the *élite* of the city," as the newspapers were fond of stating, were gathered in the "Church of the Chosen,"—beautiful women clad in velvet and ermine, with silks that rustled softly over the thick carpets of the aisles; men in broadcloth and fine linen, who, like their beloved minister, were on good terms with the whole world. The stately organ music thrilled the large audience as it carried with it the pathetic words sung by finely trained voices: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

They waited, hushed and expectant, for the sermon, and the words of the text were: "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." It was not read from

manuscript. There was not even a paper barrier between the earnest preacher and the hearts he touched that day,—how deeply and effectually was left for time to show. He stood at one side of the elegant reading-desk, the great Bible, with its massive gold clasps, resting unopened on its velvet cushion. It was the spirit, and not the letter, which he interpreted. "Emmanuel, God with us," not alone in the gloomy grandeur of the "Church of the Chosen" on one day in seven, when great keys opened the heavy doors that He might enter, but in the desolate and neglected places of the earth, where poverty, sickness, the soul's hunger, the misery of ignorance, sin, and despair, held immortal beings in hideous bondage. Where the Christ had led the man, he led his people; the women, whose time was given up to the demands of fashion and pleasure; the men, absorbed in buying, selling, and getting gain; and many for the first time realized, from his eloquent words, what Christian-

ity expected from them,—that from those to whom much has been given much is required.

The Rev. St. John Makepeace had a call soon after to a larger Church, but one from which he could expect no salary. It came in few short but expressive words: "Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me;" and the following led him again to the sad and suffering, whom he had seen his Master care for and comfort. The eyes of his understanding had, indeed, been opened. He learned truly that no man liveth to himself, and in what way he that saveth his life shall lose it. He commenced in faith that service which is unto the Lord, and not unto men; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things; not seeking his own profit, but the profit of many that they should be saved, and so following the example of One who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and gave his life a ransom for many.

C. B. LE ROW.

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE Alhambra! The very name is full of romance and kingly grandeur, and recalls recollections of gallantry and refinement, and the triumph of arts and arms. Says Irving: "To the traveler, imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical, so inseparably entwined in the annals of romantic Spain, the Alhambra is as much an object of adoration and devotion as is the Caaba to all true Moslems. How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous; how many songs and ballads, Arabian and Spanish, of love and war and chivalry, are associated with this royal Morisco pile! It was the gorgeous abode of a long line of Moorish kings, where, surrounded with all the splendors and refinements of Oriental luxury, they held dominion over one of the fairest

spots on earth, and made their last valiant stand for empire in Spain."

The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in the Spanish Peninsula to-day for the contemplation of the traveler, the artist, and the scholar, shows the great advancement in art to which the Saracens had attained. Its graceful porticoes and colonnades; its domes and ceilings, glowing with tints, which, in that transparent atmosphere, have lost nothing of their original brilliancy; its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilations of the air; and its foundations, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence,

Oriental imagination, and Sybaritic luxury of its proprietors.

Perhaps there never was a monument more characteristic of an age and people than the Alhambra; a rugged fortress without, a voluptuous palace within; war frowning from its battlements, poetry and romance breathing throughout the fairy architecture of its halls. One is irresistibly transported in imagination to those times when Moslem Spain was a region of light amid Christian yet benighted Europe; externally, a warrior power fighting for existence; internally, a realm devoted to literature, science, and the arts; where philosophy was cultivated with passion, though wrought up into subtleties and refinements; and where the luxuries of sense were transcended by those of thought and imagination.

The royal palace itself forms but a part of a fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a hill, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountain, and overlooking the ancient capital of the kings of Granada. Upon the summit of this lofty eminence, far above the orange and myrtle bowers, above the lordly castles, in the midst of an esplanade covered with trees and fountains, Mohammed Alhamar upreared the Medinet Alhambra, the grandest palace that, with but few exceptions, the world has ever seen.

Nothing with which we are familiar in architecture can give us a correct idea of that of the Moors. They piled up buildings without order, symmetry, or any attention to the external appearance they would present. All their cares were bestowed upon the interior of their structures. There they exhausted all the resources of taste and magnificence, to combine in their apartments the requisites for luxurious indulgence with the charms of nature in her most enchanting forms. There, in saloons adorned with the most beautiful marble, and paved with a brilliant imitation of porcelain, couches, covered with stuffs of gold or silver, were arranged near *jets d'eau*, whose waters glanced upward toward the

vaulted roof, and spread a delicious coolness through an atmosphere embalmed by the delicate odors arising from exquisite vases of precious perfumes, mingled with the fragrant breath of the myrtle, jasmine, orange, and other sweet-scented flowers that adorned the apartments.

The beautiful palace of the Alhambra, as it now exists at Granada, presents no façade. It is approached through a charming avenue, overarched by the interlacing branches of ancient elms, between which the sun's rays seldom penetrate to dispel the gloom of their shading foliage, or to dissipate the refreshing coolness which is thus occasioned. Innumerable rills dash from peak to peak, and wander in graceful curves amid groups of trees; and, far below, at the very bottom of the ravine, the hurried and turbid stream of the river Darro rushes along its course.

The entrance to the palace is through a large square tower, which formerly bore the name of the Gate of Judgment. A religious inscription announces that it was there that the Granadan kings sat to give audience to their subjects, and administer justice after the ancient manner of the Hebrew and other Oriental nations. A lofty archway rises above you, of the true horseshoe shape, so characteristic of arabesque architecture, and conducts to the Rubicon, along which the way winds till it leads to an open space called *Plaza de los Aljibes*, or Square of the Cisterns. Here are the two great reservoirs in which the water was retained for the use of the garrison and the other inhabitants of the place. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, of the purest and coldest water, wrought by the Moors in their endeavors to obtain that necessary of existence in its most crystal state, which, among them, was always considered an indispensable requisite. To the left of this esplanade stands the pile commenced by the Emperor Charles V, and intended for a palace that should eclipse the erections of the Moslem kings. This is an erection that, in any other place, would have been considered magnificent,

but here it is so surpassed by the buildings around that it serves but as a foil to the costly and elegant lightness of the Arab tracery, and the gracefulness of the older columns. Beyond it is a small and unostentatious portal, which opens into a large court called the *Alberca*, paved with marble, and decorated at each end with light peristyles. In the center is a fish-pond of gigantic proportions, formerly filled with gold and silver fish, and bordered by roses and other fragrant flowers. During the period when the palace was regularly inhabited, however, this was the common bathing-place for the servants and other subordinates of the establishment, and was called the *Mesuar*. The walls are covered with beautiful arabesques; and, with the devotion which especially distinguished the followers of Mohammed (who—how different from those better informed as to the way of truth!—never exhibited the paltry cowardice of being ashamed of the faith they professed), they have added the frequent inscription of *Wa la gabb illa alla*,—"God is conqueror." This also is traced on the peristyles at each end.

At what may be called the internal end of the *Mesuar*, an archway leads to the *Palio de los Leones*, or Hall of Lions, one of the most perfect specimens of Saracenic architecture in existence, and as beautiful as it is perfect. Upon entering this celebrated court, one seems as if suddenly transported to the regions of fairy-land. All the array of gorgeous splendor, in the conception of which the imagination loves to revel when thinking of Eastern grandeur, is comprised within its precincts. One feels to tread on magic ground; and airy shapes, instinct with life and covered with beauty, flit before the sight, filling the place afresh with the scenes of days gone by. The mental deception is the more complete, in that the finger of time has left few traces of decay, and the splendor of its original appearance is realized almost without an effort. The court is paved with white marble. In the center stands the celebrated Fountain of the Lions. This is a

large basin of alabaster, supported by twelve lions, sculptured, it should be observed, in but indifferent taste. Over this basin there is another, but smaller, from which shoot forth innumerable cascades, which together present the form of a great sheaf; and, falling again from one vase into another, and from these into the large basin beneath, create a perpetual flow, whose volume is increased by the floods of limpid water which gush in a continual stream from the mouth of each of the marble lions.

This fountain, like each of the others, is adorned with inscriptions; for the Moors ever took pleasure in mingling the eloquence of poetry with the graces of sculpture. To us their conceptions appear singular, and their expressions exaggerated; but our manners are so opposite to theirs; the period of their existence as a nation is so far removed, and we know so little of the genius of their language, that we have, perhaps, no right to judge the literature of the Moors by the severe rules of modern criticism. And, indeed, the specimens we possess of the French and Spanish poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are, any of them, little superior to the verses engraved on the walls and fountains of the Alhambra.

Around the Court of Lions runs a gallery, supported by an arcade of beautiful white marble pillars. These columns, standing sometimes two and sometimes three together, are of slender proportions and fantastic design; but their lightness and grace afford the greatest pleasure to the eye of the wandering beholder. The walls, and, above all, the ceiling of the circular gallery, are covered with gold and azure mosaic tilings, and the peristyles and fretwork are embellished with arabesque ornaments, wrought with an exquisite delicacy and the most correct taste. At each end of the court is a portico, supported by marble pillars, uniting into an arcade of the same order as those which sustained the gallery at the sides, and surmounted by a dome enriched with representations of stars of different

magnitudes. The whole is colored in gold, carmine, or blue, the effect of which is heightened by the apparent freshness which rests upon it, the whole looking as if it had been only lately completed by the Moslem artist. This appears to have been the portion, of all this splendid palace, the most dear to the Moorish people, who formerly possessed it, and whose descendants even still linger in thought over it with the most poignant regret. On the Gateway of Justice, at the entrance, a gigantic hand is sculptured, and within it an immense key, executed by direction of its great founder, indicative, doubtless, of the power of the sultan to open the secrets of the Koran, but considered by the ignorant dwellers around the place as emblematic of the magical arts of the builder of the palace; for to magic alone do they ascribe the present perfect state of the Alhambra. At its foundation, it is said, he laid the palace under a spell, which has thus preserved it; whilst almost every other building of the Moors has fallen to decay, and disappeared. Tradition went on to say that this spell would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would fall together, and all the treasures buried beneath it, by the Moors, would be revealed. With this impression, it is not surprising that the people around think of the place with considerable awe. One of those persons who was employed to keep the palace, returning to the Court of Lions in the evening for something which he had forgotten, when daylight was almost gone, saw, to his exceeding surprise, four Moors, turbaned and richly appareled, promenading this court; he stood at first stupefied with terror, and then fled in the utmost consternation. They seemed to him like supernatural visitants, come once more either to look upon the scene of their past delight, or to tell where all their treasure was concealed. How they gained access, or how they departed, was a mystery never unraveled. Another attendant, however, who came there shortly after this circumstance, was

either less superstitious or more intrepid and acute; for he came with every badge of poverty, but soon retired, bought a handsome house, set up his carriage, and lived with much splendor till the day of his death.

On the left of the Court of Lions is the *Sala des Abencerrages*, in which thirty-six of those brave men, members of a family who evinced a noble devotion to the reigning monarch, were massacred in their endeavor to defend him. Red spots on the pavement, which are, in all probability, the deposit of water impregnated with iron, are still shown by the cicerone, as the stains of their blood.

On the other side of the court is the *Hall of the Two Sisters*, so called from two huge flags of white marble in the pavement, which have neither stain nor blemish in them. A cupola emits a tempered light from above, and ventilates the place. Around, on the lower part of the walls, are sculptured the escutcheons of the Moorish kings, on tiles of beautiful workmanship. Above, the walls are faced with stucco-work, invented at Damascus, cast in large molds, and so joined as to have the appearance of being laboriously worked with the hand into light reliefs and fanciful arabesques, intermixed with the texts of the Koran, and poetical inscriptions. These decorations are richly gilt and colored. On each side of the hall are recesses for ottomans and couches. Above, within an inner porch, is the communication with the women's apartments; and the latticed "jalousies" still remain, through which those witching tenants of the harem could look on the scene below.

At the upper end of the Mesuar stands the *Tower of Comares*, so called from a delicate work called Comaragia. Even the foundations of this massive tower are laid above the very tops of the pine groves which clothe the side of the precipice on which it stands; and its summit rises high into the air, commanding a view over that wild and impressive country, of almost unrivaled grandeur. Beneath it—far, far beneath it—rolls the

troubled and hasty stream of the Darro. Within the tower is the *Hall of the Embassadors*, within which was confined the gentle yet intrepid and constant sultana, Aixha la Horra, who, having seen herself deserted by the king for a favorite and too fascinating slave, and all her children butchered save one, summoned around her her maidens and dependents, and, joining their scarfs, let her last and only son down through the window. When their scarfs and veils could reach no further, he clambered by twig and bough, until he set his foot on the firm earth below. High above his head the anxious mother watched the snowy crest of a knight, who paced a steed impatient for his rider, and whose golden surcoat gleamed fitfully in the moonlight. Fear, hatred, and ambition winged the footsteps of the young Abdallah. A moment's stop, the word exchanged, the youthful hero vaulted on his steed,—the son of the sultana felt himself a king! Another moon saw that youth, the chief of a glorious band, return before those castled heights; and ere another horn was filled, they hurled the tyrant, Muley Hassan, from his throne.

The walls of the chamber are richly stuccoed, and ornamented with arabesques of the most exquisite workmanship. The ceiling is of cedar wood, inlaid with silver, ivory, and mother-of-pearl. The three sides of the hall are full of windows made in the immense thickness of the walls, which admit a free current of air, and thus both light and ventilate this beautiful apartment, producing, at the same time, a surprising effect; and in this manner all the halls of the Alhambra are lighted.

On the east side of this hall is the *Tocador de la Reina*, or Queen's Toilet, in the corner of which is a stone drilled full of holes, for the admission of perfumes, which were burned below, and, by means of these apertures, ascended into the royal apartment. Beside this is the little garden of *Lin-daraja*, having an alabaster fountain, and filled with groves of roses, myrtles, and orange-trees.

Upon leaving the marble halls and lofty towers of the Alhambra, one discerns, on the side of a neighboring eminence called the *Cerro del Sol*, or Mountain of the Sun, the famous garden of the Generalif, which signifies, in the Moorish tongue, the Home of Love. In this garden was the palace to which the kings of Granada repaired to pass the Summer season. It was built in a style similar to that of the Alhambra: the same gorgeous splendor, the same costly magnificence reigned there. The edifice is now destroyed; but the picturesque situation, the ever varied and ever charming landscape, the limpid fountains, the sparkling *jets d'eau*, and tumbling waterfalls of the Generalif, are still left to excite admiration.

Before it lies the plain on which the brave and high-minded Isabella, the queen of the crafty Ferdinand, stood to view the palace of the Moorish king, with but a bare retinue of knights around her. Supposing the party to be reconnoitering with a hostile intention, the Moslem monarch swept from his height, and dared his imagined opponent to the attack. For a time the bands remained opposed, in silence, to each other, till a knight of immense muscular power and stature rode from before the host, dragging at his horse's tail the badge of the Count d'Aquihar, the late renowned and beloved commander of the Castilian army, challenging the bravest of the knights to mortal combat. The queen had ordered that none should move from his place; but the heir of the house of Lara, burning to avenge the loss of his friend, and redeem his country's honor, entreated and obtained permission to meet the infidel who thus so haughtily defied the Christian chivalry. His horse was light, and, compared to the colossal bulk of his opponent, his person small. They met in mid career, and the lance of each was shattered to their very hands. Though much shaken, the young Lara kept his seat. Again they met, and skillfully he parried, and with vigor returned, the shower of blows which the huge Tarfe

aimed at his life; but the spirits of his friends sank, as, after a long contest, the Christian was evidently yielding ground, and, though blood flowed freely from both, yet it was clear that the count was the weaker of the two. At last he received a blow upon the casque which stunned him, and the Moor, wheeling his horse in career, caught him by the leg and dashed him to the earth. In a moment he was on the ground, and prepared to finish his work; but the spirit of Lara was not thus to be subdued. The last and fiercest struggle of all ensued, and the Christian sank beneath his antagonist. The Moor rose in fury, set his foot upon his breast; he flourished high his sword around his head, but, just as he was about to strike the fatal blow, his arm lost its force, his head fell upon his breast, and he sank prostrate to the earth, with his limbs collapsed in death. The

short, bright blade attached to the wrist of the count was found buried in his heart. The victor lived to enjoy the guerdon of his sovereign's love.

The Moors, dispirited by the loss of their champion, yet dashed on the enemy, but were beaten to their stronghold; and so, another year, the Castilian banner floated on the heights of the Alhambra.

The walls of the fortress are built of a kind of cement, of red clay and large pebbles, which, exposed to the air, acquires the hardness of stone. They are sufficiently extensive to contain a garrison of forty thousand men, and within their range was to be found all that could give delight or afford security to their royal possessors. This immense fortress was built about the year 1273, and fell into the hands of the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon late in the fifteenth century.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

LOVE STORIES—UNPUBLISHED ONES.

INTO almost every species of literature the "love story" has forced its way; only the stately review, the grave religious journal, the strictly scientific or mechanical paper or magazine, may be excepted. Nor are these stories always of the kind to be called pleasant, interesting, or profitable reading. Some are not only sensational, but, of set purpose, highly and exclusively so; and some are wanting in morality and delicacy, to the point of a desecration of all those feelings, virtues, and motives, which ought to be kept bright as the noon-day sun, and pure as a sacrificial altar. Some protest is made, occasionally, against one subject so monopolizing the columns of our papers and magazines, to the exclusion of more important matter; but the protest is unheeded, and the perpetually "New Story" goes on with unflagging industry, each week and month, the year through.

And yet, to one's certain knowledge, the real and very best love stories always go unwritten and unpublished.

That any one should be found nowadays who does not occasionally, even frequently, read some of the romances and love stories which come pouring from the press, is a mystery which Pauline says she is unable to solve. She closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in dumb surprise, when told that Mildred and Thaddeus, a middle-aged couple whom she greatly admires, had not read perhaps more than a half-dozen volumes of fiction apiece, during their married life.

Pauline has always some three or four "serials" on hand; but they are not allowed to interfere with the fresh volumes of light literature with which she keeps herself well supplied. As for the vital questions of the day, on religion, morals, science, politics, etc., she declares there

is not time to inspect them; and, besides, she can not, so she says, understand them, nor even remember the little she tried a few times to master. And so, without more concern, she has come to think herself honestly absolved from any further inspection or prosecution of topics which some of us nearly consider the meat and drink of our daily lives, so intimately have these grave and interesting subjects blended with our mental and moral being.

"I declare I would like to know what that dozen volumes might be," exclaimed Pauline, when the flash of surprise was over; "there has been time enough to get them by heart. O, I know they have read more stories and romances than that, if they would only confess it, like I do."

"On the contrary," I replied, "an honest investigation would be more likely to show they had read even less than a round dozen."

"What do they read, then?" mused Pauline, half to herself, as if trying to recall some forgotten thing.

"You must know, my dear girl, there is plenty of deeply interesting history and biography in the world to read, besides the cold philosophy and uncertain science, as you say I call them. There are plenty of subjects which you never touch, but which are more intensely interesting to those who do read them than your fiction is to you."

Pauline blushed a little, replying that she had not time for grave, deep reading, and, besides, was ashamed to say, it would put her to sleep as soon as a lesson in German grammar.

"What a dull life," said she, "Mildred and Thaddeus must lead at home sometimes! O no, that can not be, either; for they are two of the most lively, interesting people I know of. I often think they are as fresh and young in company as their own children."

"And so they are. And the way they have kept themselves so 'young and fresh,' as you say, is, by making themselves one with their children in all the

home duties, and innocent pleasures outdoors and in society, which interest young people. I have known Mildred to put aside urgent work, and go with her husband and the children to a picnic, or a fishing party."

"Well, of all her relations, I think she might have found one to go with them."

"Yes; but that was no part of her plans or desires; she always made it a point to be with her children as much as she could. She liked their company, and they liked hers; and, besides, she said they would all likely be married and gone from her some day, and she thought that almost as sad as laying the little ones in their graves. She says most people make merry at weddings; but, for her part, the weal or woe for life of two young people plunges her into a funeral mood, which she hides as well as she can, to keep other folks from being sad."

"I have often noticed," said Pauline, "but kept it to myself, that although Mildred is strangely fond of old people, yet she never seems to tire of the young ones; provided they are not affected and spoiled, as you say, by being forced into fashionable men and women, before they have had half a chance of becoming natural young people, with some sense and judgment of their own."

"Mildred is, indeed, fond of old people; but really likes the young ones best, and forgets the sprinkling of gray hairs in her head, and the gathering wrinkles in her round, plain face, when a knot of young folks crowd around her to talk over their pleasures and plans. She has been saying, these fifteen or twenty years, that people wickedly sacrifice their children, rather than sacrifice their own ease to look after them, and care for them, and properly instruct, amuse, and lead them up to be worthy, useful men and women. She says boys and girls would be boys and girls up to the day they were twenty-one, if their parents and elders would take real interest in them, and keep them company, instead of dressing them in ridiculous clothes, and sending them out into the world,

where every true idea of home is lost in the whirl of society."

"Well," said Pauline, taking up her sewing, "Mildred has a faculty of getting through more work, pleasure, and company than most women, or she could never have devoted so much time to her children. There never seems to be much stir, or unfinished work in her house, although her family is large, and never more than a couple of servants about. You could not, I believe, name another woman who keeps every thing so even and finished up as she does the year through."

"No: I can not think of another one who has such order and comfort in their homes as Mildred has; but I know of one reason why, all her married life, she has been able to do it."

"And never told me," said Pauline, in a tone that breathed of slight.

"There is not much chance to tell you any thing; you are so frequently away, or engaged with company, or reading the conclusion of some serial, or beginning a new volume of ro—"

"There, I know what you would say; but I would rather hear the reason you were going to give me."

"Yes: the reason why Mildred and Thaddeus have so much comfort, order, and leisure in their home. I can not, though, agree with you that she has any extra faculty for getting through with work. The true reason of her success is that she absolutely refuses to have needless work done. It has been like a law of the Medes and Persians in her house, ever since I knew her."

"And who would have needless work done?" asked Pauline, plying her needle with energy. "There is not one of us who does not have more than she can do, let alone useless work."

"But, Pauline, there is a wide difference between your and Mildred's idea of useless work. There is that ruffle you are gathering, and three more to put with it, all to go on one plain white underskirt; and then the time it will always take to iron it,—Mildred would call it making

work, not doing it. She would say a few plain welts would be more appropriate, easier to do up, longer to wear, and not out of fashion while it lasts."

"O, I know that," replied Pauline, biting her lips; "but I must have things like other people's."

"Indeed! so you respect other people more than you do yourself?"

"No, I don't; but I do not care to have them talking, and wondering why I have n't my clothes like, like—"

"Other people's," I added for her; while her blushes proved the respect she paid these *other* people. "Only yesterday you made Patty clean the porch and pavement, when you admitted they were hardly soiled, just because it was regular scrub-day. That, you see, was useless work."

"O, well, it won't hurt her."

"It is not well; and it will hurt more than help her. And hurt you, too, when you come to take a more just view of life and duty. Patty is a good girl, and it is your duty to be just with her, and keep her good and contented. Your friend Mildred would never impose useless service on those she hired, nor on her children; so they were all the more to be depended on when she needed them. In this way, she saved herself and them much needless toil, and secured more comfort and freedom to her children than you can find now days in one family in five hundred; for false views of life have spread even to the hard-working poor. You will admit that many of them work almost as hard for what they do not need as for the necessities of life."

"To be sure they do; I condemn their vanity and extravagance every day."

"And who sets the example for them?"

"People like me, I suppose," replied Pauline, with a careless laugh, as she held up the ruffles; "but then they might have more sense than to try and imitate people with plenty of means."

"And you might have more wisdom and justice than to lead the weak and ignorant astray."

"I know I am somewhat to blame."

"But the confession will need repentance and reformation to make it of any avail to your weak-minded neighbors, who look up to you."

"Well, I wonder what Mildred would say about me, and what she thinks of others like me."

"You can easily find out by laying aside the novel you began yesterday, and give half the time it would take to read it to conversation with her. You would not waste her time; for she always contrives to have some light work on hand while she talks."

"I have noticed that, and it puts me in mind of Lydia Sigourney, who kept her knitting in the parlor, and busied herself while she entertained callers. If Mildred had only taken to reading and study, what a scholar she might have become, with her industry and economical use of time! for I think she is not wanting in capacity. But I never surprise her reading; she scarcely ever mentions any thing she has read, or wants to read; and I doubt sometimes if she ever gets farther than her Church paper, the Bible, and the almanac."

"I can assure you that she does read; and we talk about it enough to prove she takes interest in it; but she reads sparingly, for Thaddeus and the children have done most of the reading for her. And a capital hand he is, too, to read, and keep up a running comment on whatever can amuse or instruct his small audience. If you had ever seen or heard him, you could understand how agreeable it would be to sew, knit, care for the children, or even nurse a mild toothache, while he has the position of chief reader."

"Now, you are not going to make a romantic hero out of Thaddeus."

"No; he is rather too matter-of-fact for that. And yet, ever since the day he married Mildred, one would think there was both poetry and romance in his make-up, at least enough imagination to make things as lovely as he could wish. It has often been debated among his friends how so handsome a man, with such an eye for looks and such an ear for

music, came to marry so plain a body as Mildred really is, with neither ear nor voice for music."

"I have often wondered at it, myself; and no doubt you can tell me all about it."

"No, I can not; and if I could, it would seem like treason to do it, since Thaddeus is so shy himself about disclosing the facts. But, Pauline, did you ever see a couple more happily mated than they are?"

"Perhaps not. It is really difficult, sometimes, to think of them as a middle-aged couple, with grown-up children around them; the daughters handsome, and the sons manly and fine-looking. Ever since I first knew them, they have seemed to me like a pair of contented, happy lovers, with a touch of romance."

"And that is just what they have been all their married life."

"And never read any love stories, novels, or romances?" said Pauline, with one of her doubtful smiles.

"Not much, indeed, of the kind you read; it is something of the same sort, but a great deal better. And their reading is more regular and systematic than yours, more like a steady occupation, where one performs the same kind of work, and about the same amount, each day."

"How can that be," asked Pauline, "since we neither see nor hear much of it; and, as for light reading, fiction, for instance, they have not, as you think, mastered more than a dozen volumes in the twenty odd years of their married life? There is nothing regular or systematic about it that I can see."

"Well, it is, nevertheless, and goes on daily. Sometimes Mildred is offered a new story to read, but she almost invariably declines; frequently saying, with a quaint smile of hers, that she and her husband were well supplied with that kind of reading at home."

"Some of the old-time novelists," queried Pauline, "and must have belonged to Mildred's great grand-parents in their love-making days."

"If they have any thing of the kind

about their house, I never saw it; they neither one appear to have much liking for old authors, and can not understand why I am so partial to them.

"I declare I would just like to know what they do read, or ever have read," said Pauline, with impatience.

Expecting a burst of laughter, I ventured to say they had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She received the information quietly, only asking if they liked it; and, when told they both found it very interesting, wondered it had not sharpened their appetite for more.

"Mildred did," I said, "undertake the 'Minister's Wooing,' but never completed it. Once, she read 'Adam Bede,' and was surprised to find herself so much interested; but said if it had been a story of American life and society, she would have liked it better."

"I wonder," mused Pauline, "if she ever read 'Middlemarch,' or would read it. I believe I'll loan her mine. I do not like it myself so well as some folks who call it philosophic and grand; but that may be my own fault."

"You need not offer it to her; for I am sure she would not give it even a superficial reading. It describes a life and society strange to her; and she does not seem to possess the power or imagination to lift herself, as it were, out of the daily life around her, so as to make such reading either a profit or pleasure. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' gives a phase of life she is acquainted with, and almost solely on that ground it has an interest for her. It may seem a circumscribed limit of mind to live in, but just suits those who find all the world they want inside their home and the society immediately around them."

"If what you say is so, I will not even mention the book to her."

"If you did, she would be likely to answer you as she has me, by saying she has a capital story on hand, and does not want any thing in the way to interfere with it."

"And gave you the title?"

"Only in an indirect way; leaving me

to guess the rest, which I have neither been unwilling nor slow to do. Once, only, do I remember of her speaking plainer than usual on the subject. I had been praising 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' telling her it was a fine book of its kind, and would repay any one who cared to read it with a view of being interested or instructed.

"Do read it, Mildred," said I, "and get Thaddeus to do the same; I am sure you will both like it. It may puzzle you to find out whether the hero is a Catholic or Protestant, a Presbyterian or Episcopalian, but you will agree with me that he is a Christian gentleman."

"O, it would be no use," said she, in a way which I knew meant she would never read it. "It would be no use for either of us to undertake it; it would only interfere with what we have already on hand, and we always have enough."

"Yes," I answered sarcastically, "every body knows you and Thaddeus are always reading something, especially love stories."

"And so we do. We are never without one; always a love story on hand." And Mildred smiled with a serene satisfaction that was beautiful to see.

"Ah, Mildred," I said, "your reading is no secret to me; I guessed it long ago, and could, perhaps, number the volumes, but could give only a moiety of the contents stored up in your memory."

"I wonder if any one else has found out the meaning of my story readings, and of Thaddeus's too?" asked Mildred, with a blush that was very maiden-like.

"No," I answered, "I hardly think so."

"There are a good many volumes," said she, slowly, and in a low tone, "in the story we are engaged in reading."

"I know it," returned I, "somewhere over twenty, I am sure."

"Ah, I see you do indeed know the secret I, or we, I should say, have kept so long."

"That I do; and wish more people, that is, married people, were like you and Thaddeus, but not quite so much to

the exclusion of all other reading-matter as both of you have been.'"

"Now, I wonder," began Pauline impatiently (she had interrupted me before), "I wonder if you suppose I am to believe that! Over twenty volumes, indeed! I would like at least to have the title, or titles it may be, before I am expected to believe."

"It is a very short and simple one, only four words: 'Our Own Love Story.' Why, Pauline, you are not stupid; don't you see the meaning of it all, now?"

"See it? Yes. And have n't I told you that they always seemed to me like a pair of lovers? Although I never dreamed they were reading their own love story to the exclusion of other people's."

"Well, they have; and Mildred does not hesitate now to say to me that she and Thaddeus have had a love story of their own going on ever since the day of their marriage. Their courtship never began, as she says, in real earnest, until the ceremony was over, the guests gone, and they had set out for the cottage where their housekeeping began. Every day for over twenty years they have been reading together a page of this story; every week a chapter, every year a volume, has been finished and closed up, never more to be opened here, not even to their own gaze or knowledge. And not a page, a chapter, or volume but is filled to the last word with original matter,—some of it as sad or happy, as beautiful, as thinking, as any thing you may meet with in the printed pages which appear to engross your undivided attention."

"What an interesting story it could, perhaps, make," said Pauline, soberly, "if Mildred would write it out!"

"But she will never do that. There are some things she believes in nearly or quite dropping the curtain over, and the love and privacy of home, in its delicate and dear relations, is one of them. Her true love story, like many others, will forever remain unwritten and unpublished, where no glance, either loyal or traitorous, can ever be cast on it. No;

Mildred will never leave a written record for friend or foe."

"How beautiful it all seems!" said Pauline, dreamily. "She and Thaddeus will go on reading that lovely love story of theirs to the last day of their lives. I hope it will have a happy consummation, and that, in the end, they may not be long separated."

"I can join you in that wish. Sometimes, to an old friend or two, Mildred touches softly on this subject, her life's love story; and I wish you could hear her, for she alone can do it justice. Not, indeed, because she is eloquent or learned, for she is neither; but the subject has been one of the highest interest to her during all her married life, and the little she does say comes straight from the heart. She seems to think every birth, marriage, death, and incident in her family has had a peculiar happiness or sorrow for her, very different from what it would have been to any one else."

"I should like well enough," said Pauline, "to hear her; but I do not think she would talk about these things before me. I can never draw her out as you do, although I love dearly to hear her talk."

"Perhaps she thinks you are wanting in seriousness. She knows, like the rest of us, that you have always been fond of company, dress, and light reading."

"And yet I have my serious moods as well as the rest of you. I have never thought of Mildred herself as being over serious; she always appears so happy and full of the enjoyments of life, that I have an impression she would not like to contemplate its termination to begin an untried one, even though it was indeed one of anticipated bliss and perfection."

"I am sure you are mistaken; for only the other day, when we were talking on this very subject, the regret some feel at the prospect of quitting a long happy life in this world, Mildred seemed to take a satisfaction in looking forward; she expressed no reluctance at giving up the present and surveying the past happiness of life."

"'Thaddeus thinks,' she said, 'and I agree with him, that, instead of regretting to leave the happiness one has enjoyed, they should simply be thankful for what they have had, and yield it up with a Christian's grace and joy. There is nothing gloomy to either of us in closing up this life of discipline to begin one of perfection and fruition. Here we have been happy and contented with the lot God has assigned us, and I do not think either of us would want to go over it again.'

"'But, Mildred,' I said, 'your lot has certainly been one to be thankful for; in quiet happiness it has been far above the average. Some count their bright days on their fingers; and you, according to your own confession, might nearly count your dark ones in the same way.'

"'Yes, truly, we have much to be thankful for; for our life, our married life, has been, on the whole, a long, even, happy, and prosperous one. I have ever taken a peculiar pleasure in calling it a pleasant love story, where, day by day, we have together turned over the pages as we read the chapters, each year finishing a volume. But some day we will find ourselves at the last chapter, and suddenly, some evening or morning, we will have together turned the last page; and then how near we will be to those who went away before us!—kind friends and neighbors, whom we thought it so hard to part from and live without; our dear little ones, who never learned to lisp a name, or take a single weary or false step in life's path; and our aged grandsires, who waited long, in patient hope and joy, for the time to depart to the mansions Christ promised to prepare. No, there is nothing gloomy to us in leaving these things we have enjoyed, and going to the things, even glorious things, we hope to enjoy in all the fullness of heaven.'

"Why, Pauline, how grieved you are looking; and your eyes are full of tears! What is there in the closing up of this story of Mildred's that should sadden you more than any of the numerous ones

you have finished in books? Some of them, I know, you have read with the deepest interest and eagerness; and others, it would seem, with weariness; for only yesterday, when you finished a volume, you flung it down, saying you were glad it was ended."

"O do not mention it; do n't mention any of them. I believe I see, for the first time in my life, the difference between these ink and paper stories and the real stories of our daily lives. And all these stories are alive, too, with the sternest realities. Why, it is Mildred and Thaddeus, and others like them, who have been reading, thinking, and living, while I have been—well, only been dreaming; and not even my own dreams and fancies, either, but the dreams and fancies of other dreamers. Mildred has been living her own life, in the midst of her family, with love, courage, interest, and hope to keep it fresh and beautiful each day, while I have, it seems, but a faint memory of mine. I did not even think it worth garnering."

"Take courage," I said, "and be thankful that you have found it out."

"But think of the time that is lost!" exclaimed Pauline, sadly.

"For the very reason that it is irretrievable, forget it, and bravely secure the future."

"O, I might try, at least *begin to try*, and live. But no, I will not lose a day of precious time in trying. I'll begin even now and *do it*," said she, in a hopeful voice, and with a brightening face.

There is a generous measure of good in Pauline, but it has long been left languishing for the air, room, and culture, that would in time produce luscious fruit, instead of the sickly buds of resolve, and the withered leaves of unproductive action. But let us leave her to her own better thoughts, which, happily, after a long imprisonment, have begun to struggle for light and freedom. She is one that may be trusted; for she is not easily turned back when once she has taken a resolute forward step.

MARY E. FRY.

STAR IN THE EAST.

WHEN, in the days of old,
 Prophet and priest foretold
 A Savior's birth,
 Stars of the morning sang,
 And loud the welkin rang
 With "Peace on earth."

Say, didst thou join the throng,
 In that triumphal song,
 O'er God's great plan?
 Was thine the armor bright,
 That chased away the night,
 When day began?

Or didst thou move aside,
 Letting the concourse glide,
 And bide thy time,
 When o'er Judea's plains
 Should sound, in joyful strains,
 The news sublime?

We know that thou wert there
 Amid the heavenly choir
 That sang again,
 In notes concordant, clear,
 That Israel's tribes might hear,
 "Good will to men."

Shepherds then saw and heard
 E'en more than prophet's word
 Had e'er divined;

Angelic voices cried,
 "No longer here abide
 Till Christ ye find."

When, by the Jewish host,
 Incense and holocaust
 For sin were given,
 Thou, Star of Heraldry,
 Sought where our Offering lay
 For all, from heaven.

Low in a manger laid,
 Where ox and camel fed,
 The Child was found;
 When he, with radiant face,
 Smiled back with heavenly grace
 On all around.

The wise men reverent bowed,
 Chanting his praise aloud,
 While angels near
 Caught up the joyful strain,
 And loudly sang again,
 "The Lord is here."

Star of the Orient,
 Blessing the firmament
 With thy mild rays,
 O, may thy silver light
 Every soul invite
 To sing God's praise.

H. AMELIA EDSON.

THE LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

THE sunset gates were opened wide,
 Far in the crimson west,
 And through them passed the wearied day
 In ruddy clouds to rest.
 Now in the gloaming and the hush
 All nature seems to dream,
 And silently, and one by one,
 The soft lights flit and gleam;
 I sit and watch them from the shore,
 Half lost in reverie,
 Till darkness hides the waves between
 The lights far out at sea.

They glimmer as the far-off days,
 That came, long years ago,
 All joyous with the light of love
 I would not see or know.
 O, happy days half-dimmed by years,—
 Long years that stretch between
 The old sweet love of long ago,
 The life that might have been.
 So far! Yet through the dark'ning past
 Their brightness gleams to me,
 As o'er the dark and silent waves
 The lights far out at sea.

REA.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

IT is complained that a reaction in the temperance movement has begun. Some of the liquor shops that were closed last Winter are opening again; the prohibitory laws, which, for a time, seemed galvanized into life, are sinking back into their old dead-letter state.

Of course. It is not to be expected that women could pray without ceasing in the corners of the streets and in liquor saloons, or petition forever the incorrigible law-makers. And if they could, such things must lose their force after a while. Yet the movement begun in the West a year ago, and carried on in different forms in the East, was a noble one, and its mission has been nobly fulfilled. It has called the attention of people to the existing facts of intemperance. It has thoroughly aroused us, and every thinking man is asking to-day, in all seriousness, What shall we do to be saved from this monster of iniquity, which is not slowly but surely overpowering us?

The answers, partial, hasty, ill-advised, many of them, fill the land:

"More law; better enforcement of existing laws;" from the rank and file of earnest men and women.

"A better public sentiment,—a sentiment thoroughly upon the side of temperance and reform," entreat some foremost workers whose hands are not stayed up by their conservative friends.

"More prayers, women's prayers,"—cry out a portion of our religious community, who would fain stand still, and wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"More liquor,—beer, wine, *moderate* drinking," strange to say, from here and there a clergyman, here and there a woman!

But we know that there are prohibitory statutes enough on record to banish—if prohibitory statutes were as effective as some men think—liquor and liquor-sellers from the earth forever. We remember, too, that these statutes have been *enforced*

upon occasions; liquor-sellers fined again and again; imprisoned even, and their precious wares poured out. The process is repeated every time a temperance revival comes; and the dealers, shrewd men, wait a little, and then go on with their vile trade, unmolested.

And how shall we create a public sentiment in favor of temperance? The matter has been agitated for years; the more respectable portions of the press have nobly borne testimony; temperance lectures have been delivered until we have grown tired of them; temperance tracts have been scattered like Autumn leaves through the land. There are families in which the enthusiasm for temperance is always high. It is easy enough to warm a well-built house in the coldest weather, but we might as well endeavor to create a temperature by artificial means that would warm all out-doors, and keep the snows from gathering on the mountain-tops in a New England Winter, as to create a public sentiment in favor of temperance so strong and so abiding that it will melt away the liquor-shops, and effectually save the community from the ravages of diseased and depraved appetites. No; a right public sentiment is the result, rather than the cause, of a right state of things in society; the fruit, rather than the seed, of perfect character.

Does any one think women have not prayed until now? All through the bitter years they have prayed in the closet, with shut doors, to the Father, who seeth in secret, and waited for the open reward. If prayers and tears might have saved us, we should not be in such sore need of prayers and tears to-day. Let us not deceive ourselves; God is not unconvinced. We come short of success for other reasons than that he needs to be urged to send down the desired reform.

Temperate drinking; wine and beer to propitiate the demon appetite, and save the man! Every one who has

watched these things at all knows that this is a fatal fallacy. Every drunkard knows it is a lie; he knows that it is from the army of temperate drinkers, wine-bibbers, beer-guzzlers, that his own ranks are filled. It is the old, old story told in Eden, and repeated through the ages: "Your eyes shall be opened," and "ye shall not surely die."

And here come the philosophers, claiming, rightly enough, that temperance must be rooted and grounded in character, and that we can look for reform only in the moral improvement of individuals; but this sounds rather trite to Christians, who have been laboring eighteen hundred years for the conversion of the world.

The man is ill; the disease is a terrible one, and brought on by his own wrongdoing. The physicians, nurses, ministers, are sent for. Medicine, reform, prayer may or may not save his life; but some one should remember that the disease is terribly infectious, and have a care for the little ones, with whom the house is filled. Some decent hygienic regulations may be established by law. There is need of all the physician's skill, all the instructions of the clergy, all the prayers of the women, in this desperate disease of intemperance that troubles our land. But while the religion and philanthropy of the world, its learning and its law, are at work upon grown-up sinners, let the parents and the school-teachers, those, at least, who are responsible in no small measure for the behavior of the coming generation, consider the case of the *children* in right good earnest. I can not help thinking that it would be wise for the world to use a good deal of its wisdom here.

Temperance societies, prohibitory laws, public prayer are all for the men upon whom death has already set his seal. Very precious are their souls, but why shall we wait to save until the victim is on the brink of ruin? till the attacking monster has grown so that we can do battle with him only at fearful risks?

I believe the words of the old-time

wise man are true to-day as when they were uttered: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." They come to us through the ages with the authority of an inspired prophecy. How is it that we mothers and fathers, we reformers and anxious watchers for the millenium, have not asked more earnestly, What is the way? How shall we train up the child?

We overrate the influence of the rum-seller. Let the law deal with him as it may, I have no pity or regard for the man who gets his living and his luxuries at the cost of other men's peace and happiness; but we speak of him as one who lies in wait for the innocent, and lures strong men to death. These are not often among his victims. When we see a young man leaving his father's house, and, presently lured into vicious ways, smoking, drinking, intoxication, ruin, we may conclude that he was spoiled before he came from under that parental roof, before he had touched his first cigar or quaffed a single draught of red wine, and that he needed only these foolish temptations to expose his rottenness to the world.

Few fevers are contagious, physicians tell us; but if one in a weak condition, system relaxed, stomach disordered, comes in contact with the foul vapors of any disease, he is almost sure to fall a victim. Thousands of young men are coming from their childhood homes weak, selfish, sensual, and with no knowledge of self-control. They find their places in all ranks of life, and we see them, dropping, dropping, in the presence of temptations, before they have done one honest stroke of work, victims to their own weakness or their own lusts. And we can not hide the fact, shrink from it as we may, that the sons of respectable, nay, of Christian, parents are oftentimes among these unfortunates.

Have we blundered in the training of our children? It may be. The wisdom of this age teaches how to buy and sell, and to get gain; how to obtain an appropriate culture and an orthodox religion,—

but it leaves out of account some of the principal arts of living. The training of young children has been turned over, with a great deal of grandiloquence, to the instincts of the mother; while the father, by this wisdom, surpassing that of the Creator, has been relieved of the responsibility and set in another sphere. And the instincts of the mother have done half the work of spoiling the child; have fed it in direct defiance of all hygienic rules; clothed it with a care that has absorbed her health, her time, her thoughts.

Am I mistaken in my opinion, founded upon long observation, that the average mother knows almost nothing of the simplest laws of health,—the average nurse a good deal less than nothing.

What does it signify that we are good Christians and devoted mothers, if we keep the baby in an air-tight room all Winter,—in an atmosphere so vitiated that, at times, the very lamps burn dim,—and stuffed with food always to the limits of its little capacity?

What has all this to do with temperance? I answer, in the language of a celebrated divine, Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford: "Little do parents remember that their child can be a drunkard before he has so much as tasted the cup; and that they themselves can make him so virtually, without meaning it, even before he has gotten his language." "Nineth-tenths of the intemperate drinking," he says, "begins not in grief and destitution, as we so often hear, but in vicious feeding." And by vicious feeding he means overfeeding, irregular feeding, the practice of "stuffing" children, as he aptly puts it, at all hours, and upon all occasions, and of stuffing them, too, with improper food.

Every one who has watched children

at all, or the ways of people with children, knows how it is: when the child awakes, it is fed; when it is sleepy, it is fed; always when it cries, it is fed; and when he has outgrown his babyhood, we find the matter of feeding has grown somewhat worse. Now, if Johnny falls down, he is comforted with a bit of cake or an apple; if he is away from his dearest friends, plenty of candy is supposed to dull the edge of his desolation. Whenever there are particular reasons why Johnny should keep still, doughnuts, gingerbread, sweetmeats of some kind, are put into his hands. The neighbors, too, and friends of the family, in the kindness of their hearts, lavish, on the little pet, cakes, candies, raisins, nuts, with a generous indiscrimination that seems to me appalling.

So, then, there are sweetmeats for consolation, sweetmeats for amusement, and sweetmeats for rewards of merit; the boy's ideas of friendship become blended with the pleasures of appetite; and, if his morals are not hopelessly deranged, can we confidently expect as much for his stomach? We have persistently given him reasons to conclude that the pleasures of the palate are the main good things of life, and awakened, perhaps, a passion for unlawful indulgences that will not be satisfied in the coming years by titbits so simple as those with which we began to tempt him.

We were shocked, awhile ago, when our neighbor's child died, by a report that was circulated in solemn whispers through the town, that, upon the occasion of the funeral, our neighbor was found in a state of intoxication! I wonder why we were shocked; it was a trick of depravity that he may have learned at his mother's knee.

F. K. K.

HOW MY OLD SILK WAS MADE OVER.

IT was years ago, long before these palmy days of flounces, knife-plaits and puffings; ere it was supposed possible to bring two or three worn dresses together, and, from the best of each, evolve one sublime suit, so fearfully and wonderfully fashioned that it provoked more astonishment than admiration. There was then no mystery about the styles or the trimmings; and one's attention in church was not distracted by inward perplexed inquiries in regard to a fair neighbor's apparel, or the hopeless question as to how she got inside of it at all. Dress, such as it was, was understood, and it was a standard rule that its different parts should have some correspondence of color and texture.

Overskirts were unknown. Useful as we find them now in concealing the cheap tops to the under-rigging, they had not been in vogue during the memory of the oldest individual; and if a person had appeared in one then, with the nameless odds and ends bunched on the back that our styles demand, she would have been forthwith committed to an insane hospital. For, even now, after years of eye-training, it is difficult to look at a group of animated clothespins, with the orthodox humping behind, without doubting the sanity of the wearers. Still the present mode admits of unlimited "making over," and, in fact, requires it. There is no permanence about it.

In the "long ago" of which I am writing, a lady's dress consisted simply of a plain skirt, waist and sleeves. The sleeves and skirt were roomy, and in the latter there was no suggestion of a strait-jacket having slipped down over the hips. They were easy to walk in, to work in, and to live in. And it was a gown of this description that I had set my heart upon "making over." But how?

A dozen times in a day I held the old silk up to the light and sighed over its

weak points. I saw where it was frayed at the elbows and under the arms, and there were glimpses, that could not be ignored, of the lining, where the silk had drawn away from the seams. It was too short-waisted, and did not properly fit up around the neck. Being tall and thin, I never wore it without an uncomfortable consciousness of too much neck.

The skirt had nothing to spare for a help to the waist. It needed all its resources to keep itself respectable. It had already done wonders in the line of being remodeled. It had been turned upside down, and its front breadth had been so woefully narrowed by wide seams, to hide where the pockets had been, that it was obliged to retreat from its exposed position and exchange places with one of its side-allies. Again, it had been turned wrong-side out, to hide the general shabbiness of its gathers and plaits. It was just a trifle short, and there was not an inch of surplus silk turned in at the top that could be utilized. But a longer waist would remedy that defect, I thought, hopelessly, looking again at the worn-out bodice, that no art could rejuvenate.

I had, in no mean degree, the talent that, in our New England parlance, is called "faculty." With me it was a tolerable substitute for the wealth that fortune had denied, and it had often kept away the household terrors that grow so fruitfully from unpaid bills. My parents had been "principled," as Yankees say, against debts, and the inheritance of the principle was, with me, a stimulus to "faculty."

My husband's every-day vests were invariably made of the odds and ends left from other garments, and the linings of his study-gowns were like the Scriptural coat of Joseph in the variety of colors brought together. Pantaloon whose legs had been amputated, and sewed on so as to bring the darned knees behind, whose worn-out seats had been carefully

cut out and undarned cloth substituted, but whose whole appearance was, nevertheless, respectable, were considered good enough for home wear; and stockings that had been heeled and toed, and re-footed over and over, kept the clerical feet warm when plodding through the snows of Winter. Our whole wardrobe was in a perpetual struggle to be created anew. Only the Sunday suit, while it remained sacred to Sunday use, was exempt from renovation.

Sometimes, when I see a young minister wearing his best all the week, and carrying in his heart the burden of debt, I wonder if a spice of "faculty" would not ease him. Very likely he would open his eyes with astonishment, and his nose would turn up toward his native heaven, if a pair of new-seated pants were humbly presented for his use; but he would feel more true dignity in them with his debts paid.

Looking back to those days, it seems possible that coats, vests, and pantaloons would have had a more artistic look if they had been fashioned by a skilled tailor, but it is certain that no tailor could or would have made them from the materials used. The pockets might have been put in more smoothly, yet they did very well, so long as there were no unpaid bills in them.

But it was my old silk gown that haunted me. With the waist gone past redemption and a scanty skirt, how could it be made over? In all the chronicles of itinerant make-shifts, I found nothing for a precedent,—no rule to show how to make something out of nothing. Day after day I meditated. I turned the old silk in my mind till every available scrap was worked in, and still there was no waist.

"My dear," said my husband one evening, coming in from a round of pastoral visiting which had given him a circuitous walk of seven miles, "my dear, is tea ready?"

"It will be directly. I am looking over this dress."

"Yes, I see you are. It is getting

to be a steady occupation with you. Are n't you tired of holding it up to the light? Do you find any new points of interest?"

"Do n't laugh at me, please. It could be easily made presentable if it had a decent waist."

"And a skirt," added my husband. "Likewise sleeves. The whole concern has seen its best days; and its last, also, judging from present appearances."

"That is all that you know about such things. Did you not say the same when I proposed to refit the study lounge?"

"Yes. I still look upon that lounge as an embodied miracle. Your works were truly a rebuke to my want of faith. But the result then was a credit to you which will be impossible in this case. Be advised by me. Just pop the old thing into the fire, and come to supper with a peaceful mind."

"O John," I sighed, "how can you talk so?"

"A decent print dress, whole and new, would be far preferable as a matter of taste. You may do what you please to that relic of past ages, and it will be as old as the hills, after all. But give me my tea, Molly, and then you may contemplate it the rest of the evening."

My husband never shared my delight in old things made over. He had a preference for new clothing. If he had been wealthy, he would have insisted on wearing unpatched attire. He especially disliked faded and mended apparel for women. To please his taste, I was accustomed to freshen my afternoon dress with a bit of bright-colored ribbon at the collar, and with simply made white aprons. The old silk found little favor in his eyes.

"What do you mean to do with it?" he asked, after the tea-table was cleared away, and I sat down opposite him with the skirt in my hand.

"What do you think of buying new silk for a waist?" I asked.

"I fancy the contrast would not improve the skirt. Could n't you cut it up into aprons for you, and neckerchiefs for

me?" he suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"Cut it up? No, indeed. Why, John!"

"Ahem! Let me think again. You might give it away, and so get rid of the whole botheration. That is what I would do with it, Molly."

"Yes," I said, with the least touch of vexation in my voice, "I suppose you would. Very few men know how to economize."

"Is it economy to waste time and strength in worrying over those few yards of old silk, that have already done twice the service that ought to have been required of them? Why, they should have retired to honorable seclusion long ago. Think of the precious hours wasted in studying the exact width and length of each breadth! And the regret over the dilapidated creases thereof! Economy, indeed!"

"John, you do not understand."

"It does not need any understanding to see that you are miserable over that silk. It is an unnecessary grievance, and therefore you have no grace to help you bear it. There is positively a new care-wrinkle on your forehead."

"Ah, you did not talk in this way, sir," I remarked, with some spirit, "when I was making a new vest for you out of the lining of your old cloak."

"No; because you had a foundation to build upon. It did not fret and harass your wits out. It was altogether a different affair from this forlorn old myth. I have reason to prize your skill, Molly, and I am proud of your good taste, but the two united will never make any thing of this ancient—" and, without troubling himself to finish his sentence, John betook himself to his study, and began at once to make a new sermon out of an old one; with this difference between his work and mine, that *his* material could be expanded indefinitely.

Left to my own devices, I again held up the silk to the light. Strengthened by opposition, I resolved to go to the city for the new silk as soon as possible. So, on

the morrow, after arranging a cold lunch on the table, to serve my husband in the place of dinner, I departed on the early train to my day's work of shopping.

A hard day's work it proved to be; for I found it impossible to match the silk anywhere. I went from one store to another, and vexed the righteous souls of innumerable clerks, who, nevertheless, did their best to oblige me. In texture, in width, and stiffness, or rather limpness, and in the shade of color also, it stood quite by itself. Some of the salesmen examined the fragment that I had brought for a pattern with a quizzical, half-contemptuous smile, and evidently thought it not worth the trouble of matching.

At noon I went into Sprague's Cafe, and sat down to one of the tables with a weary, discouraged feeling. Half a day spent, and nothing accomplished. At first I was too disheartened to glance about me, but listlessly ran over the bill of fare without fixing my attention on it, until one of the waiters asked if he should bring me any thing. After drinking a cup of tea I felt better. People may say and write what they will about tea-drinking, but many a person has been helped along the path of life by the strength and courage found in a tea-cup. I sat down to the table willing to give up my quest, and to resign, also, all further efforts to make over any and every partly worn garment that the future might present to me; I rose up refreshed, ready to attempt fresh victories, and particularly determined to make over that old silk.

As I waited to pay for my lunch, I saw a middle-aged woman sitting at a table near me, whose looks were striking, to say the least. Small gray eyes stood as sentinels over, or rather close to, each side of a nose that was hardly big enough to be called a nose at all. What there was of it was turned up toward the ceiling. High cheek-bones and a thickly pimpled skin, the face broadening about the mouth, which showed a set of protruding teeth of all sizes, that looked like

fancy work. A low narrow forehead, red hair, over which the high and deep front of a purple bonnet stood up, crowded with flowers enough to stock a small garden.

All these charms would doubtless have passed unnoticed, if I had not overheard a remark that she was making to a friend: "I must tell you how I felt the first Sunday I went to church here. Perhaps you do not know that Providence, my native city, is famed for its handsome women. Well, the young girls here were so plain-looking that I could not fix my mind on the sermon. And the elderly women! O my! I never saw such homely creatures in my life."

The person to whom she was speaking was evidently a lady, but her politeness could not stand this. She laughed out in spite of herself, and I joined her with a ringing peal that startled every one near us. Without waiting to apologize, I hurried into the street and walked up and down, until I could recall the scene with tolerable composure.

Then the tug of war recommenced. I was soon convinced that I had undertaken a hopeless mission. I began to listen with respect to the opinions of the clerks. One elderly man ventured to suggest a number of uses to which old silks could profitably be applied, and hinted that it was poor economy to refit them by adding new silk.

"Such garments are never satisfactory, ma'am. I have known many ladies try them, but they were not pleased with the result. You see, they had old dresses after all their trouble."

His manner was kind, and he evidently believed what he said; but I was not convinced. I said I would buy enough for a waist off the piece that looked the nearest like the pattern.

"You will regret it, ma'am," he said, respectfully. "It will have a patchwork look. You had better take enough for a dress."

"That I can not afford," I answered decidedly.

He made no further effort to influence

me, but measured off the amount required, telling me, pleasantly, that it would prove a durable silk, and not break in wearing, like many costlier fabrics.

It cost more than I had expected. In the course of the day, I had seen a great deal of pretty but cheaper material for dresses, that would have furnished a becoming suit for the money I had spent on the silk. I went home with several uneasy queries in my mind, in regard to the fitness of things. And this question crowded out the rest, "Would it be possible to unite my old and new fabrics harmoniously?"

I said nothing about my doubts to my husband, nor did I mention the racking headache that was the result of my anxious search. I gave him a description of the woman who had so amused me at lunch-time by her comical unconsciousness of her own ugliness, as to looks, but I made no complaint of the fatigue that I had endured. I knew that he suspected the truth, and that he was repeating to himself his pet inquiry, "Will it pay?" But he was too kind to add a drop to my cup of tribulation.

It was two days before I was able to cut and fit the dress. I made over the skirt first, so as to retain and bolster up my faith in it. But when I tried on the waist, I put on the skirt also, that I might judge of the general effect. Alas! it was apparent that the elderly clerk was right. "Only patchwork," was his expression. That did not begin to express the discrepancy between the two. My heart sank like lead as I turned around before the glass.

The waist fitted beautifully. From the throat to the belt it was a sight to cheer the heart. It had a crisp, new look, that made me, its wearer, look young and almost handsome. So said my husband, who had been drawn by some mysterious influence from his study, and now stood in the doorway, attentively regarding me.

"That is nice silk," he remarked, approvingly, as he came to my side and softly touched it.

"Yes, yes, I know. But the skirt!" said I, dolefully.

"Ah, yes. There must be a skirt to it, then?"

"Of course. What a goose you are, John! Just look at the old floppy thing."

"It could n't be stiffened as you do your muslins, could it?" he asked, soberly.

"Do n't be stupid." I began to feel touchy. It was as much as I could do to keep from breaking down into a good crying spell. But I was too proud to do that.

"It seems to me to lack vitality," continued he. I did not trust myself to answer.

"Never mind, Molly; the waist is beautiful. So far the making over is clear gain. Don't it strike you in that light?"

The amusement that shone in his eyes was very provoking, and helped me to control myself. "I had no idea," I said, "that any thing could look so forlornly shabby. The new silk is so much money thrown away. I shall never wear it."

"O, yes, you will. I came down to tell you that I am going to take the noon train to the city. Have you any commands?"

"To the city?"

"Yes. Is that so strange? Why, you went in yourself, yesterday."

"But you have said nothing about going."

"No. It is a sudden inspiration. I want a bit of that new silk. You bought it at Perry's, did n't you? How much does it take to make a skirt?"

"John! what are you going to do?"

"I am going to help make over your dress," he answered roguishly; "you have made over the upper part, and it is a credit to you. Never saw you look so well in any thing since you wore your wedding dress. Now I am going to try my hand on the lower part. Between us both it will go hard if the concern does not get made over in good shape."

I made no objection. How could I? My husband's success in the enterprise was quite equal to mine, and that is how my old silk was made over. Afterward, he was fond of bringing it out, and showing it as a proof that old dresses could be made over to look and wear as well as new.

I did n't give up my attempts in the renovating line, because they were often works of necessity; but I never again tried, as my husband expressed it, "to make something out of nothing."

H. C. GARDNER.

MAC CALLUMMORE AND HIS CLAN CAMPBELL.

"At the sight of Dumbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal."

ARGYLE.

CUT up into many peninsulas by arms of the sea, with dale and moorland, border holds and grim old castles, cottages of shepherds and houses of yeomen scattered and wandering through its expanse, lies an extensive maritime country, in the west of Scotland, its greatest length being about one hundred and fifteen miles, its breadth sixty,—the largest county, next to Inverness, in the kingdom.

This constitutes the famous Argyleshire, whose first duke (not earl) was created Duke of Argyle, Marquis of Kintyre and Lorne, Earl of Campbell and Cowell, Viscount of Lochow and Glengis, Lord of Inverary, Mull, and Morveen. Over its wild and picturesque scenery—of lofty mountains, rivers, oceans, precipitous coasts, and deep, indented bays—its gentle hillocks, made bright with a mass of golden blossoms and purple

heather, Sir Walter Scott, and many another gifted brain, has thrown an immortal interest and charm.

Its material side, quite apart from romance, consists in rich copper and lead mines, coal, and fine marble on the hill-sides, and underlying fertile valleys, while sheep and herds of cattle browse above and on the steep declivities. No other shire in Scotland is so prolific in flocks and herds. Nearly a million acres are in permanent pasture; while the Lochs are stocked with herring, salmon, and trout, unrivaled in size, quantity, and delicacy of flavor. Spite of these mundane riches, however, the peasantry are still poor, still a simple-minded, religious people, as when Jeannie Deans made her brave, womanly pilgrimage to Edinburgh, in 1729.

Turning away from the heathen and brutal crowd of kings and courtiers, who for centuries filled England and Scotland with crime and misery beyond compare, our eyes glance restfully toward the noble house of Campbell, on whose escutcheon rests no shade of dishonor, neither of treachery. Far back in the centuries, we find this demesne of Argyle to be the true ancient kingdom of the Scots, while the rest of Caledonia was subject to the Picts and Romans. These were times when the now ruined castles of Iona and Oronsay, when the mysterious dunes and circular forts along the coast, where once roved the "Lords of the Isles," were fresh and young.

As we emerge from the mysticisms of ancient tradition and history of this "land by the sea," we meet, in 1556, within the boudoir of Mary, Queen of Scots, at Holyrood Castle, a woman nearly as beautiful as the young monarch herself, and far more to be envied. She is the queen's half-sister, Jane, Countess of Argyle, who, in 1554, became the wife of Archibald Campbell. The only sister of the Lord James, Earl of Murray, and of Lord Livingstone, natural children of James V, her life has known little of sorrow, anxiety, or depression, for she was tenderly loved by her unfortunate sister

Mary, and adored by husband and brothers.

Almost the only glimpse we get, in after years, of this doughty ancestor, Archibald, is through the rifted lines of battle-ax and spear, of pike and halberd, as he and the chieftains of other clans, in dazzling flash of armor, with John Knox as spiritual leader, contest the arrogant claims of the regent queen-mother, Mary of Guise. Prudent, cautious, wise, but reserved and austere, doing service for his Divine Master against a bigoted and inquisitorial hierarchy of Roman Catholics, we find him, on the return of his sister-in-law,—a widowed queen, amiable and still beautiful, but steeped in all the superstitions of a relentless Catharine de Medici,—organizing, with his confederate Murray, the queen's half-brother, a formal and open rebellion, against whom Mary raised an army, and took the field in opposition to them in person. A terrible and somewhat civil war ensued, when the rebels were finally defeated, and driven out of the country. They were, however, soon recalled, and restored to royal favor, although both were staunch Protestants.

These were the times and seasons when the distant hills and silent glens echoed with the shout and battle-cry, uttered by Argyle, Glencairn, and their westland men, of "Forward, in the name of the Lord!"

The treacherous and wavering policy of the royal rulers of this age, in Scotland, were but the foreshadowings of the long and painful parleyings by which Charles Stuart, the grandson of Mary, convinced his friends and foes of his untruth. So, from the congregation of those who served the Lord, and who called themselves "Lords of the Congregation," at whose head were "my noble Lord James, the young Lord of Lorne, and brave Glencairn, the hope of old Scotland in 1589," we come to another, from the house of Argyle, who, though eager to accomplish bloodless revolution, and often acting as Commissioner for the Crown, resisted its fierce persecution

unto the death. Archibald John, Marquis of Argyle, succeeded to the earldom in 1638. Strong in a religious principle that marked his whole life, he yet sustained that most perilous of all unions, that of attachment to the king, and of a faith against which the king made continual war. In 1638, he openly took the side of the General Assembly at Glasgow; thus allying himself with the persecuted Huguenots. From thenceforth he was recognized as their political head. Anxious for peaceful negotiation, he was yet necessitated to command military expeditions through Badenoch, Athol, Mar and Angus, to enforce subjection to the Scottish Parliament, and was finally compelled to take the field against the king. In 1644, he dispersed the royalist forces under the Earl of Huntley, in Aberdeenshire; and, in return, he saw his army nearly exterminated by the genius of Montrose, at Inverlochy. His estates ravaged by the brilliant Prince Rupert, his exchequer empty, so that a sum of public money was voted for his support, he still held fast by the faith; and, in time, even the whole government of Scotland devolved on Argyle and a few Presbyterian leaders.

Strange anomaly!—when, in 1649, Charles II was proclaimed king, Argyle was selected to place the crown on that monarch's head, which event took place at Scone the 1st of January, 1651. At this time a union between the house of Argyle and the blood-royal of England came to be discussed, when, it is said, the complaisant Charles intended to marry one of the earl's daughters. It required, however, two centuries of further progress and republican common sense to effect this new departure from an old and imperiously rigid rule.

Adhering always to his king, Argyle repelled with vigor Cromwell's invasion of Scotland, and even after its subjection he held out at Inverary, where he had retired, for a year against Cromwell's troops. Steady in his loyalty, as in his religion, he refused submission to the Protector to the last; and falling sick, he

was taken prisoner, and released on his solemn promise to live peaceably.

On the Restoration, he repaired to Whitehall, encouraged by a flattering letter to his son, only to find himself impeached for submission to that usurper toward whom he had stoutly refused allegiance. He was committed to the Tower, and, in February, brought before the Scottish Parliament on charge of treason. A true gentleman and unswerving Christian to the end, he yet defended himself with spirit, and in vain; for he was executed at Edinburgh on the 27th of May, 1661, having, it is said, displayed through the whole trial the dignity of a nobleman and devout soldier.

The same personal accomplishments and grand bravery of the distinguished father fell to the lot of his son Archibald, who, loyal to the king, became so obnoxious to Parliament that no end of harassing persecutions attended the nobleman, even after a temporary submission to its arrogant demands. Twice condemned to death, he had been saved, first by the influence of Clarendon, and afterward by the devotion of his wife, who assisted him to escape from Edinburgh Castle in the disguise of a page. After a short concealment in the vicinity of London, he fled to Holland, but, unfortunately, returned to co-operate with Monmouth in his revolt. A series of misfortunes followed, and he was taken prisoner, hastily tried, condemned, and beheaded in 1685.

John Campbell, the succeeding Duke of Argyle, a soldier, a politician, a prominent courtier during the reign of Queen Anne and her successor, "shook alike the senate and the field." His popularity in his own country was immense, which feeling merged into a wild idolatry after his spirited and splendid defense of the city of Edinburgh in regard to the Porteus mob. Few names, perhaps, deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland, during this period, than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Free from falsehood and dissimulation, his voice was always raised, whether in

office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament and acting in public were ill calculated to attract royal favor, and his popularity with a discontented and warlike people was a source of jealousy at court; yet, though not a favorite of the king, his consort, or minister, he was always respected and often employed.

Spite of all this esteem and affection of his untainted honor and clannish pride, John of Argyle would have been forgotten, along with the host of other statesmen, nobles, and orators, his predecessors and contemporaries, had not the fertile brain of the unknown author of "Waverley" brought forth, in due time, that sweet, pathetic, and true idyl, "The Heart of Midlothian." No picture was ever more graphic and pure, in any history of peer or peasant, than the following interview, as given us by Sir Walter:

"The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him that a country girl from Scotland was desirous of speaking with his grace.

"'A country girl from Scotland!' said the Duke. 'What can have brought the silly fool to London? Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but Mac Callummore. Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences. However, show our country-woman up, Archibald; it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.'

"A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humored face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and

her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeannie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class, but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness which we often find united with that purity of mind of which it is a natural emblem.

"She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced toward her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been so deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he on his part was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble country-woman.

"'Did you wish to speak with me, my bonnie lass?' said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country folk; 'or did you wish to see the Duchess?'

"'My business is with your honor, my lord—I mean, your lordship's grace;' for it must be noticed that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeannie by her London friend, the worthy snuff merchant, Mrs. Glan.

"The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability: 'Never mind my grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scot's tongue in your head.'

"'Sir, I am muckle obliged. Sir, I am the sister of that unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.'

"'Ah!' said the Duke, 'I have heard of that unhappy story, I think,—a case of child-murder; under a special act of Parliament.'

"'And I was come up frae the north,

sir, to see what could be done for her, in the way of getting a reprieve, or pardon, sir, or the like of that.'

"'Alas! my poor girl,' said the Duke, 'you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose. Your sister is ordered for execution.'

"'But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure,' said Jeannie.

"'Certainly there is,' said the Duke; 'but that is purely in the king's breast. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of sisterly affection, to offer against all this? What is your interest? What friends have you at court?'

"'None, excepting God and your grace,' said Jeannie, still keeping her ground resolutely.

"'Alas!' replied the Duke, 'I could almost say, with old Ormond, that there could not be any whose influence was smaller with king and ministers. But candor and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine that I have any influence or means to avert your sister's fate; it would only make your distress the heavier. Your sister must die.'

"'We must a' die, sir,' said Jeannie; 'it is our common doom for our fathers' transgression; but we should not hasten ilk other out o' the world; that's what your honor kens better than me.'

"'My good young woman,' said the Duke, mildly, 'we are all apt to blame the law under which we suffer; but you seem to be well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man that the murderer shall surely die.'

"'But, sir, Effie—that is my poor sister, sir—can na be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?'

"'I am no lawyer,' said the Duke; 'and, I own, I think the statute a very severe one.'

"'You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and therefore ye have power over the law.'

"'Not in my own individual capacity,' said the Duke; 'though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. Do you not know that I have small personal influence with the sovereign? What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?'

"'It was yourself, sir.'

"'Myself?' he replied; 'I am sure you have never seen me before.'

"'No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right and speak for the right, and there's nane like you in our present Israel; and so they that think themselves wrangled draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the life of an innocent country-woman of your ain, what should we expect frae Southernns and strangers? And may be I had another reason for troubling your honor.'

"'And what is that?' said the Duke.

"'I hae understood from my father that your honor's house, and especially, your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honored to gie his testimony, baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker, the packman, that I dare say your honor kens, for he uses maist partly the westland tongue of Scotland. And, sir, there's anethat takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers.'

"'With these words she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from the teacher, Butler. He opened it and in the envelope read, with some surprise, 'Muster roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Capt. Salathiel Bangtext: Obadiah Muggleston, Sin-despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwackaway.'

"'What, then, is all this? A list of Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army. What does all this mean, my girl?'

"'It was the other paper, sir,' said Jeannie, abashed at her mistake.

"'O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand, sure enough.'

"'I do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or the Lowlands, to protect and assist Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, who, under God's blessing, saved my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me,—and his friends or family on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he has bestowed on me; witness my hand.

"'LORNE.'

"'This Benjamin Butler, was he your grandfather? You seem too young to have been his daughter.'

"'He was nae akin to me, sir,—he was grandfather to ane—to a neighbor's son—to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir,' dropping her little courtesy as she spoke.

"'Sit down in that chair, my good girl,' said the Duke, smiling, 'while I glance over these papers.'

"'She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance, as he cast his eye through the papers, marking several passages as being the most important, and in a shorter time than can be supposed possible by men of ordinary talents. At length he rose, after a few moment's deep reflection. 'Young woman,' said he, 'your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.'

"'God bless you, sir, for that very word,' said Jeannie.

"'It seems contrary to British law to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime which, for aught the prosecutor knows, has never been committed at all.'

"'God bless you, sir,' again said Jeannie, who had risen from her seat, and with clasped hand, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

"'But, alas! my poor girl,' he contin-

ued, 'what good will my opinion do you unless I can impress it upon those in whose hands is placed your sister's life?'

"'O, but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honor will certainly be the same to them,' answered Jeannie.

"'I do not know that,' replied the Duke. "'Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate;'" but you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Be ready to come to me at a moment's warning,—and, by the by, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present.'

"'I wad hae putten on a cap, sir,' said Jeannie, 'but your honor kens it is not the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae many hundred miles frae hame, your grace's heart wad warm to the tartan, looking at the corner of her shawl.

"'You judged quite right,' said the Duke. 'I know the full value of the snood; and Mac Callummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now go away, and don't be out of the way when I send.'

"'Jeannie replied, 'There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights among this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honor, that if ever ye condescend to speak to any ane that is of greater degree than yoursel', tho' may be it is na civil in me to say sae, just if you would think, there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeannie Deans from St. Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer.'

"'I am not apt,' said the Duke, 'to mind rough answers much. Do not hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in his own hand.'"

And as Jeannie courtesied reverently, and withdrew from this interview, we would like to follow her, as seated by the side of the Duke of Argyle a few days

subsequent, the carriage rolling rapidly onward through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in the utmost luxuriance, while the practical mind of his companion remarked:

"It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here; but I like just as weel to look at the crags of Arthur's Seat."

We would like to follow her to the presence of majesty herself, Queen Caroline, who, at first smiling and amused at the awe-struck manner of the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman, was subdued at length to an earnest sympathy, as tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, and, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause, with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

We can not longer tarry, however, in these realms of romance, woven so deftly by a master mind from stern realities; but come back once more to more prosaic history. Argyle died in September, 1743, and, on reviewing his character, we find, perhaps, more selfish principle to condemn than in his predecessors of the name. But he was an Argyle still in shrewd talent, in his kindness and his courtesy. The benevolence that characterized him at all times won him the title of Grand Duke; and jealous as royalty was of his influence, he was yet invested with the highest honors of the kingdom.

With the preceding representative of the house of Campbell, passed away the old *régime*, to give place to a generation with new ideas, purposes, and administration, in a far more peaceful era, leaving to modern pens the privilege of writing their epitaphs. The preceding were days, when, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, men, women, and children were arrested at their firesides, herded together like cattle, driven at the point of the bayonet, amid the gibes and scoffs of soldiers, and thrust promiscuously into dark vaults of castles,—smothered in filth and

mire; a prey to pestilence, disease, and every malignity that brutality could inflict, and who died unpitied,—days when victims, escaping down steep rocks, were often recaptured, and subjected to shocking torture.

"People in gilded houses, on silken couches, at ease among books, and friends, and literary pastimes, may sneer at the Covenanters,—those heroes who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with them. But these are they which, sown in weakness, are raised in power; who are sown in dishonor to be raised in glory. Even in this world they will have their judgment-day; and their names, which went down in the mire, shall rise again all glorious in the dust, like a gallant banner trodden in the sight of nations. To our heart's core, we feel a sympathy with that high endurance which led so many Scottish ministers and nobles to forsake their church, their salaries, their castles, and their homes,—houses where their children were born, and their happiest days passed, rather than violate a principle. When, in a deep hollow of the mountain side, trembling old men, gentle women, and the high-born aristocrats, huddled together for an hour of hushed, prayerful repose, feeling that they were safe beneath the shadow of their Redeemer, and glad to rally round the cross of their Lord."

Of the present representatives of the clan Campbell, the most conspicuous are George John Douglas, Duke of Argyle, and his son the Marquis of Lorne. The former, born in 1823, succeeded his father in 1847, and stands high in favor with the popular mind.

It is said that there had been an old prophecy, uttered somewhere upon the Highlands, that a very good Duke of Argyle was to arise, having *red hair*, and that the present Duke had verified the prediction by uniting both requisites. "Within his small, slight figure," writes one, "lies a great deal of energy and acuteness of mind, and with the same generous and noble traits which have distinguished his

house in former times. A member of the National Church, and believed to be a serious and religious man." At nineteen years old, a pamphlet from his pen, entitled "A Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son," on the struggle of the Scottish Church, evinced unusual ability.

Seven years subsequent, he entered the same field, by the publication of his "Essay on Presbytery," which contains an elaborate historical vindication of the Presbyterian system against Prelacy. When taking his seat in the House of Peers, he soon gave proof of oratorical eloquence, of mature judgment, and ready powers on all subjects, which commanded the admiration of the whole Parliament. He is one of the noblemen, Mrs. Stowe says, who have been willing to come forward and make use of their education and talents in the way of popular lectures, at Lyceums and Athenæums; as have also the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Carlisle; which she considers, with all deference to poetry and romance, a better occupation than to head a clan in battle; though a century and a half ago, had the thing been predicted to Mac Callummore's old harper, he would have been greatly at a loss to comprehend the transaction.

In his mansion at Inverary, which Queen Victoria, in her Journal, describes as a "castle square, with turrets at the corners, surrounded by pine woods, and, straight before you, a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up;" and Mrs. Stowe calls "more like an Italian villa than an ancient feudal castle, situate on a green, velvet-like peninsula, that stretches out into the widening waters," the Duke and his beautiful Duchess,—once considered the most lovely lady, next to her mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, in the whole united kingdom of Great Britain,—dispende their grand hospitalities and Christian beneficences, leading, it is said, a most rational, contented, and happy life. Elected, some years ago, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, he will transmit to the present Marquis of Lorne a legacy of peace, purity, and mental

force, which none of his ancestors exceeded, or, in the troublous era in which they lived, could enjoy.

To the Lord of Lorne our first introduction comes through his august sovereign, in this wise: "Outside the house, among the pipers, who had walked before the carriage, stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, fat, white, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother: he is such a merry, independent little child! He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

We are quite oblivious of his nursery training, his school-days, his college curriculum, until, twenty-nine years after this first charming notice of the infant boy, he again comes prominently before us as the betrothed lover of the young Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter. The celebration of this courtly wedding excites the general interest, not only of England, but of almost every other nation, and is looked upon as an important historical event, as it is the first instance for some five centuries—since the reign of Edward III—of the daughter of a living crowned head marrying a subject. "So strict are the rules, indeed, that hedge in the divinity of royalty in England, that for the last century the consent of the sovereign has been held necessary to the legality of a marriage between any member of the royal family and a subject." The Princess is reputed to be a young lady of literary and artistic taste, and very estimable in character, and has exhibited a vast deal of common sense in setting at naught the prejudices of a meaningless conventionality by marrying the man of her choice. But we know that the Crown-Princess of Prussia could not forgive her sister, when, three years ago, she became the Marchioness of Lorne; and rumor in the present asserts that this eldest son of the Duke of Argyle,—“than whom,” writes the *London Times*, “there are few noblemen in this country more highly esteemed,”—is often “snubbed”

by his German and royal relatives, while the rank of his Princess Louise entitles her to take precedence of the house of Argyle. This may not be a pleasant fact in the present to the future duke, but he ought to derive comfort in the reflection that his family shone pre-eminent in historic ages, when the name of Guelph was scarce heard; that he belongs to the districts that sent forth Bruce and Wallace, and which have never been known to give degenerate representatives in any emergency; that his inheritance is the pure Lollard doctrine of a righteous life, and an earnest, courageous pressing forward toward the highest good. The career of the Marquis of Lorne can never resemble those border gentlemen, his ancestors, in the north of Scotland, whose whole lives were one long fight with freebooters; but it promises to be a stirring and pleasant one, since the numerous family of his father, the Duke of Argyle, will soon be so composed as to include, within its widely extended limits, members of almost every grade in society; from himself, as son-in-law to the Queen of England, belonging to royalty; through

his two brothers, connected with the wholesale commerce of the country; and, through one sister-in-law, with the laboring classes,—the father of Miss Milne being a rich manufacturer, who began life as a workman. To his children he can rehearse the glorious days of martyrdom of the year 1661, in Scotland, when, in May of that year, the Marquis of Argyle was beheaded; and, during the space of eight months, there were some eighteen thousand, one way or another, murdered; "of whom were executed, at Edinburgh, about one hundred noblemen, ministers and gentlemen, noble martyrs for Christ." And, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, he can tell them that "the peasantry of Scotland continue to attach to the tombs of these victims, many of them mere moss-grown graves, an honor which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude by exhorting them to be ready, should the times call for them, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers." E. S. MARTIN.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LONG time has elapsed since this journal of my recollections was interrupted. The written lines on the last page have had time to fade, and I have become like them imperceptibly. The grosser walls are still solid, but the building has lost its air of youth.

Genevieve herself is no longer what she was. Wrinkles have made their appearance in the corners of her eyes. Happily, there remains to her what has always made the household cheerful,—good health and a pure heart. Besides, if we are somewhat brought low, others near us have risen up; children are here,

and they have replaced us. It is for them now to enjoy the brilliant sunshine. Life resembles a ball: when people are too old to dance, they can look at others, and their delight makes your own heart laugh.

This is the maxim of Genevieve. At each pleasure lost, she consoles herself with the pleasures of her daughters and her young lad. Their sound teeth replace the teeth that are lacking to her, and their black locks prevent her looking at her gray ones.

Men who live alone know nothing of this happiness. The whole world seems

to decline in proportion to themselves, and all things below are buried in their own graves. But, for him who has a family around him, nothing ever ends, for all life begins anew. Children perpetuate it even until the last judgment! In my desponding hours I have sometimes asked, What profit can one find in living at all? Now, I know at least one reason. It is to be able to grow old with impunity. To youth it costs dear, every moment, to perform well its duty; it finds the task heavy and the day long. But later in life, when age has somewhat chilled the blood, we gather what we have sown. Our efforts at right-doing are paid back to us in a good reputation, in competence, in security, and our well-being itself comes as a certificate of honor. Then the family is thus to benefit by reminiscences of our past years, who receive with a kind of delight the recital of all our old miseries. If there were no other reward, this would be sufficient; and of that which God demands from us we can easily quit our hold.

For my own part, I would reclaim nothing from him that he has taken. Beholding the children who have grown up without misfortune, who love us, and who have a bright hope in life, what can we ask more?

Jacques is the best master-companion in the country. It will most likely be proved that he is not the worst of master-builders. Yesterday he placed the flag-staff of success on the small viaduct, whose construction had been intrusted entirely to him; and the engineer, who never praises except at the last extremity, had to avow that the work was well done. As for Marianne, she has for several months taken the place of her mother in the bleaching establishment. Genevieve declares that every thing has gone on better since the daughter has mingled among the other girls. The work-women sing in a louder key, and do not labor with less force. There is nothing like youth to know how to season hard work with jollity.

God be praised for having led them

both, our children, in the right way! For a little time I trembled, knowing that they also had their temptations; Jacques above all, who came near turning into another road, and thus escaping from us.

His studies had given him a taste for books; and, still young, whatever money he could gather went always to the hawkers from booksellers' shops. Every year he added a new pine shelf to his library. His mother sometimes complains much of the expense, and I found fault with the time stolen from the work-yard, for reading. But the one grumbling below, and the other above, did nothing toward altering the lad's habits. In fact, I had little strength to blame him,—I, who had always felt kind of a veneration for printed paper. Those mute pages, which make speech permanent, which cause it to resound to the ends of the world, which transmit to all nations the ideas of a single individual, seem to me to possess something peculiarly sacred. I can not see an old almanac destroyed without irritation, and I touch with respect the day-books, with their large written characters, belonging to the small grocer. Jacques had without doubt inherited some of my superstitions, for one could never find him without a book in his hand or in his pocket. The work did not go on any the better for it. Whilst he read Racine, our workmen sported at the public-house! Meanwhile, I exercised patience. After all, it was the smallest of faults, in one of his age.

I left him, therefore, to spend his days behind shady thickets, stretched on the grass, like an ancient shepherd, and intoxicating himself alike with poetry or prose. I hoped that at length the taste would pass from him; but, so far from this, he even began to compose articles himself, and before long he had as many manuscripts as printed volumes on his shelves. I still kept my eyes closed to it. Experience had taught me that enforced authority against certain tastes often had the same effect as wind against a sail, which, instead of arresting its motion, only accelerates its onward

speed. Jacques, perceiving my complicity, resolved to profit by it. At first, he was content if he pilfered a few hours, like other unfaithful workmen. But, little by little, he abandoned entirely the work-room and yard, laid his trowel on a shelf, and buried himself among his papers.

Genevieve had always blamed my patience, constantly reiterating that the lad was running to ruin. Before long she passed from fear to despair. I tried several times to renew some former friendships which Jacques had heretofore valued; but, little by little, even to these he became a stranger, and would take no interest in them. He no longer blushed to leave all the work to me, nor seemed to reproach himself for it. Evidently the ear of his conscience was becoming very hard. I felt the necessity of explaining myself to him, but always lacked the propitious moment.

For some weeks Jacques had appeared even more preoccupied than usual. He wrote long letters, and seemed awaiting their answers. One finally arrived with a Paris stamp. On receiving it he could scarcely restrain an exclamation of joy. He opened it hastily, looked at the signature, and fled away to read it. I entered at that same instant. Genevieve was still standing on the door-sill, paying the postman. She took me aside to recount, in a low voice, what had happened. The poor woman could comprehend nothing of this mystery, and trembled, not knowing why. She pointed out Jacques to me, at the lower end of the garden, reading, in a subdued voice, his letter, accompanied by gestures of delight, laughing to himself, and racing like an idiot among the sorrel-beds. I was not less curious than Genevieve to know the meaning of the enigma; but I had returned home in company with the new marker, established, the evening before, over the works, by the engineer-in-chief; and it became necessary to put off the explanation until later.

My companion was a young man of better appearance than his comrades, but whose depressed manner and shabby

garments explained his present position. He was evidently the son of a citizen educated for something different, and whom misfortune had brought low. Touched by his sadness and gentle mien, I begged him to share our supper, and we then entered together into the small reception-room. Jacques had here ornamented his library with delicately painted wood, and placed therein his most beautiful volumes. At sight of them M. Ducor made a slight movement of surprise, and set himself to examine the books with the air of a connoisseur. The lad entered a moment after. It seemed to me he had grown six inches. His face was radiant. M. Ducor complimented him on the selection of volumes, and they then commenced speaking to each other of their merits. The new overseer seemed to have been a wanderer. He had lived in Paris, and let us see, during the conversation, that he even knew several of the authors of the boy's books. This gained him, on a sudden, the eternal friendship of Jacques. During supper the only subjects proposed were romances, either in prose or verse. M. Ducor would have been content with simply answering the questions, but our boy could not wait. Never had I seen him so fascinated. Genevieve looked at me with a disquieted and surprised air, as if asking me if Jacques had the fever. I did not myself know too well what to believe, and waited with impatience for the moment which might clear up the mystery. As we finished our repast, some one came to settle up an account.

I passed into the little glass cabinet which joined on to the saloon, and Genevieve resumed the household duties with Marianne. The young men were thus left alone together. I turned over the leaves of my account-book, without interesting myself, at first, in their conversation. But, little by little, their voices, which had fallen to a subdued yet earnest tone, induced me to take heed of what they were saying. I raised a corner of the curtain to see within the little saloon. Jacques and M. Ducor were leaning on

their elbows, seated on each side of the table, talking in so intimately confidential a way, that their heads seemed almost to touch as they leaned forward. The former, Jacques, was very red with excitement, and his eyes burned like stars.

"The matter is now decided," said he to the superintendent. "I have endured the labor of a workshop too long already; it has made me gloomy and dissatisfied. I desire to follow my true vocation, and go to Paris—"

"As a writer?" asked M. Ducor.

"And make my way, like so many others," replied the lad. "We are no longer fitted for the place, when workmen have hands soldered to their tools. The door is now opened to the wide world."

"The hinderance still remains outside," objected the superintendent, smiling with a sad expression.

"I know! I know!" replied Jacques, with a little impatience. "But one feels for himself, do you see? And then I have some person now to press me onward. Until yesterday I hesitated; this evening I am decided."

The marker did not reply immediately; he toyed with a crumb of bread on the table and appeared pensive. Suddenly he raised his head:

"Thus you renounce your present condition," said he, very deliberately; "you will recommence, in lonely solitude, a life which you do not know, and for which nothing has prepared you; you expect, down there, to make a strike with the votaries of fortune and renown?"

"What should prevent me?" demanded Jacques, in a resolute tone.

"My example!" replied M. Ducor, with animation. "I also believed myself called to a vocation, and attempted to prove it! Notwithstanding my present situation, as you see it, believe me, I have had one drama actually performed, one volume printed, several articles in journals, that elicited eulogies on my talent, and gave me what is called success! For three years I trod the fashionable

saloons of Paris, a pauper in white kids; I ate my dry bread, seasoned with promises; I waited patiently until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat."

"And you had to leave Paris finally?" said the lad.

"To become what you see me to-day," replied the overseer. "Ah! this astonishes you, does it not? You can scarcely believe it. But I have the proofs. Hold, this one, which announces my reception among the society of literary men, contains, also, autographs of the great men of our day; . . . without reckoning on those that I have sold, to obtain my daily bread; . . . a note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a remittance of fifty francs, accorded to my literary merit. Here is the paragraph. It may in truth be called a certificate of glory, to satisfy a hungry stomach. Ah! here is the letter to which I owe all my misfortunes. Look! It is an answer to the one that inclosed my first manuscript."

Jacques read the signature aloud, which was that of De ——. At this celebrated name he gave a start.

"You can read on," continued M. Ducor. "The letter will make you understand how, after receiving it, I was incited to quit the little office which I occupied, from the fancy that my true place was in Paris. I did not yet know that the encouragements of many illustrious savants resembled the spurious counters used in theaters, which credulous simpletons alone take for gold."

While the young man was speaking, Jacques glanced through the paper which had been given him, and I saw that his face changed color. At length he paused in his reading, with some exclamation, fumbled in his pocket, and drew from it the letter which he had himself received before supper, and began to compare, in a low voice, the two renderings. They were repetitions of the same praises, and the same offers of service, expressed with the same enthusiasm. The great poet, to whom I then learned that Jacques had

remitted one of his works, as M. Ducor had done at an earlier day, responded to both in the same terms. His brevets of immortality were only a formula, like certificates of good health and proper manner! Jacques could not conceal his mortification, but the overseer only smiled:

"We have received the same passport," said he, ironically. "I know where mine has conducted me; you can see where yours will lead you. At a distance these gentlemen declare that we are stars; but, nearer, they treat us like dingy lamps. The praises, which we take for prophecies, are, in their eyes, only a necessary courtesy. They return to us a trifle, in moneyed coin, for our admiration, and flatter each one, that they may, in turn, be flattered by all the world. These are simply advocates, who, promising always a final gain in the course of law, thus preserve their clients. It has given me experience; now it is your turn."

Jacques still preserved silence. Both letters were opened before him, and his eye rested alternately on each. He no longer exhibited an air of triumph; his expression was downcast, and somewhat irritated. After a while, he began once more to question the overseer, but with less confidence; and his companion recounted, in detail, his three years of literary Bohemianism, as he called them. It was a long succession of bankrupt hopes, and sufferings which he tried to conceal. The unfortunate man had dwelt with disappointments and humiliations; buttoning his coat, even to the throat, over his misery, he had mounted to the third story of a dwelling, then to the Mansard; from the Mansard to the loft. Flying at first from hunger; then hunger seizing upon him, and then creditors! The history was so lamentable, and told with an accent of so much truth, that Jacques was perceptibly agitated. Meanwhile, he still read on. If the overseer had not succeeded, perhaps the fault lay in himself alone. Did he merit, in the same degree as our young

son, the eulogies which encouraged him? It is only after examining the work that one can judge of the non-success of the workman!

M. Ducor, without doubt, divined the objection, and promised to bring, on his first visit, the volume which he had published; but, at the mention of the title, Jacques recognized one of his favorite books, the one which he had lately proposed to himself as a model, and whose author had often excited within him a feeling of envy!

This discovery was like a true dramatic stroke. After the astonishment and felicitations came the disappointment. The author of the much admired volume—could it really be himself, standing under their very eyes? Could it be, that, with talent such as he, Jacques, scarcely hoped to attain, his companion had been so miserably stranded? All his illusions were trampled under foot, all his plans overturned! He conversed for a long time with the young poet, questioning him fully about this life of an author, which had appeared so fair in the distance. There, where he had dreamed only of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor marker showed him persecution, slavery, indigence, and perplexing work. Animated by the remembrance of what he had suffered, he spoke with an eloquence which made me tremble.

At parting, he took the two hands of Jacques, and, pressing them in his own, said, with affectionate warmth: "Reflect and look well at what you would leave, which is secured to you, for an uncertainty that would follow you down there. You have a family that loves you, habits which have become second nature, a good trade, learned from infancy; and you wish to sacrifice all these for strangers, of whom you would be the dupe, customs which would straiten and cramp you always, a profession for which you have not been raised? What could you seek in Paris? Happiness? You have it here. Pleasures of worldly pride? Pray God never to grant them to you! It is the

evil of our times, do you not see? The whole universe desires a name that shall be preserved in print. To labor with one's hands is esteemed a disgrace. We see, on every side, persons deserting honest labor, in trying to fly toward art, as, in other times, the low-bred sought to worm themselves into the court circle. But do you know what I would wish to do, if it had been my good fortune to learn, early in life, as you have done, to strengthen my arm by labor? I would remain where Heaven placed me, first from prudence; then from an honest pride and self-devotion. I would place my own knowledge at the service of my companions in labor; I would show them how one can bring intelligence into the work of one's hands; I would teach them to find in it satisfaction of mind, as a recompense for the fatigues of the body; I would aid them, according to my ability, in elevating their natures, and giving them thus a hungering after the ideal; I would consecrate my life to the effort of rendering them my equals, so that I should no longer stand isolated among them. This is your true duty. Let not education be a door closed behind you, by which you desert your brothers, who stand without. Make it rather a ladder, which you have prepared for them to rise to your level. Think of it, Monsieur Jacques. In Paris you would be simply like the conscript of an army, which has its full complement of officers; here you can be the captain and instructor of a battalion which stands in need of chiefs. Believe me, it is better to elevate your class, rather than dis-classify yourself. We can not change our life as the boy does his playthings. Wherever habit and affection has placed us, *there* is our safety. One ought never to quit lightly the spot where one has been happy, where we have been loved; the heart ought to render a sacred return for what it receives."

As he said these words, in an agitated voice, the engineer bowed to Jacques and went out. I longed to run after and embrace him, for what he had said af-

fecting me as much as it did the young lad.

I passed the whole night without closing my eyes. Separated from Jacques by a thin partition, I could hear him walking back and forth, sighing to himself in a mournful way; and as for myself, my heart was almost stifled with emotion. I felt that his destiny was being decided at that moment, and also, in part, that of Genevieve and mine. For what would become of us without our son? If Marianne was the gay bird of the house, he was its strength and hope in the future. What each added day was carrying away from me, we found again in him. Until this hour the house had really possessed two heads. When the older and more feeble gave out, the younger was there to regulate all. But if he left, what would become of all that I had proposed? What would become of him in the midst of the dangers of which the marker had warned him? Then I thought of the broken heart of Genevieve; for Jacques was her most tender favorite, as Marianne had been mine, and each had thus his specific happiness, amid the general household joy. With the boy absent, the balance would be destroyed.

I meditated over all this, my heart swelling with anguish, and I understood, moreover, that to influence the will of Jacques would be to give him a chance for regret, an avenue of return! It was essential that he be left to decide for himself; then the decision would be without appeal! I waited, then, through the weary hours, with a torment of heart felt by a man going to judgment. At the first streak of dawn, Jacques arose. He whistled softly to himself, as was his custom when seriously thinking upon a subject. I followed with quickened ear all his movements. He descended the staircase without noise and opened the hall door. I lifted the curtain cautiously, to see the route he would take. . . . Ah! I thought that my heart would burst with its great joy. . . . He was dressed in his working costume, and carried on his shoulder the hammer and trowel. I ran

to Genevieve, crying out: "We are saved! the boy comprehends it all."

Since then, matters connected with our work have gone on of themselves. Jacques has turned his self-glorification over the ship's side. Without renouncing his books, they have become only a recreation. Applying his heart to his trade, he has become the best workman in the country. No person can form a better estimate of things at first glance, and no mathematician, however correct, can make up calculations more rapidly. With these advantages he is also a social companion, having a laughing word for those around him, but the firm hand to guide when necessary,—a veritable leader of men and who knows how to pass on, after guiding others. Marianne is always the same good daughter, who sings, who laughs, who runs about, who embraces you, and who in the end brings all to her will, yet appearing quite innocent of doing any thing. It seems to me, as I look at her, that I see her mother, just as I knew her for the first time. Wherever she is, there we find something like a ray from the sun. The great Nicholas, our superintendent, has noticed

it also. He is a brave workman, for whom we can easily find a place in the family. But I say nothing, and let every thing go on its own course. To-day he has gone, with all our household world, to an assemblage of the villagers; and that is the reason why I am quite alone at this hour, and why I have been led on to write these pages.

This will be the last, for the remainder of the desk is reserved only for accounts. My pen touches the end of the white paper. I must bid farewell to my old adventures of the past, but not to the remembrances which they have left to me. These memories, I have them here, all around me, living and transformed, but always present. It is at first Genevieve, it is the little girl and boy, it is comfortable living within and a good reputation without. When I shall have nothing left to relate, we can read it all here. The confessions of laborers are oftenest written on their own domestic life. They will be sad or joyous, peaceful or wretched, according as they have taken life on its good or bad side. As for all men, old age is what youth and a ripe middle age have made it. FROM THE FRENCH.

"THE CITY OF GOD."

WE allude to an episode in the life of St. Augustine. The period is the reign of the pusillanimous Honorius, who still kept up the shadow of Roman imperialism at Ravenna. The former mistress of the world, the city of the seven hills, had just fallen into the hands of the rude Goth Alaric and of his barbarous hordes. It was a terrible stroke to the Romans. Though utterly corrupt and effeminate, they still retained their ancient personal and national vanity. They felt themselves still the countrymen of Cæsar, of Vespasian, of Trajan. They still trusted in the

prestige of the Roman eagles, of the Roman name. Though barbarous hordes had long been pressing in upon them, and steadily gaining ground, they were utterly unprepared for the actual downfall of their ancient capital. Hence, when the preposterous event did take place, when they saw a barbarian banner float from their ancient temples, their amazement, their chagrin, were utter and boundless.

In their shame and despair, they attributed their calamities to any thing but the true source. At heart they were still, for the most part, pagan. They readily

persuaded themselves, therefore, that the cause of their misfortunes was Christianity; and, in this persuasion, they poured upon it a storm of impotent wrath. This unjust wrath was the occasion of one of the finest books ever written. The Church had many able champions; but this occasion called for the best. St. Augustine took up his pen.

This father was now near sixty, and in the full maturity of his powers. His life-work was largely done. After tasting the emptiness and bitterness of the world, he had found rest and peace in Christ. He had fought many a Christian battle with heretic and pagan, with atheist and sensualist. He was now solely intent on being a faithful bishop of souls, and on meditating the bliss of the redeemed. He would fain have lived this happy, dutiful life undisturbed to the end. But he was too knightly a soul to see the bride of his Lord unjustly accused and not fly to her defense. He drew for her the sword of the Spirit.

The task undertaken was large in scope. It required that the innocence of Christianity be shown, and the real causes of the Roman downfall clearly exposed. The result was a judicious historical survey of the past, an appreciation of the present, and a forecasting of the future, such as constitutes the first serious and approximatively correct philosophy of history.

For the form of his work St. Augustine is indebted to the notion of the pagan city, the city of the world. This city is a stronghold, represents earthly power, symbolizes the clinging to earth as an ultimate home. It is generally founded in violence, strengthened by crime, and ultimately ruined by inward corruption. But the spirit of evil is not left to work unopposed. Over against the City of the World stands the City of God. The two cities spring from two opposite principles. They began respectively with Cain and with Abel. The principle of the one is hate, violence; that of the other, love, charity. The two cities have developed themselves side by

side from the beginning. But they have not been at peace; the one has always been a sufferer at the hands of the other. They differ in their means of defense: the one uses the weapons of violence and falsehood; the other relies on the attractiveness of love and the force of truth. They differ in their outward form: the one delights in the pomp and glitter of outward display; the other is externally simple and humble, and relies upon inward spiritual worth. They differ in material stability: the one intrenches itself behind walls of granite and gates of brass; the other is a homeless stranger and pilgrim in the earth. They differ in spirit: the one is materialistic, seeking after the tangible, visible, and sensuously enjoyable; the other is spiritualistic, aspiring to the ideal, invisible, and imperishable. They differ in destiny: the one is doomed, after alternating successes and defeats, to suffer an ultimate and total overthrow; the other is destined, after a long and humble series of partial checks and advances, to obtain a definitive and glorious victory.

Such was the antithesis of the City of the World and the City of God, which St. Augustine portrayed before the eyes of the politically dying Romans, in the colors and spirit of an impassioned Christian rhetoric. He showed them that the cause of their downfall was their own unchecked vices. He showed them that even the so-called virtues of the early Romans—temperance, fortitude, patriotism—were really but the expression of a worldly wise selfishness. He showed them that the advent of Christianity, at the time of their beginning decline, was not an explanation of this decline, but only a mere coincidence; and, finally, that Christianity, instead of being their enemy, was, in fact, their only possible means of escape from a deeper and more utter definitive ruin.

The circumstances under which the "City of God" was written, throw light not only upon its merits, but also explain its defects. A period in which all earthly stability was shaken, and

seemingly threatened with utter overthrow, was well adapted to turn the mind too exclusively to the unseen world. St. Augustine saw little reason for confidence in the earthly state. The Goths had scarcely receded from their devastations when the infinitely worse Vandals began the work afresh. It was in the third month of the siege of his episcopal town of Hippo by the latter that the work-weary bishop took his departure for the permanently based City of God on high. The chief defect of the book in question is its excessive turning away from the earthly state. Herein the divine wisdom of the New Testament shows itself infinitely superior to the highest human wisdom. Men—and geniuses no less than common men—are constantly falling into the error of the too little or the too much. Only divine wisdom constantly holds in view the everlasting equilibrium of things; and the best balanced of Christian men would constantly vibrate from one excess to its opposite were their one-sidedness not counter-balanced, checked, and complemented by the objective wisdom of God. The fact is, God has no less ordained the City of the World than the City of God. Even though the former be only an after-thought, an expedient in view of the actuality of a sin-disordered humanity, still its ordainment is none the less divine. God has always shown himself infinitely above the sham wisdom of impractical utopists. Though never losing sight of the ultimate ideal goal, he yet adapts his present means to the present condition and susceptibilities of his subjects, tempering the light imparted to the enfeebled eye of the recipient; and thus, long and indirect though the route may be, yet, in the end, reaching the absolute goal.

And, while St. Augustine did not see the full legitimacy of this earthly state, least of all did he foresee a misapplication which the Church was going to make, in coming centuries, of his so strongly emphasized "City of God." It had not entered into his thoughts that

the visible and essentially incomplete City of God was to grasp the falling skeleton of the pagan State, and clothe its marrowless, rickety bones with the sinews and flesh of its own fresh youth; that, instead of supplanting and superseding the State, it was itself actually to surrender to the State, and be degraded into a mere pretext to earthly and corrupt secular domination. And yet the next eleven hundred years after the death of St. Augustine (430-1519) were occupied with the sad spectacle of consolidated religion and politics attempting to wield the twofold sword of spiritual and temporal power,—always to the detriment of both parties, nearly always to the desecration of religion to a mere means to the ends of politics.

But, after all, was the mistake of St. Augustine real or only apparent? Is the one-sidedness of his "City of God" absolute or only relative? Is not the question as to the true relation of the two cities unsolved even yet? Roman Catholicism has, very obviously, not attained to a satisfactory solution. European Protestantism, with its unnatural marriage of State and Church, finds itself very uncomfortable, and is every-where looking about for a seemly pretext for divorce. And is our American position of free Churches in a free State altogether satisfactory? Is not our national Constitution too secular, too non-Christian, too unconfessional, for some? If we insert in it a theological article, who shall frame it? Who shall say just how far we shall go? Moreover, are we not too young a nation to jump to the conclusion that our relation of State and Church is ideally perfect? Who can clearly foresee that motives of self-preservation will not, ere long, necessitate the State to acts of repressive coercion against politico-religious corporations, which would now look like a contradiction to our traditional practice? Is not, therefore, the fact in the case simply this: that the whole present organism of human society is but a practical expedient, based upon the present sin-wrought abnormal

condition of humanity? And do not, consequently, all human institutions partake of this abnormality? Can there be, therefore, a normal relation between things which are themselves, one or both of them, abnormal? No! no! Our whole present order of things is abnormal. There can not possibly be any definitely fixed state of earthly relations. "The price of liberty," both political and religious, will continue, until the end of this world, to be "eternal vigilance." The idea of the modern State is, that it is to conserve the outward interests and rights of men and nations. The true idea of the Church is, that it is to generate and nurture a normal state of the inward motives, the heart of man and

of the race. When, therefore, the Church shall have accomplished her work, the motives of all men will be right. Will not the Church, then, have actually superseded the State? Is not the one-sided utopism of the "City of God," after all, the ultimate truth? Yes! St. Augustine was only unpractical, but not absurd. The City of God *is* destined to swallow up the City of the World. The kingdom of God *will* ultimately overthrow the kingdom of Satan. The old cosmic world, with its dualism of the secular and the sacred, is to be superseded by a heavenly world, wherein neither this nor any other of the antagonisms of sin shall have any place.

J. P. LACROIX.

MATERNAL LOVE.

RATHER than let her little darling die,
 What vigils will a loving mother keep!
 Days full of care and nights devoid of sleep;
 With aching heart, sad brow, and weary eye,
 Ready at every moment to supply
 Food and caresses to the little thing
 Who lies and moans,—a type of human suffering.

Rather than let her little darling fly,
 On wings of angels, to that happy home
 Where spirits, restless as the salt-sea foam
 On earth, find slumber and tranquillity,
 How will the mother work and watch and sigh,
 And pray to God, in memory of his Son,
 To grant new health and strength to her dear little one!

Rather than let her little darling lie
 In restless anguish on a bed of pain,
 How will the mother rack her anxious brain
 For attitudes of rest, and, watching by
 His little cot, kneel, ready to supply
 Cool, grateful drinks and sedatives of power,
 To give new life and bloom to her wee human flower!

O men! who on your hardihood rely
 More than your gentleness, your lives are due
 To a fond mother's anxious care of you;
 She, strong in spirit, would not let you die,
 Soothed you to slumber, read the pleading eye,
 When, a poor babe in bed, you tossed in pain,—
 But for her kindly heart, never to rise again.

R. C. F. HANNAY.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.*

ON the Sunday preceding the session of the General Conference held in Baltimore, in 1808, a stranger from the West was appointed to preach in the leading Methodist church of that city. To many, his name and reputation were scarcely known. He had for years been engaged in frontier appointments, and both his garb and address bespoke the backwoodsman. His attire, though neat, was of coarse homespun, and his general appearance unprepossessing; so that when he rose in the pulpit to announce his text, there was an air of disappointment in the large congregation assembled to hear him. His style was at first embarrassed, and his utterances slow and hesitating. But he was evidently master of his subject, and he soon became master of himself. His voice, which began with a sort of drawl, became sharp and clear. Its tones were gracefully modulated, and there was a pathos and a power in his delivery totally unexpected. His whole frame was transformed by the eloquence of his words and the unction of the divine Spirit, and a breathless attention marked the interest which his hearers felt. As, one after another, he unfolded the arguments of his discourse and began the practical application of his subject, the long restrained emotions of his audience found vent. There were sobs and shouts, and when the speaker closed, there was not one heart untouched.

The speaker was William M'Kendree. The brethren who made the appointment for him to preach in the Light-street church knew their man, and set him forward as the representative of Western Methodism. His fame as a preacher was in all the societies of Ohio, Kentucky,

Tennessee, and Western Virginia, and he was already recognized as one of the leaders of the Church. Not only sound in doctrine and judicious in administration, he was gentle in spirit, unassuming in manner, constant and self-denying in labor. Throughout his large district there were many fruits of his ministry, and for long years his sermons were remembered in neighborhoods where he preached. Bishop Asbury, who heard his sermon in the Light-street church, was so carried away with his eloquence that he declared it would make him a bishop,—a prediction that was soon realized.

At this conference there was a general feeling that the episcopacy needed strengthening. The subject was debated at length for two or three days. Joshua Soule was in favor of two additional bishops; Ezekiel Cooper, of seven; while the majority were evidently in favor of only one. On Thursday, May 12th, the question was resumed, and it was finally decided that only one person should be chosen to fill this office. The conference immediately proceeded to elect by ballot, and, upon counting the votes, it appeared that the whole number cast were one hundred and twenty-eight; necessary to elect, sixty-five. Of this number, William M'Kendree had ninety-five; Ezekiel Cooper, twenty-four; Jesse Lee, four; Thomas Ware, three; and Daniel Hitt, two. M'Kendree was elected by a large majority.

This vote, so complimentary in its character to the person chosen, signified more than merely worldly preferment and honor. It meant a life of toil and suffering, of weary travel and sleepless nights, of cold and hunger, of weariness and watchings, of prayers incessant, and of fastings many,—it meant dangers and necessities, provocation and unrest, exposure and buffeting, long-suffering and patience, and, above all, in the world to come, life everlasting. To the bishop-

* *Life and Times of William M'Kendree, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Robert Paine, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Nashville, Tennessee: Southern Methodist Publishing House. Two volumes, 12mo.

elect, while it was a token of his brethren's confidence, it was no kindness to be thus advanced as their general superintendent. He did not desire the office, and willingly would have refused it; but his election was a call of duty, and, as an obedient son in the Gospel, he could not hold back. And now began a round of episcopal duties in which he has been surpassed by none of his successors, and in which he was little inferior to Bishop Asbury. His execution of this great office showed that the confidence of his brethren was not misplaced. He had already been chosen to preside in the Western Conference in the absence and during the illness of the Bishop, and upon that occasion he was so affected by the honor thus thrust upon him that he wept like a child, and would gladly have declined the distinction. His feelings upon his election as bishop, he thus describes in his diary, of a late date: "At times I felt resolved not to submit, but when it came to the point, I was afraid to refuse; I dare not deny. And while still deeply conscious that I did not possess qualifications adequate to the important station, yet, confident of support from my brethren, and relying on divine aid, I reluctantly and tremblingly submitted." Such was the man whom Providence and the Church called to this office and ministry.

William M'Kendree was born in King William County, Virginia, July 6, 1757. He was the eldest of eight children, four boys and four girls. Of these all grew up to mature life, and all were married except the Bishop and his youngest sister. His father was a planter, and, though never wealthy, lived in comfortable and independent circumstances, enjoying in the neighborhoods where he resided, a reputable position for intelligence and personal worth. The state of morals in Virginia, during his youth, was generally lax, even among Church members, and experimental religion almost unknown. The common amusements of that day were horse-racing, gambling, the ball-room, and drinking. In the midst of such practices, young M'Kendree pre-

served himself comparatively pure; and he says of himself, that he does not recollect "to have sworn more than one profane oath in his life." He had often convictions of sin and a desire to lead a new life; but while he was thus kept within the bounds of a respectable morality, his heart was yet far from being right with God.

When the war of American Independence broke out, he entered the army, and became one of its officers. His rank was that of adjutant, and he was, for a time at least, connected with the commissary department. On the return of peace, he was thrown into the society of Methodists by a gracious revival that broke out in the neighborhood where he lived. Under the preaching of Rev. John Easter, his convictions of sin were renewed, and became deep and pungent. He was now in his thirtieth year, and he resolutely set about seeking the salvation of his soul. His repentance was sincere. After a severe struggle, he ventured his all upon Christ, and in that instant his soul was relieved of a burden too heavy to be borne, and joy instantly succeeded sorrow. Like all new converts, he began to be concerned for his young associates and neighbors. He often spoke with them in private, and exhorted them, with tears in his eyes, to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins. Not a great while elapsed until he began to take part in public meetings, and through his efforts many were brought to Christ.

He soon became exercised on the subject of preaching, and the conviction that God had called him to the exclusive work of the ministry could not be resisted. While still hesitating, Mr. Easter visited him, and took him to conference. Here, through the mediation of his friend, he was appointed by the Bishop to the Mechlenburg Circuit, with Philip Cox as preacher in charge. This was in the year 1788. It was for him a fortunate appointment, as he found in Mr. Cox an instructor and a father. There were many experienced Christians on the circuit,

and, by their walk and conversation, he was profited greatly. They sympathized with the young preacher, and vied with each other to lighten his burdens. The next year he was sent to the Cumberland Circuit, Virginia, with James O'Kelly as presiding elder. The latter was a popular, fair-spoken preacher, ambitious and restive, and not willing to be under authority. His history is well known; and through the strong personal friendship which existed between them, he came near making Mr. M'Kendree a schismatic like himself. From this M'Kendree was saved by a thorough investigation of the rules and discipline drawn up by Mr. Wesley, and by a more intimate acquaintance with Bishop Asbury, who was the chief object of Mr. O'Kelly's attacks.

Mr. M'Kendree rapidly developed, through the itinerant training which he received, and his labors were blessed to the good of the Church and of society. His education was limited, but he was a fair scholar in the rudimentary English branches; and having a quick apprehension and a sound, discriminating judgment, he acquired a large amount of information, a good knowledge of character, and a ready utterance as a speaker. His sermons were not wanting in breadth and compass of thought, but were characterized rather by their persuasive eloquence and earnest appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

At the conference held in Salem Chapel, Mecklenburg County, Virginia, November 24, 1795, he was appointed presiding elder over the district, including such charges as Hanover, Amherst, and Williamsburg, being one of the most important positions in the Virginia Conference. He had now been in the itinerancy eight years, and enjoyed in great measure the love and confidence of the preachers. His religious experiences were of a high order. He had sought and found the full liberty of the sons of God, and his labors were abundant in fruit. The next year his district was enlarged, and he was found to be admirably adapted to supervising the interests of

the Church, and the work of the preachers. On this district he remained three years. In 1799 he was appointed to a district contiguous to the one which he had just traveled, lying within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. It extended from the Chesapeake Bay over the Blue Ridge, and terminated at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. The next year he was returned to this district; but in the Fall of the same year he was transferred to the Western Conference, and appointed presiding elder over a district which embraced all of Kentucky, East and Middle Tennessee, Western Virginia, and all of Ohio that was then settled. He had to travel fifteen hundred miles to compass his district, the whole of which was, with the exception of East Tennessee and Western Virginia, a new and rapidly populating country. The settlements were not contiguous, and intercourse between them was only by paths marked through the woods with the ax.

How these itinerant labors were performed, we may learn from Mr. M'Kendree's own words: "While on the way through these frontier settlements, if we came to a creek or river, we had the privilege of swimming it; and when safely landed on the other bank, it was a consolation to reflect we had left that obstruction behind, and that the way to the next lay open and plain before us. If night overtook us before we could reach a house, it was our privilege to gather wood where we could find it, make a fire, eat our morsel, and supplicate a throne of grace with as free access as in a palace or a church. Being weary, we rested sweetly and securely under the divine protection; and when we arrived at our destination, if the accommodations were of the humblest kind, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of being received with a hearty welcome, and accommodated with the best the family could afford; and though very inferior in the estimation of the delicate and those accustomed to sumptuous fare, yet all the real wants of nature were supplied. We

ate heartily and slept sweetly, and rejoiced with the pious and affectionate people, who received and treated the ministers of the Gospel as angels of God; and, above all, when the time arrived for us to deliver our message, the people flocked together, and seemed to want to hear what God the Lord would say. The prayers of the pious ascended the hill of the Lord; divine power attended the preaching of the Word; sinners were convicted, many were converted to God, and the Church was enlarged and built up in the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' " He goes on to say with regard to his own labors: "My appointment required much riding. I preached often, and sustained a great charge; and yet I esteem these among the happiest days of my life. Strange as it may seem, there, in the midst of exposure and many privations, my impaired constitution was restored, and my general health greatly improved. I enjoyed peace and consolation through faith, and was enabled to walk with God."

From this time until his consecration as bishop, in 1808, Mr. M'Kendree continued to preside over large districts in the West, using every opportunity to extend the work and promote the cause of God. No exposure was shunned, no danger affrighted him. In 1807, in company with Abbot Goddard and James Gwin, he set out to visit the settlements of Illinois. On this journey the party had more than once to camp out; but wherever they could find any people who were willing to hear the Gospel, they stopped and preached. On the Kaskaskia River, they met with Jesse Walker, who had formed a circuit, and learned that he had appointed three camp-meetings for them to attend. Their trip consumed about two months' time, and required the ride on horseback of about twenty-seven hundred miles.

The Western Conference of 1807 met at Chillicothe, Ohio, September 14, 1807. Seven delegates were chosen to attend the General Conference the next year at Baltimore. Among these was William M'Kendree, to whose election at that con-

ference, as a bishop, we have already adverted. Perhaps no fitter person among all our itinerant ranks could have been found for that office. From the hour of his consecration, he devoted all his energies to the cause of God, of the Church, and of humanity, as never before. Though heart and hands had both been full, he now became "in labors more abundant."

We can not trace the history of Bishop M'Kendree through his episcopal career. In both the sections of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his name is as ointment poured forth, and his worthy deeds live after him. Of his general character, Bishop Paine says: "He was a man of method. He could not preach, debate, or converse satisfactorily without regard to it. His plan of traveling and preaching on the way must always be prearranged. His traveling equipage, whether he went on horseback or in a carriage, was ever most carefully adjusted. His horse was never neglected, nor could he retire to rest, after having been exhausted by a long and wearisome day's journey, until he knew he had received the best possible attention. . . .

"While he was far from being stiff or unsocial in his manners, there was always about him a dignified and respectful demeanor, mingled with affability, which bespoke his character and his position. His presence always commanded respect, and his manners won the confidence of strangers; so that even those who loved to ridicule preachers felt constrained to treat him civilly; and children, reading his feelings in his face, would instinctively smile, climb upon his knees, and nestle in his bosom. There was an indescribable persuasiveness in his manner, whether in the pulpit or in the social circle."

The death of Bishop M'Kendree was a fitting close to such a life. He died March 5, 1835, at the residence of his brother, James M'Kendree, in Sumner County, Tenn., and his remains lie buried in the family burying-ground beside those of his honored father.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

It is not a little remarkable that, in the land of schools and culture, *par excellence*, there is still so much complaint in regard to the education of the daughters of the better classes. Berlin, for example, is full of young ladies' seminaries, in which the so-called accomplishments may be acquired at the hands of the best teachers; but there is hardly a school where these classes can find any very solid scientific instruction. And as a protest against this neglect of the sounder portion of woman's nature, a certain Countess Nostitz is now endeavoring to establish, by the aid of some prominent parties, what she calls a Scientific Gymnasium for young ladies. She appears to mean, by this, an institution wherein girls may learn something of practical science, that may avail them in the sterner duties of life. She demands for them a popular training in natural science, that will enable them the better to supervise household operations in the house and in the garden, and also a course in Latin and mathematics. And the mere fact that it is even now necessary to appeal for such an institution shows how far behind, in general, are European schools in their advantages for young women. It is claimed, and truly, that this Latin study will supplement the French and Italian as linguistic training, and, so far as drill is required, will make these unnecessary. But the fact that the lady proceeds so cavalierly with the French as to banish it from the curriculum, and substitute the English for it, shows a little too plainly the national prejudice of the Germans, who, from a sort of worship for French fashions, language, etc., are now inclined to proceed to the opposite extreme, and banish the language of polite intercourse and diplomacy the world over. There is no doubt that the English language

is rapidly acquiring such ascendancy throughout the Continent, and especially in Germany, as to make it quite a necessity in commercial and refined circles, and that the French must, to a certain extent, give way to it; but it will be quite difficult to make the English take its place. As in this country the French is holding its own, and the German is increasing in influence, so in Germany the French will not eventually be neglected, but the English will be added to the necessities of a practical education. And this circumstance itself is one of the causes of this new and reasonable demand all over the Continent—not only in Germany—for more practical schools for the daughters of the higher classes, that they may be trained to usefulness as well as ornament. This new institution bids fair to be established, and to be a success, for it is certainly a great necessity in European life, in the advanced position in society which the women abroad are now assuming.

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AND in sympathy with this same desire, a professor of South Germany has recently been lecturing on political economy for women, proving by some ingenious and ingenuous representations, that the family and the State would be great savers by the more careful attention of women to household or domestic economy. He argues that, besides questioning young ladies as to the amount of oxygen and carbon to be found in bread and meat, beets and sugar, it would be well to know from them how much coffee and butter might be consumed at the table, if the income of the father be eight, twelve, or fifteen hundred dollars per year. Is it not as well to know the cost of each lamp burned in the house, or the fuel for a kitchen for five persons, as to master a study of

Chopin, or to know the difference between pink and blue artificial flowers? These are things which the daughter, when she becomes a woman and a wife, needs to know, and why not give her this important knowledge as a valuable marriage dowry? Let us teach the girl to be not only a wife, but also a housewife,—the true source of happiness. Let us teach her what is the great secret of human happiness,—that is, the relation between the measure and what it is to contain,—in order that every day may have its account, and every daily account may be in harmony with the necessary final account at the end of the year. The professor gave to his hearers the following animated and attractive picture of the family and the household presided over by a careful wife. The nation without a family is a rude and immoral one; where a nation has not had the strength to build a house for the family, it has remained without a history. National culture begins in the family, and he who does not find the ballast of his life in his home is likely to be without a ballast. And at the very threshold of this family stands the wife; the house may not be unconditionally her empire, but all that is within it is her work; and what I ever seek and find there is woman's work, which her hands extend to me. Take any home you please; you will continually perceive, by a thousand little nameless things, whether a woman's hand has been busy there. And this quiet control is the first truly womanly quality, this invisible harmony of all the parts, which has for every thing a place and a time. This genial arrangement of the house is impossible without the woman; and what she thus offers to the family, neither wealth nor taste can furnish without her. Household order can not give possession, but it can double the worth of the whole by increasing that of each individual thing. And when she has in her firm hand all the thousand little things of the house, she begins to look gradually and irresistibly to the greater powers; from the order of time proceeds the order of will, from the order of things the order of work, and from that the strict harmony of hours and minutes, and of the chairs and tables, and of the hundred trifles that surround one in the house. Here begins the education of the child, and how often that

of the man! It were well if this great law of human society could be better understood. This spirit or order in the husband is the control of the wife; she should therefore feel herself responsible for every thing that receives its real value through order. But there is another enemy in the house to whose serious but quiet power only the hand of woman is equal. The work of human hands is scarcely finished before it begins to decay. The coarse dust gathers on the curtains and wears away the threads, or the smoke gathers on the mirror and blackens it, and the gilding is spoiled by dampness; a spot shows itself on the table-cloth, or a deceitful nail tears a hole in the wall, or a knob is lost, or a pitcher cracked,—and this not for to-day, but for to-morrow also, day by day and year by year, incessantly through life. And in the beginning it is always so little, scarcely visible, scarcely worth the while! But to-morrow it is greater, and the next day greater yet, until a useful thing is entirely ruined for want of a little attention. Now, who shall fight with these thousand foes? This conflict is the duty of the wife and woman. It is she who must follow these hostile trifles with dust-cloth and brush, with water and fire; it is she who must come with needle and shears, she who must have sympathy with all suffering things in the household. She must be the guardian-angel of the house, and save it for her husband, from its thousand foes!

THE Prussians have recently borne, with great sorrow, to the grave an old lady by the name of Fernandina von Schmettan, whom they remember with the kindest feelings for her heroic deeds during the wars of Napoleon against their country and king. When the Germans, in 1813, rose in their famous "War of Deliverance" against the French tyrant, it was clear that, to insure victory and throw off the French yoke, every class of society must co-operate in the work. When the cry was made for treasure as well as men, the royal princesses appealed to the women of Prussia to come forward with their offerings. In reply to this, the women brought their jewelry and bridal rings and presents, silver spoons and gold watches, diamonds and ear-rings, and whatever ornament could be made of any value.

And among them, one day, came a number of young ladies from the country. In this group was one whose patriotism had induced her to come along, but whose sole ornament was the purple innocence of her maiden cheeks, the pearls in her eyes, and the sparkling tears on her cheeks, for she was weeping that she had nothing to give with the others. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I also will give some thing," and hurried away into a side room and severed her long, silken locks from her head, sold the golden treasure to a dealer, and came and laid the price on the altar of her country. One noble woman declared that hair too precious to be left in the mart, and immediately bought it back, had it made into rings, bracelets, watch-chains, and other hair ornaments, and offered them for sale for the benefit of the sacred cause. The Prussian people bought them at large prices, and sold them again and again, for the benefit of a treasury that thus profited more from Nannie's locks than from the jewels of noble dames. And it was not simply the money thus gained that worked to the aid of the Father-land; the spirit thus excited bore rich fruits, and men and women felt inspired to loftier deeds from seeing this sacrifice of one who, in her poverty, had no other offering but the "pride of woman." "Nannie," as she was familiarly called, returned to her modest home, and performed nearly all the work of the plain household, while her father entered the king's service. After that war she lived a very retired life, until the war of 1866, when she again came forth as quite an aged woman, and by the charm of her name and the memory of her early sacrifice, she was enabled to organize a "Woman's Association" for the relief of the sick and disabled soldiers; and by her example did much to inspire others to work in the good cause in those manifold fields that have so variously opened themselves to woman to assist in time of war. Her exertions during this trying period weakened her failing health, and she has seldom risen from her bed since that period. She has just been borne to her grave by admiring friends and a sorrowing community.

THE spirit-rappings and table-knockings, that were so common among us some years

ago, seem to be transferred, with increased intensity to foreign soil. Theories of this nonsense are brought to market in ponderous volumes and learned treatises, that are so imposing in their character that the weak-minded fear to gainsay them. The disease seems, in a certain class of confused or diseased brains, to have assumed complete control, so that all thoughtful men can scarcely suppress a feeling of shame at the extent of the coarse and ordinary humbug. In the intelligent city of Leipsic, the book mart of the Continent, there has been for years a congregation of these Spiritualists, who indulge periodically in the mummary of table-turning and rappings. But the latest demonstration is that of some of the Ultramontane sheets, in their endeavor to connect some of these matters with miraculous developments. One of these papers gives an account of certain marvelous manifestations and occurrences in Potsdam, at which they secured a medium in a young man, who went successfully through all the nonsense that was exploded here years ago. It seems almost impossible that, in this year of grace, 1876, such arrant deception could find believers; but we learn that matters in this line are still worse in parts of Russia, especially in the southern districts of that country.

THE famous Jacob Grimm, author, with his brother, of the "Household Tales," wrote a beautiful treatise on "Female Names in Flowers;" and this ingenious work gave rise to another one on the "Æsthetics of Plants," which has gradually developed some beautiful facts and theories from this charming realm of nature. The historical account of many flowers is gathered together in this book, and, on the whole, very ingeniously and tastefully worked up. Nearly each flower is made the basis of a tradition or fairy story, that is tasty, instructive, and full of delicate conceptions and allusions. For some of these prolific German brains in this line of fiction, a flower is a treasure on which to found a fairy kingdom, with all its concomitants of fortunate princes and princesses. Aside from its imaginative character and fine development of theories of taste, the historical and natural historical phase of the labor in regard to many of the

plants is quite valuable, and will be conducive to the intelligent study of the natural beauties of these most beautiful ornaments of nature. The nation or the people who love flowers must thereby acquire a certain de-

gree of refinement and culture; and all such books tend to heighten this, and to give to the poor, especially, the means of extracting inexpensive pleasure from the purest sources.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE *Christian Woman* for September asks the very pertinent question, Why do not women help women? Echo answers, Why? Women of wealth have given liberally toward endowed institutions for the education of able-bodied young gentlemen, who "can command twice the amount of money for their work that women can," while young girls have been left to toil as best they could for an education; in working for their board, boarding themselves, or running machines; oftentimes starving the body to provide nourishment for the mind; and the encouragement they have received from masculine charity students has been the reiterated cry of mental inferiority. We fully agree with the editor of the *Christian Woman* in feeling "that a young man who has not enough strength of body and independence of soul to get an education with circumstances, as they are, all in his favor, is not fit for the pulpit." The thanks of the present generation of women are due to Mary Lyon and Mrs. Emma Willard for the devising and maturing of liberal plans, not only for the higher education of girls, but for affording them pecuniary aid. Hundreds of young women were educated by the Mesdames Emma and Sarah Willard, not as charity students, but with an unwritten pledge of payment for tuition and board, so soon as they became self-supporting; and all honor be to their names, that it was said by the late principal that but two or three of the number failed to meet their indebtedness, and that because death intervened. Upon whom shall the mantle of these women fall? Dr. Holland, in *Scribner*, also makes an appeal to women to aid women's colleges. He says: "We do not hesitate to say that the average woman, educated in the better class

of schools in this country, is a better scholar and a more capable and accomplished person than the average college graduate of the other sex. The farmer's boy finds cheap tuition at college, while his sister stays at home, because the only places where she can get an equal education are expensive beyond her means. We commend to rich women, anxious for the elevation of the sex, to endow the institutions springing up about the country in the interest of the sex, so that young women of all classes shall be given as good a chance of education as their brothers enjoy. There is not an advanced public institution for the higher education of women that is not in need of a large endowment for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small."

That the eyes of woman are getting opened to the necessities of the sex is illustrated in a few notable instances, as in the recent opening of the Smith College for women, at Northampton, Massachusetts, Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, having bequeathed four hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. The Woman's Educational Association of Illinois Wesleyan University has recently opened a boarding-hall on the Mount Holyoke plan, for young ladies of limited means who desire to attend the University. The fact is also illustrated in the statement that Miss Catherine Beecher, as Secretary of the American Woman's Educational Association, is perfecting plans for a university for girls, where, in addition to the usual studies, there shall be practical training in knowledge sure to be called into use by women in the domestic relation. The Association design to connect this with some already well patronized institution,

and purpose to establish three departments,—the normal, the hygienic, and the domestic.

—The corporation for the relief of the widows and children of clergymen of the Episcopal Church in the State of Pennsylvania has invested funds amounting to \$386,678.

—Bishop Wells, Episcopal, intends putting up a hospital for women in Milwaukee, to be attended by Protestant Sisters of Mercy. This is the first of a series of buildings to be put up for charitable purposes on the Cathedral grounds.

—The Woman's Art School in the Cooper Union, New York, was opened October 1st. It is intended to give free instruction in drawing to young women who can furnish sufficient evidence of natural talent to make its cultivation worth while.

—It is reported that Jay Cooke's country-seat is to be purchased, by leading members of the Presbyterian Church, for the establishment of a National School for Women, equal in extent to Vassar College, and giving not only a theoretical, but technical, education, fitting its pupils to gain their own living by practical professions or handicrafts.

—The Massachusetts Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Board of Missions, which have recently commenced working specially in behalf of the widows and orphans of deceased missionaries, have raised about one thousand dollars. The object is to raise a fund, the income of which shall be devoted to the support and education of these beneficiaries.

—An estate known as the "Minard Home," at Morristown, New Jersey, has been bequeathed to the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be used for the purpose of taking proper care of the children of foreign missionaries working for that Church. It has been placed in charge of a returned missionary from India, whose wife will receive the daughters of foreign missionaries. The Mission Board allows one hundred dollars per annum for the support of each child. An effort is being made to secure for the home an endowment of \$75,000.

—Two girls, graduates of the classical department of the Providence High-school,

have been admitted to the Boston University. Another high-school girl has been a year in Michigan University, while two others enter this year Wellesley College.

—Mrs. Collins, widow of the late Dr. Collins, succeeds her husband in the Presidency of the State Female College at Memphis.

—Mrs. Lucy Herron Parker, Professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, is now filling a similar chair in the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware. Her daughter, a classical graduate of the Wesleyan, is with her as tutor of Latin.

—The late Orrin Sage bequeathed one thousand dollars to Mount Holyoke Young Ladies' Seminary; Miss Mary Telfair has by will endowed a "Telfair Hospital for Females;" and Miss Berenice Morrison has donated to Pritchett Institute, at Glasgow, Missouri, one hundred thousand dollars. Sage College has recently been erected, and endowed, at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars, by Hon. H. W. Sage, and opened in connection with Cornell University, on condition that young women shall receive at the University an education as thorough and broad as that provided for young men.

—The Fort Dodge (Iowa) *Messenger* has this paragraph about a Des Moines family: "Miss Kate Tupper, of Des Moines, has been in town, visiting at Mr. Bassett's for a few days. Kate comes of a family which is remarkable for intelligent womanly effort and success. Her mother is Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, the Bee Queen of Iowa, whose work on bee culture is a recognized authority every-where; her eldest sister is a very eloquent preacher at Colorado Springs; Miss Kate is studying medicine, having taken herself through a full course at the Agricultural College by her own work; and Miss Madge, who is only sixteen, is a famous poultry-raiser, and an officer of the State Poultry Association, who has made money enough in this business to defray her entire expenses through a full collegiate course. Mrs. Tupper's family is a sufficient answer to the question of woman's work, if there were no other. Let any mother in Iowa show three boys who can beat this."

ART NOTES.

THE following, which we take the liberty to copy from a private letter of Mr. Edward Brown, manager of the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, ought to have a wide circulation on account of the warm words of encouragement to American artists and the hopeful future toward which he looks: "But it is on returning to Munich that I find myself again in the great European center for American artists. Of the two thousand painters of Munich, about forty are Americans. . . . Amidst all this array of rising talent in Munich, it is most gratifying, on visiting their studios, to see the leading position occupied by many of our own artists. William M. Chase, of St. Louis, the painter of that powerful picture, 'The Dowager,' bought by one of our New York artists, is engaged on another picture, full of strong character, with a masterly breadth and precision of penciling. T. E. Rosenthal, of California, is at work on a large interior, with figures, which show fine powers of composition and color. Walter Shirlaw, of Chicago, has just finished a fine picture, which compares favorably with a former one, already sent to America, 'The Toning of the Bell.' David Neale is also finishing, for a California order, a brilliant painting, the subject of which is a scene in the life of 'Marie Stuart.' Among the young men here are James D. Strong, Jr., of San Francisco, and Frank Currier, of Boston, who are making rapid progress. Many of these American artists are, or have been, pupils of Professor Piloty, to whom, with his great powers as an artist and as a teacher, infusing with magnetic enthusiasm his own rich experience, his students are warmly attached. And the friendship is mutual; for recently the Professor expressed the sentiment that the great arena for the future of art is America. His opinion is based upon his own proof of the sterling art powers of the Anglo-American mind, and upon his belief that we across the water can best escape the influence of all false ways in art, and adopt and carry forward all true elements of progress that the past can give us. Which opinion, and the rea-

sons for which opinion, we most heartily indorse.

—The death of Theodore Bruni, the celebrated Russian painter, is announced. He was formerly Rector of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, and since 1866 has been Director of the School of Music.

—Through the death of Councillor Tornow, of Berlin, the Crown-Princess Victoria has come into the possession of one of the finest art collections in all Germany. The gallery was bestowed in recognition of the artistic taste and skill of the Princess. It is understood that it will remain in some place accessible to the public.

— "In the broad field of art the first subject of study is nature, and nature is founded on geometric principles. You must know the rule before you can know the variations. The gnarled tree is but the variation of what nature intended for a perfect cylinder, and you can not draw the one until you understand the drawing of the other. Nature is based on geometry, and art is based on nature. Every form you see is either some form of, or variation from, geometric lines."

—The following, selected from the rules which have been adopted for the government of the art department of the Centennial Exhibition, may have an interest to many: 1. The exhibition will be opened May 10, 1876, and closed November 10, 1876. 2. Works of art will be admitted for exhibition, whether previously exhibited or not. 3. No charge will be made for space. 4. Works of foreign artists belonging to residents will be admitted, on the approval of the committee of selection for exhibition, in a special gallery. 5. All pictures, whether round or oval, should be placed in square frames. Excessive breadth in frames or projecting moldings, should be avoided. Shadow-boxes will not be allowed to project more than one inch beyond the frames. Glass over oil paintings will not be permitted.

—The New York Legislature, during its last session, passed a statute requiring that drawing should be taught in the public-

schools of the State. To aid this movement is the object of the plan of the following circular: "In compliance with numerous requests from educators in this State, and with special reference to furnishing opportunity for teachers to qualify themselves to carry out more efficiently the provisions of the law recently passed, requiring drawing to be taught in all the public-schools of this State, a normal school of drawing and painting will be opened, during the coming Summer, at the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University. The session will extend from July 11th to August 3d, 1876. For further particulars, address Professor G. F. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts, Syracuse, New York."

—The story of the "Old Germania Orchestra," told so pleasantly in the November *Scribner*, illustrates one among other important principles; namely, the educating power of artists even after they cease their strictly professional career. The fact that, after the dissolution of this celebrated company, each became a center or nucleus of musical culture and musical inspiration can not be too highly rated when the resultant influence of such an organization is to be estimated. To this latter power must we look with even greater interest than to their public performances. And this, too, is the quiet, refining, and stimulating influence which the artist ever exerts.

—Dr. Fieber, of Vienna, like the little boy that cut open his drum to see where the music came from, has been looking into the throat of Madame Pauline Lucca, and publishes the result of his scrutiny. The mechanical apparatus, to which the melody is due, appears, in her case, to be beautifully perfect, owing, doubtless, partly to natural endowment, and partly to the scientific training which she had in early youth. Examined under the laryngoscope, the larynx appears small and well-shaped, its parts being marvelously developed and perfect. The tune-strings are pure snow white, and possess none of the bluish tinge common among women. Although shorter than usual among vocalists, they are stronger in proportion, and amply provided with muscle. When at rest they are partially screened by the false strings; but Dr. Fiedner, who

watched Madame Lucca's throat through his instrument while she was singing, noticed that as soon as a tone was struck, they displayed themselves in their full breadth and strength. The aid given by a suitable form of *mouth* to the production of vocal music is a novel and interesting point brought out by Dr. Fieber. On being admitted to a view of the artist's mouth, he was at once struck by the spaciousness and symmetry of the hollow, as well as with the vigor with which every tone raised the palate. He is of the opinion that the natural conformation of her mouth accounts, in a large measure, for the wonderful power she possesses of raising and dropping her voice alternately. The sound waves are naturally strengthened in a space so favorably shaped, while the muscles of the palate appear to have acquired exceptional strength and pliability by long practice.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

—Nilsson and Patti are both about thirty-three years old.

—Mustafa, the celebrated soprano of the Sistine Chapel, is seldom heard now, only singing for the Pope on special occasions. His voice is said to be almost angelic in sweetness and tenderness.

—The Reformers have been accused of being unfeeling iconoclasts; but their own language entirely refutes this charge. Let us quote from them a little. Zuinglius says: "No one is so foolish as to believe that statues and paintings ought to be destroyed if the people do not manifest for them a reverence. Only those images ought to be removed that cause piety to stumble, or that weaken our faith in God. Of this latter are such as bear the human countenance, which are placed in front of altars and churches, even though they have not been reckoned among things sacred to God; because age itself frequently renders an image sacred. In like manner, we do not believe that those figures that are introduced for the purpose of ornamenting the windows, should be disturbed, provided they represent nothing base and unworthy; because no one is in danger of worshipping these. . . . We will not speak at all of feelings and preferences in this matter; for none have greater admiration for paintings, statues, and portraits than we; but whatever thus offends piety ought

not to be tolerated, but should be destroyed by the firm authority of the magistrates."

— The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England, has obtained the drawings of the celebrated pavement in the cathedral of Sienna, Tuscany. Sidney Colvin prepared a series of lectures on these drawings, an abstract of which appears in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review* under the title, "The History of a Pavement." In this article he sketches the rise and progress of the noble cathedral building, that has been enriched and beautified with a thousand precious things in color and stone, and metal and wood-work, but, rarest of all, with this pavement, like the pavement of no other floor but that which Dante trod by the side of Virgil, in his vision. It forms the very best history of art and art progress in the Tuscan capital for two hundred years, since it was a work not completed at once, but, rather, a growth of two centuries. The figures of this pavement were produced by incising the lines of the composition upon the surface of white marble, and then filling up these with white paste,—thus producing a sort of *intaglio*, not unlike the workmanship upon tombs. For ornaments and borders to these figure subjects, they laid together pieces of black, white, or variously colored marble, exquisitely cut, according to the designs. That is the method of *tarsia*, or inlay; and the whole secret of the Sienna pavement is the combination of these two methods,—engraving and inlay,—in a manner simple at first, but by degrees becoming more and more artificial. The general name of *commesso* was given to the combined mass. It is very noteworthy that here, in this cathedral pavement, are found the earliest indications of a revival of the classical spirit; since the first figure represents the wheel of fortune (whose familiar moral the Siennese could readily appreciate), and in the four corners of the compartment are half figures of the heathen sages, Euripides, Aristotle, Epictetus, and Seneca, each exhibiting on a scroll some maxim of the instability of fortune. Beginning thus with a figure drawn from heathen mythology, this cathedral pavement leads on the history, sacred and profane, presenting a strange commingling of Biblical

topics, current events, and mythologic personages. Mr. Colvin's *resume* is intensely interesting, and illustrates most completely how, in a single monument of art, the refined and vigorous student may read the history of a chivalric people. We have only space to give Mr. Colvin's concluding words: "I can not say that this unique invention seems to me altogether a happy one, or that the floor under your feet is the best place for a great pictorial composition to be set out. And I can not say that, either in the simplicity of its beginnings, or in the ingenuity of its decline, this engraved and inlaid marble imagery stands among quite the noblest works of the noblest schools. But it stands alone. It calls for the most careful study; for every strongly furrowed line, and every subtly fitted figure of it all, are characters in which is written the history of a people,—the history of that city of the rosy walls and rosy towers, the beloved and ungovernable, with her glorious rise and promise, her passionate piety, her heroism, her vanity, her madness, her mortal diseases of anarchy and rancor, her fiery independence, her daring imagination, her love of beauty and color and pomp, her cunning indefatigable craftsmanship, the brightness of her genius, and the long delay of her inevitable doom."

— The little town of Botzen, in the Austrian Tyrol, is endeavoring to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a statue to the minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide, said to be a native of this place.

— In the School of Design connected with the Cincinnati University, in addition to the classes in drawing and wood-carving, a new class, in modeling in clay, has been formed. Special classes in the higher branches of art are to be organized as soon as the resources of the school will permit. This will include painting in oil, water-colors, and distemper; decorative designs; architecture, mechanical, and scientific drawings; wood-engraving, lithography, and engraving on metals. During the past year, six hundred and thirty-eight students received instruction, of whom three hundred and three were young men, and three hundred and thirty-five were young women.

SCIENTIFIC.

ANCESTORS OF THE BRITISH.—At the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor D. Mackintosh, F. G. S., devoted an interesting paper to the discussion of certain ethnological questions connected with the history of the people of Britain. He believed that the inhabitants of different parts of England and Wales differed so much in their physical and mental characteristics, that many tribes must have retained their peculiarities since their colonization of the country, by remaining in certain localities with little mutual inter-blending, or through the process of amalgamation failing to obliterate the more hardened characteristics. The first type noticed was the Gaelic. In Cæsar's time, probably the great mass of the people of Gaul were comparatively dark in complexion and small in stature; and the race characterized by Cæsar as of tall stature, reddish hair, and blue eyes, were most likely German colonists of Gaul. There still exists in England, Wales, and Ireland a distinct race, possessed of some of the mental characteristics anciently attributed to the Gaels. In mental character the Gaels are excitable, and alternately lively and melancholy. The Gael is also a good soldier, but he needs to be commanded by a race possessed of moral determination, tempered by judgment and foresight. Another characteristic of the Gaelic race is sociability. In North Wales there are several distinct ethnological types, but by far the most prevalent is the type to which the term *Cymrian* may be applied. The *Cymri* appear to have entered Wales from the north. They are an industrious race, living on scanty fare without murmuring. Mr. Mackintosh gave a minute description of the physical and mental peculiarities of Saxons, and showed the difference between Saxons and Danes. With Worsaae, he believes that the Danes have impressed their character on the inhabitants of the north-eastern half of England. He endeavored to show that between the north-east and south-west the difference in the character of the people is

so great as to give a semi-nationality to each division. Restless activity, ambition, and commercial speculation predominate in the north-east; contentment and leisure of reflection, in the south-west. He concluded by a reference to the derivation of the settlers of New England from the south-west, mentioning the fact that, while a large proportion of New England surnames are still found in Devon and Dorset, there is a small village called Boston, near Totness, and in its immediate neighborhood a place called Bunker Hill.

LIFE IN ELEVATED AREAS.—The general belief in the invigorating effect of mountain air is not absolutely justified by facts; at least there are some elevated regions, the inhabitants of which show none of the vigor and *elan* which we should expect to find were the common opinion correct. Dr. Jourdanet, of Paris, writes of the inhabitants of the table-lands of Anahuac, Mexico, that they appear quite languid, with pale complexion, ill-developed muscles, and feeble circulation. Jourdanet is satisfied that, while the proportion of red corpuscles in the blood is normal, there is a diminution of oxygen, the result of insufficient condensation of that gas under the slight pressure of the air. In Mexico, at the height of 2,300 meters above the level of the sea, the debilitating effects of the rarefied air are manifest. This is noticeable in brutes as well as in men. Again, the annual growth of population is scarcely ever more than three per one thousand on the uplands, while nearer the sea-level it is six or seven. Dr. Jourdanet asserts his belief that, in countries where cold is not of itself an obstacle to life, rarefaction of the air will prevent the founding of states at a level higher than 4,000 meters.

METEOROLOGICAL.—During the month of August last, there were distributed, to those co-operating with the Army Signal-office throughout the world, the first copies of the "Bulletin of International Simultaneous Meteorological Observations." By this pub-

lication, General Meyer hopes, it is said, to initiate the comprehensive study of the atmosphere throughout the globe, being persuaded, in common with most students of meteorology, that a single continent is too small an area to enable one to study to advantage the great storms that travel over the earth. The "Bulletin" of the signal-office embraces reports from some five hundred stations, representing nearly every civilized nation of the world, and is welcomed as the most important step that has been taken of late years in the study of meteorology.

THE BRITISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Abroad the Channel Tunnel project is still receiving attention in official quarters. In the French National Assembly a bill relative to the submarine tunnel was lately declared urgent. In England, an act empowering the Channel Tunnel Company to acquire certain lands in the county of Kent, and for other purposes in connection with the undertaking, received favorable action at the hands of a committee of the Parliament; and, lastly, at a recent meeting of the South-eastern Railway Company, a resolution was adopted authorizing the directors to contribute a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand pounds for the making of a shaft, and other preliminary expenses in reference to the undertaking.

AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY AS DISCUSSED AT NANCY.—A Congress has been held at Nancy on the history, archæology, and languages of the American continent. The city was illuminated, and a banquet was given by the municipality to the foreign members of the Congress. A most interesting exhibition took place, principally of American stone implements, Peruvian mummies, Columbian idols, and skulls of a number of the aborigines. The Congress discussed the question relating to the discovery of America before Columbus by Norwegians, Phœnicians, and Buddhists, and did not appear inclined to believe in the reality of any of the traditions. There were also discussed at some length the relations of Esquimaux tribes with those of Northern Asia, traditions as to white men, the monuments of the Mississippi Valley, and the rock inscriptions, without coming to any definite conclusions.

FLOODS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.—The rate of propagation of the recent inundation waves in the South of France has been determined along the banks of the Garonne. It was found to have been no more than two miles an hour in a run of one hundred and forty miles, in the district where the calamities occurred. This proves that an immense amount of life and property could have been saved had a system of warnings been adopted. Profiting by this sad experience, the authorities intend to establish such a system as is already in operation at Lyons for the Rhone, and at Paris for the Seine. It is suggested that the unusual violence of floods on the Continent is attributable not only to the abnormal amount of rain and the sudden melting of snow and ice in the mountain districts, but also to the increasing destruction of forests which is taking place in nearly every country. The existence of forests has a great effect in equalizing the distribution of water, and in checking the too rapid melting of snow and ice under the influence of the Summer heat. At the same time the growth of timber on hill-sides prevents the rapid flow of surface water which takes place where trees do not exist. The question of maintaining forests, instead of destroying them, without making provision for the future, is one which demands the serious attention of the governments of every country where, by the existence of hills and mountains, and consequently rapid rivers, the liability to floods is increased. A commissioner of forests has been suggested for our country for the purpose of preserving our timber.

SATELLITES OF JUPITER.—M. Flammarion has, during the years 1874 and 1875, observed the changes of brightness of the fourth satellite of Jupiter, with a view to determine its period of rotation. His principal conclusions are, first, that the fourth satellite varies between the sixth and the tenth magnitude; second, there is a probability, but not a certainty, that it turns on its axis like our moon, so as always to present the same face to Jupiter; third, this hypothesis will not account for all the variations of brightness observed. Its reflecting power is, upon the whole, inferior to that of the three other satellites.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

PAPER BOATS.—*Mr. Editor*: I want to say a word concerning an article, in the October number of the *REPOSITORY*, on paper boats. There is a factory of paper boats at Troy, New York, where I reside, so we know a little about them. What kind of boats were used at the Saratoga regatta, we do not know; but at the regatta of the National Amateur Rowing Association, held in Troy in September, the paper boats were used extensively. Both kinds, cedar and paper, were rowed in; but, if I am correctly informed, the winning crew, in each instance, sat in a paper boat. All the *single* shells were paper. The English crews, I think, use cedar entirely. In the four-oared races here, a crew from New York, composed of college men, graduates I believe, the stroke oar, Eustis, from Middletown, distanced the other crews, though one of the defeated crews beat them on the Kill von Kull shortly afterward.

J. W.

AN ERROR IN PUNCTUATION.—*Mr. Editor*. Please have the printer correct the punctuation in the 5th verse of the 90th Psalm, and make it read: "They are as a sleep in the morning;" meaning a short morning nap,—the sense of the author,—instead of "They are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass; in the morning it groweth," etc. Hundreds of times, nay, almost universally, this reading is wrong, because the printer made the error in punctuation,—do n't you see it?

J. F. W.

WHAT BURIED HERCULANEUM?—What was the fate of Herculanum during the eruption of A. D. 79? What special phenomena were displayed on the side of Vesuvius? What causes buried a flourishing city, in an instant, out of sight of the inhabited world? It has been proved that Pompeii suffered an interment so incomplete that, after a few days, its inhabitants could recognize their dwellings, could encamp above and clear them out. Herculanum, on the contrary, was buried so deep that the next day it was impossible to trace a vestige of it.

The ready answer to all these questions usually is, "Lava worked all the ruin. Her-

culaneum was swallowed up under eighty feet of lava. If works of art, bronzes, and pictures have been miraculously preserved, it was due to the impenetrable shield of lava, yielding only to a cutting tool, that protected them from the ravage of time." This explanation is tempting. Fancy pictures waves of fire rolling upon the city, rising like the tidal swell, surging in through doors and windows, sweeping around and molding every thing, then slowly cooling, and preserving for posterity treasures that labor must unveil, repaid by their recovery in unharmed beauty.

This is really the opinion that all Europe holds, and, even at Naples, almost all visitors of Herculanum declare that they have touched the lava with their own hands; and, in books written on the Vesuvian cities, more than one traveler affirms as positively that the difficulty of cutting the lava presents the chief obstacle to the disinterment of Herculanum. How can one venture to meet such convictions by asserting that water, not fire, overwhelmed Herculanum? that it was not a torrent of glowing lava, but a flood of mud and wet ashes that filled the city? How uproot a prepossession so deep that the works of geologists and savants have failed to shake? Dufrénoy proved that water alone swept over Herculanum heaps of scoria and pumice, crumbled from La Soma; Dyer, Overbeck, Ernst, Breton, and others have affirmed in various languages, to no purpose, that nothing but ashes, wet to paste and hardened by pressure, covered over Herculanum; no one heeded them, and the blame continues to be thrown on the lava, which makes excavations so costly and laborious.

COMMON CRIMES OF CONVERSATION.—

There are careless people, those "who know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." They plunge recklessly on without a thought for the words they use; their sentences abound with exclamations and expletives more expressive than choice. Their slang phrases are an offense to cultivated ears; and they exhaust the superlatives of the language on the most ordinary occasions. It is they who

preface every sentence, even on trivial topics, with "My stars!" "By George!" "By Jupiter!" "Gracious!" "Thunder!" "You bet!" "No, you do n't!" In their vocabulary, "O!" "Indeed, yes!" "Well!" "And-ah!" are as thickly strewn as leaves in Vallambrosa. With them, a funeral is "jolly," a prayer-meeting "funny," an ordinary performance is "first-rate," the lowest round on the ladder of beauty is "real pretty;" and their indiscriminate admiration is expressed by the much-abused epithets, "splendid, beautiful, magnificent, superb, bewitching, fascinating, charming, delicious, exquisite," etc. Any violation of law belonging to their code is "shameful;" a refusal to conform to their wishes is "horrid mean," a common cold is "terrible;" and a headache is "beyond endurance." They are always "roasted," or "frozen," or "melted;" their friends are beatified with every virtue; and their enemies are the off-scourings of the race. They so completely exhaust the language on common occasions that no words are left to give expression to their deeper feelings.

Another class includes those who violate the laws of etymology. They have been thoroughly trained in the grammar of the language, and yet refuse to be regulated by its precepts. This class is a large one, and includes among its audacious sinners:

1. Those who use the objective case for the nominative; as, "It is me," for "It is I;" "It is her," for "It is she;" "It is us," for "It is we."

2. Those who use the nominative case for the objective; as, "Between you and I," for "Between you and me;" "Like you and I," for "Like you and me;" "I know who you mean," for "I know whom you mean."

3. Those whose subjects and verbs do not agree in number and person; as, "Says I," for "Say I;" "You was," for "You were;" "My feet's cold," for "My feet are cold;" "There's thirty," for "There are thirty."

4. Those who use the indicative mood for the subjunctive; "If I was you," for "If I were you."

5. Those who use the present tense for the past; "I see you yesterday," for "I saw you yesterday,"

6. Those who use the intransitive verb

for the transitive; "If he is a mind to," for "If he has a mind to."

7. Those who use incorrectly the much-abused verbs sit and lie; as, "I am going to lay down," for "I am going to lie down;" "I laid down this morning," for "I lay down this morning;" "I shall set there," for "I shall sit there."

8. Those who use the adverb for the adjective; as, "She looks beautifully," for "She looks beautiful;" or its opposite, "She walks graceful," for "She walks gracefully."

9. Those who use a plural adjective with a singular noun; as, "Those kind," for "That kind;" "Six pair," for "Six pairs."

10. Those who use the compound relative for the conjunction; as, "I do not know but what I will," for "I do not know but that I will."

11. Those who use the objective case after the conjunction "than;" as, "He knows more than me," for "He knows more than I."

12. Those who use double negatives; as "No, you do n't, neither," for "No, you do n't, either."

13. Those who use the wrong preposition; as, "Different to," for "Different from;" "In regard of," for "With regard to."

14. Those who use the superlative degree for the comparative; as, "The oldest of the two," for "The older of the two."

"A RULE FOR SPELLING."—How to place the vowels "e" and "i" in words where they come together in such words as he mentioned. Where an "s" sound, in pronunciation, precedes the two vowels, "e" is placed before "i," with, I believe, but two exceptions,—*siege* and *sieve*;"—in other cases "i" comes before the "e." This rule is simple and easily remembered, and will save lots of blunders in spelling. J.

A rule for spelling in the LADIES' REPOSITORY for October won't do. It is too short, and does not cover such words as *retrieve*, "patience," "orient," "varied," and many others where no "l" occurs. A better rule, covering all cases, is this: When "c" precedes, the "e" comes first; in *all* other cases the "i" comes first, as in *receive*, "believe," *thief*, "prettier," etc. G.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

"STOP THIEF!"

"LAY down your book and get ready for school, Matty."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute."

"My child, your 'in a minute' is the secret of all your school troubles and disgraces."

At this, Matty languidly pulled herself up from the large rocking-chair in which she was lounging and reading the last pages of a story-book, and began to hunt up her geography, and hurry her mother to prepare her lunch and tie her shoes, and peep into a neglected spelling-lesson, while the long hand of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes before nine. Harry was calling, "Come, Matty!" at the front door, and her seat-mate was waving a beckoning hand to her as she hurried by the house.

Just as Matty shut the gate, her Uncle Harry came along, his face ruddy with exercise in the frosty air. Seizing Matty's hand, and taking her dinner-pail and books, he cried out:

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

And before she could have time to collect her thoughts, he was running with her so fast that her little feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. The loitering children, seeing Uncle Harry's speed, and hearing his cry of "Stop thief!" joined in the pursuit, hardly daring to look over their shoulders, for fear of being seized by a pursuing highwayman. They reached the school-house just as the clock had commenced striking nine; and, for the first time in two weeks, Matty sat in her seat at the opening exercises, instead of standing in the vestibule among the tardy ones.

Uncle Harry remained sitting in the visitors' seat until after the opening exercises; then rose and left in haste, as he said, for fear the thief, who had been chasing his niece and the other loitering children, would waylay him, and rob him of what he valued most.

Before leaving, he said a few words to the eager-eyed little ones, with his watch in his hand, for fear he should overstay his time.

"He is a terrible enemy, dear children, who has been after us to-day. If he gets hold of you, he will keep you unhappy, and what some people call 'unlucky,' all your days. What is worse than all, he will try to steal your opportunity to make your peace with God. Dear children, fear him more than you do rattlesnakes when you go berrying on Round Hill, or mad dogs, or ugly bulls; for, after all, they can only destroy your body. This thief, after he has destroyed character, home, and business, will prevent your entering heaven, just as he tried to keep you from coming into this school-room in time for prayers."

The children looked at each other and at Uncle Harry, with a gaze of great curiosity and surprise. But Uncle Harry soon relieved their suspense. As he borrowed the teacher's chalk to write the name of the thief on the blackboard, the boys and girls could hardly be kept in order by the frowns and signs of their teacher.

"Now, children, see the name of the thief who is always at your heels! Look out for him! Don't give him a chance to look at you."

As Uncle Harry took his leave, the children saw, printed in large letters, "PROCRASTINATION is the Thief of Time."

"DO YOUR BEST."

"WHEN I was a boy," said a gentleman, "I paid a visit one evening to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches, and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with awe. When I went to bid him good-bye, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand upon my head, said:

"Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you; will you remember it?"

"I looked into his face and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud.

"Well," he continued, 'whatever you do, do the best you can.'

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me; and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words; and I

believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Robert and me some weeding to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Robert, vexed and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work; and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word, I did my best. And when my uncle came out,—I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my beds, or the fourpence he slipped into my hand afterward, as he said my work was well done. Ah! I was a glad and thankful boy; while poor Robert was left to drudge over his weeds all the afternoon.

"At fifteen, I was sent to an academy, where I had partly to earn the money to pay for being taught. The lessons seemed hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers of a situation for me before the year was out. When I joined the Church, I tried to do the Lord's work as well as I could; and often when I have been tempted to leave the Sabbath-school, or let a hinderance keep me from a prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage, and I would again try."

Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will do wonders. It will bring out powers which will delight yourselves and friends. "Do your best," or, as the Bible says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

EASTERN PROVERBS.

HATRED does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandal-wood, nor of a bottle of Tagasa oil; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and if another con-

quer himself, he is the greater conqueror. One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint.

If a man does what is good slothfully, his mind delights in evil. Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come near unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed.

He who holds back rising anger, like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

A man is not an elder because his head is gray; his age may be ripe, but he is called "old-in-vain."

THE FOX AND THE PEACOCK.

SLV Reynard, taking once his morning stroll,
Espied a peacock on a grassy knoll;
He bow'd with grave solemnity, and said:
"Good morrow, monarch of this pleasant glade.
Let me once more behold
The glowing green and gold
Of that resplendent tail,
Which, like a living rainbow, lights the vale;
O let me gaze upon those hundred eyes
Whose beauty yields an ever fresh surprise.

Of course, so brave a bird can sing
A song to match the splendor of each feather;
For it is quite the thing
For skill and grace like thine to go together.

And if in song thou dost excel
All other birds (the lark sings pretty well),
You might aspire to reach the sky,
For, if you try, you could not fail to fly;
And rise to our delighted eyes,
Like some colossal bird of Paradise!"

"'T is very true," the silly bird replied,
And strutted in the grandeur of his pride;

"No gentleman can deem
My song a wretched scream;
And as for soaring,—well, I think I might
Take my bold flight
With the strong eagle to his cloudy height,
Only,—I never tried.
But, now, my very courtly friend to please,
I'll spread my pinions on the morning breeze."

And saying so, he flew
Up in the air, and threw
A somersault or two,
Then tumbled down with hideous wail,
And broke the finest feathers of his tail.

LOUIS XVII.

THERE is no end to the stories about the mysterious disappearance and reappearance of royal personages. The unhappy son of Louis XVI has been the subject of many a story; and there are no doubt plenty of intelligent persons now living who believe in the fiction, that we have all heard more or less vaguely, that the young prince escaped after all, and was, many years afterward, found alive and well—a mature man—somewhere among the red Indians.

There is, however, no ground for doubt that the poor boy died in the prison of the Temple, when he was about ten years old. The tale is too well known almost to bear repetition. That the child was given over to the care of a citizen-cobbler, named Simon; that Simon did his best to brutalize and degrade the little prisoner, teaching him all the bad things he could, and doing his best to wipe out of his pupil's mind all the good he had learned; that this victim of the Terror died in prison of dirt and misery just as a better day was dawning for France,—who does not know this melancholy story? The wretched Dauphin was born in March, 1785, and died in June, 1795. There was a fancy at the time that he had been poisoned, but his body was opened and examined, and there is no doubt that he died a natural death,—if the treatment which he had received in prison, and which killed him, can be called natural.

Young Louis was, it appears, a promising little boy. The pretty little anecdotes of his childhood are as well known as the story of his imprisonment and death, so that one almost fears to repeat them. There is one about his father's taking him out into the woods one day, and purposely deserting him at a distance of some miles from the Château de Rambouillet, in order to see if he could find his way home with no help but that of a pocket compass. Attendants, in the disguise of peasants, were set to watch that he came to no harm, and the little fellow, after losing himself several times, reached home in time for a very late dinner. He had been out so long, however, that his father had begun to get fidgety, and was keeping an anxious lookout, telescope in hand. As Louis XVI was very fond of geography and similar studies, this is a probable story. And so is

that about the Dauphin teasing a page by taking his watch away and throwing it into the water, and then, when he saw the page was vexed, giving him his own watch, which was covered with jewels.

The saddest part of the whole history is not the misery and early death of this young prince, but the success which Simon, his jailor and tutor, had in making him, from a good boy, into a bad one. Poor little fellow! perhaps some of you may say he was too young for *that* to be any wonder; but when I read of him as a mere child myself, I know I used to wonder whether he had ever been taught any thing like the hymn my mother taught me:

“Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.”

Ah, it is a heart-breaking story, and I have sometimes wished I had never known a word of it! But it is a great pleasure to believe that this poor little fellow's goodness of heart was not killed out of him by his base and wicked “tutor.” And perhaps you may get more cheerful thoughts out of the whole history than I have ever been able to do. It is hard enough to ill-treat a child at all,—it is enough to make the blood boil; but to ill-treat and make him wicked too,—it is enough to make the blood flow backward.

P. DOHERTY.

THE SEASONS.

WHICH would you rather be without,
The Winter, the Summer, the Autumn, the Spring?
O, do not leave one of them out,—
Who ever heard of such a thing?

The Spring is good before the Summer;
And then the Autumn is a pleasant comer;
Next is Winter, with cold and rain;
And then it begins all over again!

Violets, primroses,
Big roses, slim roses,
Tiger lilies, and hollyhocks bold;
And soon comes the snow, the white flower of the cold!

Springs, Summers, Autumns, Winters,
Make up the years and their adventures;
The tale is telling, and never is told!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

CAGED birds are favorite household pets. *Holden's Book on Birds* is a neatly bound descriptive catalogue of the birds most usually tamed and imprisoned,—the canary, the linnet, the finches, the lark, the robin, the starling, the parrot, the mocking-bird, and many others,—with directions for taming and training, advice to purchasers as to the best birds, the kind of cages to use, the kinds of food needful, diseases, hurts, and remedies, teaching talking birds to speak; with a full price-list, and pictures of thirty different kinds of cages. Birds may be purchased in Boston, and sent by express to any part of the country. Charles F. Holden, author; New York Bird Store, publishers; 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

Every-day Religion is the title of the last volume of Sermons delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, by T. DeWitt Talmage, revised from phonographic reports. In his Preface, Mr. Talmage thanks the Christian newspapers which each week put his sermons before one million three hundred and eighty thousand readers in Great Britain and the United States, thus enabling him to preach Christ to multitudes whom he never expects to meet this side of the judgment. Here are over thirty discourses brimful of the author's peculiar power,—more than three months' preaching for two dollars! A beautiful book for the library, and a profitable one for the mind and heart. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Oriental is a unique work, being a collection of Eastern melodies, ancient and traditional, now first arranged for Christian service by Dr. William J. Wetmore. Many of the airs have a Jewish origin. Choirs in search of set pieces with which to open religious services will find here brief anthems, chants, and antiphonals, some of which are very ancient, affording vivid ideas of the union of the Jewish and primitive Churches. The insertion of modern music and recent compositions does not improve the work, infringes its design, and spoils its unity. These, however, are few in number, and

may be borne with for the sake of the evidently and quaintly antique. (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond Street, New York.)

SUSAN COOLIDGE is a successful writer of children's books. *Nine Little Gostings* (Roberts Brothers, Boston) is nine nice little stories, with the names of several of the old nursery rhymes for titles. Children read her books with equal avidity and profit. Put up in the same style of binding, blue muslin trimmed with gilt, and at the same price, \$1.50, by the same publishers, is a nice child-book titled *Jolly Good Times*; or, *Life on a Farm*, by P. Thorne, a *nom-de-plume*, we rather guess, for the copyright-ist, or some one of the same name, who resides not a hundred miles from Cincinnati. The writer has been there, in the heart of Massachusetts, and been a child, and has romped on a farm, if she has not worked on a farm, and has the art to transfer home-life to canvas in a most attractive manner. Her book is no imitation. Its scenes are all drawn from real life; nice pictures of New England farm-life; lively remembrances of Colonial times and Indian war history. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WHITTIER again! in glorious holiday-dress, and the contents worthy of the dress; the jewel fitted to the settings, the picture grandly framed! *Mabel Martin*, a revision of the poem of the "Witch's Daughter," a harvest idyl; the touching story of the sufferings of a maiden for her mother's sake, tragic in interest almost to the end, when the tables turn, and marriage and happiness follow. The mechanical execution is superb. Price, five dollars. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

DR. HOLLAND is a successful story writer. *Seven Oaks* is well plotted, the characters are well defined and well sustained, and the interest is maintained unflaggingly to the end. In Belcher, the Mephistopheles of the play, the writer has rolled together half a dozen Fifth Avenue adventurers and Wall Street speculators, or, rather, has wrought snatches of portraiture from each into his

sketch. His Yankee trapper is almost funny, but seldom stirs the risibles, not even in the court-room scene, where his shrewdness is more than a match for the unprincipled New York lawyer. The old comparison for legal knowledge, "tricky as a Philadelphia lawyer," is antiquated. Philadelphia must yield the palm to New York these days. Doctor Holland's Cavenish is the type of a class that mind themselves like their clients, by ways that will not bear scrutiny. (Scribner & Armstrong, New York; Western Tract Society, Cincinnati.)

MANY persons can speak and write sensibly, and with force, who know but little of the graces of literature, and seldom indulge in the loftier figures of speech. It is often supposed that figures are the mark of a weak style; that those who use them do so to hide the paucity of their ideas; that they are like a veneering, equally beautiful and equally thin; that the strong writer is the bald, accurate, correct, and straightforward thinker, who puts his sentiments in the fewest words, and them the commonest in use. To such persons, the mathematician who read "Paradise Lost" and pronounced it "very fine; but what does it prove?" would be considered the primest of critics. Poetry and rhetoric would be banished from their world. Even cadence in speech would have no charm, and eloquence be an impertinence. To those who think otherwise, Professor John Walker Vilant Macbeth's *Might and Mirth of Literature* (Harpers, New York) will prove a most interesting and amusing book. It is a treatise on figurative language, and contains illustrations of over two hundred figures, selected from upward of six hundred writers. It is also interspersed with historical notices of the progress of language, with anecdotes of many of the authors, and with discussions of the fundamental principles of criticism, and the weapons of oratory. There are figures of etymology, of syntax, and of rhetoric. The chief of these are usually described in our school grammar-books; but Professor Macbeth so cuts up language and parcels it out that we can scarcely write a sentence without using some figure. They come to us unconsciously. Our commonest terms are

figures. We never talk of the foot of a hill, or a stroke of the sun, or the arm of a chair, without introducing into our speech a figure. But apart from these there are many that are the *might* of literary style. So also many are its *mirth*. Puns, conundrums, jokes, quirks, and riddles are a species of figure, and have a legitimate use. Of figures there are many in poetry, many in prose. The Bible abounds in them. The venerable Bede wrote a treatise on the "Figures of Sacred Scripture," and before his time Alcuin had taught them in his lectures on rhetoric. Rutilius Lupus, Aquila Romanus, and Julius Rufinianus composed works on figures of thought and speech, and named many kinds in the catalogues which they gave. But Professor Macbeth has marshaled them all before us in better array, and in a more understandable manner. We are not right sure, however, that the student of style will learn from this book to use any new tropes, or to adopt a more figurative language in what he writes, but he may at least learn to name what he has already known to use.

PERHAPS no portion of our history is more romantic, or abounds in more thrilling incidents, than that part which relates to the planting of the Church in the wilderness. Pioneer times possess peculiar charms to the historian. He delights to dwell upon the hair-breadth escapes, the daring deeds, the intrepid conduct, of the early emigrants, and the savage prowess of the Indians. The adventures of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, the slaughter of Yellow Creek, and the massacre of Colonel Crawford, the defeat of St. Clair, and the victory of Mad Anthony Wayne, are told and retold, and we never weary of the sad or triumphant details as we shudder at the one and rejoice in the other. But seldom are the greater victories of the cross, and the equally daring adventures of the pioneer itinerant preachers, told. It is only here and there that we get a glimpse of their work, where we are not in personal contact with it or its results. And yet no history is complete which does not record the progress of religion in society. It may be yet too early to write up our Western history at large; but one of the most valuable contributions toward it is the *History of*

Methodism in Tennessee, in three duodecimo volumes, by John B. M'Ferrin, D. D. (A. H. Redford, Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee.) The author has made good use of his materials, and these he has gathered with great labor and diligence. Little scraps, which otherwise might seem to be of no account, often furnish him a valuable fact, or a desired date; and they fall, through his care, into their proper places in his narrative. In its progress, we meet with many a name "familiar in our mouths as household words;" and the record of their toils and successes, their sturdy faith and warm attachments, their simple manners and godlike deportment, is like a well-painted and well-hung picture. The history of the Church is not alone made up of the lives of her ministers; and Dr. M'Ferrin makes worthy mention of the lay fathers and lay mothers of our infant societies. In many neighborhoods, the formation of a class, through the efforts of some obscure layman, was the beginning of a strong Church; and often, as the early itinerants traveled from settlement to settlement, they found homes where God's people dwelt, and where they were invited to tarry and preach. The circuits were thus constantly enlarging; new preaching-places were formed, new classes established, new converts enrolled, and new work laid out; so that a constant re-enforcement was required. In 1783, there was but one Methodist itinerant on this side of the Alleghanies; in 1800, there were twenty. Ten years later, so rapid was the progress of Methodism in the West, there were more than this number in Tennessee alone. The growth and progress of the Church in that State is well shown in these volumes, and they will repay perusal. The history is brought down to the year 1840.

Daily Thoughts. Under this title, J. V. D. Shurts has arranged, in a volume of five hundred pages, some of the choicest of the sayings of that vigorous thinker and original talker, Rev. DeWitt Talmage, in the form of daily readings, a novel and yet useful mode of popularizing useful thoughts. He commences with January 1st, and ends with December 31st, so that by reading a brief passage each day, the reader compasses the

book without effort within the year. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

ALWAYS upon the approach of the holidays the book publishers find their best trade and print the most books. In the line of juveniles there is increased activity. Not only Sunday-schools are to be furnished with Christmas presents, but the children of our numerous families are to be supplied; and the giving of holiday presents is a custom more widely extending every year. Among the volumes issued in time for this purpose are the following from the press of those enterprising publishers, the Carters, of New York: *Elsie's Santa Claus*, a tender little story, by Joanna H. Mathews; *Bread and Oranges*, and *The Rapids of Niagara*, both by the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" and *Fred and Jennie*, by Jenny Drinkwater.

The Catskill Fairies; fairy tales equal to those of Grimm, Andersen, or the "Arabian Nights," by Virginia M. Johnson, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, elegantly done up in cloth, green and gold. A book for children, the holidays, and the center-table. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Mind and Words of Jesus. Faithful Promises, Morning and Night Watches; a series of religious reflections and essays, most elegantly bound, by Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D. (Robert Carter & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Sermons Out of Church, a volume of characteristic essays by Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Odd One, a story of stewardship, dedicated to "doers of the Word, and not hearers only," by A. M. Mitchell Payne. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Brentford Parsonage, a domestic story by the author of "Win and Wear Series." (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Way we Live Now, a novel, by Anthony Trollope. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR, the Grand Centennial of our nation, opens auspiciously for our beloved REPOSITORY. It enters upon the thirty-sixth year of its existence with brilliant hopes and lofty aims. Of its past record it has every reason to be proud. The contents of the present number will give our readers an idea of the variety with which we intend to present them during the coming year. No need for us to descant upon the merits of each article,—proof enough that we thought each good and worthy of attention, or it would not have been placed before you. While you, reader, may not find on every page reading exactly to your liking, we feel assured that you can not fail to discover somewhere in this number something which has its special attractions for you, for we think we have not failed in our aim to consider the interests of each household member. The number is before you,—examine for yourself, and prove our words true.

The most hopeful of our secular papers do not hesitate to declare that we have reached the "bitter end" of financial depression, and prophesy rise. Let us lay side and shoulder to every Church interest, lift all of them out of the ruts, and give them an impulse forward that shall be worthy of the glorious '76.

THE WAY TO WINNOW HYMNS.—In his "Hymnology," Mr. David Creamer tells us how Mr. Wesley winnowed hymns. A mercenary bookseller surreptitiously published a collection of the popular sacred poems of the Wesleys, interspersed with others. Conference advised Mr. Wesley to republish the volume himself. He did so, and says, "out of two hundred and thirty-two hymns, I have omitted thirty-seven. These I did not dare to palm upon the world because fourteen of them appeared to me very flat and dull, fourteen more were prose tagged with rhyme, and nine more grievous doggerel. Some of these, especially two, that are doggerel double distilled, I am told are hugely admired and continually echoed from Berwick-on-Tweed to London. I am sorry for it; it will bring deep reproach on the judgment of the

Methodists. I dare not increase that reproach by countenancing, in any degree, such an insult on religion and common sense, and I earnestly entreat all our preachers not only never to give them out, but to discountenance them by all prudent means, both in public and in private."

Creamer gives one of these rejected hymns. The first verse has not a rhyme in it; the others are better; and the whole thing fifty per cent above the average of the spiritual songs of the shilling note-books and manuals of the present day. We give the second and fourth verses. From these let the reader judge.

"Had I a Gabriel's heavenly tongue,
Jesus' love should be my song;
Author of my present peace,
Fountain of eternal bliss;
Happy now beyond degree,
While I feel he died for me,—
When his richest grace I prove,
All my soul dissolves in love.

From thy fullness me supply;
All my nature sanctify;
Let me all thy goodness prove,
All the saving power of love;
My whole soul with love inflame,
While I sing my Savior's name;
Who from sin hath set me free
In the Gospel liberty."

It would save the Church some disgrace, if not a few of its modern compilations could come under its classic founder's critical scalpel.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.—In January, 1776, no man stood a fairer chance to be one of the foremost heroes of the American Revolution than Benedict Arnold. The season calls for reminiscences, and we shall probably have no fitter occasion than the present to note a few facts in the history of one on whom posterity has fixed the brand of traitor. His public acts are familiar and soon told. Besides aiding in the capture of Ticonderoga, and pushing an expedition to Quebec in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, he was a conspicuous actor in the battle of Saratoga, at which Burgoyne surrendered, October 17, 1777. At the beginning of 1779 he was court-martialed for

rapacity and oppression while in command at Philadelphia, and sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington. In July, 1780, he obtained by pretense of patriotism, command of West Point, and entered upon his well-known scheme to surrender this important defense to the British, which resulted in the death of André, and the escape of Arnold from the halter he so richly deserved. He died in London, June 14, 1801 (another authority says Brampton, June 20th). He was born in Norwich, Connecticut, 1740 (1741?). His mother died when he was eighteen, "a pattern of piety, patience, and virtue," says her tombstone: "a saint on earth," said one who knew her, "and now a saint in heaven." When he was away at school at fourteen, a letter of his mother's says, "Let your first concern be to make your peace with God," and "keep a steady watch over your thoughts, words, and actions." His father died when he was twenty. When he was a boy he was "bold, enterprising, ambitious, active as lightning, and with a ready wit always at command. In every kind of sport, especially if mischief was to be perpetrated, he was a dauntless ringleader, as despotic among boys as an absolute monarch." Many stories are told of his youthful pranks, recklessness, and daring. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a druggist, and, when his time was out, voyaged to the West Indies and to England, and finally married and set up a store in New Haven. His sign is still shown to the curious in the museum of the "City of Elms." He was a popular leader in all martial reviews, and, at the news of the battle of Lexington, was one of the first to post to Boston to offer his services to the country. He is represented as "ostentatious, reckless, insincere, self-seeking, ambitious, extravagant, fiery," with as little balance of moral principle as his famous contemporary, and coadjutor at the attack on Quebec, Aaron Burr. In our youth we used to pass, almost daily, the house in which Arnold was born and reared. It had the reputation of being haunted. A few relics of the family were still living, notably, two aged nieces, whom it was the delight of school-boys to annoy and persecute in order to elicit the fiery passion and torrent of billingsgate sure to be poured forth, by the elder of the

two lone sisters, on the slightest provocation. Their brother, Oliver Arnold, nephew of Benedict, is locally numbered as a rhymester of extempore doggerel. Called on for a sentiment at a supper, where the host had slighted his own brother on account of his poverty, Oliver got off the following:

"Captain Wheat made a treat,
And all the rich invited;
But such poor men
As his brother Ben
Are certain to be slighted."

Chopping kindlings at his door one Sunday morning, he was taken to do, by a Miss Charlotte Tracy, for violating the Sabbath. This jingle was ready:

"I'm very good at chopping wood,
Oak, maple, pine, and birch,
But sure I'd forgot
That Miss Charlotte
Had lately joined the Church."

In New Haven, he was introduced to Joel Barlow, who had acquired considerable reputation by an altered edition of Watts's psalms and hymns. Barlow asked him to extemporize, on which Oliver instantly rhymed:

"You've proved yourself a sinful creature,
You've murdered Watts, and spoiled the meter;
You've dared the Word of God to alter,
And for your pains deserve a halter."

HEROES OF '76.—Every stage of the war for Independence furnished new actors. It concerns us at this moment to look at those who occupied the foreground one hundred years ago the present month. Besieged Boston was the center of the now fairly inaugurated war. Four of Britain's most distinguished generals—Gage, Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton—held the city firmly, with eleven thousand men, and a formidable fleet in the harbor. A line, twelve miles long, was maintained by seventeen to twenty thousand insurgent Americans, "minute men," "sons of liberty," militia men, raw recruits, with wretched arms, and often not half a dozen rounds of gunpowder per man, commanded by Washington, appointed leader by Congress the May previous. Just at the close of the year, Washington has heard that the British meditate an attack westward, perhaps on New York, and he is studying how to checkmate their designs in that direction. The last day of '75 was made memorable by

the death of Montgomery before Quebec, where Wolfe and Montcalm had fallen sixteen years before. Benedict Arnold was the hero of the hour. The May previous, in conjunction with Ethan Allen, he had surprised and taken Ticonderoga. During the Fall he had started from Boston with eleven hundred men to ascend the Kennebec River, and penetrate the pathless woods of Maine and Canada, in a march of thirty-one days, without sight of human habitation, said by a British authority to be "one of the boldest military exploits on record." Wounded in the same battle in which his commander was slain, Arnold is protecting the remnant of his troops against the severities of a Canadian Winter, as he best can, a short remove from Quebec. The cooped-up British are using Boston churches for barracks, and burning houses for fire-wood, and the inhabitants are suffering all sorts of privation from scarcity and high prices. Boston, then a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, was soon to be relieved of their invaders, and New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were to come in for their share in the discomforts and terrors of military occupation.

INFLATION AND DECLINE.—If any one wants a striking exhibit of the effect of retiring coin, and substituting paper in its place, he will find it in the singular fluctuations of the missionary collections during the war and after. In 1862, the four conferences in Ohio were averaging thirty to fifty-five cents a member in the annual missionary collections. During the four years of the strife they rose to about double that average, and then steadily declined. In 1865, eighty thousand Methodists gave over seventy thousand dollars to the missionary cause. In 1874, one hundred and twelve thousand Methodists give forty thousand three hundred dollars. The Churches in the four conferences have increased thirty thousand in membership, and yet give only about half the missionary money they gave ten years ago. At this gait, how long will it take to touch the bottom of the missionary treasury, and how long to cut appropriations down to zero?

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1876.—These have been before the Church for some months. It will be necessary to ad-

vance in collections all along the line, if we would sustain the missions, extinguish the debt of the society, and save ourselves the mortification of such a cutting down scene as we witnessed last November. It was painful in the extreme, when mission after mission, domestic and foreign, put in the plea for more, to see them cut down even from the meagre sum allowed last year for their support and the extension of the work. The average of missionary collections has been on the decline long enough. Isn't it about time the tide turned? It will turn if pastors will not wait for missionary secretaries to come into their charges and do the work which they themselves ought to do. We need more action and less criticism and less talk.

THE GOLDEN HOURS.—One of the most interesting and reliable of our monthly visitors is published by Hitchcock & Walden, at the extremely low price of one dollar and sixty cents a volume. This beautiful magazine furnishes to boys and girls a pure and healthful literature, richly illustrated; a moderate amount of brain work in the form of puzzles, charades, and the like; and a deal of wholesome advice from the symbol of wisdom enthroned in Owldom. The managing editor, Miss H. V. Osborne, is fully alive to the wants of the little folks, and not unmindful of the tastes of the older ones, so that the magazine keeps the happy mean between childishness and pedantry. A great variety of books is not within the reach of every parent's purse. The peculiar province of this magazine appears to be to furnish to each member of the household that which his individuality requires. A book once read loses its charm and is thrown aside, but the magazine, with its twelve visits a year, is a continual source of anticipation and delight. The **GOLDEN HOURS** should be in every household.

BISHOP ASBURY.—For the following unpublished anecdotes of Bishop Asbury we are indebted to the venerable John F. Wright, of the Cincinnati Conference. He says:

"Upon one occasion the Bishop attended a camp-meeting in Virginia, where a certain preacher and his wife were both present. She seemed very much opposed to her husband's earnest labors in promoting the work

of God, and endeavoring to rescue deathless souls from the bondage of sin. Her opposition was so marked, and the restraining influence which she had over him was so evident, that the more zealous ladies of the encampment became greatly distressed on account of it. It was not long until they entered a praying-circle, with a number of mourners in their midst. The preacher in question led the devotions. His wife, as usual, was near his side; and several of the sisters were there too, watching, it must be confessed, rather than praying. His zeal led him to offer up his prayers and supplication with strong crying, so that his voice was strained to the highest pitch. His wife, alarmed at his exertion, suddenly thrust her handkerchief over his mouth to restrain him. This action the sisters deemed insufferable, and a few of their number were selected to report her case to the Bishop, in order that he might interpose his authority, and use his influence to change, if possible, her conduct. When the matter was laid before him, he softly replied, 'Perhaps she may thus prolong his life and labors in the ministry.' She certainly understood, or at least heeded, better than her husband, Mr. Wesley's caution about speaking 'too long and too loud.'

"In the year 1815, while I was traveling the Hanover Circuit, in Virginia, I heard a very talented minister preach, by the name of Richard Ferguson. He was a native of Ireland, and had license as a local preacher. The common opinion was, that he did not like to be governed by the rules relating to that class of ministers, and seemed desirous of making his own appointments, and arranging his own plan of labor, without consulting the preacher in charge. Many of the ministers and people of the Church objected to this course, and some of them applied to Bishop Asbury, as he was passing through their circuit, to have an interview with him, and instruct him more perfectly in regard to his official relations. It happened to be not long before the close of the Bishop's life, when he was racked with inflammatory rheumatism, and suffered greatly. The Bishop consented, and the interview was had. He instructed the brother as to his position in the Church, gave him some admonitions, and perhaps administered a reprimand. Mr. Ferguson responded: 'Sir,

we respectfully submit to have you admonish, reprove, and even rebuke us for our faults; but after all, do let us have an example of patience.' The Bishop saw the point, and mildly rejoined, 'Well, but what is a man to do when his bones are broken?'

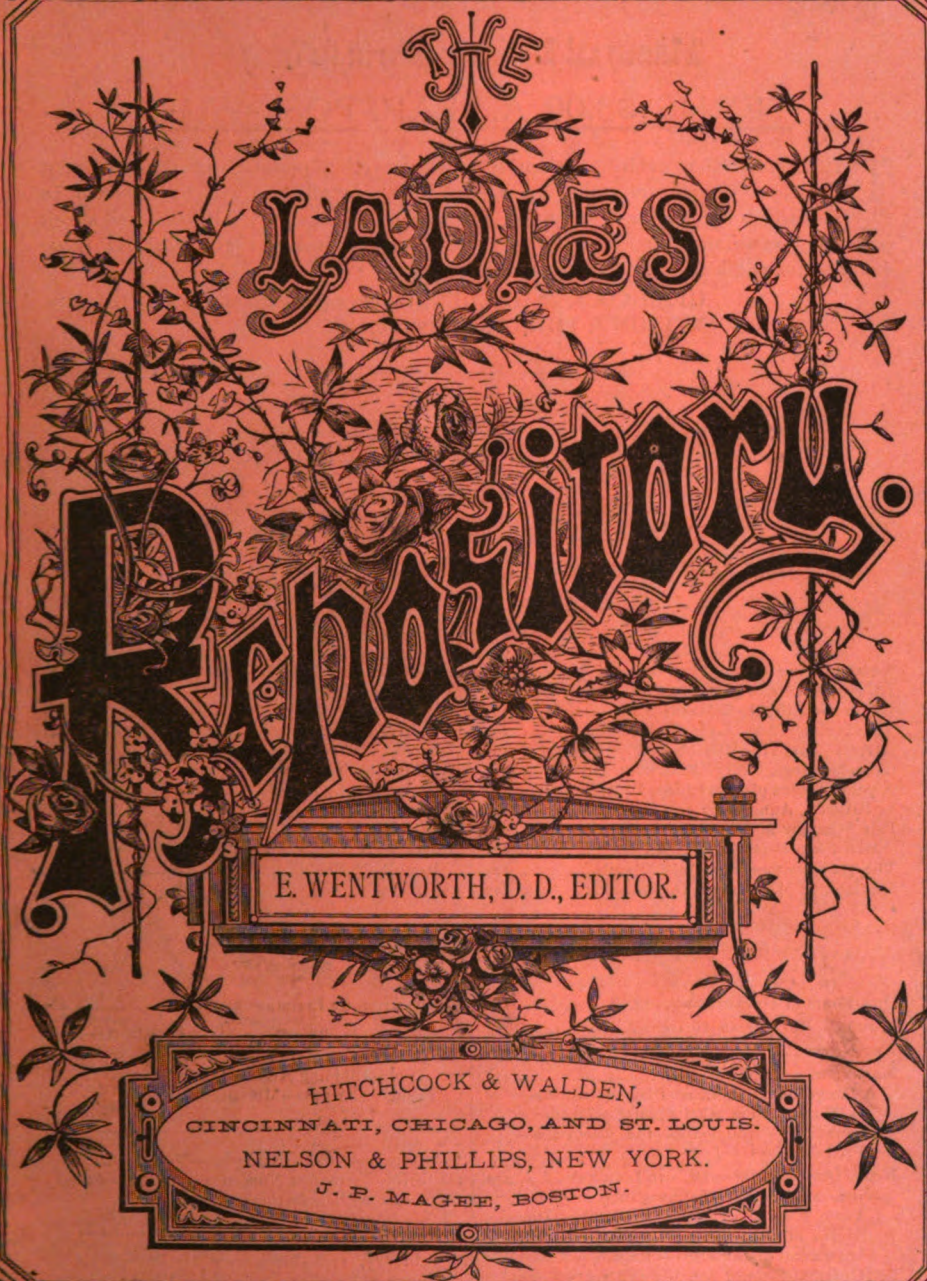
OUR ENGRAVINGS.—A lovely scene is this of the *Cumberland Mountains*, near Brownsville, Pennsylvania. It is one of those quiet, peaceful retreats which the noise of the great world never reaches, which the shams and masks of society never deform, and where one feels not the jostle and push of the selfish crowd. Lifted above the common level, the fields present a more pleasing aspect; the water sparkles and flashes in the pure sunlight; the golden haze crowns all like a glory, and nature and man seem once more at concord.

Modern travelers have not yet identified all the places connected with the exode of the Israelites from Egypt. Even so prominent a point as Sinai is in dispute. Half a dozen distinct mountain peaks have been suggested; but the weight of evidence rather favors the place described in our vignette.

OUR PORTRAIT OF M'KENDREE will be new to most of the readers of this generation, who have seen no other than the one engraved from the painting by Paradise. It was painted by King, and was originally engraved in folio size, on copper, by David Edwin; prints from which were copyrighted and published in 1814, by Samuel Kennedy, Philadelphia. From one of these prints our picture is reproduced. For its use we are indebted to our assistant editor, in the family of whose father, the late Samuel Williams, it has been preserved for sixty years. We are sure the Church will welcome this portrait of one of her chief ministers with satisfaction. It better produces the peculiar expression of that venerable servant of God than the one with which we have long been familiar; and good judges, who knew the Bishop personally, say that it is a capital likeness. The Paradise portrait is fearfully literal. The stiff coat-collar seems to threaten to cut off the good Bishop's ears—the forelock plastered down on the forehead looks as though he had been in the hands of a Roundhead barber in the middle of the seventeenth century.

FEBRUARY,

1876.



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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A BOOK recently written by an old acquaintance, Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, Trinity College, Dublin, has called our attention to this subject, and will furnish us with a great part of what is valuable in this article. Perhaps there is no historical field where we moderns feel ourselves more at home than in that of Greece. There is something weird and fantastic in the disjointed sentences of the Egyptian moralist; the land of the pyramids and the sphinx and the shepherd-kings and the Pharaohs is dry and dead as its own mummied dust; and its literature, represented by its "Book of the Dead," could never breathe the breath of life in the atmosphere of our modern literature. Rome shows us strength and energy, but lacks the flexibility and refinement of culture. The confused metaphors of the Hebrew prophet show, that were he transplanted into our life and taught our language, he would still be completely at a loss to follow the reasonings of our ordinary writers. Ezekiel or Amos could not move in modern society, and it is improbable that even Cicero would be a success. But Aristotle or Socrates or Aristophanes would be at once at home if introduced to our moral and social questions, and would very soon be up to the times in poetry and fiction. Even the barons and priests of the

Middle Ages have far less affinity for us than the ancient Greeks. Cœur de Lion, Thomas à Becket, the Black Prince, or Louis XI would be sorely shocked and perplexed by "the satire and skepticism of our modern society, the decay of fixed belief, the omnipotence of free discussion, as shown by desk and platform, the rule of private interest over patriotism and self-sacrifice," our commerce and speculation, debate and diplomacy. But all this would be congenial to the cultured Greek. He would recognize the teaching of his nation at the foundation of all our poetry, architecture, and painting; he would find Herodotus, in some respects, as modern as Livingstone; and he would peruse systems of mental science which had not outgrown the authority of Socrates and Plato, and which owed much of their method to Aristotle.

Our only very definite improvement upon Attic Greece is in morals, and, I think, it is plain that our improvement there is not a mere *natural growth*. It is not true that ancient civilization contained the germ of our modern heightened respect for divine law and sympathy with human suffering. Among the Greeks, as among the barbarians, morality was divorced from religion. Our modern ethics and the practical observance of them do not spring from the

ancient by a process of evolution. Grecian culture was as full-grown as our own. Ours is superior only because it has been infused with Christianity. A dwarf-pine, transplanted from within the arctic-circle or from the snow-line of the Alps to our American forests, will never equal the pines of Maine or Michigan. It is perfect according to the light and heat it had, and, once full-grown, no sun can be so warm, no air so genial, no loam so rich, as to increase its stature one cubit. So Attic culture reached its full though stunted growth. It died, and a new civilization was born, having for the constellation of its horoscope the cross, its breath of life the spirit of Christ, and immeasurably superior to all earlier civilizations in this at least, that it appears, like the soul of man, to be gifted "with the power of an endless life," and the more magnificent the dimensions of its growth the more marvelous becomes the rate of its progress.

But we must not forget that our topic is *social* Greece; and we naturally begin with the Greeks of the Homeric Age. And here we must guard against taking Homer's pictures, in all their bold outline and brilliant coloring, as representing the exact condition of the Greeks among whom he lived. The epic poets composed works for recitation at the courts of kings and chiefs. They were intended to honor these chiefs by extolling the deeds and lives of their ancestors. So an ideal state had to be described, differing from the poet's own experience in the more frequent interference of the gods, in the larger size and strength of the heroes, and in the greater valor of their deeds. Besides this, the rank and file of the people, both in war and peace, on the battle-field and in the agora, is treated as of almost no account. There is not a single instance in the "Iliad" of a chief being wounded by an ignoble hand. Still we must remember that divine power which enables the artist to observe and copy nature faithfully, and yet modify and color it, just as the rising or setting sun can gild with imperial

beauty the huge, misshapen rock in mid ocean.

The knights of the Middle Ages, with whom the Homeric heroes are sometimes compared, used to sum up their idea of moral perfection in one word, HONOR,—a term for which there is no equivalent in Greek. This word implied a readiness to contend against all odds, and to encounter death, rather than yield one inch from his post. The man of honor must be free from the stain of a single lie, must ever be ready to help the weak and distressed, and must with his whole heart obey God and the king. The component parts of HONOR, then, were *courage*, truth, compassion, and loyalty.

Let us now measure the Homeric heroes by this standard. Their *courage* resembled the French rather than the Anglo-Saxon type. It was dependent on excitement, and vanished quickly before depression and delay. With the exception of Achilles and Diomedes, all the chiefs in the "Iliad" are subject to panics, and fly before the enemy. And even Achilles flies in fear from the pursuit of the river Scamander; but this is rather the dread of an ignoble death, as he himself says, than proper cowardice. This vacillating bravery meets us all through Greek history. The Athenians, who Herodotus says were the first to look the barbarians in the face, are frequently seized with panics, and run for their lives.

As regards the low standard of *truth* among the Greeks, there is little room for controversy. In the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," to deceive an enemy is meritorious;—to deceive a stranger, innocent; to deceive a friend, unobjectionable, if any object was to be gained. It is said, to the credit of Menelaus, that he *will* tell the truth, if you press him, "for he is very considerate" (πεινυμένος). But whether round Troy or in Olympus, the whole Homeric society is full of guile and falsehood.

The third element in honor, *compassion*, appears to have been delegated to

Zeus, whose various amusements, however, often prevented him from attending to his business. The Homeric gentleman, of whose refinement and delicate politeness Grote and Gladstone tell us so much, knew little pity for the widow, the orphan, and the decrepit or aged. What more plaintive lament is there in all the domain of literature than that of Andromache over Hector? Take a few lines of it:

"For though he [the orphan child, Hector] 'scape
this tearful war with Greece,
Yet naught for him remains but ceaseless woe,
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.
No young companions own the orphan boy;
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedewed with tears,
His father's friends approaching, pinched with want,
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
He plucks the cloak: perchance in pity some
May at their tables let him sip the cup,
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch:
While youths with both surviving parents blest
May drive him from their feast with blows and
taunts:
Begone, thy father sits not at our board!" etc.

We feel painfully the beauty of the following simile, showing the sad fate of the Homeric widow: "As when a woman weeps, falling upon the body of her dear husband, who had fallen before his city, and commanding his people, defending the town and his children from the pitiless day [of slavery]. She then, seeing him gasping in death, casts her arms about him with piercing cries. But they [the enemy], striking her with spears on the back and shoulders, bring her into slavery, to have sorrow and misery, and her cheeks waste with piteous woe."

As is well known, when a town was captured, the noblest and fairest ladies, whether married or not, became the property of the victors. Such a fate, though felt as a lamentable misfortune, was in no sense considered a disgrace to the Greek lady, of which she would afterward be ashamed. Neither Briseis nor Chryseis seem the least disgraced by their residence in the Greek camp; and, still worse, Helen, after living for years with Paris, is then handed over to Deiphobus, and finally taken back by Menelaus without scruple or difficulty. Neither

Chaucer nor Shakspeare, in their story of Troilus and Cressida, sufficiently recognizes this significant fact. The case of Penelope confirms this view of the law of force so constraining the Homeric lady that all delicate feeling, "however ornamental to the surface of society, vanished in stern practice." It was hateful to her to marry one of the rude and ungentlemanly suitors, who thrust their attentions upon her in her grief. Yet if Ulysses were surely dead, there was no help; she must pass into their hands, whether she chose it or not.

Not less characteristic is the treatment of old age. The king or chief, as soon as his bodily vigor passed away, was pushed aside by younger men. We see even Laertes, whose son Ulysses might be expected some day to return and avenge his father's wrongs, exiled to a barren farm in the country, and spending the close of his life, not in honor and comfort, but in poverty and hardship.

The idea of *loyalty* is not unknown to Homer's men and women. Achilles and Penelope are in the highest sense loyal; the one to his friend Patroclus, the other to her husband Ulysses. But the chiefs, in general, are woefully deficient in that chivalrous quality. I shall not lay stress on their want of conjugal fidelity; but in their treatment of Agamemnon the want of loyalty is specially prominent, showing that lack of veneration for merely great personages which is seen later in full bloom in Athens and the United States of America. Achilles is always ready to insult him. Among the gods in Olympus there is similar disloyalty. Zeus rules over a number of turbulent, self-willed, lesser gods, who are perpetually trying to evade and thwart his commands. They would be a treasure to a modern politician, for they are true to one thing only, and that is, their *party*.

The Greeks and Romans wisely laid great stress on the habits of the table as indicative of civilization; and we find it noted of such mythical humanizers as Orpheus, the musician, that they had induced men to improve their manners at

table. The appointments of the Homeric feasts were simple, but not unrefined. Each guest generally had a small table to himself, well cleansed with sponges, and a special supply of bread. The washing of hands before eating was universal. With the exception of the large cup on the table, which was often embossed, and the work of a famous artist, we hear of no plate, or other valuables to ornament the tables. The food, however, was abundant in quantity and rude in kind; always consisting of great roast joints, and reminding us of the "mutton and damper" of the Australian squatter. There was ruddy sweet wine, mellowed by age, and esteemed for its *bouquet* and flavor; but it was always tempered with water; for bestial drunkenness was, in all ages, an offense against Greek taste. The bard was present, who sang the deeds of men of old renown, the ancestors and models of the warriors who sat before him at their tables. There were sometimes ladies present, as we see Helen and Arete at their respective courts, and the current news of the day formed the topic of conversation.

The want of regular communication between distant places was so much felt that wandering beggars evidently attained an importance similar to that of the beggars, and also of the peddlers, in Scott's novels, who combine with the trade of selling goods that of carrying news, and were even, at times, employed as confidential messengers.

There is some reason to think that, in Homer's time, hospitality was degenerating from a primitive and more generous type. Every chief was still bound to entertain a stranger, and the old hero, Nestor, lays hold of Mentor and Telemachus, when they would return to their ships for the night, and says: "Zeus forbid that you should leave me and go to your ships, as if I were a poor man, who had no wrappers and rugs for himself and his guests to sleep in comfortably." And so, when Menelaus's confidential servant (*θεραπών*) asks: "Shall we take round the horses of these noble strangers,

or send them on to some one else, to take care of them?" the noble Menelaus chides him sharply for not understanding his hospitable practices better. But both Nestor and Menelaus were gentlemen of the old school. Another hero speaks out more naively: "Of course you must receive a stranger when he comes; but who would be so foolish as to *invite* a man of his own accord, unless it were a skilled artisan," who would repay his host by his services? No one can read the account of the games in the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," without being struck with the gentleness and grace of the ideal life portrayed. The modern sporting man will be surprised at the open and gentlemanly way in which the races and other contests were conducted. To be sure, there was a little jostling, and some cheating on the part of the gods, but then we find a man's word believed that he had no unfair intention.

The women, at least among the higher classes, seem to have enjoyed much consideration. The presence of Helen among the company, her luxurious elegance, her quick tact and ability,—all these features show how fully the poets appreciated the influence of female society in softening the rude manners of the pugnacious heroes. So we are introduced to Queen Arete as a lady honored by her husband above the honor given to other ladies by their husbands, and greeted with kindly words by her people whenever she went out through the city; "for she was not wanting in good sense and discretion, and acted as a peace-maker, allaying the quarrels of men." Agamemnon had very bitter experience of his wife Clytemnestra's infidelity; and the advice put into the mouth of his ghost in Hades shows how strong was the influence and intimate the relation of married women as regards their husbands: "Take care not to speak your whole mind to your wife, but keep back something,"—an advice which is sometimes given in the present day by people who have never heard of Agamemnon. Probably, as is usual in most

communities, among the lower classes woman was more depressed in the social scale. Hesiod, who represents the lower castes, as Homer the higher, considers the worst feature of a bad wife her desire to sit at meals with her husband.

Now let us turn from Homeric times to those of the lyric poets. Social intercourse appears to stand far apart from the olden times. Moderate eating and drinking, with good conversation, had assumed, in the minds of educated Greeks, the position which they now hold in intellectual society. Of course, all noise and clamor, such as is fashionable among our university students,—at least among those of Europe,—were intolerable to Greek refinement. Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," has illustrated this point by a fine contrast:

"All within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor:
Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the frame-work of the land," etc.

Phocylides recommends light and good-humored banter over the wine-cup. Theognis wishes that he may sit at table beside some wise man, by whose conversation he will profit. Xenophanes says that at a feast he wants to hear a man talk from his own resources, either drawing from his experience, or suggesting moral discourse, and not one who marshals for you the battles of the giants or the Titans,—inventions of the ancients.

What was the position of woman in the lyric age? We do not find her at all degraded from the models of the Homeric age. There is a fragment of Simonides containing the lament of Danae, perhaps not a whit inferior, either in sentiment or diction, to the celebrated lament of Andromache, in the "Iliad," part of which I have quoted. In this exquisite lyric fragment we have the proof that the age which produced such a poem can not have been wanting in the highest type of female dignity and excellence:

"When rude around the high-wrought ark
The tempests raged, the waters dark

Around the mother tossed and swelled:
With not unmoistened cheek she held
Her Perseus in her arms, and said:
'What sorrows bow this hapless head!
Thou sleep'st the while thy gentle breast
Is heaving in unbroken rest;
In this our dark unjoyous home,
Clamped with the rugged brass, the gloom
Scarce broken by the doubtful light
That gleams from yon dim fires of night.
But thou, unwet thy clustering hair,
Heed'st not the billows raging wild,
The moanings of the bitter air,
Wrapt in thy purple robe, my beauteous child!
O! seemed this perilous to thee,
How sadly to my words of fear
Would'st thou bend down thy listening ear!
But now sleep on, my child! sleep thou, wide sea!
Sleep, my unutterable agony!
O! change thy counsels, Jove, our sorrows end!
And if my rash, intemperate zeal offend,
For my child's sake, her father, pardon me.'"

Simonides of Amorgos has left us a celebrated poem in which the various tempers of women are shown to result from a kinship with various domestic animals. The poem begins with the untidy woman, whose mind is said to be akin to that of a pig; and, next, the curious and tell-tale woman is compared first to a fox, and then to a dog. She wishes to hear and to know every thing, and goes about looking for news, and retailing it. "Nor can her husband make her stop, even with threats, whether in a rage he should knock her teeth out with a stone, or whether he speak to her gently, and not even when she is sitting in company with guests." Next comes the dull woman without sensibility, whose mind is of the earth, earthy, "who cares not for good or evil: the only work she does is to eat, and not even when God sends a hard Winter, does she draw her chair nearer the stove." We can hardly conceive a more telling or truthful picture. People without sympathy for others are sure to have no taste for comfort themselves, for comforts are essentially social things, and imply a pleasure in other people's happiness. We next come to the fickle woman, who is like the sea. One day she is laughing and joyous, and the guest seeing her in her house will praise her, and say, "There is not in all the world a better or a fairer woman than this." But next day she is furious and unap-

proachable, alike to friends and enemies. There follows an elegant parallel description of the sea, alternately smiling to the sailor's delight, and again raging with loud-sounding waves. Then follow the ass-like and cat-like women, with details which show that those domestic animals were esteemed then exactly as they are now.

Presently we come to the luxurious and extravagant woman, whose mind is akin to a horse. She avoids all slavish work and toil, and will not touch the grinding-stone, nor clean up the house, nor sit at the kitchen-fire. Such a woman makes her husband *intimate with necessity*. She washes herself twice a day, or even three times, and uses unguents. She wears her hair always combed and in tresses, decked with flowers. Such a woman is a fair sight for other people, but, to him that owns her, an evil, except he be some tyrant or ruler who delights his mind with such things, by way of luxury. Then comes the ugly woman, akin to the ape, who is, of course, most objectionable to the Greek moralist. "Such a woman goes through the town a regular laughing-stock to all men."

But the last has the nature of a bee: happy the man that obtains her, for to her alone no blame attaches. The poet's description of her runs somewhat parallel with Solomon's of the excellent woman. Under her care his living prospers and increases. She grows old, a loving wife to her loving husband, the mother of a

fair and praised race. Distinguished is she among women, and divine grace clings to her: nor does she delight in sitting among women when they are talking low scandal. The poet ends with two general remarks: First, that when there is a lady in the house, "the guest is not received with the same open welcome," alluding, I suppose, to the friends of bachelor days. And then, that it is the habit of every man to praise his own wife and abuse those of others, not reflecting that all are under a like misfortune.

In no period of their history did the Greeks fall into the vice of loving wealth for its own sake. They loved wealth because it obtained for them all the great enjoyments of this life,—success in love, success in revenge, success in political life; and, as we can see clearly, money was more successful in procuring all those blessings in those days than it has been in almost any other nation at any epoch of its history. This keen love of pleasure was one of the indelible characters in Greek human nature, reappearing at all times and in all ranks of society; so much so, that Aristotle notices the defect even of a term in the language to denote that blunt and stolid nature, which is not strongly affected by this motive, and calls such a man a sort of inanimate or non-percipient creature.

In the next article, we shall consider the social life of the Greeks during the Attic Age.

GEORGE C. JONES.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY the eye whose glance unheeding
Still seems full of eager pleading;
By the lip whose trembling motion
Quivers with a dumb devotion;
By the spent and failing breath,
This must be—O, this is Death!

By the spirit undismayed;
By the soul so surely stayed;
By the hope whose steady light
Brightest shines on darkest night,
Quenchless in that deadly strife,
This must be—O, this is Life!

A. S. MARTIN.

THANKSGIVING ANN.

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name,—a name oddly acquired from an old Church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, do n't play dar in the water, chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Take care dat bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him."

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had

pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Did n't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just 's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey did n't owe de Lord nuffin, an' would n't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

"Wa-ll, I come up with him,—told ye I would,—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 't was a ginerosus jonation,—equal to your master's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat do n't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believes in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out 'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebbly I ought n't to judge; but then I do n't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I's here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times,—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, he do n't need der help. All de world is his; and he can send clo'es to his naked, an' bread to his hungry, an' Bibles to his heathen, if dey do n't give a cent, 'spose; but den dey 're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—taint *my* soul! But I loves 'em,—I loves 'em, an' dey 're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting, it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye haint give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye do n't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I would n't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no-count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole marse he lef' me

to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I did n't happen to get nuffin, an' den I went bare-foot; an' dat 's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that 's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, did n't treat me wid no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person, another," said the lady, smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it 's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "'Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it 's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin' dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"'Spose I need n't fret 'bout other folks' duty,—dat ain't none o' my busi-

ness; yas 't is, too, 'cause dey 's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'T aint like 's if dey did n't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Are n't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I 'll give ye all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yerselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Have n't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I 'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was,—sorry I did n't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast, this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, either,—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes! but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I 'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I did n't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clàre! I forgot de bread!' and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread?" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I 'd planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I did n't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is 'a method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all. De chillerns eat a good

many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I's sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye 'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 't was five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Could n't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! 'spose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object-lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem any thing like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it does n't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our king and master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in him. We profess to be not our own but his, to be journeying toward his royal city, and that his service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment, and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of his kingdom or the forwarding of his work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It does n't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless, or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table,—indeed it did not furnish oppor-

tunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord,—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences,—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success,—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan too; and you need n't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of every thing that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old colored woman that evening as, with face of content, she occupied once more her favorite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once.

"An' now I s'pose you 're satisfied."

"I's 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it 'll be when we 'awake in His likeness."

"Wall, now, I do n't perless none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I do n't mind tellin' ye that I think your way 's right, an' I do n't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause he's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, ye see."

"Mebby so; but do n't ye think, Silas Ridgelow, dat it 's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest

friend—a calk'latin' dat he 'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks do n't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey do n't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat 'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de hosses shall hab 'holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Do n't know what dat means, 'less 't is dat de rich folks'

carriages behind de hosses shall be goin' on his arrands, an' carryin', part of de time, 'de least of dese, his brederin.' Guess de lovin 'll have got so strong den dar 'll be no thinkin' 'bout prayin'," said the old woman, musingly. "Well, I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat 's come to dis house!" And she went in with her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin an' de voice of melody."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

GARRETS.

PART II.

WE turn now, with a sigh of relief, to Oliver Goldsmith; for though, like Chatterton, spending most of his life in these aerial abodes sacred to the memory of authors, his bright, sunny disposition always surrounded him with friends. Though forced, like that ill-fated boy, to coin his brain for bread, he was ever careless and merry; and though, like him, forced upon the rough corners of the world, he cushioned them so thoroughly with simplicity, warm-heartedness, and generosity, he never felt their angularity. Sitting in his lofty habitation, with a worsted stocking on his head, in spite of debts, duns, executions, and termagant landladies, who were all so unreasonable as to want money, he was still a happy fellow; and, being fully satisfied he would pay if he could, he left things to right themselves, and turned to laugh with Tony Lumpkin or moralize with Dr. Primrose.

The Goldsmith family were poor, and, for some time after Oliver's birth, were quite dependent upon his mother's parents for support. Their slender means had been strained to the utmost to give the oldest brother a liberal education, and it was decided to bring Oliver up to a trade; but the solicitations of his mother,

and his passionate love of books, induced his father to throw aside all scruples of economy, and he was placed at Trinity College, Dublin. Here he could only be admitted as sizer, or poor scholar, a position most mortifying to a sensitive person, as such pupils were forced to wear a coarse black gown, without sleeves, and a red cap, to distinguish them from the others, and were expected to wait upon the wealthy students at table, eating what remained after they had left. He finally found his situation so uncomfortable, owing principally to a brutal tutor, who even went so far as to inflict personal chastisement upon our poor poet, that he sold all his effects and went to Cork to sail for some foreign country; but he lingered so long that he spent all that he possessed; and finally, selling the clothes off his back, in a state of misery and starvation, sought his brother Henry, who fitted him up again, and took him back to college.

Soon after this escapade his father died, and, poorer than ever now, he was sometimes compelled to pawn his books, and was driven to the extremity of writing penny street ballads.

He at length left college,—some of his biographers say before graduating,—and,

after a year spent as tutor, an employment very distasteful to him, he purchased a horse and set out, no one knew whither. Weeks passed; and when his friends, distressed beyond measure, had given him up for dead, he suddenly reappeared, minus every thing, horse, clothes, and money. His mother was thoroughly indignant with the scapegrace; but he related his adventures in so amusing a manner, seemed so penitent, and so glad to be at home again, that he was once more forgiven. This promising youth had been intended for the Church; but he now positively refused this calling, not, as he tells us, for lack of godliness, but because he would not wear a long wig when he liked a short one, or black clothes when he preferred brown. So it was decided that he should study law; and his never-failing friend, his Uncle Contarine, advanced the necessary funds, and he set out for London. Here the unlucky Oliver fell into the hands of a sharper, was plundered of all he had, and once more returned to his despairing family. Theology and the law being now both out of the question, his much-enduring uncle decided to take him to Edinburgh; and here he commenced the study of medicine. His lodgings were, of course, far from palatial, and he tells us his landlady was an adept in the art of saving, performing surprising feats, such as making a loin of mutton serve a family of five for a whole week. Having heard several courses of lectures, though it is probable he spent more time at the tavern and the gaming-table than in the college, it was decided he should continue his studies at Leyden, his uncle furnishing the funds. He, accordingly, went to Leith to engage passage to Leyden, and, finding a vessel just sailing for Bordeaux, for no reason in the world but his eccentricity, engaged passage on her! They encountered a fearful storm, escaped a shipwreck, and landed in Rotterdam; whence he went by post to his destination. Here, as usual, he squandered his time and his money, spending

most of his little hoard in a package of tulip roots for his uncle, which at that time commanded extravagant prices in Holland; and, at length, leaving his professors, for whom he seems to have had little esteem, he set out on a pedestrian tour through Italy and France, his sole possessions being one clean shirt, a shilling, and a flute! When, toward night-fall, he approached a peasant's hut, he would play one of his merriest airs, and this always secured him food and a night's lodging. "Thus," he says, "I passed among the peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants." Thus he saw the glories of France and Italy; and we, to this day, are enjoying the results of his vagrancy, in the charming poem of "The Traveler;" which, had Goldsmith been a proper youth, quiet, frugal, and industrious, would never have blessed the world with its beauty.

Goldsmith at length turned his steps homeward, and we see him arriving in London, without, as he expresses it, "friends, recommendation, money, or impudence." But, fortunately, our poet had "a knack of hoping," which gladdened the future, and gave him spirits and energy to push on. First he tried the position of usher in a school; and the following words, put into the mouth of one of his characters, show how he enjoyed it: "I," said he, "have been an usher to a boarding-school, and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I would rather be an under-turnkey at Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys, and never allowed to stir out to meet with civility abroad. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel, but avoid a school by all means." Having soon thrown up his uncongenial situation, he cast about for some other way to put bread in his mouth; but, by this time, his clothes had

grown so shabby that no one was willing to employ him. Just at this trying time an old friend recognized him, who, aiding him with something besides advice, though that too was given and accepted, enabled our poor hero to begin the practice of medicine. He also wrote a little; and thus, as he expressed it, "with very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet, I make shift to live."

It is pleasant to see the light of independence and sterling honesty burning brightly through the darkness of poverty and destitution. Lord North sent to him Dr. Scott, with *carte blanche*, to induce him to write for the ministry; but Goldsmith was not to be bought. "I found him," says Dr. Scott, "in a miserable set of chambers, in the Temple. I told him my authority, that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and, would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say: 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party: the assistance you offer me is, therefore, unnecessary.' And so," says the Doctor, "I left him in his garret."

And now we see Goldsmith regularly launched in the drudgery of literature, the then worst paid, as well as most uncertain, wearing, and feverish, of occupations. He lived a life of one long, unceasing anxiety, and died poor,—the lot, alas! of hundreds of others. For his "Traveler," he received twenty guineas; "The Vicar of Wakefield" brought sixty, and "The Deserted Village" one hundred,—less than two hundred pounds for three of the most popular works in the English language!

His "Inquiry into Polite Literature" was written in a miserably dirty room, with but one chair in it, which Goldsmith politely handed to strangers, and sat himself meanwhile in the window. From one of his greatest straits, Johnson relieved him. He was sent for by Goldsmith one day in the greatest distress. Sending word that he would come immediately, and suspecting as usual some pecuniary trouble, he sent him a guinea.

Shortly after, he arrived at the poet's lodgings, and found him deep in misery, and a bottle of Madeira, which he had purchased with the guinea! Johnson, upon inquiry, found that Goldsmith was deeply in debt to his landlady, a Mrs. Fleming, who insisted upon all arrears being paid up, or, fearful proposal! that she should be instantly united in marriage with the unfortunate poet! They argued and entreated, but in vain; the lady was firm; the money or a husband, and at once. Dr. Johnson was at his wit's end how to redeem the person of his friend from the clutches of the landlady, whose charms were as few as her demands were urgent. Finally, after much consultation, Goldsmith produced a manuscript which proved to be the "Vicar of Wakefield," and Johnson, catching a gleam of hope, flew with it to Dodsley, who, after some consideration, gave him ten pounds for it in money, with an eventual consideration upon its future sale. Johnson prudently concealed the amount he had received, and wisely administered a pound at a time to the improvident poet, who never could resist a gay suit of clothes, or the cry of one poorer than himself. He was, notwithstanding his ugly face and awkward figure, very fond of gorgeous dressing, and was constantly in debt to his tailor for scarlet breeches and suits of the most delicate shade of pink, while sky-blue satin and Genoa velvet are scattered profusely through his bills, some of which are still in existence to attest his extravagance. Though we may smile at these instances of weakness, we can not but love the man who never failed to supply the need of the suffering. Sometimes every cent he had would go to some poor widow or starving child. Sometimes, when every penny was gone, he would pull off his own coat for some poor shivering wretch, and his biographers relate that on one occasion, on first coming to London, he even rushed to his room, and, tearing off his last sheet and quilt, threw them around the shoulders of a poor quaking beggar. He himself crept under the mattress and became so entan-

gled in the ticking that he was unable to extricate himself, and could not get out till some friend broke open the door and set him free the next morning. He seems again to have tried the practice of medicine, but we only hear of his having one patient, whom he visited in a gorgeous cloak, and with a sword and cane! "I shall cease prescribing for my friends," exclaimed Goldsmith, in despair. "Do, dear Doctor," exclaimed the witty Beauclerk; "when you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies."

When hard beset by creditors, it is said that Goldsmith used to retire to Islington; and the old tower of Canonbury House is still shown where, for days and even weeks, he lay concealed, and where, it is also said, he wrote "The Deserted Village." But if Goldsmith was poor, he was also philosophical, and when covered with darts and patches, he deftly used his tricornered hat to cover the most impudent ones. He sagely advises: "If you be caught dining upon a half-penny porringer of soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your repast; if there be found in your equipage some irreparable defect, which can not be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever fond of dress. Appear to be a miser rather than a beggar. To be poor and to seem poor is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful; in the wise, ridiculous; *beggarily pride* is the only sort of vanity I can excuse."

Finally, poor "Goldie," as he was affectionately termed by Johnson, at the early age of forty-four, enveloped in debt, and attacked by a fever, which was augmented by his mental distress at his pecuniary difficulties, lost his "knack of hoping," and the generous, impulsive, improvident, loving Irish heart ceased to beat. Every one sorrowed at the sad news. Burke wept; Sir Joshua laid aside his brushes for the day; Johnson sat silent and moaned for hours.

Poor Goldsmith lies in an unmarked

grave in the Temple burying-ground. The Literary Club had intended to give him an imposing funeral, but when the extent of his indebtedness was ascertained, the idea, from motives of delicacy, was abandoned. But a stately monument was placed to his memory in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey not long after. How can England show better her appreciation of one of her most brilliant writers, whose fame only increases as the years roll round, than by removing his remains from their humble resting-place to occupy their proper position in the Walhalla of British poets?

The great Dr. Johnson, rude, dogmatic, bigoted old tyrant, that he was, came of very humble origin, his father being a bookseller in a very small way, and his mother the daughter of a yeoman. They managed, however, by the help of friends, to keep Samuel, the eldest of two sons, three years at Pembroke College; where he suffered so much from lack of money as sometimes to be unable to attend his classes, from want of necessary clothing in which to appear. Greatly to his sorrow, he was obliged to leave Pembroke before obtaining his degree, and accepted a situation as usher in a school, which he hated as thoroughly as Goldsmith did a similar one. He married, most imprudently, a widow double his own age, having first unsuccessfully courted her daughter. It is said that he told his future wife that he had neither family nor fortune to offer her, as he had hardly a guinea of his own, and had had an uncle hanged; to which she responded that she had no more money than he, and though she had never had a relative hanged, she had a dozen who deserved to be!

After attempting several undertakings which proved to be failures, Johnson decided to try London, the city which had witnessed the poverty and failure of so many men of letters. If the path of literature had seemed a thorny road in the times of the magnificent Dorset, what words can describe the thorns and brambles which beset the way when Walpole held the supreme power? Of all the

men of letters who lived and struggled and died in the palmy days of Sir Robert Walpole, Young is the only one who received from his hands a pension as the reward of literary merit solely. Goldsmith and Johnson came upon the stage in the very darkest time, when no patron extended a helping hand, and when, as yet, the public felt no hunger for literary food. In those days, every thing that was utterly miserable was expressed in the single word, *author*.

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed ;"

and the night sometimes found Johnson walking the streets of the sleeping city, unable to pay for the poorest bed. His first lodgings were in the house of a Mr. Norris, a staymaker, where he tells us he dined very comfortably for eightpence; a cut of meat for sixpence, bread for a penny, and a penny for the waiter. He could lodge in a garret at eighteen pence a week, and if he was inquired of as to his residence, it was easy to say, "Sir, I am to be found at such a place." On "clean shirt day," he went out to pay visits, and altogether he estimated that thirty pounds a year enabled him to live without being contemptible. But he found it hard work, even with the strictest economy; and we hear of the sale of all his little valuables, given him in his youth, even a small silver cup, the gift of the mother so tenderly loved. We are told that Johnson's publisher and a Mr. Harte were dining one day at the tavern, when Mr. Harte warmly praised Johnson's writings. Shortly after, Mr. Cave told the gentleman how happy his commendations had made poor Johnson, who was eating his dinner near them, but behind a screen, being too meanly dressed to appear.

At one time Dr. Johnson went with Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with the Miss Cotterills, who lived somewhat in the fashionable world. Johnson was very shabbily dressed, and the servant who opened the door, seeing the uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving that he could be one of the guests,

caught hold of his coat as he went up the steps, exclaiming:

"You, fellow! what do you want here? I suppose you have come to rob the house."

This threw our irritable poet into such a fit of shame and anger that he was almost beside himself with rage, and roared out in such thundering tones that the maid was only too glad to let him go.

It is also related that once Sir Joshua, who, at that time, was in no better circumstances than his friend, was calling with Dr. Johnson upon a lady of their acquaintance, who was much disconcerted by the arrival of a duchess while "she was in such company." Johnson quickly perceived her embarrassment, and took his revenge by pretending to be a common mechanic, asking Reynolds how much he thought they could "earn in a week, if they wrought to their utmost?"

So poorly was Dr. Johnson paid for his works that long after he was famous his penury continued. By the time that the "Dictionary," his most famous work, was completed, he found the payment for it completed also, as he had been obliged to draw upon the publishers for his daily sustenance. When he had been twenty-two years in the great city, and had obtained great eminence as an author, he was obliged to borrow six of the twelve guineas which he sent his mother upon her death-bed. And I think the readers of "Rasselas" will peruse it with double pleasure, if they remember it was written, in snatches of time obtained from his daily labors, to defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and to cancel a few debts she left unpaid. Though Dr. Johnson was exceedingly hard upon sentimental or imaginary troubles, no one extended a readier helping hand in real affliction. He entertained whole nests of people in his house, as Mrs. Thrale tells us, the lame, the blind, the sick. A Miss Williams, a maiden lady in poor circumstances, came to his house to remain while an operation should be performed upon her eyes, and never left it again till her death, some thirty years

after. Two other ladies and a Mr. Levet, a poor apothecary, also enjoyed his hospitality, and, as they were all jealous of one another, his home was not the most cheerful one imaginable. He described the state of warfare in this way: "Miss Williams hates every body; Levet hates Desmoulines, and does not love Williams; Desmoulines hates them both; Polly loves none of them." However, their bickerings were not of very much importance, as during eighteen years he was almost a constant member of Mr. Thrale's household, only spending parts of three days in the week at home, when he treated his curious and ill-grained family with the most ceremonious politeness.

After five and twenty years spent in struggling with poverty,—sometimes destitute of pen or paper with which to transcribe his thoughts, sometimes arrested for debt,—when his powers were beginning to wane and a miserable old age was staring him in the face, the Government settled upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. As we have seen, he spent it benevolently; and the remainder of his life, made cheerful by his club and his acquaintance with the Thrales, moved smoothly on. As we close this brief sketch, Macaulay's description rises to our minds: "The club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon, tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua, with his tumpet in his ear. In the foreground is the strange figure of Johnson, which is as familiar to us as the figures of those with whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig, with a scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails, bitten and pared

to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"

We can not close this article, already too long, without a few words about that extraordinary man, Robert Burns, who, without any education, the son of a poor farmer, was called from the plow to wield the scepter in the glorious realm of poetry. Upon a miserably poor, unfertile farm, taken in the vain hope of relieving his father from the load of debt which was weighing him down,

"He walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plow along the mountain side."

And here wrote most of his celebrated pieces; and from here was called to Edinburgh to superintend a new edition of his poems. Here he was flattered by the nobility and fêted by *litterateurs*; but from the most splendid entertainments of the aristocracy he groped his way through dingy alleys to his obscure garret and his share of a deal-table, a sanded floor and a chaff-bed,—all of which luxuries he obtained at eighteen pence a week.

Upon his second visit to Edinburgh we find Burns no longer the lion of the day. His peasant origin and his poverty were crimes which his genius could not balance; and he found the doors which, "on golden hinges turning," had before opened wide to receive him, now closed against him. It is related that, on one occasion, being invited to dine at a nobleman's, he went, and, to his amazement, found he was expected to eat with the butler. After dinner he was sent for and requested to sing a song. Dissembling his anger, he complied, and sung:

"Is there for honest poverty
Wha' hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that,—
For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man, for a' that!

"You see yon birkie ca'ed a lord
(Pointing to the noble at the head of the table),

Who struts and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that."

At the last words he passed from the house, not deigning a syllable.

Treated thus with contempt and indignity by those who had heaped upon him every honor, he shook off the dust of Edinburgh, and, with an exciseman's appointment in his pocket,—the highest and best gift Scotland could afford her then greatest poet,—with ruined hopes and thwarted ambition, broken in substance as in constitution, he strode away, to make both ends meet on seventy pounds a year! He settled at Dumfries, in a little house of five rooms; and here he died, when only thirty-six years old! Alas, it is but the old story over again:

"Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead."

Nor were the great novelists of this time any exception to the general rule of starvation to *litterateurs*. The three great founders of the modern novel, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, who, after the lapse of more than a century, have found but few superiors, were none of them enriched by their writings. Richardson was the son of a joiner, and had only the most ordinary education. His first novel, "Pamela," was written when its author was over fifty years of age, and was a great success, running through five editions in one year. "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" were equally well received; but, as Macaulay says, "Richardson kept a shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done."

Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," undoubtedly the first of English novels, was glad to receive the appointment of justice, at three hundred pounds a year. After his death his family were preserved from want by the charity of his brother and a devoted friend.

Poor Smollett, thrown upon his own resources at the age of nineteen, did not find his pathway to distinction paved with gold and silver. Notwithstanding

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his facility for composition, his general information, and his ability to produce such works as "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker," his life was one continued struggle for existence. His ill-luck attended him to the very end, and he died just as he would have inherited an estate of a thousand pounds a year!

Let us glance but a moment at the great musicians whose productions have delighted the world, and which, speaking no unknown tongue, are loved wherever refinement and civilization have fought their way.

Beethoven, the king of composers, shut out from the sound of his own harmonies for twenty years, yet working steadily forward, producing the grandest music ever written, died deceived by friends and overtaken by want. During the composition of Mozart's grandest productions, his family wanted the commonest necessities of life; and we are told that, after all his life of toil, he at the last filled a pauper's grave. Poor Handel's never-dying oratorios were written in the deepest poverty, with the blindness which afterward fell upon him slowly advancing. Schubert, one of the four great composers whose genius has rendered the whole world debtor to Vienna, died at the early age of thirty-one. After his whole life devoted to composition, he passed away, quite unknown to fame, miserable, neglected, and actually in want of the commonest food! No wonder he exclaimed, "*Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz ist schwer*" (My peace is gone, my heart is heavy).

This is a sad picture; but let us not altogether blame the people and the publishers. As Macaulay says: "The literary character assuredly has always had its share of faults,—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were now blended with those of the

author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in a manner almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or a well received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy these luxuries, with the images of which his mind had been haunted whilst sleeping amid the cinders, and eating potatoes in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night cellars.

Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because

their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste,—they knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort."

Let us view with leniency their faults, nor consider wasted a half-hour spent in remembering the misfortunes of men, poor in gold, but rich in genius, the pioneers of literature. They smoothed for us the thorny way, and filled, with cruelest toil, the bogs and quagmires, while we walk unharmed and dry shod. Theirs the labor, the grief, the disappointment: ours the recompense, the joy, the glad fruition.

MARIA P. WOODBRIDGE.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

TAKING up a country newspaper last Summer, my eye chanced to fall upon the following paragraph:

"The camp-meeting at Claremont Junction this season has been a great success, owing to the excellent manner in which the services have been conducted, and the perfect weather that has prevailed. It is estimated that over ten thousand were in attendance last Sabbath. Had we the means at hand, we should like to give the history of camp-meetings in connection with this notice. We believe, however, this primitive worship was introduced by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism."

As many, reading the above, may be led to believe the grave error expressed in the closing sentence, we will here briefly give the origin and truthful history of this form of divine service.

The camp-meeting, which has become an American "institution," so far as all the branches of the powerful and numerous Methodist family, and some other re-

ligious denominations, are concerned, is purely of American origin.

The first camp-meeting in the United States was held in 1799, on the banks of the Red River, in Kentucky. The common idea that it was exclusively of Methodist origin is simply erroneous. The manner in which it was begun was this: There were two brothers by the name of M'Gee, one a Presbyterian, and one a Methodist, preacher. Being on a religious tour from Tennessee, where the former was settled, to a locality near Ohio, they stopped at a settlement on the river to attend sacramental services with the Rev. Mr. M'Geedy, a Presbyterian. Sermons were delivered on the occasion by the brothers M'Gee and three Presbyterian clergymen, and the excitement created seems to have been as great among those present as that which has followed the preaching of Moody and Sankey.

When the news of the extraordinary movement reached the surrounding coun-

try, the people, having never heard of the like before, rushed in such crowds to the meeting-house that it was immediately overflowed, and the religious services were therefore transferred to the forest. Many came from every direction, with provisions and other necessities for encampment, and continued several days dwelling in tents.

Sectarian divisions seemed to have been entirely forgotten in this *first* camp-meeting. The services were conducted by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists. The result was so extraordinary that it suggested another meeting of the kind; and, from this unpremeditated beginning, these meetings extended, increasing in power and usefulness, under the special direction of both Presbyterians and Methodists. Because of this union of sects in their support, they were called "General Camp-meetings." At length, however, the Presbyterians gradually retired from the field; but the Methodists carried them into other parts of the country, till they became general in the connection; with more or less effectiveness, they have been continued to the present time.

Camp-meetings were introduced into England by Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an earnest, wide-awake, though somewhat peculiar, Methodist preacher, whose name is familiar in almost every Christian home. This man, from his eccentricity of manner and dress, was known by his enemies, and other thoughtless and unworthy people in many parts of this country, as "Crazy Dow." In spite of contumely and rebuff,—often, we are sorry to say, from members of his own denomination,—and ceaseless dangers and hardships of all kinds, he persevered for nearly forty years in preaching, traveling over the United States and Canada, England and Ireland. And, by the blessing of God, a rich reward followed his great labors for the ingathering of precious souls. The great success of Moody and Sankey will not be regarded as unprecedented by those who remember that (so-called) "Crazy Dow," with an awkward and un-

gainly person, a harsh voice, unattractive delivery, and somewhat illiterate phraseology, who had a simple fervor which so supplied the place of eloquence that he rarely failed of having attentive and even most enthusiastic hearers. The simple key to the problem was, he was moved, guided, and guarded by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Finding, in 1807, a general religious interest in Staffordshire, England, brother Dow suggested to the people the plan of camp-meetings. This was immediately adopted, and the first English camp-meeting was held. The new plan did not, however, receive the unanimous approval of English Methodists. On the contrary, the Wesleyan Conference, in 1807, declared: "It is our judgment that, even supposing such meetings to be allowable in America, they are highly improper in England, and likely to be productive of considerable mischief, and we disclaim connection with them."

Why such a spirit should have been manifested by that highly respectable association is a mystery to the writer, and he would like to hear information on the subject that will give a clearer insight into the cause of such decision. Their advocates, however, still continued to hold them, and in 1810, when the "Primitive Methodist" denomination was organized, it sanctioned the habit of preaching in camp-meetings, as well as in market-places and in the highways.

It is probable that when the camp-meeting was organized, its founders had in mind the original simplicity of Christian worship, when the apostles, "in sandaled feet and with staff in hand, proclaimed the everlasting Gospel" in the wilderness and beneath the shade of trees. They may have also had in remembrance the camp of Israel itself, when, from the period of the sojourn in the desert to the crossing of the Jordan, the twelve tribes were formed into four great armies, encamping in as many fronts, or forming a square, with a great space in the rear where the tabernacle of the Lord, surrounded by the tribe of Levi,

was placed. Says an able correspondent of a prominent New York publication :

"To worship God under the broad canopy of the sky seems to many to bring them into immediate relations with Him of whom it has been said, that heaven is his throne and the earth his footstool, although he condescends to dwell in temples made with hands."

Whatever the aims of its originators, the first camp-meetings were distinctly primitive, held far from city haunts, the visitors living in tents, and sleeping on beds of straw and blankets. Their provisions were brought with them, and boarding-tents and refreshment-booths were utterly unknown. The progress of the age, however, has brought its changes; and, while the devoutness of the worshipers may be as fervent as of yore, there is an advance in the æsthetic arts of the camp almost as marked as that in Church architecture. The grounds, in some sections, are occupied as a permanency, pretty cottages erected, squares and fountains add to the adornments, the commissary department as regularly supplied as in an army, and the camp itself has become a favorite Summer resort. It does not follow, because these movements indicate a departure from the practices of primitive Methodism, that the beneficent influences of the camp-meeting are in any way diminished. They may, indeed, reach a larger class of minds than before; and, as a well-known author truly says, "To commune in any way with woods and fields should take us 'from Nature up to Nature's God.'"

We can not better close this article than by giving the following choice extract from the editorial columns of a religious paper, from an article entitled, "Old Camps and New:"

"When camp-meetings were invented, the leading idea was to have them in as

homely fashion as possible. The great purpose was to have a religious exercise away from the worldly and demoralizing influences of a large community. If privations had to be undergone, they were considered of little consequence. None of them were allowed to interfere with the holy fervor of the occasion. A water-proof tent was unknown in those days. A tent with a floor to it was an unheard-of luxury; and yet there was abundant enjoyment in a rough way. The people who roughed it in these rural religious exercises were not exactly of the sort that wear ten-button kid gloves or swallow-tail coats. Well do we remember hearing them sing, long ago, that quaint old hymn,

'Gideon, he went out to camp,
With his pitcher and his lamp.'

These sturdy folks went in the spirit of Gideon and his band, and were prepared to take rough with smooth, storm with sunshine, just as it happened. The camp-meeting of to-day is an entirely different thing. It is more civilized and more comfortable, and with these improvements it need not be any the less religious. It gathers together great throngs of people, many deeply in earnest about the salvation of their souls; some, perhaps, as full of curiosity as the majority of the crowds whom Jesus Christ fed in Galilee. With all the inconvenient things of the camp-meeting, and even with the drawbacks in the way of some of the little unpleasant things which are perhaps inseparable from it, we regard the institution as one of very great value. The immense congregations which gather to hear the most practical presentation of Gospel truth, as well as the most eloquent, can not fail to receive some excellent impression. God speed their preachers! God bless the great multitudes!"

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

ANOTHER OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

I WISH to emphasize the fact, so often lost sight of, namely, that the root and origin of intemperance is with the drinker, and not with the vender, of intoxicating liquors. If the latter sometimes holds out false lights to lure his victim on to fatal rocks, a little prudence and foresight would prevail against such snares, if the ship were sea-worthy, well built, and stanch. When we have prevented or destroyed the appetite for unnatural stimulants, we have circumvented the rum-seller, and saved the land from intemperance.

The reformers are beginning to take account of this fact. The advocates for light alcoholic drinks prescribe wine and beer, they tell us, in order to meet the restless cravings of the appetite, and keep out the seven more wicked spirits, who would fain take possession of every unsatisfied soul. The Corbett Cooking Depots of Glasgow, the Holly Tree Inns of Boston, coming nearer to the actual need, recognize the existence of this fearful appetite, and also the fact that, with poor people at least, it arises from the lack of proper nourishment. It is absurd to call this craving for tonics and stimulants natural or normal. It is too much to charge it upon the climate. It is, with the rich as well as the poor, an unwholesome diet, a mismanagement of some of the simplest arts of living, that gives one-half our people dyspepsia, and so many of the other half delirium tremens. There is no tax upon pure air and fresh water,—none that a man is not better off for paying. Wholesome food is less expensive than unwholesome food, and yet the vicious manner of living in which the poorer classes indulge is notorious,—not that well-to-do have much to boast of in these matters.

Dr. Clarke, of enlightened Boston, says: "We live in a region of perpetual pie and doughnuts, and our children indulge in the unassimilable abomina-

tions." Dr. Clarke is not singular in his profession. Physicians have talked upon the ill effects of improper food until we are tired of hearing,—some of us. We will eat and drink what we choose. We say, "It is no sin," and if trouble comes, why, there are the patent medicines, and the temperance pledges. When we know the door, yet persist in climbing up some other way, we are responsible for our own ruin; but the many, many, many who do not know; the little children, whose eyes we put out that they can not see,—is there nothing to be done for them? The ignorant, well-meaning mother begins at the earliest moment to deprave the appetite of her child, to sow in its little body the seeds of disease and ruin.

What help do we find in the Churches, the organized means of grace? what corrective there for the abuses of home training? In the Sunday-schools they are working for temperance in the name of religion. They have cold-water armies, and temperance banners, and little journals that tell the children of the terrors of King Alcohol. There are temperance pledges for the children to sign, and pledges with long lists of names, as names of conquerors, proudly posted on the walls. I do not say this is wrong; but, knowing what I know of the home training of many of these children, the means seem fearfully inadequate to the purpose.

The Jesuit priests, in the early history of our country, dared every danger to convert the aborigines, and counted themselves happy if they might only make the sign of the cross with water over a dying child, and so save its soul. I have no doubt the child, dying, was saved. If it had lived, the mystic sign would have faded from its forehead, and the baptized baby would have grown up a reprobate Indian. So our own children, in spite of the Temperance Tablet that bears their names, if brought up

among influences that debase the passions and undermine the foundations of self-control, will grow up sensualists and drunkards.

We hope great things for these children through conversion. We do every thing ignorantly or carelessly to bring them "under the body," and then we pray earnestly that their souls may be saved. Are we indeed sinning that grace may abound?

I do not think the clergy are altogether free from blame in this matter. We will not hear the truth from an infidel. Our physicians tell it to us only when it is too late. Let the ministers begin to teach that the physical nurture of our children should run parallel with our prayers for them, and we may begin to look for the millennium,

It is the duty of the schoolmaster to spread the principles of physiology and hygiene among the children of the land. He may do much to interest the parents. But let the spirit of religion be breathed into the dry bones of his teaching. Let the clergymen instruct the masses of good and honest citizens that "to live sober, righteous, godly lives, denying every worldly lust," means something more than the attendance upon divine service and prayer-meetings, the avoidance of card-playing and spirituous liquors; that it means, among other things, a rational, wholesome (I had almost said holy) diet for one's self and family; and those incisive words of St. Paul, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," will begin to have their full significance. Not that clergymen have been altogether remiss in this sort of teaching.

The following extract from the pen of an eminent preacher has no uncertain sound:

"One of the greatest causes of unhealth is injudicious eating. The great majority of blue-devils with which men have to contend come from the morbid appetites and desires which spring from a want of regulation in their tables. One of the

greatest blessings that could be bestowed upon men would be a knowledge of how to cook food so that it should be healthful. A woman may pray at home and abroad, and read as many tracts as she pleases; but a diet of apple-dumplings and unleavened short-cake, and a thousand other things which are supposed to be simple and harmless, uncooked or badly cooked, will be a match for all her tracts and prayers. Reform the table, and give pure health, so that men shall feel sweet and buoyant and songful when they wake up in the morning, and they will scarcely be tempted to drink; but give them a heavy stomach after each meal, and let them go gulping and flatulent, and suffering from heart-burn, and depressed, not knowing what ails them, and you may be sure that they will be tempted more from that cause than from any other. There is great temptation to drink, in wrong dietetic habits. Much of the intemperance in communities has its rise in such habits. The oven as well as the shop needs to be looked after."

This is true doctrine; but that it has not been generally taught in the Churches, the tables of the majority of the brethren and sisters bear witness.

It is essential to temperance that principles and habits of *cleanliness* be taught to the child; and he must learn that in the physical as in the moral world, mere outside washings of the cup and platter are of little avail. We need to give him, by our own example, by our precepts, by our constant dealings with him, a sort of enthusiasm for purity,—clean thoughts, clean words, a body clean and pure enough to be a fit temple for a pure and holy spirit. He must know, too, that this body will not be pure if he send unwholesome food to the stomach, foul air to the lungs, and administer stimulating drugs and narcotics to the senses.

I once heard a celebrated missionary, giving an account of his labors among the Sandwich Islanders, of the battles with savage filth and indecencies which had to be fought, remark energetically,

"Why, we reckon a man half converted when he washes himself and puts on a clean shirt!" I think that the boy in a civilized land, who has been so well instructed in the Sunday-school, the day-school, or at home, that he does not dare indulge in a bath of "rotten air," or treat his friends to one; that he is afraid to put filth or poison into his mouth, whether it come in the guise of food or amusement; who has a genuine respect for his physical system, and understands some of the laws which govern it, is on the royal road to temperance, and not far from the kingdom of heaven.

We need to teach our children *self-control*,—train them to keep every bodily sense subject to the higher powers of the spiritual nature. We begin to do this when we regulate their times of feeding and their hours of rest; when we teach them that what they want must give way to that which is best for them, when the two are in opposition to each other. We give them lessons in self-control when we teach them to be polite at the table. We teach them, in the terse language of Scripture, to "keep the body under"—our eager, hungry boys—when we require them to wait quietly at the family board until a blessing has been asked upon the food, and until the older people have been served. It is good discipline for them to be obliged to curb their strong appetites, while they help their mother or each other, when impulse prompts them to help themselves.

In the old Roman Church, men walked with peas in their shoes in order to learn to deny themselves. The Protestant Church has done away with penances; let us not forget to teach the grand lessons of self-denial. Without it there is no self-control. Do we need to put peas in our shoes or the children's? Every worldly lust is to be denied,—painted candy or toy cakes for perpetual lunching; ice-cream and coffee at unseasonable hours; sweetmeats because "all the other girls" at school have them; cigars because "all the other boys" smoke; and a drunken

spree on New-Year's day, by and by, because other gentlemen indulge in such tantrums, and ladies set the tempting bait.

Does any one say that Christian parents try to teach their children self-denial, and does one attribute their ill success to the general depravity of the world? I say, then, that our lessons are not comprehensive enough, and they leave out altogether very weighty matters. Among the "pleasures of sin," we forget, often, to reckon the unlawful indulgence of the appetite until it comes to tobacco or whisky. We ask our children to give up articles of finery from their dress, to stay at home from a dance, because they love the Lord; but we forget to ask them to refrain from the indigestible lunch offered at bed-time at a Church festival, or to leave untasted the deadly mince-pie put on their plate at dessert at the dinner of a friend. On the contrary, we give them these things ourselves, and taint the bodies that belong to Christ with indigestion and diseased longings for sensuous indulgence. When this treatment has borne its legitimate fruits, and our children accept the more deadly stimulants offered them by a thoughtless society, by a designing liquor-dealer, we go distracted, and clutch at prohibitory laws, and weary earth, if not heaven, with our prayers.

It is not strange. We sinned ignorantly, perhaps; but is it not possible to train our children, beginning in their earliest infancy, so that they will grow up without the tastes or proclivities of drunkards? Is it not possible to feed them with food so convenient for them, so nourishing, palatable, healthful, that our spirited boys may be saved from the fierce cravings of an unnatural appetite, forever goading them on to sin? Is it not possible to train up a race of men fit to live and work in God's world, and who will never need such desperate, agonizing prayers?

I believe in prayer. O, is it possible to live in this world and do any thing without constant, unceasing prayer? I

believe in the passage and maintenance of decent laws; but, if we would have a temperance reform broad and deep and lasting, we must begin at home to correct the abuses there. We must have a better physical training for our children. We must covet for them the best gifts in the physical world. A natural appetite, an unimpaired digestion, a knowledge of the laws of health and a habit of observing them, is a good heritage for any child. Add to these the principle and habits of self-control, a love for truth and purity, and, with the blessing of God, we need

not fear that our sons will go away from our roof-tree to ruin. The poorest family may give their children these noble habits of temperance, if they only knew.

To this end I think we should command the wisdom of the world. Let the men of science tell us how; the writer, the teacher, the religious man,—every one who hopes to leave his corner of the world a little better than he found it,—insist so strongly on the ounce of prevention that in a little while we shall find that we do not need the costly, insufficient pound of cure. F. K. K.

IN PARADISE.

O PARADISE, the joyful!
Our tear-dimmed eyes we raise
To thy walls of strong salvation,
To thy gleaming gates of praise.
Here oft the night of sorrow
Is dark our pathway o'er,
But a cloudless sky on the distant land
Shineth for evermore.

O Paradise, the peaceful!
No sound of weary strife
E'er mars their blest enjoyment,
Who share thy endless life;
No shade of chill estrangement,
No din of battle fray;
For the Prince of Peace doth reign in thee,
And love hath perfect sway.

O Paradise, the holy!
What scene of earth so fair,
But sin hath left its impress,
Its fearful witness there!

Only within thy borders
Is stainless purity,
For He on sin who can not look
Hath his abode in thee.

O Paradise, the changeless!
Our hearts long wearily
For faces once familiar,
Which now we never see.
The past grows distant—distant,
The future is so drear!
But to thee we turn, O blessed home,
For thou art very near.

O Paradise, the endless!
The brightest hours of earth,
Its fairest, best enjoyments,
But perished at their birth.
Soon, soon, from fleeting pleasures,
O, may we rest for aye,
Where no shade is cast on thy perfect bliss
By the grief of yesterday.

ANNIE KERR.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

"GENTLE reader," so-called, when last we parted, you and I were weeping over the forlorn destiny of Kwan-non's loyal lover. The out-door efforts in that direction have been so intense, however, that I have ceased in sheer disgust. (N. B.—June is a month of rain in Japan; but July, having a sisterly heart, sometimes assists at the ceremonies.) One might suppose that Nature lost a "dearest friend" annually, judging from the fall of skyey tears. But this affair of the weather shall not be the uppermost topic in our conversation, as it was the last time we talked together.

I was adrift on the surging human tide that flows through Jeddo streets, a few weeks ago, and the brave scenes still haunt my imagination. Jeddo is still real Japan, spite of the steady encroachment of foreign modes. The bright bazaars, with curious toys, bonny enough to delight the most fanciful young American; the street stands with their (to a Japanese) appetizing supplies of food; the venders of various wares plodding through seemingly happy crowds; the jugglers in their fanciful costumes,—in a word, all those nameless touches of sight and sound which one, feeling, can not tell, made me realize, for the first time, that I was in the so-called "Land of the gods." Truly, I am not surprised that it is toward the capital the hearts of all loyal Japanese turn, shaping the proverb that "one must live in Jeddo in order to be happy." It represents to them, with its many-changing phases, the best they know of art and culture. I look back upon it as upon a far-off fairy-land, a fairy-land, however, which it would be well to desert in the Summer season, albeit romance should take no note of melting sun or stinging mosquitoes.

Thanks to magic-working fancy, there are *some dreams* which even Hakodadi mosquitoes can not mar by their melodious chorals. That great Osaxa Temple

seems to enchant me. The gilded fret-work still gleams; the proud idol gate-keepers still keep watch; the sacred pigeons (like Quakers ready for heaven) still flutter before me in their sober-hued garb; the worshipers still kneel around the altar, or move, some devout, some careless, among the massive pillars. Perhaps a woman, with despairing face, presses toward some shrine, with a prayer that is agony; but she is an exception. Most of them, poor though they are, seem to revel in one luxury,—that of velvet-slipped consciences. There are many pictures for the benefit of the gazer, and behind the altar one horrible, but holy, representation, which a wire net-work half conceals, and glinting lights within seek to reveal,—whether image or picture, I can not tell.

My midsummer day's dream holds even a certain miraculous old divinity and a certain old woman,—a vender of grain for those religious birds. *He* is perched up in the temple, much the worse for wear, or rather for worship, reminding one of Mark Twain's "battered apostles" in the church at Fayal. They have been rubbing him for years and years, till he fairly shines, not with good-humor, but with greasy luster. *She*, I mean the old woman, sits by the wayside in the temple grounds, her store of bird-food before her, patient, invincible, a true Buddhist philosopher. She and her birds are equally contented pensioners of fate, and her soul and that of the eel-woman, who sits in an odd nook, are twin sisters. They are both neat and pious speculators. The eel-woman begs in a modest way. Buy her beautiful eels, and then save a valuable life by tossing them back into their receptacle again, unkilld, uneaten, thus delighting the heart of Buddha. I can not but admire the Japanese worldly wisdom, which provides entertainment for the merry at heart. For a trifling sum, one can pass from the regions of

devotion to the realms of sense. These people are cunning artificers in many respects.

Fancy a life-size figure of a woman riding a beautiful white horse, the gallant steed being fashioned of shells; or a great eagle and her callow young among the most real-looking rocks of paper, the birds being made of straw, "only this and nothing more," and yet you would not dream it was so. These are but a few illustrations. One sees a gay craft, in one part of which a fair coquette is apparently flirting with some admirer on the river shore, while her rightful lover behind, hid from her sight, is looking unutterable hate and revenge. Move on and the scene shifts to a poor wretch caught in the immense web of a spider that must have lived in "prehistoric times" somewhere; or to the brilliant plumage of some tropical bird, made of many-colored straws; or to a sea-view, where the rocks, as usual, are of paper, and the waves blue and white crockery, while a daring mortal in rich robe, made of some other table-ware, rides gloriously through the waters on a strange sea-creature, or furious steed "out of his sphere." If you do not now believe the Japanese the most ingenious of people, just float across the small Pacific Sea on a Summer jaunt, and see for yourselves, by stepping into the Hakuran Kuwai, or museum.

I would tell you about its attractions, but, not being designed by nature as a "showman," my head reels with the queer jumble it has gathered of old armor, lacquer, bronzes, musical instruments, swords, old-time imperial kangos, or carriages, and heads bearing semblance to ancient sages, and so on, *kagiri naki*, which simply means *ad infinitum*, but is more Oriental. Yet even amid this medley, and the other unnamed greater one, sits a beautiful bird, covered with gold, daintily fashioned, and trying to shine order out of chaos. She does not succeed; for the other departments are still more confused. Stuffed birds, gorgeous with tropical tints, the eagle of

colder clime, petrified wood, and preserved sunfish swim in a common chaotic sea. I confess, with "confusion of face," that, of the living animals, a delightfully silly old ape, and a cow dressed in a "gray suit," made the most lasting impression on my mind. The former because he knew so much of the blessed science of being funny; the latter because she came from distant India. Two profound philosophic reasons!

If any one has had patience to follow me through this labyrinth of images, let the brave being come without and look upon my charming mirage,—a miniature lake silvering under Summer skies, its quiet margins guarded by stately white storks, with their red-crested heads and graceful black tail-feathers. And yet another picture,—a magnificent fish with great body and fins, yellow with gold, and flashing in a thousand sunbeams.

If you are weary now of display, take a "Jin-riki-sha," which somebody styles an "exaggerated baby-carriage," and let your swift-footed Coolies wheel you away in it, with dash and clatter, to the grounds where was formerly situated the palace of the Mikado. The change will rest eyes tired of a strange land and strangers; for good old Mother Nature always "holds her own." Like all true women, she delights in bewitching changes of attire; but her face is the familiar face of a friend. Take your leisure among the wide, winding aisles with their grand tree-arch overhead. Feast your eyes on the feathery bamboo grove by the way; make a picture of the suspension bridge over that ravine with its flowing stream; or step into the little house on the height and paint one, as you catch a glimpse of distant sea-side palace, great city, and the Bay of Jeddo, with its ships asleep in morning sunshine; or sketch a softer one from lake and fount, lately seen in their setting of palm and maple. Think of palm, bamboo, maple, and fantastically-shaped red pines, holding a loving tree-fellowship together. Make a note of that group of trees you see, magnificent in their bulk, as well as in their height.

They are worth your remembering, and Ruskin would delight to immortalize them.

If you are too tired after all this converse with art and nature, take another day for wandering up and down the Tokaido, with its fine-looking foreign stores well stocked with native and imported goods, and, as you look across the broad thoroughfare, hearing the clatter of some hurrying omnibus and the stir of a crowd, you may well fancy yourself for a moment in a land old in civilization. Japan, the least in empire and in people, has grown far beyond her Oriental sisters in the spirit of progress. And yet here, at the last, I will call you, from the incoming light of her new day, back to the dusk of her "middle ages."

One day we rode several miles from that quarter of Jeddo allotted to foreigners to the home of a friend. Quiet social fellowship, not sight-seeing, was our mission; but it chanced, as so often happens in this work-a-day world, that we unwittingly blundered upon a sorrowful romance. Filling a leisure hour with a pleasant stroll, the scene we looked on was a simple one, common to Japan,—only a height, down whose slope we passed through "greenerie," and paths whose fresh-leaved thickets told no tale, but that of recent rains. More than two hundred years ago, however, in that of our Lord 1614, when other rains were descending in scalding drops upon His followers, according to Romish creed; when official hands were outstretched to grasp their property, their wives, their little ones; when flames thrust forth hands as pitiless to clutch their lives, or flood and sword yawned to devour them,—a ship bore away by edict the Jesuit fathers, leaving but a remnant, hid by the faithful, to keep hope alive. About this time, saith Tradition; nearly one hundred years later, saith History, a brave Italian priest, fired by fervid enthusiasm and holy zeal, resolved to make one more attempt to win this land for Mother Church, and, as he believed, for Christ. For a long time he could

find no ship fool-hardy enough to put him on shore. At length, however, his ardor triumphed, and he was landed, alone and helpless, in the province of Satsuma, while the ship sailed away, leaving him to his fate. Closely guarded, weak and exhausted, the victim to an erring cause was borne to the capital and to this very height, where, for nine weary years, he pined within prisoning walls, allowed only to exercise in the little garden adjoining, his every movement watched,—a living dead man. It actually required a small village of officers to guard one unfortunate human being in an unknown country. The site is still pointed out. At last he was borne to a wayside grave, marked only by a now prostrate stone, whose shape denotes that the lowliest kind of outcast has received sepulture. The hill-side is called, to this day, "Christian slope."

The man was a true martyr. Under the crust of Romish superstitions lay a noble soul, rich in spiritual aspiration and beautiful in self-surrender. This his replies in his examination prove. They are still preserved among the records of the great city; and who can doubt that they are also kept "on record" in the Lamb's Book of Life? The "great multitude, that no man can number," holds all who have touched the Master by faith, though it be but the hem of his garment. The grave of Abbé Sidotti, with its nameless stone, seems a spot more royal than the honored resting-place of Japanese noblemen, not far distant. Stand but a moment with me by its side, and, as your thoughts flit back over the space of three centuries and more, to the time when a ship, tossed by storms, drifted to these then isolated islands, and as you shudder over the influx of Jesuit superstitions which soon followed, and the bloody drama which at length annihilated them; then, as you contemplate the brighter present, with its railroads, telegraphs, and schools, and, above all, the spirit of inquiry after truth, say, reverently, "What hath God wrought!"

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

THE TWO TRAITORS.

THE student of history, in poring over the musty records of the past, and endeavoring to dive into the deep and dark abyss of antiquity, loves naturally to turn where the good deeds of noble and illustrious men glitter, amid the surrounding darkness, like priceless gems in the subterranean mine; but there are times when it is profitable to study the evil actions which have characterized the lives of the depraved and abandoned, of those whose best efforts have been spent in spreading ruin and misery among their fellow-men, and whose only fame is that of monsters of iniquity, prodigies of crime. The lives of good men should be studied, that we may imitate, and, if possible, excel their virtues; those of the reprobate and pernicious, that we may strengthen our abhorrence of that which is evil, our love of all that is worthy of imitation.

Let us now endeavor to overleap the centuries, and traverse the streets of old Rome as it stood some sixty years before the birth of Jesus. It is a beautiful day in Autumn, and from a clear and cloudless sky, such as only Italy can produce, the sun looks down upon the earth with a radiant smile. The avenues of commerce and pleasure are filled with a busy throng, all tending toward the Forum, the seat of Roman eloquence, which then frequently resounded with the soul-stirring strains of Hortensius and Cicero, besides a host of others; but now, though all nature looks gay, there is a look of anxious care on each brow. Low, muttered words pass from one to the other, in which we frequently recognize the names of Catiline and Cicero. Accompanying the multitude, we approach the temple of Jupiter Stator, lifting its graceful proportions from the base of the Palatine Hill, and, on entering the building, we find the Roman Senate (the body which then gave laws to the world) assembled in august majesty. On all sides we see the forms of noble men. Here Hortensius, versatile

and eloquent; there Cato, rigid and severe, sits amid a throng of admiring colleagues; while, exalted above them all, in the curule chair, rests the noble form and lofty mien of Cicero the consul, the presiding officer of the Senate and the head of the Roman republic. But who is this that comes with slow and painful steps, with a wan and haggard countenance betokening a long course of dissipation and debauchery, but which, even now, gleams fitfully with the light of genius, and bears stamped upon it the indubitable marks of great talent, an iron will, and unconquerable energy? The senators leave the seats to which he approaches; no friend salutes; the most dreadful silence greets his ears; he sits down alone. All eyes are bent upon the lofty seat of the consul, and, as he slowly rises, all ears drink in with eagerness his words. The very stillness seems vocal; and, turning to the new-comer, he addresses him in a strain of exalted eloquence, bitter satire, and beautiful diction, that have made his address a most splendid example of oratorical power. As he makes known to the guilty man his past deeds; as he discloses to him actions which he thought shut up within the deepest recesses of his own heart; as he lays bare his very thoughts and intentions, his most secret motives and designs, all boldness forsakes him, and, pale and subdued, he can only answer his accuser with a few weak, equivocating words; but, as he hears on all sides the execrations of the senators, and cries of "Traitor!" "Perjurer!" "Enemy!" meet his ears, his courage returns, and, with bold, defiant threats, he rushes from the temple and from the city. In that moment Catiline was conquered; Rome was saved.

Just entering upon manhood, full of ardent longing for renown, and with little scruple as to the manner in which it was to be obtained, when Scylla commenced

his famous career of bloodshed, civil war, and proscription, Catiline was very early trained in the science of arms, and became inured to hunger, thirst, and cold, and every other privation. He is described by Sallust as a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but extremely profligate and depraved. From his earliest youth he delighted in murder, rapine, and every species of dissipation and licentiousness. His great variety of talents gave him an unexampled power over the minds of his associates, especially of the young. He drew his friends into the deepest debauchery, taught them to be adepts in profligacy and vice, made them boon companions in all his pleasures, and assistants in all his schemes of plunder, and thus drew round him a band of faithful though abandoned supporters, who clung to him even in the darkest hours, and who, when all was lost, gave up their lives on the battle-field in his defense. Such is the power which one determined, courageous soul, however depraved, possesses over his fellow-men. The life of Catiline was, from beginning to end, a series of excesses, crimes, and the most flagitious outrages, and his death was in strict accordance with a life so desperate and depraved. After he had been driven from the city by Cicero, he went to Manlius, who was at the head of an army stationed in Etruria. With this army, to which some re-enforcements were added, he maneuvered among the mountains; and finally, when he heard that all his plots in Rome were frustrated and that the chief conspirators were slain, he sought to make his way into Cisalpine Gaul; but so rapid were the movements of his adversaries that they forced a decisive contest. After arranging his army, he placed himself in front, with the venerated eagle by his side which Marius had carried in the Cimbrian war, and directed the attack, with his accustomed skill and fury, against his countrymen. His men, maddened with rage and despair, fought like demons; but, undisciplined and without arms, they could avail nothing against

Rome's choicest troops. They all fell with honorable wounds, and their leader, with a few faithful friends, after working their way into the midst of the hostile forces, was surrounded by foes. Like a wolf attacked by yelling hounds, he laid one and another of his enemies dead at his feet, till, weakened by many wounds, he fell upon a heap of slain, and died cursing his foes and his fate.

Let us leave this scene, and, retracing our steps over the intervening ages, come back to our own land, and nearer our own time. In the latter part of the eighteenth century a scene was presented to the world, which, for deep interest and impressive grandeur, has never been surpassed. A nation young, as far as settlement and organization was concerned, but experienced in the talent of its statesmen and warriors; feeble as to military force, but mighty in the firm conviction that its cause was just, attempted to cope with the mightiest empire of the earth. The people were weak in material resources, but they fought for liberty, and were strong in their unanimous purpose to struggle till death for the freedom of their native land. But, alas! there were some traitors in the camp, some mean, base souls, who, for filthy lucre and empty titles, would sacrifice the hopes of millions oppressed by tyranny. A man who would prove recreant to the interests of his country, at a time like that, should be regarded with detestation and horror. There is no petty meanness to which his soul would not stoop. For the merest trifle he would desecrate the most sacred ties, would barter the remains of his own mother, and stand by with cool indifference while he saw the dissecting knife mangle the features which, in life, had been lit by a smile, or darkened by grief, at his joy or pain. And yet a few such miscreants were found among the American forces, who, while they pretended to be friends of liberty, were watching for a safe and profitable way of betraying it.

On a cold, gray morning in the Spring of 1781, a young man of noble form and

commanding look, which betokened a high birth and military education, might have been seen riding slowly along the banks of the Hudson, looking about now and then upon the beautiful landscape, then covered with a somber hue from the misty dullness of the morning. The shade which encompassed nature seemed to have enveloped his own soul, for he looked anxious and care-worn; and yet his firmly compressed lips and flashing eye showed that he had entered upon some dangerous enterprise, determined to succeed or die. In another direction three hardy rustics might be seen walking in a path directly crossing that of the young soldier, who, as they approached, looked troubled and disturbed. On meeting, the sturdy farmers, taught vigilance by the troublous times, challenged the horsemen, who, in reply, intimated that he belonged to the forces of the king. Stubborn friends of freedom, they immediately declare him a prisoner. His face is at once white as snow, and, with entreaties and bribes, he seeks to dissuade them from their purpose. The interests of a future Republic now hang seemingly upon a brittle thread,—the virtue of a few countrymen; but a rock of adamant could not support it more firmly! A sense of duty blunts the sympathy of their natures, and, with the proudest scorn, they spurn the proffered gold. Thus justice and right triumph, and the machinations of the traitor are frustrated. But, alas! the comparatively innocent instrument of wickedness must suffer, while the guilty principal escapes. André, young, and full of ardent aspirations, must suffer an ignominious death, while Arnold, the hateful traitor, is rewarded for his treachery. If this world were the only place of punishment, the penalties were indeed distributed with an unjust and partial hand.

Arnold, like his great antecedent, was courageous and skillful, and he had not those darker traits of vice and crime which characterize Catiline. He was

avaricious, unscrupulous, and revengeful; but he was neither dissipated nor licentious. Avarice and revenge, two of the foulest demons that ever afflicted our race, led him on to the commission of his greatest crime. He was offered a large sum by the British, and was continually haunted by the recollection of imaginary injuries received from his countrymen. Before his fall there were some noble traits in his character, but afterward there was nothing too low or too base for his guilty soul. He ravaged, with circumstances of the most fiendish atrocity, the place of his birth, burning and devastating the country in sight of his own home, the spot which should have been endeared to him by all the sweetest recollections of childhood. Of Arnold's life after the war but little is known, except that it must have been miserable beyond expression. Despised by those who had been benefited by his treason, hated by his countrymen, and stung with remorse, he dragged out his life in loneliness and obscurity, and died forsaken by all. The names of Catiline and Arnold will descend to the latest generation in connection with every example of infamy since the beginning of time; and, though distance may spread the veil of palliation over some circumstances of their guilt, they will always be regarded as among the worst enemies of mankind. Speak nothing but good of the dead is an old Roman maxim, but its wisdom is very doubtful, and it is seldom obeyed. However painful may be the task, it is sometimes necessary to rake up the stagnant pool of evil deeds that their noxious effluvia may teach men to shun them with horror. We have reason of thankfulness to God that such unexampled prodigies of crime seldom afflict our race; and surely every citizen of this great Republic may well offer a deep and heart-felt prayer that such a miscreant may never again endanger its safety or seek its ruin.

J. W. HEATH.

MANZONI.

IT is related of Sir Walter Scott that, after reading the "Promessi Sposi," he visited Milan with a view of making the acquaintance of the new Italian novelist, and, having been presented to Manzoni, expressed his great admiration for his inimitable romance.

"If it has any merit," meekly replied the poet, "I owe it to you, to say that it is much more your work than my own, so diligently have I studied the masterpieces of your genius."

"If that be the case," replied the Scottish Ariosto, "then the 'Promessi Sposi' is my most beautiful romance."

However this may be, few will entertain a doubt that the place of Manzoni in literature is already assured. A *quasi* nonagenarian, his literary career overlapping three generations, he had the rare fortune of hearing the verdict of posterity pronounced in his favor, and of seeing a whole people educated in the thought that his genius had inspired. In "Urania," one of his earlier minor poems, he expressed the ardent hope that Italy would one day enroll his name among her sacred band of bards; and he lived to see the time when he enjoyed the literary primacy, not only as the first of modern Italian poets, but as the father and prince of Italian novelists.

It is, perhaps, not claiming too much for Manzoni to say that he has achieved a revolution in Italian literature. Elevating poetry from the low moral plane to which it had been debased even by some of the great masters of Italian song, he leads us away from the seductive voluptuousness of Tasso, and the moral indifference of Ariosto, up to the saintly purity and severe morality of the Dantesque ideals. In him we find an exaltation of virtue instead of the glorification of force, and the substitution of conjugal love for that illegitimate, meretricious passion that hitherto for the most part had given tone to the drama. He

came to proclaim a new literary evangel. His genius symbolized faith, hope, and charity, while his mind and heart ever aspired toward a pure and lofty ideal. In his unwearied research for the supreme principles of life, truth, and duty, God, the family, and his country was the trinity that he worshiped; and this worship he has forever enshrined in the most chaste and beautiful of formularies:

"Non far tregua coi vili: il santo vero
Mai non tradir; ne profferir mai verbo
Che planda al vizio, o alla virtù derida."

In these three celebrated verses, which embody a condensed, if not a complete, system of ethics, we find the key-note to the life, character, and writings of the illustrious author; and the path of duty thus traced out he faithfully followed to the end of his life.

Manzoni was one of those elect spirits whose mission it is to arrest the gravitating tendencies of our nature downward, and to recall us to the first principles of truth, honor, justice, and morality. He found his country in need of a savior, and to her he consecrated his noblest energies. He found literature deposed from its high prerogative, and he addressed himself to the task of restoring it to its godlike mission. He found poesy the mistress of the Beautiful, and he sought to make her the handmaid of the Good and the True. He wrote for eternity,—an eternity where every pen-stroke will repeat itself, as in a whispering gallery, in countless echoes for all time to come. The great Lombard, whose high-toned morality gives an added luster to the bright and beautiful nimbus that encircles his brow, furnishes a striking example of the fact that genius is not incompatible with sound judgment, or the most brilliant talents with superlative goodness. In a long life, says Borighi, he had no thought, which, being good, was not beautiful; or, being beautiful, was not good.

Alexander Manzoni, who was born in Milan, March 7, 1785, could trace his descent from a rich and noble family. His mother, a woman of rare intelligence and refinement, was the daughter of the celebrated Marquis Beccaria, whose influence had not a little to do in forming the early character of his gifted grandson. He studied at Milan, afterward at Pavia, and was on terms of friendship with Monti and Foscolo. In his youth he inclined to the classical in art, and the skeptical in philosophy. He had a fiery spirit, and delighted in the pleasures and amusements incident to youth. But the period of effervescence was brief. The process of crystallization having set in, his intellectual powers soon began to assume those pure, transparent, and symmetrical forms which so eminently characterized his subsequent life.

In 1805, Manzoni, then a youth of twenty, with "a massive forehead, and eyes full of fire," accompanied his mother to Paris. Here the name of Beccaria introduced him at once into that famous circle of ideologists which held its reunions at Auteuil, once presided over by the accomplished Madame Helvetius, and the rendezvous of the most distinguished poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the time. Among these were Boileau, Rumford, Molière, Napoleon, and Voltaire, who styled it "the real Parnassus of the true children of Apollo." At the time of Manzoni's visit, it numbered among its members Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, Fauriel, and Garat, who, as Minister of Justice, read Louis XVI his death sentence. With such associations, at such an age, it is not surprising that the future author of the "Inni Sacri" and the "Morale Cattolica" should have been confirmed in his skeptical tendencies, even to the point of embracing the atheistical philosophy of the French encyclopedists.

Under these auspices the young poet made his *début* in the "Versi Sciolti," composed on the death of his foster-father, Carlo Imbonati. Returning, in 1807, to Milan, he married, the year follow-

ing, Luisa Enrichetta Blondel, daughter of a Geneva banker,—a beautiful, noble woman of elevated and refined genius, who, as the poet himself expresses it, in his dedication to her of the "Adelchi," with her conjugal affection and maternal wisdom, ever preserved a virginal soul. In 1809, he published "Urania," his first and last attempt at poetry drawn from mythological sources.

Such a mind as Manzoni's, however, could find no repose in the nebulous vagaries of pantheism, or the cold abstractions of nihilism. Giving voice to the inarticulate cry of doubt and despair, "O God, if thou art, reveal thyself to me!" after long and profound meditation, and an arduous struggle with the mystery of the Infinite; searching every-where for a definite solution of the great problem of human existence,—for the unknown quantity in life's perplexing equation,—he at length found rest in a Christian theism. Rejecting the skeptical philosophy which he had embraced in early youth, he became from henceforth the sacred lyrist and Christian poet of Italy. In his "Inni Sacri," the first fruits of his newly consecrated genius, he created a new species of lyrical poetry. Masterpieces of thought, fancy, and sentiment, and characterized by vigor, grace, force, and propriety of expression, "they combine," says an Italian critic, "the grandeur of Pindar with the divine enthusiasm of David." Though their simple sublimity of conception and expression occasioned them to pass for a time unnoticed, they subsequently became deservedly celebrated, both in and out of Italy; and Manzoni, as founder of the new school, had many imitators, but no worthy rival.

In his "Conte di Carmagnola," Manzoni completed the literary revolution he had already inaugurated. It is true that Pellico and Foscolo had made some attempts at a reform already preached by the Schlegels, and accomplished by Goethe and Schiller in Germany. But whatever credit attaches to the emancipation of the drama in Italy from the shackles of the classical school fairly belongs to

Manzoni. The "Carmagnola" was published in 1820. Conceived in the spirit of romance, and in defiance of the three Aristotelian unities, it created a great sensation in literary circles, not only throughout Italy, but in England and Germany. It was introduced into Germany by Goethe, who, being an enthusiastic admirer of the Italian poet, translated it, together with the "Cinque Maggio," into German. This tragedy is characterized by the simplicity of its dramatic forms and the sobriety of its style. The chorus, which Manzoni has introduced into this and a subsequent tragedy with great lyrical effect, differs from that of the old Greek dramatists in that, whilst the latter is merely a musical interlude embodying a moral, the former, in which the poet addresses the public in his own proper person, plays an important part in the delineation of character and the development of the plot.

The dramatic genius of Manzoni culminated in the "Adelchi," which appeared in 1823. "I do not hesitate to affirm," says an enthusiastic critic, "that for me there are only three perfect tragedies, "Ædipus," "Hamlet," and "Adelchi." Let him protest who will, I console myself with the reflection that I share this my enthusiasm with Goethe, Mazzini, and Giusti." In opposition to those who denounced the drama as necessarily immoral, Manzoni contended that the fault was not in the essence but in the form of the drama, which is capable of a development founded upon the purest morality, and which, in depicting the nobler emotions, may become a great moral educator. Though the poet embodied his theory in the "Carmagnola" and "Adelchi," from which the sexual passion is entirely excluded, since there is not a love scene in either, like other laudable attempts to reform the theater, they both fell still-born upon their reproduction on the stage.

The "Cinque Maggio," which was published in 1821, is, of all his miscellaneous pieces, the one by which the poet is most universally known. It

is an Ode on the death of Napoleon, whose

"Was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dreamed of empire to fulfill,
And to a greatness to attain
'T were madness to have hoped to gain!
All these were his; nor these alone;—
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne;—
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god."

Beranger, Delavigne, and Lamartine had each composed verses upon the occasion of Napoleon's death, but none of them, the French critics themselves being the judges, have equaled the sublimity of the author of "Cinque Maggio." "The grandest man of action of the century," says Bersezio, with the pardonable partiality of a native critic, "was sung by its greatest poet."

It would appear that Manzoni had contemplated for some time an epic poem upon the founding of Venice, but, perceiving, as Gioberti justly remarks, that the modern novel, conforming as it does to the genius of modern society, is scarcely less a necessity of our civilization than the epic was to that of the ancients, like Sir Walter Scott, he turned aside from poetry to prose, and his contemplated epopœia became, instead, a popular romance.

The "Promessi Sposi," which appeared in 1827, is a masterpiece of art, beauty, and philosophy, in which the genius of Manzoni reached its apogee. It has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and furnished the subject of at least three operas and several dramas. Throughout Italy its principal characters are as well known as any saint in the calendar, and, after the "Divina Commedia," it is the book you will most easily find in every Italian household. The ideal creations of the author's genius, reproduced upon the stage, and embodied in the manifold forms of modern art, have been invested in the popular estimation with all the reality of historical verities. Visit Lecco, and the familiar

names and not less familiar forms of the various characters flash upon you everywhere,—along the street and in the public squares, in hotel and café and *trattoria*, from the rude charcoal sketch to the polished marble tablet; whilst the simple peasantry will show you the house of Lucia or the cell of Friar Christopher, or the parsonage of Don Abondio, with as much *naïveté* as they would point out the serrated summit of the famous Resegone, or the distant dome of the cathedral at Milan.

In an edition of the "Promessi Sposi," issued in 1842, the author added as an Appendix the "Storia della Colonna Infame," in which he drew a vivid picture of the cruel executions to which the superstition of the Milanese populace had given occasion during the plague of 1630. Among his minor works we may note his "Morale Cattolica," written in reply to Sismondi, who, in his history of the Italian Republics, had severely animadverted upon the influence of the Catholic Church on Italian affairs during the Middle Ages; besides a discourse upon some points of Lombard history, and a beautiful Ode upon the movements of 1821. It is understood that he has left some posthumous works, and, among others, one of a historical character on the French Revolution.

Whether we consider Manzoni as a man or citizen, as a poet or novelist, we are almost equally struck with admiration. A sincere Catholic, he was, at the same time, a pure patriot. Rising superior to the petty conflicts of parties, he knew admirably well how to reconcile the instincts of patriotism with the convictions of religion,—principles which, in the fierce conflict still raging between Church and State in Italy, have been pronounced irreconcilable. Tolerant of the opinions of others, he was not one of those who are more in love with a theory than with the truth, who prefer a triumph gained to a principle vindicated, or who pit a papal dogma against a universal law, or a Providential decree. His piety was devoid of superstition, and he

had no love for the monks. He was, as Goethe observes, a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry; . . . and if he was not exempt from proselytism,—something very natural in one who is convinced of the truth,—he shows himself so mild in his strictures as to merit the good will even of his adversaries.

Manzoni was ever a devoted friend of Italian unity and independence. To this he consecrated his noblest powers, and, "hoping against hope," saw with prophetic eye a free and united Italy:

"Una d'armi, de lingua, d'altare,
Di memorie, di sangue e di cor."

The "Carmagnola" and "Adelchi" everywhere breathe the spirit of liberty and independence. The "Promessi Sposi," with two such liberals as *padre* Christopher and the Cardinal Borromeo, and such revolutions, pure and simple, as the bread riots at Milan, narrowly escaped the *Index Expurgatorius*. He hailed with enthusiasm the Revolution of 1848, and, together with some of the best citizens of Milan, signed an address to Carlo Alberto invoking his aid,—a signature which, as Broglio observes, might have cost him his head. Finding one of his sons at home, slightly indisposed and lying in bed, whilst the others were fighting at the barricades, he exclaimed: "You should not be sick in such days as these. My son can not remain inactive whilst the others are fighting; rise and do your duty."

The year following he was tendered a seat as deputy in the Sub-alpine Parliament, but declined the proffered honor in favor of some one who, at that critical period in political affairs, would be better qualified, as he said, to discharge the duties of so responsible a position. He subsequently, however, on the annexation of Lombardy to the kingdom of Italy, accepted a seat in the Senate. Rarely taking an active part in politics, he was by no means an indifferent spectator. As a senator, though his extreme age and the delicate state of his health prevented his attending regularly the

sessions of Parliament, he did not fail to be present when those great principles were at stake which so deeply involved the national welfare. The author of the "Morale Cattolica," at the age of seventy-six, went expressly to Turin to sanction with his vote the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, founded upon the ruins of the temporal power of the Pope, and shouted his *vivas* with the rest when Rome was united to Italy. "For my faith in Italian unity," he one day remarked to some friends, "I have made the greatest sacrifice that was possible for me, that of consciously writing bad verses,"—a sacrifice, no doubt, which only a poet jealous of his reputation can duly appreciate who has ever attempted the poetry of politics.

And yet he did not always approve in advance of the manner in which Italian unity was achieved. In '48, he refused his consent to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. At that time he preferred to see all the Italian provinces unite to constitute an undivided Italy, instead of having Italy annexed to Piedmont,—a kingdom to a province.

One day, discussing the Roman question with a French Benedictine monk, who naturally refused to admit the right of Italy to Rome, the poet inquired if he were willing to recognize the temporal right of the popes to Avignon.

"Ah! that's another thing," replied the friar. "France is France; but Italy—"

"But," exclaimed Manzoni, suddenly interrupting him, and at the same time intimating that Italians had some rights that the Church was bound to respect, "but we also, *mon pere*, we also were born somewhere."

Manzoni and Mazzini represented, perhaps, the extremes of the liberal party in Italy. Both loved their country, and labored for national unity and independence, but each in a different way. Mazzini was the flaming herald of a new dispensation, for which the way has not yet been fully prepared; Manzoni, the venerable prophet of an old, with his face to the past, but his index finger

pointing to the future. Mazzini represented action and agitation; Manzoni, contemplation and resignation. In one we find a fiery impetuosity; in the other, an Olympian serenity. In these stormy days, when the political elements were lashed into deeper fury by the flaming appeals of Mazzini and Guerrazzi, Manzoni was ever tranquil and serene, like some friendly pharos that cast its benign rays far and near, amid the darkness, over the wild and troubled elements.

Varying the comparison, "Dante," to borrow the language of another, "was Italy of the fourteenth century, unhappy, agitated, convulsed, execrating, and pronouncing sentence against, her oppressors, her own ungodly subjects, her errors and misfortunes, the oppressor, and herself. Manzoni is Italy of the nineteenth century, which has struggled and suffered, shed tears and blood, yet always sustained by the light of faith and the courage of hope, till at length, free and independent, and inducted anew by God himself into the family of nations, she becomes calm, collected, serene, reverent, magnanimous,—and pardons."

Italy, in her rapid development, may have outgrown some of the political and religious ideas of Manzoni; but his artistic excellence, his pure morality, and the splendid example of his spotless life, she will not willingly suffer to die.

As a man, Manzoni was loved and venerated, without distinction of social position, political parties, or religious opinions. Institutes and academies vied with each other to do him honor. Princes and sovereigns who passed through Milan considered it a privilege to be permitted to pay their respects to the venerable poet. With the king, for whom he cherished a warm affection to the last, his relations were of the most intimate and cordial character. Royal honors would have been his without stint, but Manzoni, like Cavour, lightly prized the "pomp of ribbons." Shortly after the battle of Solferino, the king, having learned, on visiting Milan, that the poet's fortune was not

such as comported with his fame and position, proposed to confer upon him the grand cordon of San Maurizio, with an annual pension of twelve thousand francs; but, as Manzoni would never accept a decoration, the difficulty was to confer the pension without its having too much the appearance of a public charity, thereby offending the susceptibilities of the poet.

Modest and retiring in the midst of the universal esteem and admiration of which he was the object, the manners of Manzoni were as gentle as his heart, and ever characterized by a golden simplicity. On one occasion, it is related that, on his appearance at the theater, the audience saluted him with the most hearty applause. He, supposing it to be intended for the actors, commenced clapping his hands with the rest, and only perceived his mistake to be overwhelmed with confusion. Descended from a noble family, he was entitled to the prefix of count to his name; but, with ensigns armorial such as genius alone can confer, he held his patent of nobility in light estimation, and was accustomed to say to those who called him Count Manzoni: "*Che conte?* I am plain Alexander Manzoni, and nothing more." His more intimate friends, however, usually addressed him as *Don Alessandro*, which had something in it of a paternal, or rather patriarchal, flavor, and was the only approach to a title that he would tolerate.

Mildness and amiability were his unfailing characteristics. The general expression of his countenance was that of intelligence united with goodness, while its benevolent and tranquil aspect revealed the serenity of a musical conscience. His smile was a benediction.

A good listener, his conversation was easy, polished, and fluent. At times it was piquant with attic salt, or pungent with the most delicate irony. At others, a word expressed a thought, an illustration an argument. Speaking of the political situation of France under the administration of M. Thiers, he said: "With three monarchies and two repub-

lics on her hands, France is in a bad way." His impromptu replies and sallies of wit and repartee were treasured up by his intimate friends as something unusually rare. It is related that Zuccoli, the artist, having sketched the portrait of the poet, solicited his autograph. Manzoni, seizing a pen, wrote upon the instant: "The portrait painter, like the copyist of a faulty manuscript, should be faithful to the original, without making emendations and corrections."

Thus, full of honors as of years, the Nestor of Italian literature passed the goal of fourscore, dividing his time between his farm at Brusuglio and his native Milan, thinking and writing to the very last. His delicate health had received a severe shock in the recent death of a favorite son, and he fell the more easily a prey to disease. He died from catarrh, May 22, 1873, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

In the death of Manzoni, Italy has lost one of the noblest, most illustrious, and most universally respected of her sons,—the one who, in the eyes of Europe, most of all personified modern Italian literature. No sooner was the news of his death flashed by telegraph over the country than telegrams and letters of condolence began to pour in by the hundred from all classes of society, from the king and royal princes down to the associations of the humblest artisans. Verdi tendered his services in the composition of a grand funeral requiem, and Florence decreed his remains a resting-place in Santa Croce, her pantheon of glory; and such funeral honors have rarely, if ever, been paid to any literary man. It is estimated that over sixty thousand persons visited his remains while lying in state; and that half Milan, and twelve thousand non-residents and foreigners, were present at his obsequies. All along the route of the funeral cortege, the windows and balconies, streets and public squares, were decorated with the national colors, draped in mourning, and, where they were not lined with troops, were thronged with spectators.

The great cathedral, where the funeral services were celebrated with all the pomp and pageantry so characteristic of the Catholic ritual, was crowded by an immense concourse of people, that filled nave and transept and aisles, and then overflowed into the surrounding square. Umberto, the prince hereditary, and Amadeo, Ex-King of Spain, were among the pall-bearers, while cabinet ministers, senators, deputies, mayors of the various cities, and deputations from the several provinces, followed in the funeral train. As the funeral car, richly decorated, and drawn by six splendid horses, caparisoned in black, moved slowly along, between continuous lines of infantry and the national guard, preceded by a detachment of cavalry, and followed by more than a hundred civic associations, with banners and bands of music, and bearing garlands and laurel crowns to be deposited upon the tomb of the illustrious dead, the whole constituted a grand and imposing pageant, that seemed to be not so much a funeral as an apotheosis.

The "*Promessi Sposi*," as the masterpiece of the primate of Italian novelists, merits something more than a cursory notice. "As a work of fancy," says Gioberti, "his book is the greatest and most wonderful that has been published in Italy since the '*Divina Commedia*' and the '*Furioso*.'" "It is," exclaims another Italian critic, in a burst of enthusiasm, "the epic poem of modern times, and the *Iliad* of Christianity." An historical romance, its primary scope is to describe the state of society in the duchy of Milan in the seventeenth century. The plot is quite simple, merely furnishing the author with a slender thread upon which to string his literary pearls.

Don Abondio, curate of a small village near Lecco, returning home one evening, reading his breviary, encounters two hired assassins of Don Rodrigo, who, in obedience to their master's orders, threaten him with death in the event of his solemnizing the marriage of Renzo Tramaglino

with Lucia Mondella, two young peasants belonging to his parish. Don Abondio, with whom "discretion is the better part of valor," promises whatever they demand, and then hastens home, where he meets his maid-servant, the faithful Perpetua, from whom he is unable to conceal the cause of his agitation. Renzo, suspecting some imbroglia, and confirmed in his suspicions by Perpetua, encounters the curate, and succeeds by threats in extorting from him his secret. Smothering his rage, he hastens back to where Lucia, in her wedding-dress, awaits him, and learns from her for the first time how Don Rodrigo had previously insulted her. After a hurried consultation, Lucia goes for advice to her confessor, *padre* Christopher, who, on hearing her grievance, resolves boldly to confront Don Rodrigo, and deter him, if possible, from the accomplishment of his villainous purpose.

When this plan has failed, Agnes, the mother of the bride expectant, proposes to the lovers that they should present themselves with two witnesses before the curate, and declare themselves, in their hearing and presence, husband and wife, which, according to the custom of the times, was sufficient to legalize their union. Meanwhile, Don Rodrigo devises a scheme by means of which his hired ruffians are to seize Lucia and carry her off by force to his castle. Both plans, however, miscarry. The *Sposi* and Agnes, warned of their danger by Father Christopher, fly,—Renzo to Milan, the mother and daughter to Monza, where they take refuge in a convent. The unfortunate Renzo arrives in Milan on the eve of a popular insurrection, in which he imprudently takes an active part and is arrested, but in the midst of the tumult succeeds in freeing himself from the hands of the officers and making his escape to Bergamo, where, under an assumed name, he takes up his abode with his cousin, a silk-weaver.

Don Rodrigo, foiled in his first attempt, with a view of violating the asylum of Lucia, has recourse to a powerful chief-

tain, known as the "Innominato," or No Name, who "fears not God nor regards man." Through the connivance of the lady superior of the convent, who is on terms of improper intimacy with Egidio, a friend of the Innominato, Lucia is betrayed into the hands of the latter, and, half dead with terror, is carried off by his ruffians to his castle. During the night, whilst the unfortunate girl devotes herself, amid sobs and tears, to the Holy Virgin in a vow of perpetual virginity, if she will interpose in her behalf, the Innominato, moved by pity, is seized with remorse, and resolves to liberate her. After an interview with the great and good Cardinal Borromeo, who happened to be in the vicinity visiting his diocese, he is confirmed in his resolution. Lucia is accordingly restored to her mother, who, to protect her against any further designs on the part of Don Rodrigo, finds an asylum for her in Milan.

Then follow famine and pestilence. Oppressor and oppressed are alike stricken down,—Don Rodrigo, Renzo, and Lucia. Renzo, recovered, seeks his Lucia in the plague-stricken city. Two-thirds of the inhabitants had already died. Corpses, which had been thrown from the windows, cumbered the deserted streets. "The customary sounds of human occupation had ceased; and this silence of death was interrupted only by the funeral cars, the lamentations of the sick, the shrieks of the frantic, or the vociferations of the *monatti*." As Renzo wanders about amid this scene of desolation and death, he is suspected of being an *untore*,—one who, according to a vulgar superstition, disseminated the plague by means of pestiferous unguents,—and is pursued by a furious mob. "His anger became rage; his agony, despair." Turning, he beheld several cars approaching loaded with corpses. "The bodies were for the most part naked; some were half covered with rags, and heaped one upon another; at each jolt of the wretched vehicles, heads were seen hanging over, the long tresses of women were displayed, arms were loosened and striking against

the wheels, thrilling the soul of the spectator with indescribable horror."

To escape death, Renzo leaps upon a car loaded with the dead, where the plague, keeping the mob at bay, takes him under its powerful protection. The danger past, he sets out for the lazaretto, with its sixteen thousand plague-stricken patients. In this "immense receptacle of woe," a sinister silence prevailed, only broken by the sobs, groans, and prayers of the sick and dying. Here, after wandering about among the various scenes of horror, he encounters *padre* Christopher, who, though struck with the plague, ceases not, as he administers to their wants, to cheer and comfort those about him with the divine consolations of religion. Near by, stretched upon a pallet of straw, is Don Rodrigo, already delirious in the agonies of death. Entering the female ward, Renzo, after a long and fruitless search, examining face after face, in file after file, hears a dear familiar voice. It is that of Lucia. After so long and painful a separation the lovers meet. But there's the fatal vow. The good friar, however, absolves Lucia from her solemn promise, and, with this last obstacle to their union removed, the happy lovers return to their native Lecco, where Don Abondio, with the fear of Don Rodrigo no longer before his eyes, unites them in holy wedlock.

Regarding the principal characters, it may be said that the hero and heroine fail to interest us, as do several of the others. Renzo, for the most part, is a lukewarm lover, whose want of passion appears to be fully reciprocated by Lucia. For thus representing his lovers, Manzoni has been severely criticised, and various motives have been assigned therefor. But it appears unnecessary to look far for the true reason. Manzoni, in this instance, as is his custom, is faithful to the truth. In a state of society where, among high and low, interest, and not love, is usually the basis of the marriage contract, Renzo and Lucia betray more feeling than the average *promessi sposi*. It is as if the proper province of passion

were outside the pale of matrimony, and wedded love were regarded as illegitimate; for the reason, it may be, that love and marriage, being so near akin, fall within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and their union is therefore unlawful.

One of the most stately figures in the tableaux of the "Promessi Sposi" is the Innominato. He is sketched with a few masterly strokes of the pencil, assuming almost heroic proportions. Whether he smiles or frowns, he inspires awe even among his braves and assassins, and, though steeped in blood and impiety, he excites our reverence, if not our admiration. Don Rodrigo is a contemptible villain in comparison, whose villainy is gratuitous, and who loves crime for its own sake. In the absence of passion, and from sheer caprice, he not only meditates the most deliberate outrage, but follows it up with the most persistent cruelty.

Padre Christopher is a grand, almost antique, figure. From his first appearance in Lecco, as the friend and adviser of Lucia, till we find him plague-stricken in the lazaretto, at Milan, administering consolation to the sick and dying, he is our favorite as well as the author's. With his dignified form, his lofty courage, his self-abnegation, and sublime faith, he is in sharp contrast with the garrulous, cowardly, obsequious parish priest of Lecco, who "is of the earth, earthy." Don Abondio is the Jack Falstaff of curates. Brave when there is no danger, an arrant coward when the danger is present, and a blustering braggart when the danger is past, he takes good care of his precious epidermis, and evidently regards moral heroism and self-sacrifice as among the vanities. A severe censor withal, "provided he could censure without danger," he even rails at his more worthy colleagues because, "at their own risk, they take the part of the weak against the strong." Though we are unable to suppress a preference for a curate more worthy of his sacred profession, Don Abondio is the character, per-

haps, which of all others, reflects the most credit upon the author as an artist, and at the same time is most relished by the average reader, whom he excites to perpetual laughter.

One of the most prominent characteristics of Manzoni, as an author, is his high-toned morality. He was a devout worshiper of the truth, and all his works were written in the service of religion and the moral advancement of humanity. In his writings, as in his life, he had in an eminent degree the grandeur of goodness; and were we to indicate among the characters whom he has introduced in his pages the one upon whom the author has most clearly impressed his image, it would be the good cardinal, or he of the silver beard and saintly aspect,—*padre Christopher*.

As a poet, the style of Manzoni is pure, simple, and concise. Far from the happy facility of some of his contemporaries, he elaborated with difficulty that upon which he had meditated profoundly. Subordinating art to truth, and style to conception, he does not go abroad in search of the beautiful; but, summoning every assertion to the bar of his judgment, draws his ornaments directly from the subject itself. A realist rather than an idealist, he was a thinker as well as an artist, a reasoner as well as a poet. "The style of Manzoni's tragedies," says a modern critic, "is a happy invention of that favored genius. Neither the harmony nor the brevity nor the clearness, nor the elegance of expression, nor the naturalness of his manner, are so exclusively his gifts that he attains to the perfection of any one of them at the expense of the others; but all, instead, harmonize and conspire together, blending insensibly, as it were, into a complex whole, to which, moreover, a characteristic expression imparts I know not what of that indefinable charm which constitutes the originality of genius."

But the poetry of Manzoni has been eclipsed in the popular estimation by the superior brilliancy of his prose. Perhaps it is not too much to say that there is

scarcely a man or woman in Italy whose most beautiful and cherished memories are not in some way, either directly or remotely, associated with the "Promessi Sposi." In his long and eventful career, embracing so many and so various changes, in which he saw the rise and fall of both Napoleons, and witnessed ten successive revolutions, he has played

a most important part in the moral regeneration of his country, whilst he has followed the flag of Italian unity and independence from the disastrous field of Novara on through the glories of Magenta and Solferino, till he saw it at length floating proudly from the summit of the capitol at Rome.

O. M. SPENCER.

IN SEASON.

"THESE dresses and flannels of Daisy's are quite outgrown," said Mrs. Tracy to her daughter. "You may as well put them all together and give them to Jane Barclay's child. It looked very cold and blue, with its thin Summer dresses on, the last time I saw it. These clothes will be a real blessing to it; and I know it will please Jane." And Mrs. Tracy's heart grew quite warm with the benevolent thought.

"How delighted they will all be!" said Stella, sharing in her mother's feelings. "I mean to attend to it right away."

"You may as well look over the bureau drawers and take out all the old stockings you can find. She can make use of them. I remember she was very glad of a pair I once gave her."

Both mother and daughter felt quite happy over the project of bringing comfort to a poor woman and her child; and they really intended to set about the work very soon; but some dresses for Winter were under way, and the seamstress was quite exacting, and always in want of something "right away." These fashionable dressmakers are very autocratic. So it happened that neither Stella nor her mother had much spare time for a week or two.

Meanwhile the snow fell, and the winds searched through the chinks of Jane's poor dwelling. Her little one shivered and a heavy cold oppressed her breath-

ing, giving the poor widow many an anxious thought. She searched the roadsides for sticks and bits of wood to help keep up her poor fire; but it was very scanty at the best. At length the disease became so severe a doctor was called. His first and chief prescription was warm flannels from head to foot. "She can not live through such a Winter as this with only this cotton gown;" and he took up the sleeve of the little blue slip between his thumb and fingers.

"He might almost as well prescribe a piece of the moon for you," said the poor woman, bitterly, after he had left.

She wrapped her darling in her only shawl, and hugged her close to her breast as she rocked to and fro in the old rocking-chair. That evening the parcel came which had been so long delayed, and which would have saved so much of suffering and sorrow. The woman was greatly pleased and very grateful, and Stella went home well satisfied with herself and her mission of mercy. But the Lord would have been far better pleased if it had been done a month before. Charity is thrice blessed when it comes in season. If the Lord puts it in your heart and in your power to do a kind act, do it at once. Delays are dangerous, both for yourself and for those you would help. Be careful about making promises of help which you are slow to perform. A gift long looked for

seems dearly bought in the end. I knew a woman who was always raising the expectations of the poor in this way, only to bring them disappointment and much dissatisfaction at last. Doing well is better than merely saying well, any day.

Let your gifts be well considered, and your good resolutions carried promptly into execution. "Put yourself in his place," and remember the golden rule. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I HAD come back, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to spend a short time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity, was every thing!—every thing but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as every-where. I asked for this one and that one, as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer, "Dead," came so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.

"O, he's all right," was the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.

My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds, that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.

I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence, and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?"

"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this part of the country."

"Did he build that house?"

"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel, naturally, proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using

his wealth in enterprises that are for the common good?"

"O, as to that, he is like other men."

"How like other men?"

"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melleville?" I asked.

"Henry Melleville?"

"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied:

"Poor Melleville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in any thing."

"I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him most."

"It is too true; and I am sorry for it. That is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melleville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I do n't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and do n't have a great many warm friends."

"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."

"O no! Of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind by far the pleasantest recollections of Melleville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life, beyond that of almost every one else I had left in my native place.

"What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"O, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, and with an indifferent toss of the head.

"I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melleville has done so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction. "What is the cause of it?"

"The causes of success or failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in these matters; but I own to being in the dark. There is n't an honest or more industrious man in the world than Melleville, and yet he does n't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing very well, better than usual, when his shop was burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"

"Yes, but it was only partial; just enough to set him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me, very well, when a Spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes some pull-back just as he gets fairly on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.

"I never heard him complain."

"It has been different with Mr. Payson."

"O, dear, yes; his whole life has

been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed on the whole. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so, in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if you will: human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather stylishly furnished office, where it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his visitors who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I rose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone guiltless of pleasure or cordiality. The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt inclined to retire without another word; but, having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him with some care.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," said I, after resuming the seat from which I had risen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that?" he responded, without interest.

"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from home out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?"

He did not look at me direct, but with his face slightly turned, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," said I.

"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile; "the first man I have met in a decade who did n't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I asked this question.

"Yes—or at least the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! O, dear! Every other man you meet has some design on you."

"Your experience has been more unfavorable than mine," said I.

"Then you are fortunate,—that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five; but time had not improved his face, as it does some faces. Every feature remained. I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity, and good-will had nearly died out, while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament.

"You have been fortunate," I remarked, "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood, you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Money is n't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.

"No, but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said, in return.

"Yes, I know; that's the common talk of the day," he answered, in a kind of growl. "I find it the minister of evil."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they do n't speak from their hearts, as I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of happiness."

He shut his lips tightly, and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Do n't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer"—He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled on his face.

"You have children?"

He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him.

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Pretty well grown by this time?"

"Some of them." He paused, and then added, "And quite past me. Children, sir!" His manner grew suddenly excited, but he checked himself, with a slight air of confusion; then went on. "Children, sir!" Stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that bath his quiver full of them," said I, cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest.

When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, except the money, he was the most unsuccessful man it had been my fortune to meet. In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him, he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now, he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction,—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a noble and true life.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while his children were young, he was so absorbed in business speculations, that he had no time or inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children, he would interfere with

his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good.

Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered, proud, and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as far as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in!" And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the meagre furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five!" said I.

"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself."

All about myself! And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear about you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face. "How is it with you!"

"O, as well as I deserve, and something better," he replied, cheerfully. No shadows came over his face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."

"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not always to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own to having fallen into the

error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them; I called them, for a time, the greatest good, or the chief means toward attaining the greatest good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.

"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it would n't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.

"And found him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. I am poor; but 'his are the cattle upon a thousand hills.'"

"You have children?" I said.

"Yes, and good children, thank God! Loving children!"

His eyes glistened as he spoke.

And this was the man who had not succeeded; this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt, as of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melleville; "some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."

"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied by riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No, no, no!"

He spoke with earnestness.

"I have seen him," said I.

"Well, how did he impress you?"

"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you, that his life has been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach so near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness,

tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul, that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I wandered in the old familiar places, and when I went away, it was with no nicely balanced question in my thoughts as to which was the truly successful man.

A VILLAGE OF NORTHERN NEW YORK, 1814.

ALL travelers who pass through Lake Champlain from Whitehall northward, or coming in from Canadian settlements, are attracted by the small but pretty town of Plattsburg, lying on the western shore. Beautiful is it indeed for situation, like Zion of old, at once a rejoicing and pride to its citizens. Modern science, in its various forms of steam and electricity, have been wonderful awakeners from idle lethargy here, as in other ancient towns. But when our child eyes first rested upon it, and our tiny voice called it "home," the village reposed in a calm, lazy sleep; so quiet, indeed, that one could fancy the sound of fife and beat of drum on such primitive ears might have been startling as on those of a Casper Hauser.

The natural scenery through nearly the whole length of Lake Champlain is much of it picturesque and beautiful. Small towns lie nestled in full view among its high hills, intersected continually by little foaming streams or laughing rivulets. The lake, with its background of Green Mountains, that loom up in the distance with coquettish change,—now smiling in tender Spring costume, as the early morning rain quivers among the tree-tops, and anon showing only grim, weird faces, as even-tide lengthens out its shadows,—is every-where visible, while the quiet country roads go winding, through alternate

thickets of evergreens and farms of high cultivation, for many miles around.

The river Saranac,—the bloody Saranac is its common vernacular,—issuing from the shadowy Adirondacks, nearly a hundred miles above, comes foaming through the deep gorges of the Au Sable, until, reaching a more civilized region, it ripples in tortuous fashion over the pebbly bed through the suburbs, and then severs the old town of Plattsburg quite in twain. Passing under the old and lower bridge, it makes a curve on one side, round a low, grassy shore, and, running swiftly under the shelter of a high, bold promontory, called "The Point," on the other, soon widens, and loses itself in the broad open lake.

Nothing in nature can be more lovely than the pretty headland of Cumberland, as it stretches itself lovingly into the bay. On its undulating coast still lie dismantled old country-seats, whose original owners have long since slept their last sleep, but which still retain the familiar names as of old,—*"Macdonough Farm," "Woolsey Place,"* and *"Platt Manor."* The turf is green and fresh as soft, rich moss about them, and the smooth lawns that lead gently to the lake shore, despite man's neglect, enjoy a peculiarly tender care from nature itself, for the grass is soft and trim as on the estate of some English noble. There is always

the same somber silence, too, broken only by the plash of restless waters over the graveled beach, or darting rudely among the shallow caves. Even to this day no active vitality has ever disturbed the subdued quietude, the sad loneliness, of these once patrician homes on Lake Champlain.

Calm and restful as the whole scene within and around the ancient village seemed in my young years, the locality had known all the sights and sounds of civil war: cannon had roared with fatal reverberations among its hills; the white sails that glistened on its peaceful waters had been discolored and bespattered by the life-blood of many a noble heart. There had been the bitter tears and fears of parting friends, followed by the sharp, keen agony of newly made widows and orphan children. The village cemetery had in its very center a consecrated green-sward, whose memorial stones answered only to the dead soldier's roll-call. Here lay many a brave hero over whose young head the birds sang, from year to year, their most cheerful reveilles, or beat an evening tattoo on the grand old pine-trees. Here, too, the village children used to meet on their weekly holiday, and whisper to each other the wild legends of the supernatural with all the mysterious circumstances that so delighted, yet awe-struck us in hearing our guardians relate, as preceding and accompanying the stormy war era. These spiritual manifestations, as they would be called in our day of the present, were intensified to actualities in our young hearts by a constant familiarity with homes riddled by bullets, and huge cannon-balls resting innocently within cavities not originally intended for their reception.

Before touching upon the scenes of a battle-field, the incidents of which I must gather from a gentle widow, who sits daily by the ingle-side near me, and whose varied life already comprises its fourscore years and five; from a relative, Judge Palmer, who, in pamphlet form, has given an exhaustive and graphic detail of the more than double centennial

of Lake Champlain; and from a few other channels, I must crave pardon of the reader if I dwell for a moment within the domain "where I was born." The house is historic, yet, like nearly all the ancient landmarks of our nation, has become simply a memory.

Devised and built in a time of peace, not far from the year 1800, it was, when demolished in 1860, to give place to the present imposing post-office block, in a state of complete preservation; not a warp in its stanch old frame, every board as good as new,—except where it had been pierced by bullets and balls fired from the American works during the siege,—and fastened together with wrought nails, as saith the ancient chronicle of the town.

As I have before said, the river Saranac severs Plattsburg quite in two; on the western side lay the route by which the land forces of the English must needs enter the village from Canada. This portion had been hurriedly evacuated by the citizens, who, with the general army, were marshaled on the lake shore, after transporting women and children across to the Vermont side. Thus it became a necessity with the British commander, the bridges that spanned the stream having been all destroyed by our people, that he should occupy the western bank of the river.

It was, therefore, in my father's home-
stead, as being considered at the time a residence of more architectural pretension and commodious size than any other in the village, that General Provost; his assistant, General Rottenburg; and the staff officers, selected it as their headquarters. Within gunshot of the opposite shore of the river, the building presented a fair target for our sharp-shooters. The Baronet kept his bivouac, it is said, in the cellar basement, which, being of solid mason-work, might thus prove a wall of defense from all danger. Unfortunately, a ball struck the house as a young ensign, made valiant by hunger, passing through the parlor, had just entered a closet refectory, and was quietly

helping himself to a lunch in the pantry, when the fearful demon of war came booming through, and killed him instantly. It may seem a mere tradition, and yet it is passing true, that, on the spot where the soldier fell, the blood-stain from the fatal wound could never be quite effaced.

Not a vestige remains of the dwelling-house, once so comely in its whole design, and around which clustered so many histories, public and personal. Yet it is pleasant for the few scattered members of the former household to recall the wide, long, hospitable hall, without any vestibule entrance, flanked by two great reception-rooms; the arched ceilings, much above the ordinary height of that primitive day, and delicately frescoed; the low basement kitchen, where the British chief, no doubt, used to roast his mutton on a mammoth scale; the great cellar, under immense beams of wood, where, before the war, the emancipated slave servants of the family, as I have heard, used to enact high life below stairs.

Not alone has Yankee vandalism laid violent and destructive hands upon the venerable mansion itself, but its relentless plow and its harrow, its pitiless stone and daubing mortar, have torn away every sign of the once extensive lawn, shaded by lines of graceful elms; the pretty terraced garden; the narrow strip of meadow-land, lying at the garden's foot, through which trickled as bright and clear a rivulet as ever found its way to lake or ocean. Over our home, as over many another manor-house, darkened by time, has this age of progressive utility marched rough-shod, leaving only to the interested survivors a respectable memory.

The midsummer of 1814 had come, and reined over the lake country in all its sultriness. It became evident that the plan of the British campaign on the northern frontier of New York was completed. The State was to be invaded, and the possession of Lake Champlain secured. General Izard, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the North,

received information that the enemy was in motion below, and the British flotilla slowly moving up the Richelieu River with a small squadron. No doubt could be harbored that a speedy invasion of New York was in contemplation; and yet, with full information on the subject, the United States Government was guilty of a blunder, by which so many battles in all ages have been lost. The Secretary of War ordered Izard to march the greater part of his army westward, to co-operate with the Army of Niagara. The order astonished the army and the people. The disappointed Izard could scarcely restrain his indignation, and his reply to the Government is almost sublime in its protest:

"I will make the movement you direct, if possible; but I shall do it with the apprehension of risking the force under my command, and with the certainty that every thing in this vicinity, but the lately erected works at Plattsburg and Cumberland Head, will, in less than three weeks after my departure, fall into the hands of the enemy."

The protest was unavailing, and, like a true soldier, he obeyed orders. Four thousand men were set in motion by the way of Lake George, Schenectady and the Mohawk Valley, ending their weary march at Sackett's Harbor the middle of September.

General Alexander Macomb now assumed the chief command, having as his compeers Generals Wool and Forsyth, and the militia Major-General Movers. Forsyth was killed by a vagrant shot, before hostilities commenced. Macomb now directed all his energies to the completion of three redoubts,—Fort Moreau, the principal one, commanded by Colonel Melancthon Smith; Fort Brown, by Colonel Storrs, and Fort Scott, by Colonel Vinson.

The initial skirmish of the battle took place near the stone church of a small settlement, about five miles from Plattsburg, called Beekmantown, by which road the British were coming in from Canada. The enemy, in full force, were

met by General Wool's little band; and the militia, alarmed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, fled toward Plattsburg. Wool fell back a few miles, until joined by Captain Leonard, with two pieces of artillery. As the British came on, Leonard opened fire. Three times did the battery line pour its deadly missiles through their lines, yet it did not check the enemy's onward march. The bugles sounded a charge; the men threw away their knapsacks, and rushed forward on the double-quick. Leonard was compelled to fly, but Wool and Movers's militia made a safe retreat across the Saranac. After crossing the town bridge, and before the British advance reached the village, its planks were torn up and formed into a breastwork, near an old stone mill, which is still standing. Thus, when the British reached Plattsburg, they found themselves checked at the outset by the demolition of all the bridges. They attempted to ford the Saranac; but Provost, finding it too difficult a task, ordered his army to encamp on an elevated ridge, about half a mile back of the river. Notwithstanding the overwhelming force of which he was the leader, the events of the 6th of September convinced the Baronet that the task before him was not a light one. He had lost in killed and wounded, since day-break, over two hundred men, while the loss of Americans was only forty-five.

Both parties—American and British—now prepared for a struggle of supremacy on Lake Champlain. The morning of the 11th September dawned bright and calm over the peaceful waters. It has been always noticed that great, decisive battles have been fought in the midst of imposing scenery, and the one now to be won verified the truth.

At an early hour, the British land and naval forces were in motion for a combined attack on the American. Provost had arranged the plan with Commodore Downie. It was agreed that, when the British squadron should be seen approaching Cumberland Head, the advance army, under Major-General Rot-

tenburg should press forward, force the fords of the Saranac, climb the steep banks, and, with ladders, escalate the American works on the peninsula, while the several batteries around Plattsburg village should open a brisk fire. Between seven and eight o'clock, the English squadron was seen advancing, and, at eight, rounded Cumberland Head. It consisted of the flag-ship *Confiance*, Commodore Downie; the brig *Linnet*, the sloops *Chubb* and *Finch*,—formerly the *Eagle* and *Growler*, captured from the Americans the year before. Retiring to his cabin, it is said the pious Macdonough conversed with singular simplicity, and with the dignity of a Christian gentleman, on whose shoulders rested the weightiest responsibility that bore on any man in that period of our history. "The conflict to occur in a few hours was to decide the most important issues of the war. With the destruction of the American squadron on Lake Champlain the British army was sure to make its way unobstructed to Albany, possibly to New York, and probably dictate the terms of an ignominious peace. That army, composed of fourteen thousand picked soldiers, fresh from victories in Spain and at Waterloo, commanded by a picked officer, the Governor-general of Canada, was on the march, supporting and being supported by the naval force on the lake." Macdonough was then thirty-one years of age, but seemed much younger, it is said,—of a light, agile frame, easy and graceful in manner, with an expressive countenance, remarkably placid. In the navy from boyhood, he was already a hero, having participated in those daring, reckless deeds on the coast of Tripoli, which gave such renown to the American navy. Before engaging in mortal combat on that Sabbath morning, Macdonough, true to his Christian character, made his appeal, surrounded by his officers and crew, for divine aid, reading the prayer in the English service, "To be said before a fight at sea."

As the enemy came round the point, Macdonough's squadron still lay at rest in

Plattsburg Bay,—two galleys at anchor; the brig *Eagle*, the *Saratoga*, Macdonough's flag-ship, schooner *Ticonderoga*, and the *Preble*.

The American line of battle had been formed with great skill by the young commander, and extended completely across to the entrance from Plattsburg, to the long peninsula I have before mentioned as "Cumberland Head." The enemy coming round this point, and being continually baffled by shifting winds, the flag-ship *Confiance* had to be anchored not two cables' lengths from its antagonist, the *Saratoga*. The battle soon became general, steady, and active between the larger vessels. The *Confiance* made no reply to the *Saratoga's* first twenty-four-pounder, until she had secured a desirable position, when she suddenly became a sheet of flame. "Her entire larboard broadside guns, consisting of sixteen twenty-four-pounders, double-shotted, leveled point-blank range, coolly sighted, and favored by still water, were discharged at one time into the *Saratoga*. 'The effect,' says Abbott, 'was terrible. She shivered from round-top to keel as with an ague; and forty of her people—almost one-fifth of her complement—were disabled. But the stunning blow was felt only for a moment. Almost immediately Macdonough renewed the conflict, and the fire of the *Saratoga* was steady and gallantly conducted.' Her first officer, Lieutenant Gamble, was killed; and, fifteen minutes afterward, Commodore Downie was slain."

The two flag-ships were soon disabled, and now came the time for Macdonough to exhibit his splendid seamanship. With the aid of Brown, his skillful sailing-master, he wound the ship, by means of a stream-anchor and hawsers, so that he brought the guns of his larboard quarter to bear on the *Confiance*, which had so vainly tried to imitate the movement. Under the direction of Lieutenant La Vallette, these poured such a destructive fire on the British flag-ship, that she soon surrendered. The smaller ships, seeing the colors of the larger vessels go down,

then dropped their ensigns. At a little past noon, not one of the sixteen national flags, which so proudly floated over British decks in the morning, might be seen.

For two hours and twenty minutes this severe naval battle raged, while the thunders of cannon, the hiss of rockets, the scream of bombs, and the rattle of musketry were heard on the shore. "It was a sublime sight," writes one, "and was beheld by hundreds of spectators on the headlands of Vermont, who greeted the victory with shouts of joy." It was a battle distinguished by a vigor and destructiveness not excelled by any during the war, indeed seldom equaled anywhere or at any time. The victory of the Americans was complete and substantial; and from the *Saratoga*, half an hour after the *Linnet* struck, and the galleys fled, Macdonough sent the following modest dispatch ashore in a gig, to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy: "Sir: The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war, of the enemy."

A venerable friend of the writer, still living in Champlain, says: "I was the first citizen that boarded the vessel after the action, being rowed to the *Saratoga* by two Indians. I met Commodore Macdonough pacing the deck. He had been wounded, and his head was bound with a white handkerchief. As I grasped his hand and congratulated him upon the victory, he calmly replied, 'The result is to be ascribed to an Almighty power.' I went also on board the *Confiance*, and saw Captain Downie after he was killed, a fine-looking, robust Englishman. He lay in his berth with his breast bared, but no wound visible, only a broad black streak across his breast, where a cannon-ball must have passed so near."

Sir George Provost wisely saw that, as he said, "the farther prosecution of the service was become impracticable. He had experienced the great mortification to hear the shout of victory from the American works when the fleet surren-

dered on the lake." He had assumed the position of co-operator with the fleet, rather than the principal, leaving Downie the brunt of the service, but ready to receive and wear the garlands of honor which might be won. Seeing the British flag humbled, he resolved to fall back toward the Canada border, and halt until he should learn what use the Yankees were to make of their success. It was a wise decision; for the Baronet was really in peril. The fire of the British batteries was kept up until sunset of the first day, and when night fell, on the third day after the battle, the frightened Provost sent all his artillery and baggage for which he could find transportation Canada-ward, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September the whole army fled, with a precipitancy that indicated a panic. Before the 20th, every vestige of the British army had left the soil of the United States forever.

Provost had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing; two thousand; while that of the American forces on land had been less than one hundred and fifty. With this repulse of the British ended the most important military operations on the northern frontier of New York.

In the lovely cemetery on the outskirts of the town, as I have before written, are the graves of the slain, that of Commodore Downie occupying the center. It is a plain, square brick tomb, overlaid by a slab of pure Carrara marble, on which is engraved the following epitaph:

Sacred
to the memory of
GEORGE DOWNIE, ESQ.,
A Post Captain in the Royal British
Navy, who gloriously fell, on
board His B. M. ship, the
Constance, while lead-
ing the vessels under his command
to the attack of the American
Flotilla, at anchor in Cum-
berland Bay, off
Plattsburg,
on the 11th of September, 1874.

To mark the spot where the remains of a gallant officer
and sincere friend were honorably interred,
this stone has been erected by his
affectionate sister-in-law,
Mary Downie.

In double ranks, surrounding the four sides of this more pretentious sarcophagus, lie the fourteen officers, friend and foe, representatives of an exclusive monarchy and free republic. Every grave is marked by a white stone, bearing simply the name, the rank, and the vessel on which death came to each of them. Two pine-trees, wide-spreading, dark, solemn, noble specimens of their species, which were at once the delight and sadness of my childhood, stood at each extremity of Downie's grave, stretching out a guardian branch over all the heroes there bivouacked in a strange land.

In one of the apartments of the old historic mansion,—the homestead so rudely usurped by Baronet Provost; the house scarred by the fiery missiles of war without, and weird in its grim associations with violent death within,—a few years after the close of these stormy events, the writer of this sketch first opened her eyes to the sunshine of the world. Two years subsequent to her birth, the master of the household, the polished gentleman and humble Christian, laid down his "arms at rest," and entered, we trust, into a more perfect peace.

With the exception of Major-General Movers, the coadjutor of Generals Macomb and Wool, the burial of Colonel Smith was the last one celebrated with full honors of war that ever occurred in the small village. The ceremonies were solemnized in the twilight of a lovely August evening; and the pageant, always enacted over breaking hearts, can yet be told in brief and with seeming ease,—a fine battalion of soldiers, in somber parade, before the mansion of deceased; a confined body brought out; a presenting of arms; a mute uncovering of heads; a slow, moaning dirge; the colors of Fort Moreau, which Colonel Smith gallantly defended in 1814, hoisted at half-mast; with one incident more impressive, apart from bewildering grief, than all the rest,—a claim of right, urged by the veterans of the 29th regiment, now merged in the 6th United States, to pay the last

honors to their beloved commander,
when it was found necessary to draw off
a detachment from their labors on the new
road, then being constructed by the army;
the three volleys fired over the lonely

grave; and, as a sequel to all this pomp
and circumstance of war, a group of
frightened orphan children scattered
broadcast over a wide, wide world.

E. S. MARTIN.

I DREAM OF THEE.

I DREAM of thee when gentle Spring
Bounds o'er the frozen lea,
Her robe of loveliness to fling
O'er every leafless tree;
When, from her light foot's magic tread,
Fair flow'rets spring to birth;
And brooklets, 'neath her smiles gush forth,
To glad the green young earth.

I dream of thee in Summer time,
When, from the orchard trees,
The rose-hued apple blossoms whirl
On every perfumed breeze;
When woodlands ring with melody,
And sunshine floods the dells,
And every poet heart is stirred
By nature's myriad spells.

I dream of thee in Autumn days,
When fields of waving grain
Impart their glowing, golden tinge,
To upland and to plain;
When, wearying of the soft green robes
They wore in earlier days,
The forest trees in gorgeous hues
Of gold and crimson blaze.

I dream of thee when woodlands bleak
Are wrapped in Winter's snow;
When o'er the hills, with wail and shriek,
The angry tempests blow.
When earth looks desolate and lone,
And sullen moans the sea,
And lowering storm-clouds veil the skies,
Beloved, I dream of thee.

In Spring, because thy gentle smile,
Like Spring, has magic power,
To scatter o'er my frozen path
Full many a precious flower.
In Summer time, because thy voice
O'er ears and heart has rung
A stream of melody more sweet
Than forest birds e'er sung.

In Autumn, for my garnered joys
Are clustered all around thee;
In thee, the ripening hopes of years,
Their glad fruition see;
And in thy radiant presence, life,
So colorless of old,
Puts on bright hues, and gorgeous tints,
Of crimson and of gold.

I dream of thee in Winter time,
Because full well I know,
Bereft of thee, my lonely heart
Were colder than the snow;
The loneliest moon, by tempest swept,
Were not so desolate;
The blackness of the midnight sky
Were sunshine to my fate.

But wherefore will ill-omened fears
My trusting heart perplex?
Thou art my star, and while thou art,
No doubt my soul shall vex;
But gladly, in thy gentle ray,
The swift-winged seasons flee,
One round of melody and mirth,
And rose-hued dreams of thee.

REBECCA SCOTT.

GRANDMOTHER'S HEROINE—A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

WE were reading, this morning, as we sat by a western window looking on the prairies near the geographical center of the United States, about the murderous raids of the Indians south of our home. For nearly two hundred miles they depopulated the country, stealing horses and cattle because they were too lazy to raise them; burning houses, destroying corn-fields, and brutally torturing and murdering the inhabitants who were unable to fly from their reach. A wagon train that passed here a few weeks' ago, was attacked, and twelve of the seventeen men murdered,—one of them burned alive at a wagon wheel.

After living two hundred and fifty years among an enlightened people, they exhibit the same crafty, cruel traits that were shown in the early days of Virginia and Massachusetts.

The household story of that fatal sail up the James River, and only Captain Smith, of all the happy crew, left to tell the fate of his companions; the noble defense of Captain Underhill in the colony of the New Netherlands; and the brave acts of the Puritans, are all familiar. But it is not of those deeds by the brave and strong that we wish to speak, but to tell the history of one whose part in the Iliad of life, like that of so many of her sex, was simply quiet endurance, and great faith in God.

We used to sit at our grandmother's knee and listen to the oft-repeated tale, sometimes given in devout tones, as she spoke of the firm trust of her heroine, in Him who said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" or in trembling tones, as she spoke of her sorrows,—the destruction of her native town, the murder of its inhabitants, and the captivity of her ancestors.

Oftentimes, after listening to the story, did it seem as though, through some transmigration of soul, we had been in company with the sufferer during that

awful Winter of 1675, and come to life again in our own happy time.

Years ago, one pleasant afternoon, when we were going to the brick school-house where we taught the large boys mathematics and Latin, and the urchins that America was discovered by Columbus, as we looked at the ground over which we were passing, the thought came, "Did grandma's heroine ever walk just here?"

That afternoon, when the perfume of flowers floated in at the open windows, and the reading-class drawled out,

"I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead,"

we longed to close the desk and the school-room, and rest tired mind and weary body by plunging into a sea of quiet, away from any sound save the hum of insects and the songs of birds.

Toward the foot of the class a child read,

"By foes alone his death-song must be sung,"

and the blood of the martyrs in our veins gave a sudden bound, and, with a nod, the school was dismissed; and we started for the hill where Mary Rowlandson spent the first night after her capture by the Indians.

It was a glorious day in early Autumn, and the sun, with its spears of silver, tipped with diamonds, was near the purple gates that stood ajar in the distant west; but as it moved silently down toward the gateway, it sent its last rays of light, hither and thither, through the trees on the hill-tops, giving, to whatever it touched, a beauty not its own. We urged our way on, hoping to enter the palace of glory before the vision faded; to behold, in the fairy light, the spot upon which, for two centuries, bright-haired Aurora, when she put aside her veil in the morning, looked with saddened eyes; from which, Hesperus, when she led forth the stars at night, turned her

face away; and the beautiful clouds, when rocking the cradle of the cloudlets, told the sad history and dissolved in tears; and from the tablets of stone all had unitedly tried to efface the sad story, but in vain; for memories of the blood-stained spot are to-day as plainly before us as they were to our grandmother when she heard them from her grandmother's lips, ages ago.

Our gentle pony turned his head from the sighing pines, that constantly chant the requiems for those who sleep beneath, and we, too, turned our eyes from this quiet resting-place, and looked over a closely trimmed hedge, across a broad lawn, and beyond an elegant mansion, to the brow of a hill, where, for two hundred years, our ancestors have slept in graves to which they went in early manhood, sent by the hand of the red man, whose cause we have no wish to plead.

We rode down a narrow lane, where, on each side, Summer had cast aside her garments, and, with a crown of ripened grain, held a festival with the fiery tri-torna, while the modest phacelia covered her blue eyes, and shook her head disapprovingly to the brook, which stepped daintily and murmuringly over the pebbles beneath her feet. The ash-trees and the sumach had clung blushing to their garments, and the dogwood had turned blue with indignation, because he must cast his aside against his will; but all were too near the royal oak to dare more than express their feelings in significant nods, as the wind moved their branches.

The ivy covered the bare limbs of an old elm with a winding-sheet more beautiful than any ever made for those who sleep in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

We crossed the field to gain the summit of the hill, the goal of the afternoon's ambition, and the air is filled with fragrance as we crush the sweet-brier, whose falling leaves strew the ground. At last we reach the stone, rough and jagged, and, holding the bridle of the pony, we sit down upon the only pillow which the captive had the first night of her sad

journey, one hundred and ninety years ago. With what a sad heart she lifted her eyes from her dying child to the everlasting hills! The smoke from her burning home hid from her sight the silver thread of the river in the valley below. The bleak winds of Winter blew across her face, instead of this soft, mild air that creeps lazily over the hill-top. Instead of the gorgeous coloring that makes the distant hills a pillar of fire in the glowing sunset, she saw the bare arms of the dark forest, lifted toward heaven in an imploring attitude, claiming protection from the icy blast. Alas that she could not, with telescopic vision, have seen what she was purchasing at the sacrifice of life and love.

The hill-side church, far away, we can see; the "many mansions," prepared by the kind heart of the old Bay State, which nestle in the valley, sheltering the homeless and the wanderer, whom kind hearts and hands are endeavoring to turn from the snares and the evil ways of which God's grace has kept so many of us ignorant.

Where Mrs. Rowlandson saw a few smoldering log huts, we see broad streets, overarched with majestic elms; and, as far as the eye can reach, are elegant dwellings, many of them built by the descendants of the colony to which she belonged, and are the homes of an exceptive, refined, and intelligent people.

The sounds which she heard were the savage yells of delight by her captors, and the blows of the hatchet; we listen to the measured thwack of the harvester, as he sharpens the scythe used in cutting the aftermath, and the tones of the town clock, as it tolls the knell of departing day; to the song of the robin, the sharp whirl of the locust, and the gentle stir of the forest leaves, as they move with faintest motion in the wing-weary wind.

Who could have foretold, during the reign of King Henry VIII, when the Reformation first began to spread in England, that it would become the means of sending civilization to this continent? Who thought that God could hear the songs of

praise above the martyr's cry, when Bloody Mary sat on the throne?

We know that he heard the far-off strains; the notes of thanksgiving of the millions from our own land to-day then reached his bowed-down ear, and he thus turned again the captivity of Zion; and we say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The song began when King James said to our fathers: "Go to America, where you can worship God with none to molest;" but when the sickness and the famine came to Plymouth Colony, they heard none of the strains of this far-away song. We look back, and place the notes here and there, and find that the music was divine.

The colony spread into Connecticut, in 1636, and to many other places. In 1645, the Sachem of the Nashawas, who lived at Waushacum, informed Mr. Thomas King, of Watertown, of a tract of land well accommodated for a plantation, and desired the English to come and settle near him.

Mr. King, Mr. Thomas Wylder, Mr. John Prescott, and others procured a deed of the land from the tribe, and divers persons came and settled there. In 1654, Rev. Mr. Rowlandson came among them as the minister for the town of Lancaster. For twenty years the town greatly prospered; the Indians were kind to the people, bringing them corn and wild meat, and receiving from the people kindness in return.

In June, 1675, began King Philip's War, and in August six persons in this town were killed. The Winter following, King Philip, with fifteen hundred savages, marched on Lancaster, which contained only fifty families, assaulted it in five different places, burning most of the unfortified houses, and killing several persons. Rev. Mr. Rowlandson was in Boston to solicit the Governor for better protection of the town. His house was a garrison, and he thought his own family in a place of safety. The morning of the attack, it contained forty-two men, women, and children. But we will let

Mrs. Rowlandson, in her own words, tell the remainder of the story:

"Our house stood upon the edge of a hill, behind which some of the Indians went, others into the barn, and some behind trees, or any thing that would shelter them; and from all these places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail. Quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours were they about the house before they prevailed to fire it, which they at last did by loading a cart with flax and hemp, and pushed it flaming against the house on a side which could not be reached by the guns of the inmates. It was the dolefullest day mine eyes ever saw. Several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. Two of the garrison were out, and one was knocked on the head; the other fell down and begged for mercy, but they would not hearken to him, but killed him, stripped him naked, and cut him open. From a house near by, were five persons taken; the babe taken from its mother's arms, and its brains dashed out against a tree. Some in our own house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to kill us if we stepped out. But we must go, the fire is increasing. No sooner were we out than my brother-in-law fell dead, having been wounded in the throat. My sister's boy had his leg broken by a bullet, which, the Indians perceiving, knocked him on the head; my eldest sister was struck with a bullet and fell dead; a bullet went through my side, and one through the side and hand of my child in my arms. I saw twelve killed before mine eyes, and they were all stripped naked by a company of fiends who delighted in this work of cruelty.

"Now we must go with these barbarous creatures, with our hearts and our bodies wounded and bleeding sore. Their weapons daunted our spirits so that we quietly did as they bid. About a mile they went, upon a hill within sight of the

town, where they intended to lodge for the night. O, the yelling, the dancing, of those black creatures in the night, around their camp-fire, made the place a lively resemblance of hell! A neighbor who was taken captive, they found would be unable to endure the journey, and they struck her on the head, stripped her, and threw her into the fire. With these sights before me, I leaned against a friendly stone and drew beneath the shadow of the rock; and God came to me in a wonderful manner, upholding and sustaining me, as he always does those who trust in him. My children were gone, my husband gone, my relations and friends gone, our house, our home,—all gone. Nothing left except my life, and I knew not but the next moment they would take that. There remained nothing to me but my poor wounded babe, in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no suitable thing with which to revive it. Little does any one think of the savageness and fiendish cruelty of this barbarous enemy. Those seven that were killed last Fall, in a horrible manner, were all killed by Captain Moseby's praying Indians from Marlborough.

"But after a night of murder and cruelty, such as I can not now repeat, the morning dawns, and I must turn my back upon the town and travel with them into the wilderness, I know not whither. My tongue can not describe the sorrows of my heart, and the bitterness of spirit with which I climbed the hills in the early morning. One of the Indians carried my babe upon a horse, but she moaned so that I took her in my arms; but before noon my strength failed, and I fell with her to the ground. Then they set me upon a horse, but, as we were going down a steep hill, we fell over the horse's head, whereupon the inhuman creatures gave a laugh of derision. All day we journeyed, while the snow fell thick and fast, but they did not halt till late at night, when I sat in the snow by a little fire, with my sick child in my lap, begging for water. My own wound had grown stiff, so that I could hardly sit down or

rise, yet all that night I held my child, expecting that every hour would be her last, and no one near to comfort or help me. But the Lord upheld me with his gracious Spirit. The morning came, and they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got on a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my child in my arms. A very wearisome and sad day I had; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceedingly sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound, it may easily be judged what a feeble state we were in, as nothing had passed our mouths, except only a little cold water, from Wednesday until Saturday night.

"On the Sabbath, I remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time, how often I had lost or misspent the day, and how wickedly I had walked in God's sight. These thoughts came so closely upon my spirit that it seemed righteous in God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence forever. But the Lord was gracious, and showed mercy; and while he wounded with one hand, he healed with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, who had been a captive among the Indians for a considerable time. He told me that he was wounded when he was taken, and that he took oak leaves and laid on his wound, and, by the blessing of God, it healed. Then I took oak leaves and laid on my side, and, by the blessing of God, they cured me also.

"I sat much alone, with my wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day; and one Indian would come and look at us, and, instead of giving us any thing to revive the body or cheer the spirit, would say, 'Your master will soon knock your child on the head;' and then a second, and then a third, would say, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' For nine days I held my child in my arms, with a very heavy heart, and the flesh raw on my body; but at last my sweet babe, like a lamb, departed this life, about six years and five months old. I kept her in my

arms all night, and in the morning, when they sent for me to my master's wigwam, they bade me leave the child, and when I came back they had buried her on the hill; and there I left my child in the wilderness, committing her and myself also, in my lonely condition, to Him who is above all.

"My master was Quanopin, who was a Sagamore, who married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he took me, but I was sold to him by a Narragansett Indian, who took me when I first came out of our house. My daughter Mary was in the same Indian town where I now was, and I went to see her. She was about ten years old, and taken from our home at first by a praying Indian, but afterward sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a-weeping, at which they would be provoked, and bid me begone. One child was dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where, and the third they would not let me comfort. I am bereaved of my children; 'Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also.' I could not keep still, but walked from one place to another, with my heart overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition; whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and, if it was his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And quickly, indeed, the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayer; for, as I was going up and down, mourning and lamenting my condition, my son stood before me. I had not seen him since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was until I saw him before me. He was among a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was now six miles off. His master had gone with a company to burn the town of Medfield, and his dame brought him to see me. He asked me, with tears, if his sister Sarah was dead. He had seen his sister Mary, and he begged me not to be troubled about himself.

"The next day the Indians returned from Medfield, and, before they reached

us, we heard the din and noise of their roaring and whooping. They had killed twenty-three, and, every time they went over that number to those who gathered about them, they gave a shout that made the very earth ring. O, the hideous, insulting triumphing there was over the scalps that they brought with them!

"I can not but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me, in these afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight, and had brought some plunder, came and asked if I would have a Bible, as he had one. I was glad of it, and I read until I found great comfort.

"There were nine English captives in this place, and, as the Indians talked of removing, some one way and some another, I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them; Goodwife Joslin told me that she should never see me again, as she could find it in her heart to run away. I desired her not to do this, as we were thirty miles from any English town, and she had a child two years old in her arms, and we were very feeble and poor, with getting nothing that we were able to eat. I learned afterward that this poor woman came to a sad end. She having much grief upon her about her miserable condition (which was indeed most trying and wretched, and would have been uncomfortable even in her own home, surrounded only by her own kin), she often asked the Indians to let her go home; they at last became vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company about her, stripped her naked, set her in the midst of them, and, when they had sung and danced about her in their hellish manner as long as they pleased, they dashed out the brains of the child in her arms, then cut her open, and cast them into a big fire. They told the other captives, who had to stand and look on, that they would be served in this manner if they attempted to go home, or said a word about their homes. The captives said that she did not shed a tear, but prayed all the while.

"It was not long before my head grew

light and dizzy, my knees feeble, and my body raw, by sitting double night and day, so that I can not express the affliction that was on my spirit; but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to himself, and he comforted me from the Bible, which was a sweet cordial to me when I was ready to faint. It was very hard for me at first to eat their filthy trash, but, in about a month, things that once my stomach would turn against were almost savory to my taste. I at one time begged some horse-liver, and was given a small piece; I was so hungry that I could almost have eaten it raw, but I thought I would roast it on some coals, but, before I could get it half ready, they got it away from me, and I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth.

"We crossed the Connecticut River in canoes, and I could but be amazed at the numerous pagans that were on the banks on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed that they asked one another questions, and laughed and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a-weeping, which was the first time that I wept before them; although I had met with so much affliction that my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight. One asked why I wept, and I could hardly tell what to say, but at last answered, 'They would kill me.' 'No,' he said, 'none will hurt you;' and he gave me two spoonfuls of meal and half a pint of peas, which did me great good. Then I went to see King Philip, and he bid me sit down.

"I was afterward treated better by the Indians than I had been. My master had three squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another. One, the old squaw, I lived with and served all the while. A severe and proud dame she was; bestowing every day, in dressing herself, nearly as much time as any of the gentry of the land,—powdering her hair, painting her face, going with her

necklaces, her jewels in her ears and nose, her bracelets and rings. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make wampum and beads! A fine way to spend time! Yet not very unlike what many more civilized dames have done for weeks, months, and years. By the time I had refreshed the old squaw, the third squaw, Wettimore, would send for me to tend her two papooses, and I was kept very busy by them many days at a time.

"There were many thoughts of my husband coming to redeem me; and when we traveled through the mud up to our knees, through the brush, the snow, or rain; or, when I was ready to sink down from weariness or hunger, these thoughts came to cheer me.

"It was their manner to remove when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out. In the Spring they fell upon Sudbury, and killed over one hundred men; we then removed to a distant place, and they spent a long time in feasting and dancing. My heart was now so heavy that it was ready to break. One day I saw Goodwife Kettle, and she cheered me, saying that she hoped we would soon have good news, that we were to be ransomed. I greatly desired to see my daughter, whom I had not seen for nine weeks, but they were so hard-hearted that they would not suffer me to go, although she was but a mile off.

"On a Sabbath-day, an Englishman came with two Indians, with a letter from the Governor and Council; and they called me in, and bid me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their guns, and ran, as though an enemy was behind, and I heard the guns go off rapidly. I manifested great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter. I was afraid they had killed the white man. But they laughed and said that they shot over his horse, and under, and before him, and pushed him this way and that, showing him what they could do. Then they let him come into the wigwam. I begged of them to let me see him, but they would not until they had talked a

long time with him. At last I had leave to ask after my husband and all my friends. I asked if I could go home with the white man, and they said no, one and another of them, so I spent the night with that answer. In the morning the Englishman—whose name was Mr. More—invited the Indians to dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found that they had stolen the greatest part of the provisions which he had brought with him. But it was only God's goodness that prevented them from knocking us on the head and taking all we had, not only my ransom money, but trading-cloth and tobacco. But, instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the theft, and said it was another tribe that stole the provisions. They had a dance that night, while I was kept in suspense about my freedom. My master was dressed, for the merry-making, in a Holland shirt, with great laces sewed to the tail of it; silver buttons, white stockings, his garters hung round with shillings, and had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. My mistress had a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets; there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears; she had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red. They kept up the dance—they called it a dance, but it was only a hopping up and down, one after another—for many hours, after which I asked them if I could go home. They all as one said, 'No, unless your husband comes for you.'

"When I was laid down, I heard my master tell Mr. More that he would let me go home on the morrow, if he would give him one pint of liquors. Then Mr. More called his own Indians, to see if my master would promise it before them all; if he would he should have it; and after a little I smelled the liquor. Then an Indian came and asked me what I would give him if he would tell me some good news. I asked him what he would have,

and he said, 'two coats, twenty shillings in money, half a bushel of corn, and some tobacco.' I thanked him, but told the crafty fox that I had learned the good news. Presently my master came noisily into the wigwam, and called the Englishman, drinking to him, and said that he was a good man; and, after drinking again, said he was a rogue, and he would hang him in the morning. Then he called for me, and I was greatly frightened, but he offered me no incivility. At last his squaw ran out and he after her, and we were troubled with him no more that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest. The night before the letter came from the Council, I was so full of fears and troubles that I could not sleep; the next night I was so overjoyed that Mr. More had come; and now I was swallowed up with the thoughts of going home and leaving my children in the wilderness, so that sleep departed from mine eyes.

"On Tuesday morning they called their general court, as they styled it, to determine whether I should go home or not, and all consented. So I took my leave of them, and, in coming along, my heart melted into tears more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thought that ever I should go home again. About the sun's going down, Mr. More, myself, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years, among my relations and neighbors; and now not one Christian to be seen, and not one house left uninjured, and only one or two left standing. We slept all night in part of a farm-house, and a sweet rest it was, although there was nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety, and carried us along the next day, so that before noon we reached Concord. Now was I full of joy, yet not without sorrow,—joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife

was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not. She was shot down in the house and partly burned, so that they did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow to find so many looking for news of their dear ones, and my own children among the rest, with the hope that they would soon enjoy that deliverance which I now received.

"Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to Boston that day, where I met my dear husband. In that poor and beggarly condition, I was kindly entertained at several houses. So much love I received from several that I am not able to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name, and may he reward them seven-fold! The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlewomen, and Mr. Usher, whose bounty and charity I would not forget to make mention of. The week following my arrival, the Council sent again to the Indians and brought my sister and Goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us, also that which were dead, because she suffered so with her wounds, and was buried by the heathen.

"Being thus unsettled in our minds, we thought that we would ride eastward to see if we could hear any thing concerning our children. As we were between Ipswich and Rowley, we met a man who told us that my sister's son and our son Joseph had come to Major Waldren's. I asked him how he knew it, and he said that the Major told him so. So along we went until we came to Newbury, and, their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the Thanksgiving sermon, as a day of Thanksgiving had been appointed by the

Council. He was not willing to stay there over night, but went to Salisbury to hear further, and came back in the morning and preached there that day. At night one came and told us that our daughter was at Providence.

"Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. 'Tis the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are now receiving.

"Our family being gathered together, the Fourth Church in Boston hired an house for us. The Lord has been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that we had neither house nor home, but he moved the hearts of cordial friends, and we want neither food nor raiment. I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly, with no working in my thoughts, but now it is otherwise with me. When all are fast asleep, no eye open but His who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, my thoughts are upon the past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord toward us, upon his wonderful power and might in carrying of us through so many difficulties, and in returning us in safety. I remember when I was an hungered, and thought I never should be satisfied with wholesome bread again, but now are we fed with the finest wheat, and honey out of the rock. Instead of husks, we have the fatted calf. The thought of these things makes me exclaim, 'O the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen!' No more will small troubles annoy me. I have learned to look beyond them, and to be quieted under them. As David says, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

C. F. WILDER.

HYMNODY.

RELATION OF HYMNS TO MUSIC.

MUSIC and poetry are related to each other as magnetism is related to electricity. Set the magnetic currents in motion, and you generate the electrical, send the lightning through the coils around the iron bar, and you induce the magnetic, flow. Poetry begets music; and music, poetry. Yet highest poetry is not expressed or expressible in language; loftiest music is not amenable to scientific rules, mathematical divisions, bars, staves, and measures. Music and poetry meet and mingle upon a comparatively low plane of either art. Great poets seldom condescend to religious lyrics; great musical composers rarely write what are called "tunes," for Church use. If they attempt it, they fail. Handel could write, for oratorios, strains that rivaled those of heaven, but when he tried to melodize Wesley's

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

he failed to touch the chord of human sympathy, and, in spite of this mightiest master of the lyre, these beautiful words are to this day tuneless.

But, while few are called to *write* poetry, and fewer still to compose music, many there are who read verse respectably, and more, perhaps, who fancy themselves able to sing it skillfully. Men are not apt to distrust or underrate their own powers, and many a conceited individual (ignorance is often the parent of conceit) would rather hear his own voice than listen to the finest singer that ever tuned a vocal organ. With words and music both made to hand, and familiarized by use, persons possessing tolerable voice, and ordinary musical knowledge, can sing, at least in the mass with others.

And here occurs the long and hotly debated question whether church-singing shall be done by the many, or whether it shall be the perquisite and monopoly

of the gifted few. By David's foresight and appointment, the song-service of the Temple was committed to the musical, conducted by set choirs, aided and supported by accompaniments on all the instruments known to his day,—wind, stringed, and pulsatile, harp, psaltery, flute, dulcimer, horn, trumpet, organ, sistrum, tabret, and cymbal. The United Presbyterian still maintains the old Puritan and Scotch abhorrence for instrumental music, and yet the last hymn in his hymn-book is a standing protest to the bigotry of his objection.

"Praise him with trumpet's sound;
His praise with psaltery advance;
With timbrels, harps, string'd instruments,
And organs in the dance,
Praise him on cymbals loud; him praise
On cymbals sounding high."

The inspired Psalms not only show the existence of choirs and instruments, but they also introduce us to double choirs and antiphonal singing.

FIRST CHOIR.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good,

SECOND CHOIR (OR WHOLE BODY OF WORSHIPERS).

For his mercy endureth forever.

SOLO.

Who is this King of glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord strong and mighty,—
The Lord mighty in battle.

FULL CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in."

Synagogue worship was simpler than that of the Temple, and from it was modeled that of the Christian Church. The New Testament is silent on the subject of choirs and instruments, and its silence, in this case, as in dozens of others, is taken for approval or disapproval, according to the wishes or prejudices of its readers and interpreters. John, in the book of Revelation, gives us glimpses of heaven, and shows us that the denizens

of that realm have no special prejudice against stringed instruments, since angels are harpists, and one popular style of instrument in use seemed, from its name, to be of divine invention. In Revelation xv, 2, we read of the "HARPS OF GOD."

The human voice is only an instrument, behind which stands the performer; and man is only a single pipe in nature's great organ, from which peals, in eternal anthem, every sound which pulsates the air, from the drone of the insect to the roar of waters, the howl of the tempest, and the roll of the thunder.

The Jewish and modern Romish idea seems to be, that music partakes of the nature of a sacrifice, an offering to God, and, as such, should be the choicest and most costly that it is in the power of man to bring; that, while humble offerings are accepted from the humble, the rich should bring of their ability; and, instead of tamely resigning the best instruments and the best musical ability to the devil, every instrument and every voice should be rescued from their vicious associations, consecrated to God, and reverently laid upon the altar in devout, generous, voluntary, constant, and holy worship.

Some singularly pernicious notions pervade American society, which betray, not only want of culture, but also a lack of common sense. Europeans go to church soberly and plainly dressed, and reserve dress displays for balls, assemblies, theaters, and public places. Prohibited public display of this kind, Americans turn their churches into bazaars for showing "dry goods," laces, feathers, finery, and Parisian fashions. So also, Europeans are educated to the notion that masses, chants, and psalmody are for the glory of God and the spiritual profit of the worshipers. Shut away from the opera and theater, Americans turn the church into a concert-room, and the idea obtains extensively, that the music of the sanctuary is for the entertainment of church-goers. Instead of calming the feelings with a few solemn chords while late comers are hurrying to their places, and the minister is hunting

his lessons and hymns, and preparing for the services of the day, the organist displays himself, and half the stops of his instrument, in some elaborate fugue; and then the choir or quartet "perform" an anthem or set piece which must contain a solo to show off the splendid voice of thousand-dollar Miss Stiggins, and another to exhibit the magnificent contralto of five-hundred-dollar Mrs. Higgins, and still another to show the warbling sweetness of the tenor, Mr. Liggins, and, finally, a fourth to entrance listeners with the deep, rolling bass of Mr. Wiggins, who offsets the delicious soaring of the soprano by ending on a prodigiously low key!

It is doubtful whether, for any thing other than human display, sense-gratification, the effort to attract a crowd in order to pay a church debt, or godless rivalry with other denominations, we want what is popularly called "music," in houses set apart for Christian worship. Certainly they should not be turned into concert-rooms, irrespective of all moral and religious proprieties, by maintaining, at fabulous expense, godless singers, drunken organists, or dissipated, beer-guzzling German professionals, who have recently received such salutary rebukes from Theodore Thomas and Van Bülow, the great pianist that has just set foot on our shores.

When some American asked, in a German city, in what church he would hear the best music, the reply was,

"O, we don't have music in our churches."

"What! don't you sing in your churches?"

"O, yes, we all sing, but we don't call that "music;" if you want music, the genuine article, you must go to the public gardens, the concert-rooms, the great festivals, the theaters."

The same Protestantism that restored the Bible and hymns to the common people, restored also vocal song. Luther wrote tunes as well as hymns: and his arrangement of an air, said to have been originally a French dance, "Old Hun-

dred," is sung throughout Christendom, the most universally popular church air ever written! German chorals demand the voices of the whole congregation.

The songs of the sanctuary are not to be vocalized by a few for the rest to listen to; they are to be sung by the entire multitude:

"Let the *people* praise thee, O God;
Let *ALL* the people praise thee."

This idea is obtaining credence and currency throughout the land. Leaders are a necessity, and Churches that are able may pay four leaders to lead the four parts, but not to show, in the church of God, their amateur qualities or professional skill. An organ is useful to fill up the interstices, sustain the harmonies, smooth off asperities, and drown discords, but need not be used to exhibit its own compass and capacities, or the skill of the hired performer. All such unmeaning display, or display for the sake of sensuous gratification, is sheer profanation. "Let *all* sing," said John Wesley, "not one in ten only." "I have no objection to organs," said the same authority, "provided they are neither seen nor heard." This is usually interpreted to mean the exclusion and banishment of this noble and purely churchly instrument from the house of God. We think Wesley's words will bear another interpretation. He was too good a musician to ostracize the organ altogether.

Let the organ be modestly subordinated, not paraded to view, especially (as we often see nowadays), a forest and colonnade of gilded pipes back of a pulpit, covering a whole broadside of a house, and sometimes concealing an empty space as vast and void as the cave of Æolus. Let it not be obtrusively heard in preludes and interludes as useless as senseless. Let it be buried in the mass of human voice, as the Handel and Haydn Society are wont to bury the big Boston organ, when every stop is bellowing at full power; for instance, in the rain chorus of the oratorio of "Elijah." If conveniently situated, you can see the organist playing, hands and feet, with all

his might, and you can feel the throbbing reverberations of the boxed-up thunder, but you can not hear a note separate from the mighty swell of massive harmonies.

The first requisite for congregational singing is a congregation. The absence of this important element has had much to do with creating choirs and separate singing. It is impossible to sing discordantly in a mass of a thousand voices, but forty indifferent singers, scattered in forty pews, will be likely to be singing, every one in his own peculiar pitch, if not his own particular tune. In grand masses, the husky, the nasal, the sharp, the flat, the piping, the shrieking, the monopolizing voices disappear. In a small company, they become painfully apparent; and tortured humanity is not long in reaching the conclusion that it is better to have four singers who understand their art, harmonizing agreeably on one air, than forty or fifty discordantly modulating, each after his own fancy, staves and bars on his own hook.

Musical education is another element needful to congregational singing. This is being supplied by common-schools and high-schools, poorly seconded by the Sunday-school, which still persists in assuming childish incapacity in its attendants, and treats them to child-poetry and child-music, senseless jargon and flip-pant melodies that even the emancipated Southern negroes are rapidly outgrowing. Children ten years of age can sing readily and intelligently the hymns of the hymn-book, and airs suitable for worship in the great congregation.

Music and poetry please in two entirely different ways; first, by gratifying our love of novelty, the desire for that which is new, novel, surprising. Every new musical or poetical genius brings to light new effects, new revelations, and mankind enjoys the new exhibitions, new creations, new combinations. Singers like to break new ground, to learn new tunes, to exercise their skill on new measures, to listen to new strains. Novelty controls fashion; and music is laid

aside and passes into disuse and forgetfulness, not because it is not good, but because it has outlived popular desire, has been outstripped by something fresher, and has become useless because unfashionable. Troops of "old folks" may dress up in costumes of fifty years ago, and revive melodies popular in the last generation; but these melodies, though pleasing, have served their time, outlived their popularity, and are no longer available.

The other mode in which poetry and music please is by association. It is a principle inherent in human constitutions to love the familiar. The novel may excite surprise, but the familiar stirs the heart and enlists the sympathies. King James loved his old shoes; Walter Scott loved old ballads; all men love

"Old songs, the music of the heart."

We do not comprehend the secret of popularity. The novel may surprise and please for a while, but, if it have not in it the elements of permanent life, it will die. It is with tunes as with hymns; certain melodies please independent of any words. There are "songs without words," airs to which words would be an impertinence or a profanation. Music is an inspiration by itself, poetry an inspiration by itself; neither is necessary to the other. Yet where there is a felt adaptation of one to the other, the effect is mutually heightened. Poetry is more poetic, and music sweeter, when poetry and music are genially united.

If a lyric pleases, we naturally long to match it, nay, marry it, to a pleasing melody. If we hear a taking air, we desire to associate it with words that fit its expression. Every favorite hymn is more or less intimately associated with a favorite tune, and some tunes and hymns are wedded inseparably. Men are rarely poets and musicians in the same breath. Heaven is not so lavish of these costly gifts as to impart to any individual more than his due share. Hence the sign, "words and music" by the same author, is a certification, in nine cases in ten,

that neither words nor music are good for any thing. Puritan Milton played the organ skilfully, but he did not attempt the daring feat, undertaken so jauntily by many a Sunday-school poetaster, to set his sublime Christmas hymn to music. The great oratorio-writers took, as the theme and inspiration of their sublime musical strains, the words of Holy Writ.

Lyric writers have been immortalized by a single production. So writers of music are immortalized by single musical strains. Some of the best lyrics in existence can not be traced with certainty to any author. Some of the best airs we know are of uncertain parentage. It can not be said with certainty that Luther wrote "Old Hundred," or "Luther's Hymn." It can not be affirmed with certainty that the air of "God Save the King" (made to do patriotic duty on this side the Atlantic as "America") emanated from the pen of Queen Elizabeth's music-master, Dr. John Bull.

Rousseau wrote an opera for the Parisian stage, the whole of which is at this day forgotten, except the single charming air titled, "Rousseau's Dream," "Days of Absence," or "Greenville," sung all over Christendom to the words,



Come thou fount of every blessing.

It is a blessed union where words and music meet that seem perfectly fitted for each other. Lowell Mason was not a remarkable composer, but he made happy hits when he fitted the words,

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

to "Bethany," a tune made up of Scotch airs, and adapted Heber's missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

to the pleasing air to which those inspiring words are every-where popularly sung.

The stirring words,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

are happily wedded to an equally stirring air in "Coronation."

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

fitted very naturally Edson's now old-fashioned noisy fugue, "Lenox."

Noble wrote a very appropriate air for

"Come, ye disconsolate."

Our wealth of hymnody is greater than we can by any possibility use. There are only a hundred and fifty of the Psalms, and only twenty-four hundred verses. Our standard collection numbers over eleven hundred hymns and forty-five hundred verses. Ritualistic worshipers restrict their services to a narrow round. We enjoy the privilege of almost unlimited selection, and yet there are limits. There are limits to subjects. Not all the topics that demand discussion will run in poetical grooves. Some very important Scriptural doctrines have no direct expression in lyric verse. Passion for variety in selection is destructive of the ends of Christian worship. If the preacher can find one hymn that will illustrate or enforce his subject he is lucky. Many preachers, and perhaps they are the most sensible, give no hint of the topic they intend to discuss in their hymnal selections. Many speakers are heedless or purposely eccentric in the hymns they choose. As a rule, these selections should be such as are familiar, such as can be sung as Methodists love to sing, by memory, without books. Nothing is more distressing than for a preacher before a strange congregation, or a bookless audience, or by the dim, evening light, to announce some strange hymn, that not one in ten can sing beyond the first verse or first line. Equally tormenting is it for a leader to start some tune which nobody knows, where every body is expected to sing. Choirs may now and then introduce new melodies, with the design of teaching the congregation to sing them, but to introduce such for the sake of showing off is in bad taste, if, indeed, it be not decidedly profane.

A considerable number of the hymns in our hymn-book are in unsingable meters. There is, in the first place, as great a wealth of melody as of words in

the ordinary meters,—long, common, and short. In the Tune Hymn-book, prepared ten years ago by Philip Phillips, and printed by Carlton & Porter in 1866, the three hundred and thirty-eight common-meter hymns of the Methodist Hymn-book are furnished with one hundred and sixty-eight tunes; two hundred and fifty-eight long-meter hymns, with one hundred and seventeen tunes; one hundred and seventy-seven short-meter hymns, with seventy-eight short-meter tunes. The remaining three hundred and seventy-eight hymns and doxologies are distributed to tunes according to their meters; and the wealth of metres, by the way, is beyond all conceivable use, in a manual intended for popular devotion.

One-half of the hymns and one-fourth of the tunes are familiar. Many of the tunes, perhaps the most of them, are known to choirs who have used the volume; but the number absorbed into the sympathies and memories of the people is limited indeed. Our hymn-books contain seventy-five hymns in the first particular meter, six lines eights, most of which are indifferently known, because of necessity yoked to tunes which, with few exceptions, are an annoyance to choirs and a nuisance to the people. For these seventy-five hymns there are twenty-seven tunes, more than half of which are altered from long meters by the repetition of a couple of strains. In this manner six lines eights can always be sung to long-meter tunes. "Palestrina," "Eaton," "Newcourt," "Plymouth Dock," and a few others, are six lines eights. Nearly or quite all the others are manufactured out of long meters. There are several favorites in the third particular meter.

"Arise, my soul, arise,"

a pathetic, well-known lyric, is generally sung to "Camarthen," a tolerable melody of the ditty order, which ordinary singers invariably manage to sing wrong, by misplacing the notes of the third bar from the end. Mason wrote or arranged a flippant tune, called "Lischer," to the

same meter, which is about equally unfit for the conference-room or the sanctuary. There are lovely hymns in the fourth particular meter, which are for the most part harnessed to ditty melodies, utterly unworthy of the words.

"O glorious hope of perfect love,"

"Come on, my partners in distress,"

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,"

and some thirty others, have no tunes worthy of the words.

The fifth particular meter contains about fifty hymns, and is perfectly manageable, and has some solid, well-known, and universally popular tunes, such as "Wilmut," "Pleyel's Hymn," and others.

The sixth particular meter contains some gems:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Hark! the song of jubilee."

"Sinners, turn, why will ye die."

These have enlisted some solid, well-known airs, — instance "Nuremberg," "Toplady," "Martyr," etc.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,"

is worthily companied with a dancing French melody, "De Fleury." Neither words nor tune are fit to sing in the great congregation.

"Vain delusive world, adieu,"

is lost to the Church for want of a melody.

"My faith looks up to thee,"

is well expressed in the British national air known in our tune-books as "America."

"Wrestling Jacob," which Dr. Watts said was worth all the poetry he ever

wrote, has never found an air worthy of it. The same is true of John Wesley's grand lyric,

"Lo! God is here, let us adore;"

of Addison's sweet pastoral,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare;"

and of Watts's stirring interpretation of the 146th Psalm,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

The hymn-book is the Church's ritual. It should be so used to benefit in the sound way the greatest number. Many preachers shorten up their hymns in favor of the sermon. Where it is desirable to get as speedily through with a dragging sing by a feeble congregation, or a showy and obtrusive sing by a conceited choir, shortening the hymn may be in order. But where the hymn is sure to be well sung, and profitably interpreted, by either the congregation or the choir, it is here our individual practice seldom, if ever, to abbreviate the singing. It is one of the most profitable portions of divine worship, when properly performed, one in which the people can all take part, and in which they are always interested. One man in the pulpit end, and another in the gallery end, of the church, should be slow to gratify their own tastes at the sacrifice of the religious profit of the one hundred or one thousand devout worshipers betwixt the pulpit and gallery. We would like to add a few thoughts on the use and abuse of Spiritual Songs, but have not room in this paper. EDITOR.

THE SABBATH.

WHAT matters it if other days are dark,
With tempest raging from a cloudsky,
Though evening comes without one twinkling spark,
And morning shed no splendor from on high,
The ill, the grief, the gloom, is all undone,
If but the Sabbath brings us back the sun.

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What though the week has seen us bowed
with toil,
And care has snatched the healthful
thought away,
Tho' disappointments all our hopes despoil,
Peace dawns and lingers with the holy day;
Savior! while storms of mind and body roll,
Grant us perpetual Sabbath in the soul.

JEZEBEL; OR, WOMAN'S INFLUENCE PERVERTED.

FROM their origin as a nation until the death of Solomon, the Israelites were one people. They were not unfrequently reduced to great extremities by the fierce aggressions and merciless oppressions of neighboring nations; and there were sometimes dissensions and feuds among themselves,—bloody strifes that threatened the extermination of some of the tribes; yet they ever felt themselves bound together by ties of interest, hope, and brotherhood, which no family quarrels could sever, and were always ready, on any great emergency, with united voice and effort, to assert their common nationality. As soon, however, as Solomon passed away, the kingdom was rent in twain,—not partially and temporarily, but completely and permanently, divided into two separate and rival States. Ten of the tribes, occupying by far the greater portion of the territory, and embracing a large majority of the population, under the leadership of Jeroboam, threw off the yoke of Rehoboam, Solomon's son and successor, and established a new kingdom. The city of Shechem was their first capital. The seat of government was afterward removed to Tirzah, and finally to Samaria. A royal palace was also built in Jezreel, at which place some of the sovereigns resided and held their court.

This new political enterprise underwent varying fortunes. Its history is an almost continuous record of idolatry, internal commotions, and bloodshed. So unsettled and turbulent was the public mind, that, from the organization of the government to the accession of Ahab to the throne,—a period of less than sixty years,—Israel had had six different kings; nearly all of whom perished by the hand of violence.

Omri, the father of Ahab, in order to strengthen himself on the throne, and especially to be able to defend himself against the Syrians, who were threaten-

ing him on the north and east, entered into an alliance with the Sidonians, a powerful mercantile community adjoining his dominions on the north-west. This alliance was one of the fruitful sources of the calamities that so soon afterward befell Israel. It led to that familiarity of intercourse and friendship between the two countries that culminated in the marriage of Ahab and Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Sidon.

Of the early history of this woman, thus introduced into the court of Israel, we have no record. Her father, from his name, *Ethbaal*, which signifies *dedication to Baal*, is supposed to have been a priest of that divinity, as well as king. It is certain that she was reared under the influences of a system of religion of great attractiveness, of great power over the imagination and sentiments, and of the grossest corruption. Her highly susceptible nature was deeply impressed by these influences. Her mind, heart, and life were cast in their mold. She was little else than what they made her. She was evidently not a hypocrite, but believed heartily what she professed, and exemplified consistently what she believed. She seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her religion,—to have been, in fact, an uncompromising bigot, a fierce fanatic, and an unscrupulous propagandist. At a later day she would have been a suitable companion and ally of Mohammed, in his so-called religious wars; or of Peter, the Hermit, in his Crusades.

What could have influenced an Israelite to seek the hand of this pagan woman? It was contrary to all the traditions of his people, and to express Divine precepts, for him to enter into any such matrimonial alliance. But perhaps the young man loved her, and perhaps she returned his devotion with all the warmth and ardor of her soul. It may have been an affair of the heart; and his counselors

may have feared that he would go crazy or commit suicide, if thwarted in his aspirations and hopes, and that it was, therefore, best to throw no obstacle in his way. But most probably it was a purely mercenary step, as a measure of public policy, in order to strengthen the bonds of friendship between himself and the Sidonian king, he sought thus to unite the two royal families. Whatever may have been his controlling motives, this marriage is recorded as his greatest crime. The sacred historian says: "And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him."

Ahab was both weak and wicked. Jezebel was self-willed and iron-nerved. She soon became the master of her husband, shaping and controlling his legislation and conduct, and at the same time stirring up his unholy passions, and directing them to the most iniquitous and disastrous results.

The first effect of her influence was the establishment of her religion in Israel. She did not engage to leave her Church and join his. She renounced none of her principles, and none of her zeal for Baal and Astarte, but came as an avowed pagan to the throne of Israel, with no respect for the religion of her husband's people, and with no other purpose than that of their seduction to the impure worship of the gods of her own country.

From the organization of the new government, idolatry, in a modified form, had not only been tolerated, but instituted and patronized by royal authority. Jeroboam had invented a political religion, and ordained feasts and services of his own, in order the more completely to draw away the thoughts and affections of the people from Jerusalem. In imitation of the Egyptian idolatry, he made two golden calves, and set up one in Bethel and the other in Dan. He also "made a house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which

were not of the tribe of Levi." In this worship, however, they did not professedly renounce Jehovah. On the contrary, they still clung to the doctrine of monotheism; and their intention in this scheme seems to have been the worship of one God of their fathers, as embodied and represented to the mind by these golden symbols. But, whatever their motive, it was both wicked and idolatrous,—wicked, because it was an infraction of a positive precept of the Mosaic law; and idolatrous, because to these images were really ascribed divine honors. It likewise secretly and insensibly prepared them for open apostasy and the practice of fouler abominations.

An occasion for such apostasy was afforded very soon after the marriage of Ahab. It was not long before, in weak subserviency to the will of his wife, he not only tolerated the Sidonian idolatry, but established it as the religion of his court. There are always many mean spirits, who are ready to adopt whatever principles and practices may chance to be fashionable and popular,—sycophants who cringe at the feet of power, wealth, and position, and embrace any opinions, and play any part, that these may suggest. So it was in Israel. As soon as the worship of Baal became the court religion, throughout the kingdom there were multitudes who at once went down into the deepest, darkest abyss of idolatrous infamy. Jezebel, in her zeal, maintained at her own table four hundred priests of Astarte, while Ahab kept four hundred and fifty priests of Baal. Temples were erected, groves were consecrated; and the rites of these deities, with all their depraving accompaniments, were celebrated with royal display and magnificence.

This introduction of the religion of Jezebel, with the tumultuous fanaticism and impurities of her priests, sent a thrill of holy horror through the souls of all true Israelites. The prophets of Jehovah every-where arose in opposition, and raised their voices in denunciation of the enormity. Jezebel at once became their

inveterate and deadly enemy. With all the energy of her domineering character, and all the fire of her fanaticism, she resolved on their extermination, and the extension of the spiritual dominion of her gods over the whole nation. Being a person of stronger will and more violent passions than her husband, she easily worked him into sympathy with her views, and co-operation with her in her wicked schemes. He yields the power of the sword, and all the enginery of government, into her hands, and permits her to chase down and put to death all who dare oppose her plans.

Now began the martyr age of the prophets of Israel,—an age of sufferings no less terrible, but of endurance no less patient, and of faith no less victorious, than have been witnessed in later periods of the history of God's people. How many were put to death, we are not informed. That the prophets had greatly multiplied is evident from the fact that one hundred of them were hidden and secretly maintained by Obadiah, the ruler of her own house. From this fact we naturally infer that the number of those who fell victims to her madness and resentment must have been very great.

This terrible crisis called forth in succession two of Israel's grandest prophets, Elijah and Elisha. Their history has come down to us in what the skeptic would call the halo of romance, or as the creation of some splendid poetic genius, but in what Christian faith recognizes and subscribes to as a veritable record of God's interposition in the affairs of his people. Elijah's first appearance on the stage is abrupt and unexpected. He presents himself suddenly to Ahab as a prophet of judgment. God has not been an indifferent spectator of the apostasy of the people and the abominations of the land; but, while he has been provoked to jealousy thereby, he has been long-suffering and compassionate; but now his patience is exhausted, and he rises up in his majesty, to vindicate his honor, and assert his supremacy over the gods of Jezebel. Without premonition,

his servant Elijah appeared to Ahab and said: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word;" and as suddenly he disappeared, and was hidden in the forests beyond Jordan.

The prophecy was no sooner uttered than its fulfillment began. The windows were at once closed; the skies were swept of clouds; the burning heat of the sun soon drank up the moisture of the atmosphere and the earth; the tender grass began to twist and wither and perish; the flowers folded their beauty and fragrance to their hearts, and drooped their heads and died; the trees of the field no longer clapped their hands, or lifted up their voice in joyous welcome to the refreshing shower; the brooks ceased their singing and disappeared; the birds hastened away from the smitten and blighted land; the lowing herds and bleating flocks pant and pine and perish. Day after day, and month after month, speed by. Morning comes, but not a drop of dew sparkles on the grass; and evening comes, but not a cloud cheers the languishing fields and forest with the promise of rain. The song of the husbandman, as he turns the sod and scatters the seed, and the shout of harvest home, no longer gladden the ear. Famine now comes, with her gaunt horrors; and presently pestilence, with her loathsome train, follows in her steps. So terrible and so protracted is the infliction that the distinctions of social life are, for the time, destroyed; the dignity and prerogative of royalty are forgotten. The king himself assumes the position, and does the work, of a menial. While he sends the godly Obadiah in one direction, he takes another in search of water, in the hope that they might be able to save his horses and mules alive.

As suddenly as on his first appearance, Elijah meets Obadiah while he is on this search for water. He directs him to go to Ahab and inform him of his coming. As soon as the king received the intelligence, he went to meet him, and addressed

him with the stern inquiry, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" The prophet, with equal spirit, boldly responded, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim!" Jezebel, then, not the power behind the throne simply, but openly and avowedly the advocate and propagandist of the abominations of Sidon, and the ruling spirit of the kingdom, is chiefly responsible for the calamities that now overwhelm the land.

Elijah, through the king, calls the people together at Mt. Carmel, and challenges the priests of Jezebel to a trial of the power of their gods. To determine whether the Lord Jehovah or Baal be God, he proposes that two sacrifices be prepared,—one by them and one by him,—and placed on the altar; but instead of applying fire to the wood, and thus consuming the offering, they must call upon Baal, and he must call upon his God; and the god who answered, by sending fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice, must be considered as the Lord Almighty.

The challenge is accepted, and apparently with confidence. Jezebel's four hundred priests built their altar and prepared their sacrifice; "and from morning even until noon they cried, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar that was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. And they prophesied until the time of the evening sacrifice, but there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

The moment for Elijah to take up his part in the magnificent drama has arrived. The scene is one of impressive grandeur. Here towers Mt. Carmel, its

brow bathed in the golden sheen of the setting sun, and its somber shadow stealing silently and gloomily over the arid plains below. There is haughty Ahab with his courtiers. There are the priests of Baal, dejected, despondent, bloody. There, on the slope below, is the assembled multitude, weary with waiting and watching; some indifferent to the issue, many deeply angered at the defeat of their priests, and scowling bitterly upon them; and perhaps, here and there, one with hands uplifted in prayer to the God of their fathers. Here is the old prophet. His mantle is gathered and confined about his waist with a leathern girdle. His flowing beard, silvered with age, rests on his bosom. His eyes are deeply set, his brows are arched and shagged, his nostrils are thin and distended; every feature and every movement betoken strength and conscious power. He said to the people, calmly and confidently, "Come near to me." Every loungee is at once on his feet, and in eager expectation they press toward him. There is an old altar of God close at hand. This he reverently repairs, replacing the twelve stones in their places, in token of the religious unity of the twelve tribes of Israel. The wood and the sacrifice are placed on the altar. To guard against all suspicion of fraud, he digs a trench around the altar, and commands that twelve barrels of water be brought and poured on to the burnt sacrifice and on the altar. The whole—sacrifice, wood, altar—is completely saturated, and the water fills the trench around. He now comes near, and pours out his soul in a brief but earnest prayer: "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." The petition is immediately answered. Look! There is a tongue of fire darting from the brazen heavens down to the altar! The sacrifice, the wood, the stones, the dust, the

water in the trench,—all are consumed. The people, gaping with astonishment, and blanched with dismay at this sublime exhibition, shrink back, and fall on their faces; and, with emotions of awe and terror that almost choked their utterance, they say, "The Lord, he is the God: the Lord, he is the God."

Elijah's triumph is complete; the confusion of Jezebel's priests is utter. At the command of the prophet they are immediately arrested and slain. He then announced to Ahab the approach of rain, and, while the king refreshed himself, repaired to the summit of Carmel to engage in prayer. In a little while the heavens were black with clouds, and abundant showers refreshed the parched land.

While these events confounded the supporters of idolatry, and produced a temporary impression on the people at large, they neither made them sensible of their wickedness, nor restored them to the love of the truth. Least of all did they produce any salutary effect on Jezebel. Her heart was fully set in her to do evil. When Ahab reported to her what had taken place, she was enraged, and despatched a messenger to Elijah with this fierce threat: "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow about this time." Jezebel terrified by the judgments of God and the marvels of Carmel, or subdued by the tokens of his returning favor? She is only incensed to madness, and puts forth tenfold energy in support of her foul idolatry.

Elijah, disappointed and dispirited, again disappears, and, in the solitudes of Horeb, begs God to take away his life. Confronting single-handed, and triumphing over, the hosts of Baal at Carmel, he now flies, and hides himself from the wrath of a woman. Perhaps some of us pity his weakness and cowardice; but who of us would not sooner face the shotted cannon or bristling bayonets, or encounter any danger, endure any hardship, rather than contend with an in-

furiated woman? The wrath of man is often fearful, but from a woman possessed of the devil, "good Lord, deliver us!" We would have done just as Elijah did.

Not long after these events, Ahab wished to purchase a vineyard adjoining his palace-grounds at Jezreel. Naboth, the owner of the vineyard, declined to sell it, for the reason that it was not lawful for him to alienate the inheritance of his fathers. The proud monarch took this as an affront to his royalty, and was so affected by it that "he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread." He exhibited all the weakness and pettishness of a sick child. And Jezebel, loving wife, said to him, "Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" As soon as he related the cause of his disquietude she said, "Dost thou not govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." She who despised alike the judgments and mercies of God could have no regard for the rights of man. She, accordingly, suborned witnesses, who charged Naboth with treason and blasphemy, for which he was immediately put to death. Whereupon Ahab at once took possession of the coveted spot. But while he is inspecting and exulting in his acquisition, Elijah meets him! There is something startling in this sudden coming of the prophet. "Wild from the solitudes of Horeb, with the fury of God glaring in his eye," he abruptly confronts the king; and salutes him with the stern and terrible words, "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." To complete the denunciation, he adds, "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

Well may Ahab be troubled and humbled by this alarming message. But Jezebel is unmoved. She who in her fanaticism could mock at the splendid demonstration of God's sovereignty on Mount Carmel, she who could so coolly shed innocent blood, and then add rapine

to murder, is not to be disturbed now by the words of the old man whom she had driven into the wilderness by the terror of her name, and the worship of whose God she had well-nigh extirpated. Enthroned amid the luxuries of her regal palace, her hardened soul relents neither at the recollection of past crimes, nor the threat of coming woe. She is literally joined to idols, is given over "to work all uncleanness with greediness." There is no evidence that she ever received another warning, but was permitted to add crime to crime, until the cup of her iniquity was full. Bold in her wickedness from the beginning, she is dauntless to the end of her career.

But the time of her overthrow has come; the day of doom has dawned. Jehu, who became commander-in-chief of the forces of Israel after the wounding of Jehoram, who had succeeded Ahab, is the chosen instrument of vengeance. While he was encamped at Ramoth-gilead, a young prophet, by the direction of Elisha, anoints him king. Thereupon he is at once proclaimed king by the army. Well knowing that safety and success depended on the promptitude and energy of his conduct, he immediately proceeded, with a select body of troops, by forced marches, to Jezreel. The kings of Israel and Judah, who had confederated against the Syrians, and were then together in Jezreel, hearing of the rapid approach of armed men, with Jehu at their head, went forth to meet them, and learn the cause of the strange movement. They were not long in doubt. The furious aspirant to the throne, reproaching him with the wickedness of his mother, Jezebel, pierced him through the heart with an arrow, and cast his body to the dogs, "in the portion of the field of Naboth." The king of Judah was also smitten, but escaped to Megiddo, where he soon after died of his wounds. He then hastened into the city. As he enters the gates, Jezebel, her violent spirit still undaunted, having tired her head, and painted her face, and adorned her person with her regal robes,

looked out from the window, and shrieked, "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"—words implying that the same fate that had overtaken Zimri was in waiting for him. Jehu "lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who?" Two or three of her household servants "looked out to him." "And he said, Throw her down." In a moment more she was lying under the feet of his horses and the wheels of his chariot, a mangled corpse. He then rushes forward and takes possession of the city. This done, he sent his servants back to bury her body; "for," said he, "she is the daughter of a king." When they came to the spot, they found that the curse of God had already been accomplished: they could find "no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of the hands." The dogs had devoured her flesh, and licked her blood, "by the wall of Jezreel!"

If there be any palliation whatever for the crimes of Jezebel, it is to be found in the strength of the religious sentiment in woman. She imbibed certain religious principles in her early life. Those principles were incorporated in all her habits of thought and feeling and conduct. They were corrupt, debasing, ruinous, it is true; but they were not the less potential with her on that account. Indeed, it is a characteristic of all corrupt systems of religion that they have a hold but little, if any, less strong on their votaries than that of the true faith on its professors. And the more corrupt the system, the firmer its grasp on the soul, and the greater the difficulty of breaking its power. And for this reason: While such a system gratifies the religious propensity of the mind, it at the same time ministers to the lower and sensuous elements of humanity. Educated from infancy in the religion of Baal, deeply in love with it, blinded and infatuated by it, no change of time or place, no revelation of mercy or judgment, could induce Jezebel to renounce it, or even for a moment brook opposition in it.

Woman in every age is the same in

this regard. Deepest of all her sentiments, most powerful of all her convictions, are those of her faith and worship. How important, then, that she should be indoctrinated in the truth in early life!—the truth, not simply as taught in our creeds and confessions, but the truth as taught also by the Holy Ghost to the soul, and made the power of God unto its salvation. Error, once embraced, is with difficulty detected and eradicated. Therefore, at the outset, let our faith be pure and simple, if we would steer clear of the results and rewards of a life like hers.

Jezebel is a striking illustration of the power of a woman of cultivated intellect and strong will for evil. She encountered but little difficulty in introducing her idolatry into the house and court of Ahab, and, by the force of her character and the persistency of her efforts, well-nigh succeeded in establishing it as the religion of the entire land. Such a woman, if she has but an ordinary share of the graces belonging to her sex, is far more to be dreaded than a corrupt and wicked man. There is no depth of wickedness and refinement of cruelty of which he is capable, in which she can not equal him; while in all those soft and attractive qualities that so often ensnare and destroy the unwary, she is incomparably his superior.

Political aspirants of every age have recognized this power, and have endeavored to turn it to their advantage. In desperate enterprises, demanding desperate measures, how often do we find the power and arts of woman invoked! A celebrated French orator, when seeking to arouse the conspirators in Paris to revolution, said, "If the women do not mix in it, nothing will be done!" The women did mix in it, were at the head of the mob, and the first to penetrate the royal palace. The overthrow of the throne, and the Reign of Terror was the result. Woman cultivated in mind and strong in purpose, but without moral principle, who can estimate her power for evil? In the family circle she is a

curse; in social life she is a curse; in public life she is a curse,—always, everywhere, a curse. Her children are like her. Jezebel was the mother of Ahaziah and Joram, who were as blood-thirsty, as cruel, and as unscrupulous, as she. Athaliah, her daughter, married the king of Judah, and, after the death of her son Ahaziah, who had succeeded his father, murdered her own grandchildren, in order to secure the kingdom to herself. The Bible, in one short sentence, has given to the world an imperishable monument of the infamy of such a mother: "His mother was his counselor to do wickedly!" Alas, how many public crimes and calamities, how many private woes, in every age, are to be explained by that short sentence!

Jezebel has had her successors and imitators. Others, undeterred by her fate, and reckless of their character and obligations, have attempted to play, on a larger or smaller scale, similar desperate games of folly and ambition. The result has ever been disastrous to themselves, and to all who have come within the circle of their influence.

But, O, if her life be under the dominion of virtuous principle, if her heart be cast in the crucible of the Gospel, and remolded after the image of her Maker; if the "Man of Sorrows" be the object of her love, and his honor the aim and end of her aspirations and efforts, no angelic mind can compute her power for good. In her home she is the light and joy of her husband, soothing his cares and strewing his pathway with flowers, while her motherly hand and heart are molding her children for "glory, honor, and immortality." In social life she is the generous and sympathizing friend, and safe counselor. Among the suffering and distressed, she is the angel of mercy and comfort. In the Church she is a tower of strength; every-where a blessing; every-where the representative and advocate of virtue, goodness, and truth, and God's most potent agent in carrying forward the grand enterprises of his grace.

R. N. SLEDD.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

A GREAT deal of interest is now being manifested in London, in an institution recently founded, bearing the name of "New Hospital for Women." It has been established not only for the laudable purpose of assuring medical assistance and careful nursing to suffering women, but it is also mainly under the direction of women, the principal physicians being women. And it is also hoped that it will prove a place where women, devoting themselves to the study of medicine, will be able to bring to a practical test the information which they have gained in the lecture-room, and thus learn to be effective at the sick-bed. This New Hospital for Women was founded about three years ago, through the efforts of a committee consisting of ladies and gentlemen, among whom we notice the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Stanley, Baroness Rothschild, and Professor Fawcett, proving that some of the best known people of England are among the patrons of the enterprise. But even this influence was not enough to insure to the undertaking a brilliant commencement; for it was not found practicable in the beginning to raise funds sufficient to purchase suitable property. Rooms were therefore rented, and furnished with all that was thought necessary for the comfort and good nursing of the sick, and were provided with ten beds. The applications for admission were soon so numerous that it was found necessary to add as far as possible to the number of beds. And with increasing applications, the question naturally arose whether to buy or hire larger quarters, when the latter course was finally adopted. The institution has now about thirty beds, at a cost of some four thousand dollars for perfecting the arrangements. The practicing physicians in the hospital are Mrs. An-

derson-Garrett and Mrs. Hoggan; and among the consulting physicians and surgeons are some of the principal male celebrities in the healing art in London. And there are patients now coming from all parts of the realm, seeking council and assistance in diseases of women from their own sex, for which many of them declare themselves truly grateful. Not a few cases have occurred of applications for entrance while ignorant of the fact that the attending physicians are women. Some of these could not conceal their distrust on this discovery; but without an exception they have left the hospital fully satisfied, and cured of their sufferings and their prejudices. Last year the number of patients treated was about one hundred and fifty, of these but three cases were fatal, and two of these under operations. In addition to this, the institution has been visited by a large number for simple consultation at fixed hours. For such service a mere nominal fee of a few pence is demanded, and aid was last year thus afforded to over two thousand. The enterprise is now so rapidly commending itself to the good opinions of the intelligent and benevolent, that means are beginning to come in more freely; so that the managers will soon be able to afford entirely gratuitous aid to all that need it, while those who are able pay a moderate sum for very comfortable accommodations. The Hospital is now in close working connection with "Medical-school women," which has done a great deal toward advancing the cause of sound medical knowledge among women. It has now a full teaching corps, and about twenty students in the first year's course, although it has not yet received the legal recognition by the body of State examiners. But it is thought that this must come, as the

practicability of training women for this work is now clearly demonstrated, and the prejudice against their assuming it is dying away. Both these institutions are very significant proofs of a great change in opinion in the more intelligent public in regard to this matter; and when the thick ice of prejudice is once broken, there can hardly be any more doubt regarding the position that will be taken in this field of scientific effort for the alleviation of ills of the sex, and the English public seem now fully awake to this important matter.

IN these days of pilgrimage to the shrines of ancient saints and the canonization of new ones, some very strange proceedings come to light in regard to the way in which these things are managed in strictly Catholic lands. A rare story is just now going the rounds in regard to St. John of Nepomuck, the patron saint of the famous old city of Prague, in Bohemia. It seems that, in times gone by, he was thrown into the stream that flows through the city, by order of the ruling sovereign, for a pretended crime toward the family of the monarch, of which he was in reality not guilty. When his innocence came to light, it was thought that injustice done to him and the Church—for he was a pious and devoted priest—deserved open reparation; and it was resolved to obtain his bones and place them in a silver coffin, to be inclosed in a stone sarcophagus, on the very spot on the bridge whence he was cast into the stream. But the remains had been so long neglected that it was not easy to find them; and when at last found among a mass of others, they were discovered to be minus several of the principal bones. To replace these by others, that would exactly fit, was the task for some skillful anatomist, and such a one was found in the person of a young physician of aspiring ambition with little means, who desired to improve the condition of his purse and his standing with the honorable clergy, who exerted a large influence as overseers of the ancient university of the town. Indeed, at that time, to gain a position in the institution as one of its faculty, it was necessary to take an oath of belief in the immaculate conception of the Virgin. The work was well done, and the restored skeleton delivered to

the bishop in charge, who then ordered a magnificent celebration in honor of the saint, and went to great expense to place these sacred remains in security on the old bridge, where the tourist will still find them safe and sound. They are, and long have been, considered the guardian spirit of the town, and the state and ceremony attending the annual pilgrimages to the shrine of St. John of Nepomuck are scarcely surpassed anywhere. Not long ago, however, the excellent saint was obliged to make an unexpected and precipitate journey for fear of the Protestant Prussians. When the victorious army of King William so suddenly overran Austria in 1866, it was thought wise to transfer the sacred bones to a place of greater security and secrecy; and they were accordingly conveyed into the interior by order of the archbishop; and when the danger was past, they made a most pompous entry into the city, with waving banners and rolling drums, as if they had saved the city from humility. It seems strange that in this year of grace such follies can flourish.

OUR readers are aware that the so-called Russo-Greek faith is the universal belief throughout Russia, and that in some respects it is a sort of medium between the Protestant and the Catholic Church. For that reason a great effort is now being made by discontented Catholics to make a union of the Protestant, Russo-Greek, and schismatic Catholic Churches. We have not the least faith in the success of this movement, and are sorry to see some of the best of the Old Catholics, like the renowned Dr. Döllinger, losing their valuable time in trying to accomplish this result. And one very great reason for our want of faith in the matter is the fact, not generally known, that the Greek Church of Russia is distracted by internal dissensions, in the existence of very numerous sects, whose presence can not be ignored. The great Russian nation extends from the German frontier to distant Kamtchatka, and wherever it has borne the cross, thither it has also taken various sects, whose tenets are so different at times from the mother Church as to be quite antagonistic to it. This state of things has of late caused the government a great deal of trouble, from the fact that the head of the State is also

nominal head of the Church, and therefore, those that rebel against the mother Church are thereby in a state of semi-rebellion against the civil power. And a sad feature of the case is the fact that this divergence of the sects from the mother Church is always toward a sort of coarse barbarism, which seems sometimes almost to approach fetichism. It is not so much a difference of religious speculation as it is a blind belief in some mere formula or ceremony, and in excessive fast and feast days. In this way it is estimated that at least one-third of the nation is in a state of quasi-rebellion against the Church. The Russians were the last of the Western nations to accept Christianity, and this came to them from Greece rather than from Rome. The Patriarch of Constantinople was the head of the Greek Church when it extended its influence over Russia, and this Greek influence lasted for a long time, taking with it over all Russia many of the Greek heresies, which it has been impossible to root out. Another great cause of these diverging sects has been the Mongolian invasions from the East. Asiatic hordes, at times, overran the land, and possessed it for a generation before they could be driven off. And when their expulsion was effected, the Christian Church had sunken so low that many of the priests could neither read nor write. The schools were suppressed, the temples closed, and even the art of printing was known only in name. During this period, the foundation of the most absurd heresies was laid by the faulty copies of the ignorant transcribers. Those errors were in many cases afterward corrected, but a great portion of the ignorant and bigoted masses still clung to them, and rejected all efforts at reform. Even the serfdom of Russia contributed to these false beliefs; for the poor and oppressed serfs could find but little consolation in a Christian religion whose teachers exhorted them to bear their cruel chains in patience, because they were born for nothing better. And thus they stood in continual opposition to the hierarchy, which seemed to be in league with government oppression. The present authorities in Russia, in both Church and State, have now to contend with the results of all these sins and mistakes of the past; and thus it will be a very long while indeed before they will be able to bring the Church

into their own fold, much less to lead it into a union of all the anti-Catholic Churches.

WE are sometimes almost led to a shaken faith in the old proverb, that there is nothing new under the sun, on listening to the thousand and one strange customs that grow up with a false or ceremonial religion. We have all heard, for instance, of a great variety of solemn masses, held under nearly all circumstances of life, and bearing all sorts of names. But who ever expected to hear of so strange a custom as a "sneezing mass?" And yet, in Catholic Poland, there is an annual mass held on the morning of Easter Sunday known as the sneezing mass. And it comes about in this strange way: At this period of the year, very zealous Christians feel it a duty to abstain for a while from all their usual indulgences and enjoyments. The week preceding Easter is therefore one of great austerity, in which but little is eaten, and, in many instances, even the pipe and the snuff-box are discarded; and this, to the average Pole, is the greatest of privations. All these, therefore, await with impatience the end of the "Gloria in Excelsis," in the cathedral on Easter morning. Then they are released from their vow; and, in impatience, scores of snuff-boxes appear, and the anxiously awaited powder is conveyed to the nose. The period of abstinence was so long that the effect of the snuff is much greater than usual; and added to this, it is always etiquette to hand the box to one's neighbor. The natural result is, that at the end of the Gloria mass men, women, and children break out into an irrepressible sneeze, which has come to be understood as a part of the glad performance on Easter Sunday to celebrate a risen Lord. These outbursts, sometimes in a thundering solo, and then in grand chorus, are greeted as a perfectly proper thing, and every body expects a concert of sneezes as a part of the ceremony; and therefore the name, "sneezing mass."

THE King of Siam has become an author, and has commanded the publication of a small encyclopædia which treats wholly of Siam, its history, geography, literature, and political constitution. The preface is by the King himself, and an appendix contains a list of words spoken on the Eastern shore.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE second annual Convention of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union met in Cincinnati, on the 17th of November. Delegates from eighteen States were reported as present at the first session. Mrs. Leavitt, of Cincinnati, delivered the address of welcome; to which a response was made by Mrs. Willing, editor of the *Women's Temperance Union*, the organ of the association. Mrs. Wittenmeyer, President of the Union, then formally opened the business of the Convention. She gave a summary of the year's work accomplished by the Union, by which it appears that twenty-two auxiliary societies had been formed, forty-five State, and many District, Conventions held, and the gospel of temperance promulgated before thousands at numerous camp-meetings. From the office of the President forty-five thousand temperance tracts had been distributed, and forty thousand copies of the organ of the Union. The Treasurer's Report showed a balance in the treasury of \$214.63,—a gratifying exhibit, considering that women in general get no credit for being good financiers.

During the session, letters were read from Mrs. Griffith, of Yokohama, Japan, telling of a temperance association formed in that city since the American Crusade; from Mrs. Perker, President of the Women's Temperance Union of Dundee, Scotland; and from Dr. J. G. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. The latter speaks directly to the point when he says: "The only way to get rid of drunkards is to stop raising them." Here is where woman's true field of labor lies in relation to this great work; for the hope of the country is in its children, and the children are in the hands of women. A Mrs. Youmans, of Canada, presented an interesting account of the work in that province. On the third and last day of the convention, a report from the Young Ladies' League was read by Miss Duty, of Cleveland, one point of which reflects so much credit upon the young ladies that we reproduce it in our pages, exhorting the framers of such a good resolution to be firm in adhering to it. It reads thus: "That members of the

League be firm in their allegiance to temperance principles, and refuse to invite to their homes, or to receive attention from, young men of known intemperate habits; so that the latter may be made most unmistakably to understand that they are not eligible to good society, or to the friendship of pure women, while they use intoxicating liquors." The Committee on Resolutions submitted a report recommending a continuation of prayerful, individual effort among inebriates; the proper training of children; the recognition of existing temperance organizations as fellow-workers; the banishment of wine from the Lord's table; the exclusion of liquors from the social circles and *cuisine*; the circulation of temperance literature; the appointment of a committee of inquiry by Congress to report the effects of the liquor traffic; and the providing of Washingtonian homes, free reading-rooms, and cheap lunch and lodging houses. The report also called for prohibitory legislation, and for the co-operation of ministers and Churches; gratefully recognized the good works of Secretary Bristow and of Postmaster-General Jewell in the line of reform; and last, but not least, "resolved that, whereas women are the greatest sufferers from the liquor-traffic, and realizing that it is to be ultimately suppressed by means of the ballot, we, the Christian women of the land, in convention assembled, do pray Almighty God and all good and true men that the question of the prohibition of the liquor-traffic should be submitted to all the adult citizens of this country, irrespective of sex; not as a means of enlarging our rights, nor antagonizing the sexes, but as a means of protecting ourselves, our children, and homes from the ravages of the rum-power." During Friday's session, greetings were received by telegraph from the American Woman's Suffrage Association, sitting in Steinway Hall, New York, to which an appropriate response was made. The members of the convention received merited praise from newspaper correspondents for subdued taste in dress, an absence of strong-mindedness, the use of elegant and appropriate language, unanim-

ity in thought and action, evident earnestness of purpose, and for the quiet dignity and commendable grace with which they transacted the business of a deliberative convention.

— We learn with pleasure that Dr. Julia Lore's first report of her medical work has been published in circular form.

— Mother Stewart, famous in the Temperance Crusade in Ohio, has received an invitation to begin a similar movement in England.

— The Fayette District of the Upper Iowa Conference recently licensed Miss A. Mills, Preceptress of the Upper Iowa University, to preach.

— The election of women as superintendents of schools in several counties of Iowa, recently, raised the legal question of eligibility, and the matter will probably be tested in the courts.

— Mrs. Lucy H. Parker, of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware, Ohio, delivered an interesting address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of that place, at a late meeting.

— A great amount of nonsense about ministers' wives was summarily disposed of by the late Dr. Bethune, who, when the qualifications of his own wife for official duty were inquired into, asked the brethren whether they intended to pay her a salary.

— The Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are about to begin a children's periodical, to be called *Children's Work for Children*. At the last semi-annual meeting of the Society, twenty-nine new auxiliaries and fifteen boards were reported, and eleven new missionaries had been sent out.

— On November 5th, four ladies sailed in the steamer *City of Berlin*, on their way to South Africa, to engage in teaching. There is a school for young ladies at Wilington, about forty miles from Capetown, after the model of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, of which a Miss Ferguson, from this country, is already Principal.

— At the Local Preacher's Association, recently held in Dayton, a resolution recognizing the woman's temperance work, encouraging them in it, and urging co-opera-

tion with them, was passed. During the progress of this Association, a Sunday-school Jubilee was held, at which two of the speakers were Mrs. Walker, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Dr. Pearne, who is said to have interested the audience greatly.

— Madame Hensel, a Jewish lady of high musical reputation, and author of the "Life of Gottschalk," has joined the Methodist Church, at Binghamton, New York, intending, it is said, to become an evangelist.

— At the recent meeting of the North-eastern Ohio Teachers' Association, Superintendent I. M. Clemens, of Wooster, said that it was a fact, that in the schools of that town the boys do not read as well as the girls, and the same was true of many other schools. The girls read ten times as much out of school as the boys, and, as that reading was better than was afforded by the best text-books, they naturally excelled the boys.

— A young Bulgarian orphan girl, who is a teacher in one of the native schools in Constantinople, has been very desirous of coming to America to be educated. The young ladies of Wellesley College, learning of her ability and good character, have adopted her as the daughter of the College, and have sent for her to be brought here to be educated in the College, at their charge and under their care.

— Miss Lucille H. Green, M. D., is under appointment to India, and will probably sail early in January. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, and a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She goes out under the auspices of the New England Branch. She will probably relieve Miss Swain, M. D., who must leave India soon for a respite.

— The people of Boston are opening the way to female representation in public life, by the election of ladies of culture and ability to membership in the committee which has the management of the schools. The innovation was not effected without a struggle; and a legal decision was necessary before the ladies held undisputed possession of their seats. But now that the change is inaugurated and the novelty worn off, it becomes apparent that the committee has gained strength and efficiency.

ART NOTES.

ARCHITECTURAL SYMBOLISM.

THE symbolic character of the architecture of the Middle Ages is shown from the frequent allusions made to this subject by the mediæval writers. From the eighth to the fourteenth century there is repeated reference to this. This symbolism extends even to the minutest portions of the church building, and the painstaking comparisons sought out by these devout men prove the deep interest which they felt in the temple of God. It is interesting to note these opinions, and they show the far deeper significance attached to these buildings by the pious worshiper then than in our own more practical age. As a foundation are laid a stone marked with a cross, and twelve other stones, in order to show that the Church is built upon Christ and the apostles. The walls represent the people. These are four, because these people have been gathered from the four quarters of heaven. These are joined together in the corner-stone in front, as the Jewish and Gentile people are united in faith in one Gospel, but they incline to a curve toward the rear to show the essential unity of the Church. The stones are four-square, to represent the fourfold division of the virtues,—wisdom, firmness, temperance, and justice. Their polishing represents the purification and perfection of the saints through the suffering of afflictions. Their position is various; some to support, others to be supported. These are the common lay membership. Others rest immediately upon the foundations; and others resemble the prelates, who are the support and defense of the Church. The cement which binds the stones together is love; and when these are once bound together, the sound of the ax and the hammer will be heard no longer, because in the future persecution shall find no place. The columns represent the apostles and Church fathers who excel in faith and good works; the door, when one, is the Lord Jesus according to his own parable ("I am the door"); when more than one, they are the ecclesiastical princes, through whom entrance to the holy of holies is secured to the people. The windows, which

guard against rain and wind, yet permit the instreaming of the sunlight, represent the sacred writers; and they are broader on the interior, because the inner mystic sense of the Word is more full and comprehensive than the letter. There are four corners below, because the teachers of the faithful need to be endowed with fourfold virtue; they are round above to teach the perfection of God's service. They are not all equal, but some greater, some smaller, because the gifts of Christians are various; they are supporters of the fragile glass in order to remind us that we bear our treasure in earthen vessels. The rafters are also the prelates, who nourish and sustain the watchfulness of the members by the labor of preaching. The church itself is divided into two parts, the choir and the nave; the latter of which must be lower and include the laity, since they were yet exposed upon the boisterous ocean of this world's trials and temptations. The choir is shut up within narrower limits, in order to teach humility and self-abasement to the clergy; the altar represents Christ and the saints, who live in him and he in them. The *length* of the church is the long-suffering which patiently bears the buffetings of life until we are brought to the heavenly inheritance; the *breadth* is the love which expands the soul until it can embrace both friends and foes; and the *height* is the hope of a future glorification. Thus did these devout men delight to associate the portions of God's house with some pious office, and suggest to them the Christian duties and graces.

—Music with them (the German people) is a thing rather to be criticised than enjoyed; indeed the enjoyment of it consists in criticism as much as in feeling it. I am reminded, when I hear them speak about it, of Sterne's observations, beginning with, "And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy to-night?" the answer to which question is, "O, three minutes by the stop-watch," and so on. Of course they must feel and love music, or they would not follow after it as they do; but feeling seems at last subordinated to judgment; they will not allow

themselves to be affected until they are satisfied that the composition to which they listen will bear picking to pieces. Not very long since, I conversed with a German of high musical reputation,—a man fully entitled to speak with authority on the subject, my knowledge of it being that of the average vagabond Englishman. He spoke so disparagingly of certain operas which I had been accustomed to admire as masterpieces, that I at length asked him what he thought of Italian music generally?

"O, it is nothing."

"You do n't see any thing to admire in Bellini?"

"No, nothing; he is so feeble."

"Verdi? Donizetti?"

"There are some pretty things,—but O, it is poor!"

"Well, what do you say to Rossini?"

"Some merit in 'Il Barbiere,'—the rest nothing."

"Surely, 'Semiramide' is fine?"

"O, for a fair; but as music—no."

"Pray, name some composers whom you think admirable."

"Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, Mendelssohn."

"What," said I, "is the meaning of the depreciation with which Paganini is now so often mentioned? Every body was enough astonished by him while he lived."

"O, he was a wonderful player, but in a peculiar line."

"Peculiar, certainly. But what do men mean by contrasting his performances by what they are pleased to call legitimate playing? What is legitimate, and what is illegitimate, in playing the violin? If a man succeeds in producing the sweetest tones, and executing the most difficult passages, thereby giving a high degree of pleasure to his hearers, is his fame to be taken from him by the application of a meaningless adjective?"

"His fame is n't taken from him," was the answer. "What real fame he got, he keeps. But he played too much for the multitude; he was too fond of stage tricks. That performance on one string was simply to make people stare; music gained nothing by it. Then his harmonics, once thought so wonderful, were, to some extent, the result of material arrangement. To extract them, he used strings so fine that an ordi-

nary violinist would reject such as containing no tone. From the novelty of his style, he took greatly for a time, but no one ever thought worth while to follow in his footsteps. He founded no school."

Hereupon I shut up, rather mortified at having to surrender my belief in Paganini, but only too well convinced that he is not so much misused as I had fancied.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—Adelina Patti is announced to sing at Covent Garden, London, and will probably remain in England for some months.

—Christine Nilsson will remain in Europe during the present season. It is to be regretted that she has of late waned in popularity with American audiences. Her speculative concert has awakened disgust in many of her patrons who were formerly loud in her praise.

—Minnie Hauck is discussing the propriety of accepting an engagement in the French *opera comique* at Brussels. Her recent visit to Berlin was wonderfully successful, and she took this most cultured musical audience of the Prussian capital by storm. It is very gratifying to our American pride that this musical daughter of ours has achieved the most pronounced success, in the highest range of the art, in the two best musical capitals of the world, Vienna and Berlin.

—The two grand musical attractions of New York are Wachtel and Bülow; the first perhaps the best living tenor, the latter the best living pianist of his school. There is something wonderful in the way that Americans patronize first-class artists. These two stars have had overflowing houses from the time they set foot upon our shores. Indeed, the concert halls have hardly been ample enough to accommodate the crowds who have sought to hear Bülow. The reputation that Bülow was the only worthy interpreter of Liszt's music gave to his advent an exceptional interest. It is the general verdict that this reputation is not fictitious. Indeed, his reception has been, as just intimated, truly enthusiastic, and he has not disappointed his patrons. But the influence of his father-in-law is plainly seen in the prevailing *brilliance* of the selections in his programmes. While he has at times demonstrated ability

to interpret the tender, the subjective, and the mystical, it is plain that this is not the mode or fashion of his thinking. In this world he serves as a slave to please his superiors, or his clamorous auditors; and yet soon bursts away into the wild, weird *mêlée* of harmony that is so consonant with his tastes. In dashing, daring brilliancy of execution, Bülow is said to have few, if any, equals; and since this is a style that is more acceptable to the average American audience, we predict for him a most successful season.

— The achievements of native American musicians in the chief European centers have clearly demonstrated our ability to lead in high art. We have frequently remarked the juster average appreciation of works of art by American tourists. It is true of works that appeal to the eye, as well as of those which appeal to the ear. Between the average American and Englishman or Frenchman, there is a clear and decisive difference in favor of the former. When such is the fact, even in the absence of the educating and stimulating influence of great galleries and public monuments, we must hope much for results when these means of stimulus shall abound in our midst. Hitherto our artists have been compelled to go abroad, not only for the purpose of studying great works, but even for bare technical instruction. These advantages have been beyond the reach of the great mass of our countrymen and country-women who would desire to devote themselves to architecture, sculpture, painting, music, or even the higher branches of industrial art. We are happy to note, from time to time, indications that these great lacks are to be supplied. The latest promise is for musical instruction. For some months rumors have been afloat that New York was to have a grand College of Music; but recently the name of Mr. Samuel Wood, an old and highly respected citizen of New York, is mentioned in connection with this project. The story goes thus: There were four brothers in business together, all unmarried, between whom was made a fraternal covenant that the surviving brother or brothers should inherit the entire property of any deceased brother, until the

last surviving brother should receive the entire, and thus the estate be kept intact, and finally devised, after properly providing for the most distant relatives, to some public charity or use, as they expressed it, that should benefit their country. This covenant has been carried out, except in a single instance, four years ago, when it is claimed that the estate of Abram Wood, amounting to nearly a million dollars, was fraudulently diverted. This amount is now in litigation. The man who conceived the idea of a college of music was Dr. William Elmer. He is an enthusiast in music, and his scheme is to establish a college, which, in all departments of musical science, in its absolute advantages, its scope, and purpose, should be unsurpassed, and perhaps without a rival in the world. In carrying out this magnificent project, in which Mr. Samuel Wood, as the last survivor of the brothers, became interested, a special act of the Legislature was secured last April, authorizing the incorporation of the American College of Music, with power to take conveyances, accept donations, etc.; and also an act authorizing the Park Commissioners to convey to this College a portion of the grounds in Central Park set apart for art purposes. The organization was perfected by the choice of twelve trustees, who are ready to go forward with Mr. Wood's plans, and realize his idea at an early date. The general scope of this plan is, first, to erect a building, on the grounds secured at Central Park, that shall be an honor and an ornament to the city of New York; second, to endow the institution so munificently that the directors may be enabled to call to its service the ablest masters and composers of the world, and that there shall be a place on this continent where the children of poor parents who have talent, and the aptitude for musical instruction, shall not be debarred, on account of their poverty, from the best instruction and highest musical development which can anywhere be found. These are the main details of the magnificent enterprise which has so long been whispered about, and to which the eyes of the musical fraternity of America have been expectantly turned with mingled curiosity and hope. Surely, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

SCIENTIFIC.

A SUGGESTIVE FULGURITE.—When the members of the American Society of Civil Engineers were at the Stevens Institute in Hoboken, a short time ago, a remarkable natural curiosity was exhibited to them. It was a "fulgurite" from North Carolina. A lightning-flash having struck and penetrated a bed of fine white sand, the surface of the hole made was fused, and a hollow cylinder of pure quartz, four feet long and two or three inches in diameter, was the result. The peculiarity of the specimen under consideration was, that analysis showed the presence of metallic iron. As the substance does not exist, so far as known, under the ordinary conditions of the earth's surface, some explanation for its occurrence in the fulgurite had to be devised. Professor Leeds accounted for it on the supposition that the temperature produced by the lightning, which had been sufficient for the fusion of pure quartz, was also sufficient for the dissociation of ferric oxide, the oxygen being driven off and the metal left. As there is no iron in the bed of sand, an hypothesis had to be constructed to meet this difficulty; and the Professor thought that the iron was probably extracted by the lightning from some subterranean deposit, and conveyed to the bed of sand. The occurrence is a striking one, and deserves a more complete publication of the analyses. It was improved to point out that man may, at some future time, have it in his power to produce the metal, by subjecting their oxides to so intense a heat that the oxygen shall go off up the chimney and leave the metal behind. At present this can not be done, and the oxygen is removed by heating the ore with some substance, like the carbon of fuels, that combines with oxygen. The temperature required for the former method is, for iron, probably about twice as great as the highest which can now be produced; and this is an indication of the difficulties that must be encountered before any thing can be accomplished in this direction.—*Galaxy*.

DIAMOND-CUTTING.—In a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. A. C. Ham-
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lin describes in a very interesting manner the process of diamond-cutting. To those acquainted with the nature of the gem, this is a very simple matter. "To cut the facets, two stones are cemented on two sticks, and rubbed against each other until a facet is cut; then the position of one of the stones is changed, and another flat surface is cut. After the facets are cut, and a definite form given to the stone, the diamond is placed in the hands of the polisher, who fastens it in solder, and then holds it against a small steel disk, revolving horizontally with a speed of fifteen hundred to three thousand times a minute. This disk is moistened with oil mixed with diamond-powder, and one facet is polished at a time." The two principal forms adopted by lapidaries for these gems are known as the brilliant and the rose. "For the perfection of the rainbow play of hues, it is essential that the facets of the superior and inferior parts of the stone should correspond in exact proportions, and stand at fixed distances, so as to multiply the reflections and refractions, and produce the colors of the prismatic spectrum." In reducing a diamond from the rough to a regular form, its size is greatly reduced; the amount of loss, however, depending upon the natural form of the crystal. "The process of cutting diamonds of large size is always attended with risk, and is necessarily a costly operation. The Regent cost for cutting \$25,000, and occupied two years." The famous Koh-i-noor cost \$40,000, and only occupied thirty-eight working days. It was cut by one of the ablest of the Dutch lapidaries, with the aid of steam power. Within a few years two *ateliers* have been established in the United States,—one in Boston, by Mr. Henry D. Morse; and the other in New York, under the direction of Mr. J. Hermann. This latter establishment already boasts of having cut a fine crystal from South Africa, weighing eighty carats. "The form which appears to exhibit the splendors of the gem to the greatest advantage is that known as the brilliant. It was discovered in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Pruzzi." The largest pure

diamond in the world is the Great Mogul, which, in the rough, weighed seven hundred and eighty and one-half carats, reduced by cutting to two hundred and seventy-nine and nine-sixteenths carats.

IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?—It has been found that when an animal with tuberculated lungs is made the yoke-fellow of a perfectly healthy animal, and the two are housed and fed together, so as to inhale one another's breath, the one which at first was sound before long exhibits the symptoms of tuberculosis. Again, tuberculosis has been produced by giving animals milk from those that are diseased. Krebs has induced the disease, not only in rabbits and Guinea-pigs, which animals are very susceptible to the artificial production of the malady, but also in a dog, by feeding it with the milk of a cow in the last stages of phthisis. As a result of his observations, he states that tubercle virus is present in the milk of phthisical cows, whether they are slightly or gravely affected. On vigorous subjects, such milk may produce no injurious effects, but the case is likely to be different with children and those of enfeebled constitution. Similar effects may be produced from eating the flesh of animals affected with tubercle, and by inoculation with the virus. Thorough cooking of milk and flesh meat neutralizes their injurious action.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.—Not so many years ago, it was considered a feat in deep-sea soundings to reach a mile or a mile and a half; and even then, after allowance had been made for the action of currents against the line, the actual depth attained was a good deal matter of calculation or guess. Breakages were also constantly occurring in the hauling up, from the necessary slenderness of the cord in comparison with the weight of the lead. The modern method, by which the lead detaches itself at the bottom, meets that as well as several other difficulties nearly as important, and the wonder is that it was not thought of sooner. Now, remarks *Iron*, there is scarcely any limit to the depth of soundings, except the depth of the sea, which the recent explorations of the *Challenger* go far to show to be in accordance with the theory that its greatest depth is equivalent to the height of the

highest elevations above its level. The deepest sea soundings yet effected were obtained by the *Challenger* in the abysses off New Guinea, depths which have occasioned a sharp line of demarkation between the fauna of Asia and Australasia. The "lead" weighed four hundred weight, and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4,450 fathoms, or about 26,700 feet. The hollow rod, by which specimens of the bottom are brought up, was full of mud; and both of the thermometers that had been sent down were smashed to atoms by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A previous unsuccessful attempt to reach the bottom, but in which 4,545 fathoms were sounded, showed the temperature at that depth to be thirty-five and one-half degrees Fahrenheit, uncorrected.

RELIGION OF THE CANARIANS.—A paper upon this subject was read by Senor Chil y Narango, at the late meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, at Nantes. On Gran Canaria, he says, the natives believed in an infinite being, Alcorac, or Alchoran. Him they worshiped on the summits of mountains, also in little temples, called *almogaren*. Their priests were women, and were bound by a vow of chastity. The sacred places were also asylums for criminals. The Canarians believed in the existence of an evil spirit, Gabio. On Teneriffe the Guanchos worshiped Achaman, and used to assemble in consecrated places for common prayer. On Palma, the name given to the Supreme Being was Abara. In all the islands, homage was rendered to the emblems of fecundity and to the four elements. Their sacrifices were such as would be esteemed most precious by a pastoral people. They attributed will to the sea. It was the sea that gave them rain. In time of drought they scourged the sea, and implored the aid of heaven with great ceremony.

FOOD FOR HENS.—Corn-fed hens do not lay in Winter, because there is no albumen material in the corn. When wheat is given to them, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and albumen enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shell. Otherwise chopped meats may be fed to them.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

WIVES AT AUCTION.—The history of Virginia commences with an auction sale,—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where, probably, the most anxious and interested crowd of auction *habitués* ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a wealthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying: "We send a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There hath been special care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they can not be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, until they can be provided with husbands." But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens fair" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction, and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each; and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN OLDEN TIMES.—Who among our extravagant young ladies in these boastful times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl, dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved), worth \$400,000? Then there was a Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned her visits, worth \$300,000. Cicero, who was comparatively a poor man in those times, gave \$1,500,000 for his establishment on the Palatine; while Messala gave \$2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth \$120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly \$120,000,000. Cæsar and Marc Antony both owned wonderful fortunes. Why, they talk about a man's failing in New York for \$1,000,000, as if it were a big thing. Cæsar, before he

entered any office, when he was a young gentleman in private life, owed \$1,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Crassus for \$2,500,000. Marc Antony owed \$1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and paid before the Kalends of March. This was nothing; he squandered \$720,000,000 of public money. And these fellows lived well. *Æsopus*, who was a play-actor, paid \$400,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent \$400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for twenty dollars an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver, set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabalus were of solid silver; his tables and plates were of pure gold; and his mattresses, covered with cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of a partridge. It took \$80,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman senator, and some of them spent \$5,000,000 a year. And yet they talk of the extravagance of modern times.

VALUE OF GOLD.—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six million eight hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be about three thousand millions of dollars, which, welded into one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

The relative value of gold to silver, in the days of the patriarch Abraham, was one to eight; at the period B. C. 1000, it was one to twelve; B. C. 500, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of the Christian era, it was one to nine; A. D. 500, it was one to eighteen; A. D. 1100, it was one to eight; A. D. 1400, it was one to eleven; A. D. 1613, it was one to thirteen; A. D. 1700, it was one to fifteen and a half; which latter ratio, with but slight variation, it has maintained to the present day. Various speculations have recently been made respecting the effect of the large relative increase in the production of gold over silver, and the

subject is one of great interest and importance. The theories of the writers who have expressed opinions on the subject are widely different, so far as the effects of the increase upon the precious metals are concerned. All agree, however, upon the widespread benefits that have resulted from the large increase of the production of gold during the past ten years. The war in Europe, and the crops in America, last year, will both affect business relations so as to exert considerable influence upon commercial values directly, and indirectly upon the relative estimate of the precious metals.

THE CHIN.—Fortune-tellers are generally skillful physiognomists, and all the features of the human face do their share in enlightening the understanding of the seers. The chin, at the present day, is rather difficult to read, on account of the increasing custom of wearing a beard. A good chin should neither project nor retreat much. A very retreating chin denotes weakness; and a very projecting one, harsh strength, united with firmness amounting to obstinacy. A pointed chin generally denotes acuteness. A soft, fair, double chin generally denotes a love of good living; and an angular chin, judgment and firmness. Flatness of chin implies coldness; a round, dimpled chin, goodness; a small chin, fear; sharp indentings in the middle of the chin point to a cool understanding. The color and texture of the skin, and of the hair and beard, have also direct harmony with the features. These should be studied more than they have been. A facility in drawing faces is of great use to the student of physiognomy, as it enables him to note peculiarities of feature which no written description would be capable of preserving.

ONE SOURCE OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."—Mr. F. W. Cozens, an Englishman, has recently been studying the sources of "Romeo and Juliet." Some time ago he translated a Spanish play of Lope de Vega, "Castelvines y Mouteses," which he published with useful explanations. He has now treated in a similar manner "Los Bandos de Verona," by Francisco de Rojas. This play (described as a tragi-comedy) has not been translated into English before, and De Rojas is rarely heard of. But Le Sage and Corneille made

use of his works, and one of his plays still holds its position on the Spanish stage. The plot of the piece in question appears to us to be very absurd, judging from the *Alhambra's* synopsis.

Allejandro Romeo sees Julia Capelete in the house of her father, which he has entered, not with a festive purpose, as in Shakespeare, but with most sanguinary intent. He has slain a servant, and he is following in pursuit of the master, when he encounters Julia, against whom he immediately directs his sword. Love, prompt and passionate in those southern climes, seizes both while the sword is lifted, and the heat of the former quarrel is surpassed by that of the all-absorbing affection on the moment begotten. The Tybalt in this play is Andres Capelete, and El Conde Paris is one of the characters. Paris is married to Romeo's sister, and he wishes to divorce her and marry Julia. What follows belongs characteristically to the Spanish drama of intrigue. Julia, having taken the poison, is buried in the family vault. Romeo, who had previously made an appointment with her, hears the news of her death, and, in his despair, visits her in the vault. This is conveniently left open, as a Spanish public would doubtless object to see, on the stage, the violation of a sepulcher. The audience, meanwhile, made aware that what was supposed to be poison, is, in fact, a sleeping-draught, is not surprised to see the heroine awake, and receive her lover with rapture. Romeo quits the tomb, groping his way in the darkness, while Julia holds to the skirt of his cloak. For a moment she quits her hold, then, by mistake, seizes upon the cloak of Andres, who has also come to the vault. As Elena, Romeo's sister, who has entered upon the scene, takes unconsciously the place of Julia, Romeo goes forward, suspecting nothing, to the coach he has provided. Julia escapes into the woods, and is seen by her father, who takes her for a ghost, and expresses his penitence for his former action. His compunctional visitings are not strong enough to prevent him from attempting again her life, when he finds she is still in the flesh, and still recalcitrant. A good deal of playing at hide and seek follows, the *gracioso*, who is the servant of Romeo, acting the part of chorus, and sup-

plying the audience with a knowledge of what is supposed to take place behind their backs. In the end, Julia is confined in the fortress of the Capelete, which is duly besieged by Romeo. When further resistance is shown to be unavailing, Capelete surrenders, and consents to the match, while Paris agrees to take back the half-divorced Elena.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—We have already published some illustrations of the ignorance of foreigners concerning our country, but we seldom find that they are willing to confess it. Lord Roseberg, however, in a recent speech in London, said that "he could walk up to a map in the dark, and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa; but if any one asked him where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice." This remark recalls to the *Table-talk* editor of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, a similar remark of Mr. Cobden. "These men," said Cobden, speaking of English ambassadors, and of the necessity of turning them into commercial travelers, "these men know where the Ilissus is; but they know nothing of the Mississippi. [This was twenty years ago.] Yet the Mississippi could float all the navies of Europe upon its bosom; and it took me half a day to find the Ilissus when I was at Athens, and then I only found the bed of the river. Half a dozen washer-women had dammed up the Ilissus to wash their clothes."

ROMAN KITCHEN UTENSILS.—The Museum at Geneva, Switzerland, has recently obtained, for its cabinets, a set of Roman kitchen utensils, found in a field near Martigny, which were probably buried by their owners on account of some sudden alarm. These consist of thirty articles, mostly in bronze, and some of them elaborately worked, reminding one of the beautiful shape and ornamentation of Pompeian vessels. The shovel and pot-hanger do not differ much from modern utensils of the same sort, and there is an earthen mold shaped like a shell, several plates in various sizes, a saucepan with the bottom worn away, a large boiler, a funnel, two ladles, a stewpan, and vases or ewers with two handles, one of which bears a representation of two gladiators, and was apparently awarded as a prize. There are also two silver ornaments, evi-

dently of later date, and believed by Dr. Gosse, the curator, to have been used in Christian worship. He attributes the articles to the third century.

SIT AND SET, LAY AND LIE.—The two words "sit" and "set" are too often mistaken for each other. When a grammar class is asked, for the first time, if it is right to say "hens set," the "court sets," one-half of them, perhaps, will vote one way, and the other half the other. The court means the judge or judges; the judge sits, the court sits, the jury sits, hens sit, birds sit. "Setting-hen" is wrong; hens are not "setters" or pointers. *Set* requires an objective case; we *set* a chair, but we *sit* in it. There is a similar difficulty in the use of "lie" and "lay." In families whose hens "set," every thing "lays," and all "lay abed." The quoted words are wrong. *Lay* means to place, and requires an objective; as, "the hen *lays* eggs;" "now I *lay* me." We should say the book *lies* on the table; he *lies* abed; every body *lies*, if you please, but nobody *lays*, unless he has something to *lay*.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.—The French, it is said, have no word for "home." When Victoria first went to Scotland, and the Highlanders presented her an address in Gaelic, they had no word for "queen," so they called her "king's wife." The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is, "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means to "kill over again;" a third, "to earn by dancing." The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing that they wore shoes before gloves. The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it is, to threaten to "give a blow with his foot,"—the same thing, probably, to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy, of our "kick." The terms "up-stairs" and "down-stairs" are also unknown in French.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

IN QUEEN FLORA'S REALM.

"I am a foreigner," spoke, timidly, modest Miss Pansy, without a touch of conceit in her tone. Beneath the generous shade of an oleander she was seated, whose head rose majestically so far above her own in the calm moonlight that she had little hope of being heard. Perhaps at another time it would have proved thus, but now her companion was suffering, and felt the social in her nature taking precedence of the aristocratic barrier which the royal "our family" had not quite succeeded in breaking down; hence closer companionship was not to be entirely ignored.

"Let us, I pray you, have a talk," again spoke the persistent little flower.

"Well, lead off; my bones are aching. Afraid I am going to have another of those dreadful chills that have robbed so many of 'our family' of their beauty, and killed thousands, since we began to emigrate to these chilling latitudes, or there is going to be a snow-storm."

Just then a gentle zephyr flitted by, Miss Pansy gave a comic nod of her head, a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"How funny you talk! A snow-storm borne along by these warm winds!"

"Yes; it may be I am out of my head, with the freezings I've had, and my words sound queer to you; but I do not know what to expect of this climate. I have had shake upon shake until I am heart-broken, and long for my native land. Why, do you see, this limb is useless? I am expecting the gardener to amputate it. The way it happened was this: I was left in the care of Pauline, and one cold night last Winter she neglected to move my stand near the fire. And there I sat by that door, with a great crack in it, and shivered all night long, shook my clothes nearly all off of me; and then that limb I told you about was near the door, and toward morning it went to sleep, and I never have succeeded in waking it. O, I tell you, 'our family' are not as tough as pine-knots."

"Where did you live before we met here in this garden?"

"Live! Why we lived where it is one continual Summer, where the skies are forever bright, else I did not see the clouds, and where the birds sing day and night. It is a beautiful county, if it were not for the ravenous alligators that feast upon the natives, and snakes long enough to wrap twice around the coal-house and carry—"

"On your honor, my friend, on your honor," echoed honest Miss Pansy.

"Never did they molest any of 'our family,' *we* were considered to be a superior class, but Dinah is my authority, though they never, none of 'em dared to carry her off bodily, if they did scare the turban off the very top of her head. But I do shiver so; I wish the gardener had been thoughtful enough to put a shawl on me, as he did one other chilly night. Do you know, I feel as if I could wear a blanket day and night? But tell me, where did *you* come from? the meadow over there?"

"No; Germany is my home. Don't you remember I told you I was a foreigner?"

"O, well, I thought perhaps it was only *your* way of saying 'forwarder;'" and with a toss of her head she gave Miss Pansy a keen look, and continued, "Sure enough, you do show the Teutonic proportions."

"Our home was in the pretty garden of a good woman; and when the family of Nipperts began to talk of selling their patch and going across the sea to paradise, I was greatly elated at thought of the change. One morning this dame Nippert came out, as was her custom, to admire us,—for some of my children were truly handsome with their bright yellow hoods, others with dark velvet and orange hoods,—and then to uproot annoying weeds, etc., when I saw her gather her apron to her eyes and murmur, 'There is nothing I regret to leave but you, little dears, and my darling's grave over there.' My heart quite sank within me; for I had not imagined that we were to be left behind,—we upon whom so much care had been bestowed. 'Grecthen,' she called out, when a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked lass came tripping from the cottage up the garden-walk; 'Grecthen, can we leave all these

flowers behind?" "O dear, no, mother; not *all*, it would not be home over there without the Pansy. Karl and I will care for it all the way, if you but give your consent." "Yes, daughter, you may try; I, too, would be lonely without its sunshine."

"Accordingly, I was snugly packed in a box, and we all started on our journey. It was a bounding, rocking, rough ride I had, and I confess to have felt fear creeping over me, and thought perhaps I was rash in undertaking such a trip; but I soon became used to it. Now I am very glad I came, for Gretchen sometimes gets homesick, and longs for our Father-land once more; but when she comes out and talks to me, saying: 'Little darling, what would I do without you to comfort me?' I no more question my wisdom in coming. In the Winter she covers me up warm, and I have a good long sleep. Then I wake up in the Spring, and she grants me the sunniest spot. When the hot days come, and the heat is very oppressive to me, I am taken to a shady nook. I am old, but very happy. My children are springing up around me, and go off to grace other lands, and are as happy in the peasant's cot as in princely halls; no word of complaint have I ever heard from any of them. Our dear great-grandmother, with her black velvet hood tied with an orange-tinted bow, whispered to me, long years ago, 'Contentment is more to be desired than royalty;' adding, 'remember, dear, it is our maxim.'"

The proud Oleander had seemed agitated during this modest recital, and, at its close, shook violently the leafy folds of her dress, replying, half petulantly:

"Well, well, my chill has passed by," inquiring no further into her neighbor's origin.

MARY MORELAND.

HIDDEN DEW-DROPS.

CARL's father gave him a plot of garden-ground. The little boy took care of his plants, and did not forget to water them at sundown. But in the midsummer holidays he went from home for a few days, and neglected to leave directions as to the tending of his flowers. His first act on his return was to pay a visit to his garden. Alas! pretty buds and blossoms were drooping and dying; one little rose alone, in the

midst of the desolation, bloomed fresh and fair on its stem. Surprised and pleased, Carl kneeled down to discover the secret of the rose, and he found a dew-drop had rolled into its very heart, and lay there, a fountain of refreshing, in the sultry day.

The boy grew to manhood, and, as he went up through this weary world of drooping hearts, he oftentimes recalled this memory of his youth-time; for many fainted and failed in the burden and heat of life's day; whilst the steady footsteps and restful eyes and voices of others told of a hidden dew-drop, nay, a fountain, in the heart, to uphold by the way. Pondering what such things meant in this garden of souls, he kneeled, as in the days of his childhood, to discover the secret of the unfading heart; and now, as then, as he kneeled, the mystery was solved; not this time by the mortal eye, but by a still, small voice, that stole into his soul like soft music, laden with a message,—even that the hidden fountain, sent by God to make his people joyful in the house of their pilgrimage, is the blessed resignation that teaches to say, in sunshine and shower, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

THE SNOW-STORM.

HARK! hear the wind blow!
Run in, little one,
'T is beginning to snow;
Run, little boy, run.

Come in where the air
Is mellow and warm;
Let's draw the blinds close,
And shut out the storm.

We'll pity the poor,
The homeless, to-night,
With no cheerful fire,
With no pleasant light;

The poor little ones
Whose parents are dead;
Who, hungry and cold,
Are crying for bread.

Just think, Bobby dear,
Think what *you* would do
Without your dear home,
And warm supper too;

If *you* had no mamma
To put you to bed;
If you had no clothes,
And *your* papa was dead.

If I were you, Bob,—
In your place, I mean,—
I'd be the best boy
That ever was seen.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

It is a familiar truism that the man who writes one book is morally certain to write another. Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep follows "Travels in Little Known Parts of Asia Minor, 1870," with *Bible Lands*; their modern customs and manners illustrative of Scripture. (Harper & Brothers, 1875.) This is a noble contribution to Biblical literature, a fit companion to Thomson's popular and useful work, "The Land and the Book," issued some sixteen years since. Dr. Thomson's work was the fruit of twenty-five years' residence in Palestine. It is now thirty-five years since Dr. Van Lennep went to Turkey as a missionary of the American Board. Dr. Thomson showed how the localities of the "Holy Land" illustrated and proved the truth of the Holy Book; Dr. Van Lennep shows us how the customs and manners of living Orientals reflect those of their fathers, who occupied the same lands thousands of years ago. Part I of the work is devoted to customs which have their origin in the physical features of Bible lands. This includes physical geography, productions of the soil, fruits, flowers, vegetables, animals, birds, reptiles, insects, especially such as are named or alluded to in the Holy Word. Part II treats of customs which have an historical origin, races of men, oral and written languages, tent-life and home-life, furniture, life in the family, social life, military and religious affairs, commerce and mechanical arts. Few books embody such a mass of information on Oriental matters. The writer has re-enforced his own life-long experience and observation by freely drawing from the recorded experiences of others. He quotes some thirty authors who have written on the same or kindred subjects, names some five hundred topics in his table of contents, and illustrates from five to eight hundred passages of Sacred Writ. Signal profit would doubtless accrue to the student who should read this valuable work, pencil in hand, ready to annotate the margin of his study Bible with the profitable hints with which the book abounds. Dr. Van Lennep seems to favor the idea of development in the modern religious ideas, from

idolatry and heathenism to divine enlightenment. The volume is gotten up in the Harpers' best style, and is profusely illustrated. The author thinks the Arabic language the nearest related to the extinct Hebrew. He gives us some useful lessons in orthography, pronunciation, and the proper use of Oriental terms. He writes Mohammed instead of Mahomet; Bedawy, with its plural Bedawin, instead of Bedouin; mosk instead of mosque,—a decided saving; Islam instead of Mohammedanism, Islamism, or religion of Islamism. Islam is the name of the religion of Mohammed. This, too, is a useful abbreviation. Muslims instead of Mohammedans, usually written Moslems. (Rob't Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

MESSRS NELSON & PHILLIPS are continually adding to their catalogue works of great interest to the general reader. We have before us for notice, from their press, *The Great Men of God*, a great book on great subjects, from the pens of great writers,—Guthrie, Dean Stanley, Bishop Oxenden, and other eminent divines; put together and supplemented by Rev. W. F. Noble, with an introduction worthy of the volume itself by Rev. Bishop Wiley. Forty-six sketches of forty-six of the principal men of the Bible are brought together. Beautifully illustrated, a book for the center-table, library, mind, and heart. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Reminiscences of Rev. Henry Boehm, the patriarch of one hundred years. Written autobiographically, with the editorial aid and supervision of Rev. J. B. Wakeley, ten years since, now revised and brought down to the present time, including the venerable author's Centennial Sermon, and the interesting ceremonies of that occasion. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) The fifth and sixth of the volumes of Church History Stories, by Emma Leslie, are *Leofwine the Saxon*, a story of hopes and struggles, and *Elfreda*, a sequel to *Leofwine*, both with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Marrion's Mission*, on the influence of Sunday-schools, a story by Emma Leslie. (Hitch-

cock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Hope Raymond*; or, What is Truth, a story by Mrs. E. J. Richmond, with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Sunshine of Blackpool*, a story by Emma Leslie. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Little Trowel*, a story by Edith Waddy, with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Two Paths*, a story by Mrs. E. J. Richmond. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Little Foxes*, by the author of "How Marjorie Watched," three illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *John Winthrop and the Great Colony*; sketches of the settlement of Boston and Massachusetts Colony, by Dr. C. K. True. Revision of a work published many years ago, revised and appropriately republished this Centennial year. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Gipsy's Adventures*, a story by Josephine Pollard, Three illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The Shining River, another two shilling Sunday-school song-book, as cheap in contents as in price. As usual, it sings of the "golden" and "beautiful," "golden Jerusalem," "beautiful vale," "beautiful crown," "beautiful story," "beautiful home," "the shining land," "little Minnie in the river," and other such. It asks Protestant Sunday-schoolers, in one song, if they ever heard of the robin that plucked a thorn out of Christ's forehead as he hung on the cross! Natural history is as silent as the Bible about robins in Palestine. (H. I. & W. O. Perkins. Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

THERE is no better delineator of life in California in its early days than Bret Harte. He is a good writer, tells a story well, is philanthropic, sympathetic, and humorous without degenerating into caricature. His *Tales of the Argonauts* and other sketches (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston) are full of life and fun and spirit. Every page is Bret-Harte-ish, and that is sufficient to secure all a wide perusal. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE status of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston among American poets has long since been settled by critics and the American public. Roberts Brothers, Boston, issue a volume of poems from her pen titled, *Cartoons*,—sketches that we suppose will never be any

thing else but cartoons,—a name as complimentary as it is comprehensive, since several of the old masters, notably Raffaele, are better known to the world at large by their cartoons than by their finished pictures. These sketches show a great deal of reading, observation, feeling, judgment, and taste. There are cartoons from the life of the old masters, from the life of the legends, and from the life of to-day, all executed with a bold, free hand. Those who hunger for genuine poetry will find it here, though the author compares herself to the chirping cricket, the spray of fern, the light breeze, the glow-worm, rather than to Beethoven and Shakespeare. (Robert Clarke & Co.)

D. S. Moody and his Work, by Rev. W. H. Daniels, with portraits and illustrations, a subscription book. (Hartford Publishing Company.) One of the best lives of Moody we have seen, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Fowler, President of the North-western University.

Eight Cousins, by that popular writer of youths' stories, Louisa M. Alcott. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FRENCH memoirs have long had the reputation of being most charming reading. A translation of Madame Récamier's Memoirs was given to the American public in 1866. The same translator now lays before the public, *Madame Recamier and her Friends*, comprising correspondence, and biographical notes and incidents full of interest. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Homilist, by David Thomas, D. D. (N. Tibbals & Sons, New York), contains Homilies, Homiletic Sketches on the Book of Psalms, Homiletic Glances at Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, The Foreign Pulpit, Gems of Thought, Pith of Renowned Sermons, Biblical Criticisms, etc. A suggestive book.

Brought Home, by Hesba Stretton. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

FICTION.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *Off the Roll*, by Katharine King; and *Hostages to Fortune*, by Miss M. E. Braddon. Paper covers.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

REVIVALS.—In the Christian Church, as in the Hebrew Commonwealth, there are times when the religious spirit is greatly developed. The divine fervor burns in many hearts. Zion travails; souls are born into God's kingdom, and the graces that were ready to perish again revive. If the Crusades may be called a religious revival, whole nations were stirred into enthusiasm. Even the children shared in the general excitement, and set out on pilgrimage for the Holy Land. In the sixteenth century the same spirit prevailed, but assumed another form, in the Lutheran Reformation. It again showed itself in the time of the Wesleys and Whitefield; and, in our own land, ecclesiastical history records the revivals in the East under the ministry of Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, and others. In the West, nearly every settlement shared in the great awakening and revival about the beginning of the present century. Later, the ten years between 1830 and 1840 are noted for an increase of the revival influences, and the large accessions to all the Churches. In 1857, there was a general revival throughout the country. During the late civil war, God's Spirit was poured out upon many encampments of troops, especially in the Southern armies; and last year, under the labors of the lay evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Great Britain was quickened, in all the principal cities, to a higher life. Many souls were converted, the prejudices of the State Church succumbed to their evident piety and usefulness; and many, high in authority, gave them their countenance and support. It was wonderful to read of their progress through the kingdom; how large halls were crowded with anxious listeners; how many, in every place, signified their desire and intention to lead a new life; how they influenced all classes of society alike; how members of the royal family, as well as the street beggars, listened with rapt attention to their Gospel message; and how, withal, their only gain was souls! In this country, these evangelists have been laboring, with varied success, in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. We find, among ministers

and the more thoughtful laymen of all denominations, a prayerful and anxious desire that God would revive his work. For this result many are now hopefully looking. Already reports come to us from widely scattered places of a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. That believers may now be sanctified and sinners converted is not only our prayer, but the prayer of the whole Church: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years, make known!"

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The income of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Church Extension, from Conference collections and special contributions and gifts to the Loan Fund, will exceed \$130,000 for the year 1875.

NEW MISSIONARIES FOR FOREIGN PARTS.—Rev. J. J. Ransom, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and Miss Jennie Dreese, of Xenia, Ohio, have just been sent out as missionaries,—the former to Brazil, and the latter to Mexico. Miss Dreese has a brother, Rev. Charles W. Dreese, who is now acting as a missionary in that country.

METHODIST NUMERICAL STATISTICS.—The latest numerical returns of Methodism show as follows: Episcopal Methodists in the United States, 3,025,427; Non-episcopal, 147,802; Methodists in other countries, 1,015,876. Total lay communicants, 4,189,105. The total number of itinerant preachers is 27,591, and of local preachers 61,474; an increase during the last year of 3,325 itinerant ministers, and a decrease of 1,657 local preachers.

EDUCATIONAL BENEFACTIONS.—According to the report of the Commissioner of Education, the benefactions last year for educational purposes amounted to \$6,053,304. Of this sum, the universities and colleges received \$1,845,354; schools of science, \$481,804; schools of theology, \$1,111,629; schools of medicine, \$44,531; institutions for the higher instruction of women, \$241,420; institutions for secondary instruction, \$272,381; libraries, 75,422; institutions for deaf and dumb, \$7,323.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FEBRUARY, 1776.—Shades of our forefathers, how fared it with you a century ago this Winter month? The first of the snows of a hundred Winters shroud the graves of the patriots of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Quebec. The country is in mourning for the recent death of Montgomery and his brave fellow-martyrs, and anxious about the fate of Arnold and his surviving associates, braving a Canadian Winter in sight of victorious and exulting foes. The eyes of the Colonies are turned anxiously on Cambridge and Boston, the respective headquarters of the American and British forces; but nothing can be done till Spring. It was all anxiety, sorrow, and suffering in February, '76.

MISSIONARY DECLINE.—The contributions of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church indicate, as the thermometer and barometer indicate changes in temperature and pressure, the financial fluctuations consequent upon the withdrawal of specie and the institution of paper currency; showing rapid inflation during the four years of the rebellion, and then the decline consequent upon "hard times," the cramping necessities of the individual, the corporation, or the nation, that lives beyond accruing means, or gets in debt beyond ability to pay. The following table shows the average contribution, per member, in cents, of those in full connection, from 1862 to the present time:

YEAR.	Church Average.	Church and Sunday-school av'ge.
1862.....	.28	
1863.....	.47	
1864.....	.59	
1865.....	.73	
1866.....	.77	
1867.....	.60	
1868.....	.56	
1869.....	.45	.56
1870.....	.41	.54
1871.....	.37	.50
1872.....	.38	.52
1873.....	.37	.52
1874.....	.31	.46
1875.....	.30	.43

The accession of the Sunday-school raised the general average, but did not prevent the general decline. With the occasional exception of what boat crews call "spurts,"

produced by massing the entire force of bishops and missionary secretaries in a given locality, as in Cincinnati and Indianapolis last year, the decline is regular and constant. In spite of bishops, secretaries, thousands of ministers, and equal thousands of interested and pleading laymen, we have gone down to ante-war average, prophetic, if the Centennial year stops us not, of still further decline. In 1865, eight hundred thousand Methodists gave six hundred thousand dollars to the missionary cause; in 1875, thirteen hundred thousand Methodist members gave four hundred thousand dollars; and, re-enforced by the Sunday-school, which has really no business in this estimate, contributed only a little over six hundred thousand dollars, the amount reached by half a million less members ten years ago.

BALTIMORE is to be the seat of the next General Conference. Maryland began to be settled in 1634. Baltimore County was created in 1659; "in 1729, an act was passed by the Colonial Assembly for creating a town on the north side of the Patapsco, and for laying out into lots sixty acres of land in and about the place where one John Fleming now lives." The cost of said sixty acres was about ten dollars of our money. In 1743, the town, slowly growing on this site, was named Baltimore. After twenty-two years, the town numbered but twenty-five houses, including a school-house and church. Fifty years later, its population was 13,500; in 1800, 31,500; in 1810, 46,500. In 1870, Baltimore was the sixth city of the United States in population, numbering 267,354 inhabitants, 56,400 of whom were foreign born. The Baltimore of to-day is one of the most flourishing and delightful cities in the world. Its public buildings are numerous and elegant, including the Peabody Institute, whose library and musical institute promise to be the finest on the continent. Baltimore is not excelled by any city in the Union in beautiful churches, and its monuments are a national pride as well as a national attraction. For a hundred years Baltimore has been the Mecca of Methodism.

In 1774, when Baltimore town had six thousand inhabitants, it reported, to the Conference that sat in Philadelphia (the same place and year with the first Continental Congress), seven hundred and thirty-eight members, when New York and Philadelphia numbered only about two hundred each. A border State and a border city could not but be agitated by the great question that agitated and finally disintegrated the Church and the Union. Baltimore, conservative as it was, and desirous of peace and purity, was a severe sufferer in both the ecclesiastical and civil broils. All that is now past, and the General Conference will be as heartily welcomed to beautiful Baltimore by the Independent and Southern Methodist Churches as by the Methodist Episcopal; with nothing special on hand but a harmless debate on the presiding elder question, we need fear no interruption of the general harmony. Said debate will doubtless be protracted to the middle of June, to enable members to take the Centennial Exposition in their route homeward on the 1st of July. While they were changing the place, why did not the officials of the Church bethink them to change the time also,—a needed change,—to get the Conference out of the way of the quadrennial conventions of politicians that meet to manufacture candidates for the Presidency?

VENALITY.—The disposition to make money out of every thing in heaven and earth, and things under the earth, is one of the striking characteristics of the age we live in. In a mercenary, godless, self-seeking world, this is to be expected; but that the corrupting power of money should so often be brought into dangerous proximity with the holiest and purest of life's blessings is something fearful for a Christian to contemplate. We often think of the horror and burst of holy alarm with which Peter rejected the proposal of Simon, the spiritualist, the Barnum of Samaria, who offered money for the power of imparting the Holy Ghost, by laying on of hands. "Thy money perish with thee," said the indignant apostle to the frightened showman, who has conferred his despised name (Simony) on the godless trade in holy things, by which so many of St. Peter's pretended suc-

cessors have enriched themselves in all ages, without any of the conscientious scruples of their great head and founder. Until quite a recent period, money has ever been regarded with suspicion, as a corrupting element, in the domain of art and literature. No man can invent any thing in this world for a stipulated price. The gifts of genius, like the gifts of God, are "without money and without price." But the minute something valuable is created, the money-kings pounce upon it, drag it into market, and roll up fortunes, while the luckless inventor, who has struggled for years with difficulties, is still left to poverty and obscurity. It is well that it is so, for, by some peculiar law, money, or contact with it, seems to sully genius, and prosperity blights invention. Not without reason did Byron twit Walter Scott with making his muse venal.

If literature and art are corrupted by contact with "filthy lucre," much more religion. Religion will bear any amount of regal offering to the public welfare or the divine glory, but it must involve sacrifice on the part of the offerer. The work of the world that benefits mankind, and that posterity praises, is done by the self-sacrificing and poor. Washington would receive only his expenses from an impoverished country. Michael Angelo would receive no remuneration for his twenty years' labor on the grandest monument of Christian art, St. Peter's at Rome. John Wesley lived on a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and gave away whole fortunes made by the sale of his books. The Archbishop of Canterbury has a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year; the Archbishop of York, fifty thousand; the Bishop of London, fifty thousand; and others, twenty-five thousand,—to do a minimum of preaching and work. The beneficed clergy of England, as numerous as the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, have an average of fifteen hundred dollars a year salary, with a rectory, doubtless, but the real work of the Church of England is done by the five thousand poor curates, with a salary of four hundred dollars per annum each. The best work of the Methodist itinerancy was done in the days when it was struggling with want and poverty. The best work that is being done in the Church to-day is that performed by

the teachers and professors in our literary institutions, with just about salary enough to hold soul and body together, and they compelled to work sixteen hours a day to secure that.

Lorenzo Dow would receive nothing for preaching, but he usually had a man peddling his books in the vicinity of his preaching-stand, and made himself rich by the products of his eccentric brain.

To affix a money value to a sermon has always been as abhorrent to Methodists as to Quakers. To place a stipulated money value on the labors of evangelists always detracts from the value of those labors. A suspicion of money-making, or of interested motives on the part of a preacher, injures his influence and weakens his power; hence the avoidance of salary, professional pay, on the part of the founders of Methodism, and the substitution of an "allowance," carefully graded to the standard of current support. Moody and Sankey take no pay for their services, but the greed with which book-makers hurry up accounts of their labors is at once amusing and disgusting. When preaching, singing, camp-meeting occasions, dedication services, or any other religious matters become matters of dollars and cents, the glory has departed. Christ is needed with his scourge of small cords to drive the buyers and sellers from the temple.

BROTHERLY LOVE. — "A new commandment," said the blessed Christ, "I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Christ's love for us is to be the measure of our love for each other, and our love for each other is to be the test and sign of our discipleship. "He that loveth his brethren abideth in the light;" "he that hateth his brother is in darkness." No matter how many supernatural revelations he may have, no matter what his professions, if he love not his brother he is not of God. Here is one of the best evidences of a genuine religious experience, "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." Love is the life of a Christian. Not only is the non-lover of his

brother not a Christian, but he that "hateth his brother is a murderer," and "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

Love, pure and true, teaches us to die for our fellows, for "hereby perceive we the love of Christ, because he laid down his life for us, and we ought (if need be) to lay down our lives for the brethren." Love is the soul of practical benevolence. "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The final direction of the apostle of love is, "let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Then "let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for GOD IS LOVE," and "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar [strong language for a Gospel minister and apostle of Jesus to use], For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" This, therefore, is the final command, direct from heaven, "that he who loveth God love his brother also."

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM. — The President's last message, by insisting on the States taking measures to preserve the common-school system, has roused the wrath of all Romanism, from the hut of the railroad navvy to the Vatican. The *Catholic World*, for January, adopts the President's language, but, of course, interprets it after its own meaning. The Romanist does not understand the meaning of the word "free." He is free to do what his spiritual guides tell him to do, and nothing other. The *World* says, yes, let the schools be "free;" that is, let them be free to the access of priests and every device of Rome. Let them be "Christian," that is, papal, for there is no Christianity outside of the papacy. Let them not be "pagan" or "atheistical." They are both pagan and atheistical now in Romish parlance, and will only cease to be pagan and atheistical when they have voted the Pope of Rome God. The elements are incongruous. We might as well attempt to mix oil and water. The struggle which Rome has maintained

with civil governments for ten centuries, and is maintaining now in every European State, is resolutely renewed and bigotedly maintained in this country. Time-serving politicians, who have brought all this evil upon us, may stave off evil results for a while, but they are sure to come upon us. Dr. Crooks, in a valuable article in *Harper's Weekly*, Christmas number, shows that this struggle was inaugurated in New York City by Archbishop Hughes years ago.

THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY proposes to make use of the Centennial year to secure an offering from the alumni of one hundred thousand dollars, to be called the Alumni Centennial Fund. The Alumni Centenary Committee close an earnest appeal with the hope that the coming year will make the Wesleyan one of the great universities of America. We believe, with Dr. Foss at the head to engineer the project, they will succeed.

WORTHY OF IMITATION. — William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, died in New York, in November last, leaving behind him a fortune of fifty millions of dollars. Yet, at his funeral, only the carriages containing the mourners and bearers were permitted to accompany the remains to the grave. There is a world of useless and ruinous display at funerals in these days, often rivaling the modern wedding in show and magnificence. A few such examples as that of the New York millionaire would go far toward breaking up the foolish fashions, the use of empty ceremonies and trappings, that now attend burials, and that often squander the means of the living in useless expenditures in the burial of the dead.

HARD TIMES. — A valued correspondent says the years 1874-5 have been more fatally disastrous to finance than any others our country has ever known, not even excepting 1837 and 1857. Scores of banks, from highest to lowest, have breathed their last. Many manufactories are swept out of existence, and large and venerable publishing houses are dumb, and some of them closed forever, and many now in operation are struggling to keep the spark of life in their weary types, while, among juvenile publications, five have to be merged in one.

REPRESENTATION. — Less than a million and a quarter of Methodists had nearly four hundred members in the last General Conference, while the forty million citizens of the United States have only three hundred and seventy-five representatives in Congress, both houses, all together. Two clerical and two lay delegates from each conference would be ample for all purposes.

A SLANDER REFUTED. — Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne says truly: "The world loves to repeat its lying adage about the godless character of the children of ministers and pious people generally; but, it is a huge lie, with here and there a sad exception. The *general* fact is, the more godly the parents, the better the children will be."

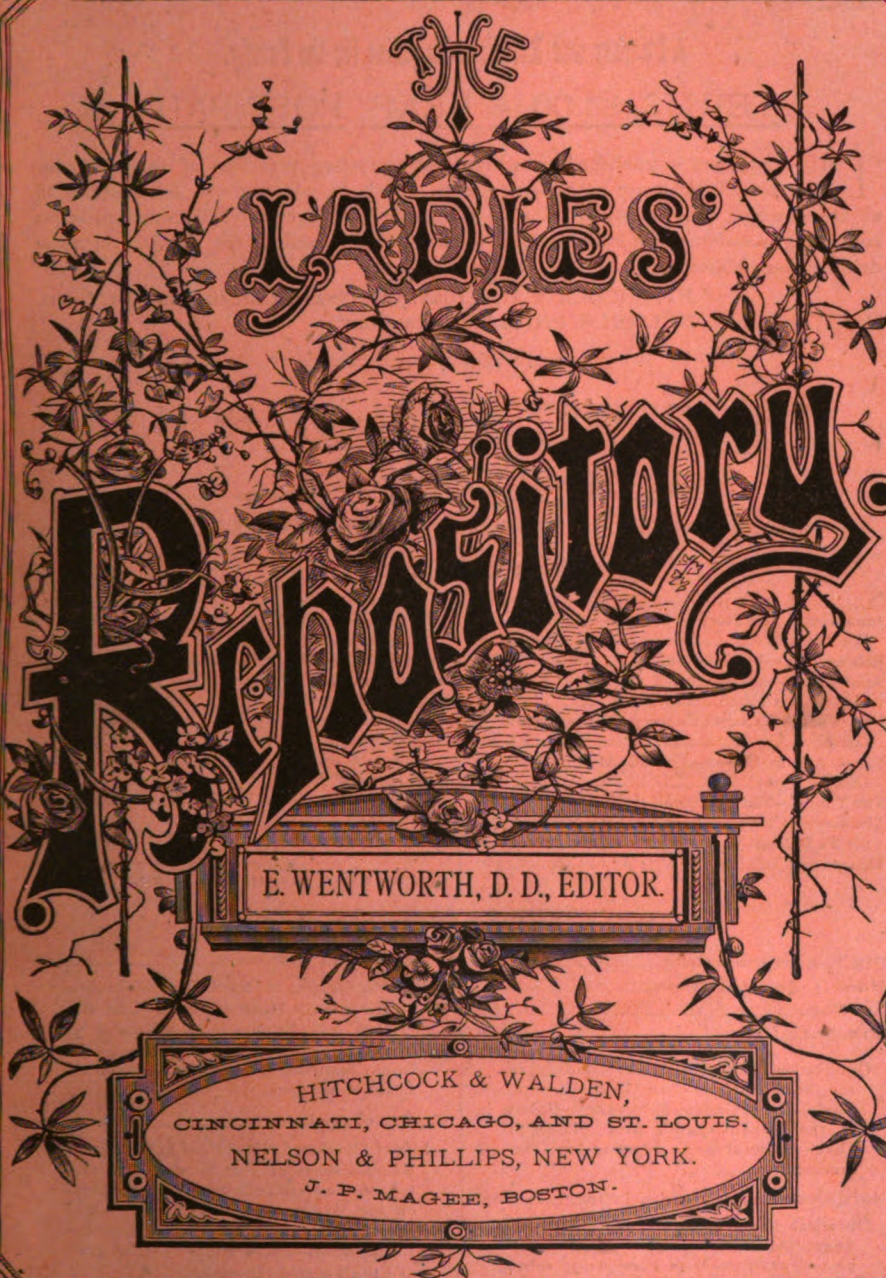
REVIVAL. — Why should we wait for Moody and Sankey? The Methodist Church has enacted the *role* of these earnest and energetic brethren for a hundred and fifty years. We have preached and sung multitudes of sinners into the kingdom, and sent happy millions to the realms of glory. We can do it again. Let us try.

OUR ENGRAVINGS. — A large portion of our Southern scenery is of a semi-tropical character. The wide-spreading swamps, the trees overgrown with the thready moss, the reptiles basking in the sunshine, the pelicans and flamingoes wading in the water, and the rank undergrowth of reeds and bushes, are almost unknown in our country outside of Florida and Louisiana; and it is in the latter State that the scene represented in our engraving is located. It gives a good idea of the land of bayous and alligators, of the cypress and live-oak, of everglades and hyaline pools. It was among the beautiful springs of Florida that Ponce de Leon hoped to find the fountain of perennial youth. "Here," said the followers of the first discoverers, "we could live forever." It is in the bayous and lakes of the South that we may look for the bluest of fresh water.

Quite opposite in appearance, but just as attractive for beauty, is the Shady Pool, at which the rustic maid is fishing. Quaint and demure, she seems to have no thought except how many fishes she shall get. Well if she be content; for we can not assure her of a large catch.

MARCH,

1876.



THE
LADIES'
Repository.

E. WENTWORTH, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1876.

JOHN TODD: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have recently issued an interesting volume, bearing the above title. This work is made up by his son, Rev. John E. Todd, from the letters and published writings of his father, and is therefore autobiographical in its nature. It records the struggles of a youth, who, without friends, without money, and with limited early advantages, pushed his way through Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary, and became a popular author and lecturer, as well as one of the most distinguished divines which New England Congregationalism has ever produced.

Dr. Todd was born in 1800, and was the son of a physician. The days of his childhood were clouded by the insanity of his mother, whose reason was dethroned by the intelligence that her husband had been killed by a fractious horse. The news proved not to be true, the husband being almost miraculously saved, but the wife never recovered her reason. In a short interval of sanity, his mother, in the only lesson she ever gave him, impressed upon the mind of her little boy, that there was a great God who made all things, and that he had given him an immortal spirit, whom he must love and serve forever. At the age of six, the father died, leaving the little boy worse than parentless. While on his sick-bed, the father requested his son to

go to the apothecary's for some medicine. Finding the shop shut, and not feeling inclined to seek the apothecary at his house, the boy returned home, and being questioned as to the medicine, replied that the man had none. The father, suspecting from his manner that he was not telling the truth, said, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine." When they told him that his father could not speak, he rushed to the apothecary's and returned with the medicine; but it was too late, his father was beyond the reach of medical aid; and "the last thing his little son had spoken to him was to tell a lie." "How much," says he, "would I have given to say to him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand upon my head and forgive me."

Poor little John could not make a decent appearance at his father's funeral for want of a pair of shoes, but a kind neighbor supplied the want, and, with the shoes, bestowed such an amount of motherly advice upon the boy, that it is recorded of her, years afterward, that, though she is scarcely remembered, the words that she dropped still live, and, no doubt, had much to do in the forming of the character of a minister of Christ.

A home with an aunt, near the shores of Long Island Sound, introduced him to new scenes and associations. There was no Sunday-school in those days, but, at

noon on the Sabbath, the children were drawn up in front of the deacon's seat to repeat the Assembly's catechism. Thus he was early indoctrinated in the severest principles of Calvinism. In this place "he worked hard for his food and for a part of his clothing." The first Sunday hat he ever owned was the fruit of trapping mink and muskrat skins. His first purchase (for which he ran in debt, and was a long time in paying) was a cane fish-pole, which was too long to get into the house, and for which he had no use, there being no pond within miles of his home. The sun splitting it, he endeavored to turn it into a flute, but no sound came therefrom; he next tried to convert it into canes; broke and spoiled his knife, but found no person who wanted such a support. It was many years before he heard the last of his nice long fishing-pole. The incident of the fishing eagle, which so many school children have read with interest from their Reader, made an impression upon his mind, and "gave his decision of character an increase which was felt in subsequent years." The day after seeing the eagle surmount her difficulties, he announced his determination to go to college some day; an announcement that was received with a shout of ridicule that was afterward succeeded by opposition. At twelve years of age, he walked ten miles, to live with his uncle, where he could enjoy better school advantages. A year and a half hence, we watch him on a pedestrian tour from Guilford, Connecticut, to Boston. A cousin of his father had offered him a home, and a good school to attend; and, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, and a small bundle of clothes under his arm, as his whole worldly possession, he journeyed through a whole week, sometimes sleeping by the road-side, protected by a fence or cedar-bush from the November frosts. He received a kindly welcome from his cousin, and set about making himself useful around the house. When he could earn a little money with his wood-saw, he used it to purchase school-books. How many boys at the present

time are sufficiently anxious to obtain an education to pass day after day as he did: "rising at six, making fires, and sawing wood till the eight o'clock breakfast; studying from five to six hours; running of errands at intervals; writing for his employer all the evening, and sleeping but seven hours out of the twenty-four?"

In 1817, Mr. Todd made a public profession of religion, and joined the Church in Charlestown. From this time onward his great desire was "to do good." His ambition for a collegiate course was now rekindled. His friends discouraged him, told him that he had not talent sufficient to become a scholar; that he might make a good business man, which it would be a pity to spoil. The Fall of 1818 saw him return to Connecticut, in the same courageous spirit, and by the same mode of travel, in which he had gone three years before,—afoot, with his entire wardrobe under one arm and his entire library under the other,—in order to present himself for examination at Yale College. Sleeping at night under a cedar-bush, he arrived, the morning after his examination, at the house of his uncle, in Guilford, with but a single cent in his pocket. Summer and Winter, vacation and term time, he taught school, without losing a single recitation; and at the end of the first college year had earned a hundred and sixty dollars, and gained a position in his class. At Hotchkisstown, where he taught a day-school, he established a Sabbath-school, which, at first, was much ridiculed and even opposed. Hard study, constant teaching, religious labor and excitement, exposure and insufficient fare, began at length to tell upon his iron constitution, and he was obliged to leave college. His friends contributing the means, he journeyed northward, but was little improved. Showing strong consumptive tendencies, he was advised to go South for the Winter, and sought the balmy air of Charleston, South Carolina, where he was kindly treated, and was made the recipient of a gift of fifty dollars and an order for

books to a considerable amount. The good people, who were "interested in the sick young man that had dedicated himself to the ministry, supposed that he would procure with the order some very pious and profitable works, but were not a little scandalized to find that, among other books of a scarcely more theological character, he had chosen a copy of 'Shakespeare.'"

At the end of four months his health was nearly restored, and the kind friends that he had made there, buying him a horse, with saddle and bridle, and putting a purse of one hundred dollars in his hands, sent him away, with the best wishes. He returned to college, and, in spite of poverty, sickness, and hard work, went through the remainder of his course, and, out of a class of seventy-seven, was one of the few appointed to speak on the Commencement stage.

In drawing a comparison between Yale and Williams College, for the benefit of an inquirer, he writes: "Both are good; but if I were poor, and had to feed myself with one hand and hold my book with the other, I should go to Williams. However, a man who wills it can go anywhere, and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to come and put corks under us."

In 1822, Dr. Todd, "with health improved, with college debts paid, with an established reputation and character, and with a host of friends," entered Andover Theological Seminary for the three years' course. Here he became "buried up in theology," but found time to do a good deal of literary work. "During a Seminary vacation, while sojourning for a time in a small village, he was called upon to make some remarks before a small gathering of persons for religious worship. He did so, and, on returning to Andover, was severely reprimanded by the Faculty, for violating the rule against preaching without a license. Being required to make, in their presence, an expression of contrition for his misde-

meanor, he demurred not, but, rising, with downcast eyes and a countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow, said: 'I, John Todd, in the presence of this august assembly, with feelings of the deepest contrition and repentance, do express my most heart-felt regret and sorrow for having, in a small school-house, in the village of —, exhorted the people to repentance, and to seek their eternal salvation through God, and of such crime may I be pardoned.'" This ludicrous exhibit of the Seminary rule doubtless had its effect, as the ban was shortly afterward removed, and the students, before being regularly licensed, were allowed to preach, with permission from the Faculty.

While a student at Andover, he was at times employed by the American Tract Society to edit certain of its publications, and also by neighboring editors, to fill temporary vacancies on the editorial staff. The subjoined sketch (found on page 127), written at the age of twenty-four, while he was yet a student, gives a lively illustration of his imaginative style, and shows the secret of his future popularity as a writer and speaker:

"I was walking out a few mornings since in company with a friend,—it was a clear cold morning,—when I saw a bird flying about fifty rods distant. It was a blue jay. Presently I noticed a hawk coming very leisurely, and looking about for a breakfast. At once he dove down and struck the poor jay, which set up a most pitiful yell, as if already in the clutches of a hangman. The blow of Mr. Hawk broke the wing of Mr. Jay, and they both dropped toward the ground together. The hawk now seized the jay with his claws, and in return his friend jay seized him also in his, at the same time keeping up a most dismal screaming. On seeing and hearing the poor jay, I dropped cloak, off hat, kicked off overshoes, jumped over the wall, which fell down as a kind of chorus, and away I ran to relieve neighbor Jay, for I can never bear to see oppression. Mr. Hawk, seeing me coming, undertook to be off;

but no, the jay would not unclinch his claws and let him off, and the poor hawk (not having been to breakfast, and probably having lived rather abstemiously the day preceding) had not sufficient strength to fly off with his load; and so, after running a good long stretch, I caught them both. It was my first feeling to kill the murderer hawk, and let his captive go free; but I thought I would spare his life awhile in order to see their behavior; and truly I was much pleased to witness the difference in their dispositions. I brought them both up to the Seminary, and introduced them into my room. The jay was a complete dandy, dressed in a light-blue coat, spotted vest, light small-clothes, red stockings, a full ruffle in his bosom, and a high hat, which he could take off or put on as he pleased; his eye small and black; neck long and slender. From the first moment of my catching him, he appeared to be the most ungrateful, uncivil, and ungentelemanly knave I ever met with, and withal a most arrant coward. He kept up an almost constant yell; would try to pick out the hawk's eyes, would seize him by the throat, and make no bones of biting me, his deliverer, every time he could. In short, he was a most contemptible, revengeful, malicious, rattle-headed, mean, cowardly creature, and could be excelled in villainy only by a dandy without feathers. I never met a more despicable fellow,—too cowardly to live, too mean to be killed. Monsieur Hawk, on the contrary, was a most dignified personage. He was dressed in a plain, Quaker-like suit of gray, nothing shining or artificial about him; a large, piercing eye, a short, solid neck, a flat-crowned hat, and a true Roman nose finishes his picture. As soon as I caught him, he showed a character really great. He looked me steadily in the eye, was calm, composed. He never opened his mouth to complain, as if he was afraid of suffering; never begged for life, as if a coward. When the jay would yell and peck at him, and try to pull out his eyes, he would only turn his head, and look at him with a countenance

so full of gravity and contempt, that I really felt small for the jay. Moreover, he never tried to bite or scratch me; and when I threatened him with death, he seemed to look at it with all the fortitude and composure of a Regulus. To be sure, he was caught in an act of aggressive warfare; but then he was driven by necessity, and he seemed to know what was really dignified. In a word, he behaved so much like a gentleman and a hero, and I admired his magnanimity so much, that, after bestowing many cautions and much sage advice (which he received with the most profound gravity and attention), I let him go out of the window. His greatness and nobleness of demeanor was such that I had no heart to kill him. As for Mr. Jay, he was too contemptible to die, and I soon sent him off also; and he went squealing and yelling and growling, as if I had done him a great injury in saving him from the hawk. My classmates laughed at me for sparing their lives, especially that of the hawk; but I stopped them by saying that I regretted that I did not keep the hawk to instruct the Seminary in politeness and manners, and the jay for a living exhibition of depravity."

The young student's first accepted call was as assistant pastor to a Church in Groton, Massachusetts, where Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, at that time, were each struggling for the mastery. He writes of his first sermon in that town: "About the time of my visit to Groton, a young lady had been disappointed in love. She attended meeting all day, and, I suppose, was deranged. On her return home, she said that I had preached at her all day. The consequence was, that the next day, or the next but one, she cut her throat. The Unitarians soon spread the report that the poor girl was scared into suicide by my brimstone sermon." The Orthodox or Congregational portion of his Groton flock soon withdrew from the old Church, built a new house, and invited Mr. Todd to become their pastor. He thus sums up the result of the first eight months' labor in that place: "The

slumber of generations had been broken as by the last trumpet. In eight short months the greater part of the old Church had been roused to do their duty; a revival had brought one hundred and sixteen to inquire the way of life, and affected the whole community; a new Church of thirty members had been organized, and eighteen more stood propounded for admission; a class of two or three hundred were studying the Bible; a new meeting-house had been built and stood ready to be dedicated; and the man who had been the means of accomplishing all this was about to enter its pulpit as its settled pastor."

On January 3, 1827, the new church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, and, in the afternoon of the same day, the young pastor was consecrated to his work, Dr. Lyman Beecher preaching the ordination sermon. A revival followed, in which the strength of the minister was so much exhausted that it became necessary for him to take a vacation. His inclinations led him, as they had frequently done before, to a little town in Connecticut, where, on the evening of March 11th, he led to the hymeneal altar "the fairest girl of the village, and the sweetest singer in the choir." Mrs. Todd was a woman of acknowledged beauty and talent, with unusual social gifts, yet she cheerfully sacrificed these "to the care of a poor minister's large family, and to the work of helping forward her husband's success."

In Dr. Todd's historical sermon, delivered in the last year of his life, he pays a tribute to her worth (page 511), which it seems especially fitting to transcribe into the pages of a woman's magazine: "And here I want to say, emphatically, that, if ever I have accomplished any thing, ever avoided mistakes, ever in any degree honored the Master, I greatly attribute it to an influence which men are not always prompt to acknowledge. In my home has been a life swallowed up in my success, willing to be unknown and out of sight; unwearied in giving encouragement and arousing to effort;

prompt and cheerful in concealing my defects, and in covering my deficiencies; kind to apologize for what could not be approved; uncomplaining when worn down by heavy burdens such as few are called to bear; more than ready to be unselfish, and to wear out, that others might profit by my labors. I say that it is there, in that life, I have found the source and cause of all I have done. O, wife of my youth! many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all!"

The only house that could be obtained for the young couple was "a great barn of a thing, out of repair and commanding a high rent." After a few months' trial of it, Mr. Todd expressed the opinion that "it is the most villainous house that ever stood with so respectable a character." In it their first child was born and died. Shortly after their removal to a more convenient and comfortable dwelling, "there began to be rumors that the house which they had left was haunted. It stood empty, and strange noises were heard in it. Sometimes it would seem to be filled with groans, then again with sighs, and the patter of little feet would be heard, and then the wails of an infant." The neighborhood was fearfully excited, and no one dared to enter the house even in the day-time. "As I had occupied the house last," proceeds Mr. Todd, "and as my child had died there, it was natural that I should hear of it, and though I believe no one actually accused me of murder, yet they shook their heads and arched their brows, and thought the whole thing wonderfully strange." As the "hints became louder, and the whispers deeper, and the murmurs clearer," Mr. Todd thought it wise to investigate the matter. So he procured the keys, and went toward the house, the neighbors gathering around the front door to watch the result. "The rats had made the house their headquarters; gnawing the floors, tearing the paper from the walls, scattering the plaster, and leaving their little footprints very abundantly." But those

groans! The house was as silent as the tomb, and continued so till the door of the chamber, where the child had died, was opened. Then there was a sharp, deep groan, repeated after an interval. Mr. Todd went to the chimney, tore away the fire-board, and looked up; and there, just in the throat of the fire-place, was—not a ghost, but—a shingle that had been blown into the chimney, and had fallen down and been lodged in the throat, so that it could swing backward and forward; and when the wind blew, it would groan sharp or shrill or loud, according to the strength of the wind. "I took pains to call up the people and put back the fire-board; made them hear the groans; took it away again, showed the shingle, and how it rattled and groaned; then took it away, and put things back, and there were no more groans. A little ratsbane scattered on the floor stopped the pattering of little feet, and the house ceased to be haunted! And yet it was haunted as really as any one ever was, I verily believe."

Like determination and courage would doubtless have set forever at rest the rumors concerning the Wesley house, by finding the natural cause of the unnatural noises said to have been heard there. But that was an age of superstitious dread, and ghosts were allowed to stalk about without question.

In January, 1833, Dr. Todd left Groton, and went to Northampton, to organize a new Church. He remained there three years, doing a good work for his Church, and publishing his "Student's Manual," and his "Lectures to Children," the proceeds of which, and of all his literary labor, were devoted to the care of his deranged mother.

During the year 1836, he was called to the city of Philadelphia, to assist in organizing the first Congregational Church ever gathered in that city, and, soon after, was unanimously chosen pastor of that society, to his surprise and against his wishes. This Church, not appearing to be needed where Presbyterianism (differing from it only in polity) had such a strong

hold, succumbed under the financial depression of the year 1837, and its members were subsequently scattered among other sects. Mr. Todd remained with the Church till 1841, when, their house of worship being sold under a foreclosure of mortgage, he asked for a dismission, and left his city parish to find another among the Berkshire hills, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Here he lived and labored for the next thirty and one years. On attaining his seventieth year, he sent in his resignation of active duties to his people, who voted to accept his proposition,—to take effect January, 1873. He replied to them that he would attempt to meet their wishes on condition that, if his bodily powers gave out (of which he was to judge), or if his mental powers failed (of which they were to judge), he would stop at any time. Writing to a friend in 1872, he says: "I write and preach, and preach and write, and seem to be like an old frigate rolling in the trough of the sea, not quite in harbor and not in a condition to bound off on a new voyage. My people throw up their caps and cry, 'O, he never preached as well as he does now.' But I know better." "Won't it be a new feeling that you have done your poor work of life, and are now like a piece of soiled foam upon the waters, only waiting to have the waves recede, and leave it to dry upon the sand?" "Now do n't go to pity me as a venerable, bent, crooked, trembling, whining, feeble old man, for I walk without a cane, write and read without my glasses, have the Nimrodic fever once a year, and hie away into the forests, carrying prog and gun."

A few days after writing this letter, he was stricken with paralysis in a slight measure, and thereupon asked for a release from active service. His parish granted this request, and unanimously voted that he should have the house in which he resided as long as he lived, and that his salary should continue unaltered. Toward the close of the year, his successor was installed, upon which occasion he writes: "I have a feeling of great

loneliness, having just seen my successor settled over my flock. I feel like one attending his own funeral, and seeing another man coming and marrying his own wife,—like standing bolt upright and seeing one's self turned into a shadow,—like the commander of a great ship seeing himself turning into a figure-head."

During his thirty-one years' pastorate in Pittsfield, he records that he had administered over five hundred baptisms, attended over nine hundred funerals, labored in six great revivals, and admitted over one thousand into the Church.

The labor of the man is before us. His temperament, his early training, his hard-earned education, all conspired to make him self-reliant, and to give him full consciousness of, and confidence in, his own powers. The aggressive nature of his pastorates in Groton, Northampton, and Philadelphia, "where he had been called to assail the old and established order of things, to pull down walls long reared, and with the materials build anew," no doubt intensified his self-confidence, and aroused within him a belligerent spirit which determined him to conquer, or die in the attempt. Moreover, it seems to be the tendency of Congregationalism to render a talented and successful minister an autocrat in no small degree.

Every Congregational Church, though seemingly a purely republican institution, is, in fact, by virtue of its independence of sister Churches, a little kingdom, having for its monarch the pastor, for its prime ministers the deacons.

A pastor, who, for a whole generation rules over such a kingdom, becomes so interwoven with its every interest, that he, unconsciously perhaps, tightens his hold upon the reins of state, and attempts to guide whithersoever he will.

Thus a man of a boldness and independence of character like that possessed by Dr. Todd is awakened to a full consciousness of his own powers, and endeavors to make the best use of them.

"The confidence which he had in himself," says a reviewer, "sometimes appears to have been too obvious to be pleasant." But this fault lies with the compiler, who has given to the world the thoughts, feelings, and desires expressed in confidence by his father to his dearest friends. Who of us would thus like to have our correspondence laid bare to a cold and captious public?

The literary labors of Dr. Todd were very great, but were never suffered to encroach upon his duties as a preacher. He became a popular author, as it would seem, almost by accident, as even he himself could never account for the great demand for his writings. His "Lectures to Children" was translated into several different languages, and became a school-book for liberated slaves in Sierra Leone. The "Student's Manual" has done a noble work; and his "Sunday-school Teacher," with his "Scripture Question-books," have proved equally as popular in England as in America. A work written in 1867, entitled "Woman's Rights," elicited from the pungent pen of Gail Hamilton, her work entitled, "Woman's Wrongs—a Counter-irritant."

His "Stories Illustrating the Shorter Catechism" were rendered popular in Calvinistic Sunday-schools by the love story deftly interwoven with the explanations of the difficult questions propounded by the Westminster Assembly, but had little or no effect in the endeavor to simplify those incomprehensible mysteries for the capacities of children.

N. C. WENTWORTH.

EBB AND FLOW.

[Founded on a belief which exists all along the wild Welsh coast, that no dying soul can be freed except at the ebb of the tide, and no child can be born but when the sea is coming in.]

THE old race dwellers in the western land,
Where the Atlantic thunders on the rocks,
Know more of ocean's mystery than we;
And think and care not, that our science mocks
The old world folk-lore; hear, then, what they say
Of how souls come, and how they pass away.

Deep, low, and wide,
Flows in the tide;
Up-filling the caves;
Bright, fresh, and free,
Rippling the sea,
Come white-crested waves!

Steady and full,
Without a lull,
On the great tide rolls;
And pure and fair,
Through the sea-air,
Float the baby souls.

And we bless the in-coming tide, and the anxious hearts rejoice,
For in the silent home is heard the sound of a baby voice.

Sad, faint, and low,
With throbs of woe,
Sobs backward the tide;
Moaning and sighing
For the dying,
Who yet have not died.

Men's souls must bide
Till ebbs of tide,
Ere they go to rest.
Unchained and free,
Out with the sea,
They pass to the west.

Surge and swirl the misty shadows,
Sweep like clouds above the deep;
Join the mists of the Atlantic,
Dimly seen as past they sweep.
Back with the retiring waters,
O'er the bosom of the main;
Back to the great God who made them,
Float the spirits once again.

And we bless the out-going tide, and our tired hearts find rest,
For our dear one's spirit has fled, and joined the souls of the blest.

SAINT CECILIA—A ROMANCE OF THE CATACOMBS.

ONE of the most beautiful legends of the Romish Church is the story of Saint Cecilia; a narrative in which fact and fiction are so strangely mingled that the heroine, seen through the vista of sixteen hundred years, seems enveloped in that sort of misty reality which hangs about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Beautiful exceedingly, a very lily among saints, is the fair traditional maiden, who, strangely enough, it would seem, has been regarded through all these centuries as the special patroness of music.

In the "Acts of Saint Cecilia," which many Roman Catholic authorities consider apochryphal, there is a long account of the life and martyrdom of this youthful saint, who is represented as having suffered A. D. 230. The peculiar romance of her story consists in her vow of self-consecration to the undivided service of God, made without the approval of her parents, who insisted upon her marriage to a noble young Roman, named Valerian. A strange and unexpected termination to the wedding festivities was the secret visit of the youthful couple to the dark and gloomy Catacombs, where Bishop Urban was hiding from his persecutors. In words of simple eloquence the heaven-devoted bride had told her husband of the vow which she held so sacred, and persuaded him to seek the counsels of the holy man, on the subject of their mutual devotion to a spiritual life on earth, in preparation for the never-ending joys of heaven.

Cecilia's beauty and saintliness triumphed over every feeling but that of wondering admiration; and the bridegroom obediently followed her, through the dark windings of those underground cemeteries, to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, of which gloomy retreat St. Jerome says a hundred years later: "When I was a boy, at Rome, being instructed in liberal studies, I was accustomed, with others of

the same age and disposition, to go on Sundays to the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go into the crypts, which, being dug out in the depths of the earth, have for walls, on either side of those who enter, the bodies of the buried; and they are so dark that the saying of the prophet seems almost fulfilled, 'The living descend into hell.'" The persecuted Bishop confirmed the maiden's arguments, and the young patrician returned to his house, purified and exalted by the interview, resolved to prove himself "Christ's soldier till his dying day." The next morning, his brother, who came to pay the newly married couple a visit, became a convert to their united eloquence; and the three lives were marvels of purity and self-devotion.

These beautiful lives, however, were of short duration on earth; a refusal to sacrifice to the gods of Rome was sufficient to procure them the glory of martyrdom. The two brothers suffered together, in the public place of execution, brave and firm to the last; and Maximus, an officer of the prefect, was converted by them on their way to death, and soon after shared their fate. Cecilia did not long survive. The order came that she should be stifled in the *caldarium*, or hot-air chamber of her baths. The order was carried out, and the saintly maiden entered the apartment of death; "but a heavenly air and cooling dews filled the chamber, and the fire built up around it produced no effect. For a whole day and night the flames were kept up, but the saint was unharmed. Then Almachius sent an order that she should be beheaded. The executioner struck her neck three times with his sword, and left her bleeding, but not dead, upon the pavement of the bath-room. For three days she lived, attended by faithful friends, whose hearts were cheered by her courageous constancy; 'for she did not cease to comfort those whom she had

nurtured in the faith of the Lord, and divided among them every thing which she had.' To Pope Urban, who visited her, as she lay dying, she left in charge the poor whom she had cared for, and her house, that it might be consecrated as a church. With this, her life ended. Her wasted body was reverently lifted, its position undisturbed, and laid, in the attitude and clothing of life, within a coffin of cypress-wood. The linen cloths with which the blood of the martyr had been soaked up were placed at her feet, with that care that no precious drop should be lost,—a care of which many evidences are afforded in the Catacombs. In the night the coffin was carried out of the city, secretly, to the cemetery of Calixtus, and there deposited by Urban in a grave, near to a chamber destined for the graves of the popes themselves."

Seven centuries passed on, when, according to the "Acts," above quoted, Pope Paschal I, who had gained considerable fame in bringing to light the bodies of saints who had long rested in the Catacombs,—no less than twenty-three hundred martyrs having been placed by him beneath the altars of St. Prassede, a "church which all lovers of Roman legend and art take delight in,"—became animated with the resolve to discover the body of Saint Cecilia, like the enthusiasm of the knights of old in quest of the Holy Grail. The Lombards were said to have stolen the precious casket, and no man knew of her sepulcher; the only clew was tradition, which placed it near the chamber of the popes. Paschal searched in vain, until the legendary dream, that always comes to untie the Gordian knot of such perplexities, came to him. This dream, according to his own account, ran thus:

On a certain day, in the church of St. Peter's, as he sat listening to the harmony of the morning service, drowsiness overcame him, and he fell asleep. As he was sleeping, a very beautiful maiden, of virginal aspect, and in a rich dress, stood before him, and, looking at him, said: "We return thee many thanks; but why,

without cause, trusting to false reports, hast thou given up the search for me? Thou hast been so near me that we might have spoken together."

The Pope, as if hurt by her rebuke, and doubtful of his vision, then asked the name of her who thus addressed him. "If thou seekest my name," she said, "I am called Cecilia, the handmaiden of Christ." "How can I believe this," was the reply, "since it was long ago reported that the body of this most holy martyr was carried away by the Lombards?" The saint then told him that, till this time, her body had remained concealed; but that now he must continue his search, for it pleased God to reveal it to him; and near her body he would also find other bodies of saints, to be placed with hers in her new-built church; and, saying this, she departed.

A fresh search was immediately begun. And soon after, "by the favor of God," says the enthusiastic narrator, "we found her, in golden garments; and the cloths with which her sacred blood had been wiped from her wounds, we found rolled up, and full of blood, at the feet of the blessed virgin."

A modern writer continues: "At the same time the bodies of Valerian, Tibertius, and Maximus, were found in a neighboring cemetery, and, together with the relics of Pope Urban, as well as the body of Saint Cecilia, were placed under the high altar of her church. The cypress coffin, in which she had been reverently laid at the time of her death, was preserved, and set within a marble sarcophagus. No expense was spared by the devout Paschal to adorn the church that had been so signally favored. All the art of the time—and at that time the arts flourished only in the service of the Church—was called upon to assist in making the new basilica magnificent. The mosaics which were set up to adorn the apse and the arch of triumph were among the best works of the century; and, with colors still brilliant, and design still unimpaired, they hold their place at the present day, and carry back the

thought and the imagination of the beholder a thousand years into the very heart of this old story. Under the great mosaic of the apse, one may still read the inscription, in the rude Latin of the century, which tells of Paschal's zeal and Rome's joy, closing with the line :

"Roma resultat ovans semper ornata per ævum."

Again the body of the martyr rested through centuries of repose; until, just upon the stroke of 1600, the basilica raised by Paschal was thoroughly restored by another relic-hunting ecclesiastic, the Cardinal Sfondrati. He desired to place the most valuable of his large collection under the high altar; and to do this, it was necessary to open the vault which contained the sarcophagi of Saint Cecilia and her companions. These were of white marble, and, upon lifting the heavy top of the first, the coffin of cypress-wood, always associated with the burial of the saint, was brought to view. The lid of this was reverently removed by the Cardinal himself; "and within the chest was found the body of the virgin, with a silken veil spread over her rich dress, on which could still be seen the stains of blood, while at her feet yet lay the bloody cloths which had been placed there more than thirteen centuries before. She was lying upon her right side, her feet a little drawn up, her arms extended and resting one upon the other, her neck turned so that her head rested upon the left cheek. Her form perfectly preserved, and her attitude of the sweetest virginal grace and modesty, it seemed as if she lay there asleep rather than dead. The second sarcophagus was found to contain three bodies, which were recognized as being, according to tradition, those of Valerian, Tibertius, and Maximus."

This wonderful preservation has, of course, been attributed, by Romish authors, to supernatural interposition; but it is well known that the soil of the Catacombs and of Rome contains antiseptic qualities, as the opening of other tombs has disclosed bodies in an equally perfect state; and "it was a frequent cus-

tom, chiefly in the fourth and fifth centuries, to bury the rich in sarcophagi, placed within tombs in the Catacombs."

The wonderful discovery of Saint Cecilia's body, perfect and entire, was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the Eternal City; and the church was so thronged with crowds to view the sacred remains, that the Swiss guards were detailed to preserve order. The coffin was placed near a grating in the wall, between the church and the convent, and lamps were kept constantly burning around it. "There was no need of burning perfumes and incense near the sacred body," says the Romish chronicle, "for a sweetest odor breathed out from it, like that of roses and lilies."

A young sculptor, named Maderno, was employed, by Sfondrati, to make a statue of the saint as she was found lying in the cypress chest; and, inspired by the religious enthusiasm of the occasion, the sculptor produced a work "full of simple dignity, noble grace, and tender beauty. No other work of the time is to be compared with it. It is a memorial, not only of the loveliness of the saint, but of the self-forgetful, religious fervor of the artist, at a period when every divine impulse seemed to be absent from the common productions of art. Rome has no other statue of such sacred charm, none more inspired with Christian feeling. It lies in front of the high altar, disfigured by a silver crown and a costly necklace,—the offerings of vulgar and pretentious adoration; but even thus, it is at once a proof and prophecy of what art is to accomplish under the influence of the Christian spirit. The inscription that Sfondrati placed before the statue, still exists. It is as follows: 'Behold the image of the most holy virgin, Cecilia, whom I, Paul, Cardinal of the title of Saint Cecilia, saw lying perfect in her sepulcher; which I have caused to be made in this marble, in the very position of the body, for you.'"

The old coffin was placed, with solemn ceremonies, in a silver case; Clement

intoned the mass, and when the choir had chanted, *O beata Cæcilia, quæ Almachium superasti, Tibertium et Valerianum ad martyrii coronam vocasti!* the body of the saint was restored to the vault, and buried for the third time.

About a score of years ago, the Cavaliere de Rossi accidentally discovered an entrance to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, long since buried under accumulated earth and rubbish; and as the burial place of the popes and Saint Cecilia had been near the main entrance, the discovery was followed up, by order of Pope Pius, and a series of large chambers, with an extensive chapel, were brought to light. The walls were full of rude inscriptions, in Greek and Latin, the work of pilgrims to these rocky shrines; and, from an inscription which De Rossi, with great patience and sagacity, reconstructed out of a hundred and twelve separate, minute, and scattered pieces, he satisfied himself that this was the famous chamber of the popes, and that of Saint Cecilia must be near at hand.

"As the chapel was cleared, a large arcosolium was found, and near it a painting of a youthful woman, richly attired, adorned with necklaces and bracelets, and the dress altogether such as might befit a bride. Below, on the same wall, was a figure of a pope in his robes, with the name 'Ses Urbanus' painted at the side; and close to this figure, a large head of the Savior, of the Byzantine type, with a glory in the form of a Greek cross. The character of the paintings showed that they were of comparatively late date, probably not earlier than the

sixth century, and obviously executed at a time when the chapel was frequented by worshipers, and before the traditional knowledge of the exact site of Saint Cecilia's sepulcher had been lost."

In conclusion, the writer before quoted, says: "The date of the martyrdom of Saint Cecilia may be wrong, the reports of her conversations may be as fictitious as the speeches ascribed by grave historians to their heroes, the stories of her miracles may have only that small basis of reality which is to be found in the effects of superstition and excited imagination,—but the essential truth of the martyrdom of a young, beautiful, and rich Roman girl, of her suffering and her serene faith, and of the veneration and honor in which her memory was held by those who had known her, may be accepted without reserve. At least, it is certain that, as early as the beginning of the fourth century, the name of Saint Cecilia was revered in Rome; and that, from that time, she has been one of the chief saints of the Roman calendar. Within her church are the remains of the bath-chamber, where she suffered death. The mosaics of the apse and the arch of triumph tell of the first finding of her body; Maderno's statue recalls the fact of its second discovery long after; and now this newly opened, long-forgotten chapel shows where her precious body was first laid away in peace, brings the legend of her faithful death into clearer remembrance, and concludes the ancient story with dramatic and perfect completeness."

MRS. J. M. CHURCH.

VENICE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CLOSING the Middle Ages and inaugurating modern history, the sixteenth century is a period indeed of exceeding interest and attraction. We see the old order of things breaking up gradually, and civilization advancing slowly but steadily. We see the invention of printing, and the discovery of America by the Genoese Columbus, disclosing unknown horizons to the human mind, opening new outlets for commerce, changing European politics, and preparing the way for still greater events. We see Italy, pre-eminent for her wealth and culture, with the still vital remains of her ancient civilization, and with the budding germs of her glorious Renaissance. Her refined luxury, her literary ardor, her extensive commerce, were famed everywhere; and if numerous foreigners piously came to visit the tombs of the apostles, the pilgrims of intelligence would flock thither also in search of learning and inspiration. A cultured taste was then considered the duty of a prince, and the brilliant hues of literary gems were preferred to gold and jewels. Lorenzo de Medici had around him a charmed circle of poets and artists, while the finest geniuses of the age could be found at the court of Ludovico Sforza.

Glancing over the history of the peninsula at that time, we read that Venice, the first commercial power of Europe, had a great influence over the destinies of Italy. Her strong government was admired by statesmen, and respected every-where for its prudence and ability. She monopolized Eastern commerce, and her merchants were the pioneers of civilization.

Venice was then a flourishing city of 280,000 inhabitants, crowding her narrow streets and *calli*. Mistress of the sea, her commerce and prosperity increasing every year, poverty unknown even to the lower classes, she was the rendezvous of artists, poets, and pleasure-seekers. It

was difficult indeed to find, in any other city, so much life and gayety. The bustle of trade, the different cries of sailors and merchants, the sound of bells from the numerous churches and convents, filled the air with continual uproar, and the stillness of the night even was broken by the sound of the lute or by the melody of song.

If we study the annals of this Queen of the Adriatic; if we observe her monuments, the progress of her fine arts, sciences, and literature, we are obliged to acknowledge that the *secolo d'oro* (Golden Century), might well have been called the Venetian century. In literature, in fact, the republic contested the palm of excellency with Florence; and, had it not been for the sweetness of the Tuscan idiom, she might have disputed with her rival the title of the Italian Athens. In the fine arts, she was still greater. Severe classical studies had not only polished the style, but ennobled the taste, of the Italians, and her school of painting rivaled that of Florence and Rome.

Our object is to illustrate, therefore, some of the more salient points of Venetian history during this wonderful century, and recall to our reader's mind the past glories of this now deserted city of the laguna.

The sixteenth century opens, in Venice, with the building of that imposing mass of edifices which adorn that unique Piazza of San Marco, the Old Procuratie, and with the foundation of a literary academy by Aldo Manuccio, the special object of this institution being to give elegant and correct editions of the best Greek and Latin works. Cardinal Bembo, the famous historian and writer; Ramusio, Navagero, and other learned scholars, joined this Aldine Academy; and we are indebted to their studies and researches for the preservation of classical books in all their purity and integrity. These

Studiosi, as they were called by the people, were wont to retire to the island of Murano, then covered with splendid palaces and gardens, and, in this delicious solitude, they would study and discuss their favorite Greek and Latin authors.

Disciple of the renowned Giovanni Bellini, chief of the Venetian school of painting, there lived, at that time, on the *campo*, or piazza, San Silvestra, a young man, Giorgio Barbarelli, surnamed, for the great size of his person and the greatness of his soul, Giorgione. This bold reformer, disdaining the minuteness of art for higher conceptions, abandoned the mystical for the natural, losing, however, much of that subtle poetry which we find in the primitive Madonnas and saints of the ancient masters. His pictures are remarkable for their power and strength, for their fine coloring and splendid effects of *chiaroscuro*. Called with Titian, his condisciple and admirer, to paint the outside of the new Fondaco dei Tedeschi, magnificently rebuilt by the Senate, the old one having been destroyed by fire, he adorned it with beautiful frescoes, of which little or nothing is left now. Giorgione unfortunately died still young, in the year 1511, but the noble art he espoused could not decay. Both his scholars were acquiring in it everlasting fame,—Titian, with the picture of the "Madonna's Ascension," in the church of the Frari; and Pordenone, with some frescoes in the house of a Flemish merchant, and twelve histories of the New and Old Testament, in the cloister of San Stefano, painting all the while armed with sword and buckler, on account of his fierce enmity toward his former companion and friend Titian.

But a terrible war was about to engross entirely the thoughts of the Venetians, and arrest awhile the development of the arts and sciences. The republic had unscrupulously taken advantage of the quarrels and disasters of the Italian princes to extend her territory, and she was now to suffer for it.

Pope Julius II had mounted the papal chair, and this prince, who, it was said,

had thrown into the Tiber the keys of St. Peter and preserved only the sword of Paul, decided immediately to recover the cities of the Romagna conquered by the Venetians. He called in, therefore, foreign aid, and implored the help of Louis XII, King of France, and of the Emperor of Germany. Thus was formed the famous league of Cambray, the first league made by the European princes after the Crusades.

In reality, this animosity was caused by a secret jealousy of kings against a republic that had faithfully preserved the spirit of liberty; against a republic that, governed by the immortal wisdom of the Senate, and not by the genius of mortal man, had, notwithstanding her exiguity, taken rank among the first powers of Europe; had dared to give a negative to Rome, had counterbalanced the influence of the French in Lombardy, and opposed a barrier to the German invasions in Italy. Great was indeed the danger that threatened the small, unprotected State, for, besides the immense inferiority of numbers, Venice had to fight against unforeseen calamities. A terrible fire destroyed the archives, part of the arsenal, and nearly the whole of the powder and warlike ammunitions. Thunder dismantled the fortress of Brescia, and ten thousand ducats sent to Ravenna were shipwrecked.

The Queen of the Adriatic did not despair, however! Refusing the assistance of the Turks, the enemies of Christendom, she determined to resist, at whatever cost, and stoutly defend her independence. No songs were now heard in her streets, no melody of lute! The ladies even had laid aside their costly dresses, and the first, the only thought, was the safety of their beloved country. With the great riches accumulated in past years, the government raised powerful armies, and prepared, with courage and prudence, to meet the coming storm. The defeat of Agnadello, the drain in their finances, nothing discouraged these hardy souls. Commoner and noble vied with each other in offering money and

raising troops, while the Senate, with political astuteness and seasonable offers, endeavored to divide or propitiate the coalesced princes. After eight years of terrible war, in which perished thousands of soldiers; after having suffered all the vicissitudes of adverse fortune, after having been several times on the brink of ruin, Venice, by her heroism and patriotism, obtained, at length, an honorable peace, while the treaty of Noyon restored to her many of the lost provinces. The league of Cambray, which had ruined the commerce of Italy, and had armed so many nations against one, deprived her only of the city of Cremona, and of a few fortresses; and Venice, after this unhopd for success, began to extend her power and influence anew.

During these important events, a woman whose name had become famous, but whose sole merit was to have been rich with the spoils of a kingdom, which she had yielded to the republic, died in Venice, in her palace of San Cassano. This was Catharine Cornaro, widow of Lusignan, Queen of Cyprus and Jerusalem. She had lived in regal state in the castle of Assolo, given to her by the Senate; and, notwithstanding the public calamities, the most magnificent funeral was ordered for her.

The advent, on the ducal throne, of Andrea Gritti, a prince as remarkable for his virtues and learning as for his political greatness, contributed largely to the re-establishment of prosperity and the revival of arts and letters. His first care was to restore to its former luster the University of Padua, by inviting to this city the most celebrated scholars of the time, of which Venice was not deficient. Classical culture was then the rage, and Cardinal Bembo, one of the finest Latin writers, with several other *litterati*, settled in Padua. In this time of unexampled literary activity, ladies also distinguished themselves,—Veronica Gambaro, Bembo's friend; Gaspara Stampa, the poetess, whose romantic attachment terminated in death; and, most of all, Cassandra Fedele, whose

enthusiasm, science, and piety were admired throughout Italy. When still very young, she addicted herself to the higher studies, and her theological and classical erudition was really surprising; while nothing could excel the charm and fascination of her *improvvisazioni*, either in music or poetry. Disdaining silks and jewels, she appeared always robed in pure white and modestly veiled, and ranked so high in the esteem of her contemporaries that the Senate, not to lose their brightest gem, absolutely forbade her to accept the offers of Isabella of Aragona, who had invited her to the court of Naples.

After such an exhausting war, these were indeed happy preludes of a Renaissance which was to reach a height of perfection never before attained,—of a Renaissance the wonder and admiration of posterity. Let us sketch the artists who figured in that momentous period. Passing over Jacopo Palma, the Old, and his scholar, Bonifazio, whose six beautiful pictures on Petrarch's Love Triumphs were sold in England, we find pre-eminent the celebrated Tuscan sculptor and architect, Sansovino, called by Andrea Gritti, the reigning Doge, to repair the cupola of San Marco, which for eighty years had threatened ruin. Sansovino was then residing at the papal court, but, after the death of Adrian VI, he accepted the urgent invitation, was received by the Doge with great honors, named architect of San Marco, and allowed for his dwelling the house near the watch-tower. The Tuscan architect executed the works assigned to him by the Senate with great success. He repaired the cupola, erected the zecca, built the library of San Marco, famous for its precious manuscripts, the loggia, and cleared the granite columns of the Piazzetta of a number of miserable barracks and shops, which, by shutting off the view, dimmed the beauty of this picturesque spot.

Sansovino had been preceded in Venice by a man whose extraordinary power and influence are still an unsolved riddle for historians and writers. This was

Pietro Baccio, surnamed the Aretino, from his native city, Arezzo. Endowed with prompt wit and natural genius, he was wanting absolutely in culture and in intellectual refinement. Impudence and boldness were his only sciences. His first sonnet, against the indulgences, drove him away from his country. He flew to Rome, took the cowl, then left the cloister; but his licentious songs banished him from this city also. He sought a refuge near Prince John de Medici, with whom he led the most dissolute and profligate life; and, at his patron's death, established himself in Venice, where he lived in grandeur with his noxious pen. Aretino's subtle mind had calculated but too well the power of the press in the hands of an audacious, unscrupulous man; and, in his scurrilous writings, in his violent satires, he spared no one, he respected neither rank, genius, nor virtue, and was called, therefore, the Plague of Princes. Thus he became a terrible scourge, feared and courted alternately by every class of society. The kings of Europe sent him presents and money; the most celebrated artists were desirous to portray him; medals were coined in his honor; and it was even whispered that he would be created a cardinal. We see Ariosto speaking of him as a glory of Italy, the great Michael Angelo writing to him as a brother, and the pure, the virtuous Vittoria Colonna receiving him as a friend.

If these facts were not confirmed by the most trustworthy historians, we could scarcely credit them. We could hardly believe that this debauched man who, indifferent as to the means of enriching himself, offered his pen to the highest bidder, and wrote at the same time on licentious and religious subjects, could be considered otherwise than as an object of horror and contempt. His death corresponded to his life. He was so convulsed with laughter by some scandalous anecdote that he fell from his chair and wounded himself mortally.

Aretino soon became acquainted with Titian and Sansovino; and these three

men, so different altogether, formed an intimate friendship, a sort of triumvirate, as it was called. The witty satirist, to escape the crowd of solicitors that filled his palace constantly, would spend most of his afternoons at the painter's home, at San Canciano. It was indeed a delicious retreat; the islands of San Cristoforo and San Michele rising at a short distance, a verdant coast, covered with trees and cottages, extending to the right, and the majestic Alps forming a picturesque background. Titian could not but feel the subtle and gentle influences of this lovely spot, and perhaps, while admiring the romantic variety of the scenery, while studying the shade and coloring in the landscape, contrasting in marvelous beauty with the sapphire blue of the sea, he discovered the secret of those wonderful colors which proclaimed him one of the princes of art. Aretino's friendship, dishonorable as it was, helped him along the path of glory. Till then he had worked a great deal, and had been but poorly compensated for his incomparable paintings; but now he became the fashion, received commissions from all sides; and his journey to Rome, Spain, and the emperor's court, was a continuous triumph.

The protracted peace having restored the extensive commerce of the republic, Venice was now as rich as she had ever been. Splendid palaces and churches, testifying to the munificence and artistic taste of the Venetians, were arising everywhere, under the direction of Sansovino and San Michele, the inventor of new military fortifications. Schools were established, hospitals founded, and asylums for destitute children. The rapid advancement of letters and sciences was truly marvelous. Ignorance and barbarism were chased away, and learning exalted. Philosophy and medicine were earnestly studied, and the Venetian physicians consulted from every part of Europe. Several academies were instituted also for the printing and diffusion of classical and instructive books, and the few that remain still, are considered as

valuable relics of that remote time.* These academies opened select libraries for the instruction of the people, and held public sittings where the political affairs of Europe, the progress of arts and sciences, the latest inventions, were studied and discussed.

Poetry and fiction were never so popular. They were made the principal topics of notice, and enthusiastically cultivated. A sort of mania had seized the Venetians for theatricals, and particularly for comedies in their native dialect. These plays, unfortunately, were decidedly immoral. A boatman's son became famous in the part of *Pantalone* (a comic character), and delighted his audience by the wit and humor of his repartees. The whole city crowded to hear him. Theaters did not then exist, and these comedies were represented in the halls and courts of palaces, or in some temporary building, richly decorated by famous architects and illustrious artists, and with great magnificence of scenery and dress. Money, in short, was lavished profusely, and the least event would give occasion to feastings and rejoicings, in which the wealthier classes displayed the most refined luxury and pomp.

The national tranquillity was disturbed, however, by the death of Andrea Gritti, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His loss, deeply regretted by his countrymen, did not arrest the development of arts and sciences, to which he had given so strong an impulse. Other young plants were blossoming and flourishing near the great geniuses that we have already named. We hear of Alessandro Vittoria, Sansovino's scholar and talented assistant, the last great Venetian sculptor of the sixteenth century; of Jacopo da Bassano, in the studio of Bonifazio; of Veronese, Titian's disciple; of a poor destitute boy of Sebenico, Andrea, surnamed the Schiavone, wandering through the streets of Venice, and endeavoring

to grasp the secrets of art by a close observation of the works of the painters of benches and chests. He had to struggle against misery and want, had to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow; but his firm will triumphed over all these obstacles. And though never a favorite of fortune, he attained, at length, the noble height to which he had devoted his life and best energies, and became a great artist.

Titian was the first teacher also of Jacopo Robusti Tintoretto. Under his able tutelage, the youth's progress in art studies was so rapid as to excite the envy and jealousy of the master, who, seeing in the intelligent, promising youth a dangerous rival, banished him from his studio. Tintoretto, burning with generous indignation, was not discouraged, however. Writing on the door of his miserable room, so miserable and dark, indeed, that he was obliged to paint by candle-light, this sentence, "The drawing of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian," he began to work with renewed perseverance. He soon achieved success, and ranks high amid this Pleiades of artists. In his pictures, the results of the close study of his two great models are every-where apparent. His scholars imitated his faults, not his power.

Wealth and genius thus made Venice one of the most attractive cities of Italy. Her splendid *Feste*, famed far and near, called within her walls numerous foreigners and visitors. Those given for the marriage of the Doge Priuli, in the year 1557, deserve particular notice for their singularity and magnificence. Sansovino's son, author of a "History of Venice," details them with minuteness. We borrow from him these few lines:

"The bride, in her royal robes, received the Doge and Senators in the Priuli palace, where, after having sworn the capitulars, and given to each of the counselors a golden purse, she mounted the Bucentoro (the ducal galley), which was to take her to the Piazza San Marco. The canal was literally covered with innumerable gondolas, of the richest

* Two madrigals of Michael Angelo, the music by Signor Archadelt, were published in Venice in the year 1565. They were sung at the great concert in Florence for Michael Angelo's centennial.

description. Gold, silks, and velvets were lavished profusely. Greeted by loud cheers and acclamations, the new Dogaressa landed on the Piazzetta, adorned with rich triumphal arches, and, followed by a numerous retinue of ladies and knights, glittering with jewels and diamonds, entered the cathedral, where a solemn hymn of thanksgiving was sung. The corporations of the different trades, that had escorted the Bucentoro, now awaited the bride in the ducal palace. Each corporation had assembled in a different room, or gallery, hung with costly draperies, and ornamented with the emblems of their trade. First came the barbers, then the jewelers, the tailors, and many others. The whole palace was occupied. The princess visited them, one by one, graciously accepted their homage and presents; then, entering the great hall, ascended the ducal throne, where the whole court came to pay her obeisance. Daylight fading, the palace was brilliantly illuminated, and three hundred and sixty citizens, accompanied by pages and torch-bearers, each carrying in his hand a large silver platter laden with confections, paraded through the Piazza, amid the joyful shouts of the people. These feastings and rejoicings lasted," says the ancient chronicler, "three days, after which the corporations left the palace."

In this same year the Senate, continuing its mission of progress, decreed several works of public utility, such as the drying up of marshes to prevent malaria, and the clearing of uncultivated grounds. Before these wise measures could be wholly carried into effect, a terrible famine broke out in the city, and brought grief and misery into the once happy households. In this mart of gold and jewels, bread or flour could not be had, at any price, during four days; and the magistrates' efforts alleviated, in part only, such heart-rending distress.

To increase still more the general discouragement, a belief, which in past times, and particularly in the closing years of the tenth century, had moved

the world deeply, gained now a tremendous power. The belief was universal, that the world was coming to an end, and that the 15th of September was to be the fatal day. A casual circumstance brought terror to its highest pitch. On the dreaded night, a terrible detonation, so loud, indeed, that it was heard on the opposite coast of Istria, awoke the whole city. The sky was all aglow, the houses were shaking. The great event was certainly at hand! The alarmed inhabitants rushed out into the streets, and loud cries of fear and mercy escaped from thousands of lips.

The Judgment-day, however, was not come yet. Years of prosperity, of glory, of endless sufferings, were still in store for Venice. The gunpowder magazine, which had taken fire, destroying part of the arsenal and many churches and houses, was the cause of the sudden alarm. Thenceforward it was absolutely forbidden to keep gunpowder in the city, and it was preserved in the small islands of the laguna.

Famine and fire were only the precursors of another calamity. The Turks, forgetting their solemn oath of everlasting peace with the Venetians, and wishing to recover the beautiful island of Cyprus, ceded by Catherine Cornaro to the republic, declared war against Venice. Landing on the island of Cyprus, with seventy thousand soldiers, they overpowered the small Venetian garrisons, seized Nicosia the capital, and Flamagosta, heroically defended by the valorous Bragadino. Bragadino himself fell into hands of the Turks, and was barbarously flayed alive. His skin, filled with straw, was hung from the mast of a galley, to terrify the trembling populations.

In this extremity, Venice made an appeal to all Christian nations. A crusade was formed against the infidels, and Don Juan, of Austria, son of Charles V, was elected generalissimo of the powerful fleet. The famous battle of Lepanto, or of the Curzolari, the greatest naval battle of the time, ended with the total destruction of Selim's fleet, crushing forever the

Turkish power in Europe. The Venetians had the honors of the day. The news of this victory was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the Senate decreed that the anniversary of this memorable day should be forever solemnized; and that, in commemoration of this glorious event, a chapel, richly decorated by Alessandro Vittoria, should be erected in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo. In this chapel were placed the miserable relics of the noble Bragadino, which had been recovered from the Turks.

Public exhibitions being now the fashion, we must here remark, that the republic could have disputed with the Chinese the honor of having first introduced them. We hear of public shows in Venice in the years 1268, 1462, 1471, etc. These exhibitions were held in that magnificent square, the Piazza San Marco, and lasted fifteen days. The one given in honor of Sebastiano Veniero, one of the conquerors of Lepanto, in the year 1571, is particularly described. We read of rich triumphal arches, made of the spoils of the vanquished, and adorned with precious pictures of Raphael, Giorgione, Titian, and other great artists.

Shortly afterward, Henry III of France, Duke of Anjou, on his return from Poland, visited the picturesque city. His arrival was hailed as an event of no common interest, and the pomp and magnificence displayed on his reception can hardly be described. An inscription placed at the bottom of the Giant's Staircase recalls the visit of the French King.

A beautiful and talented woman, Veronica Franco, lived at that time in Venice. Veronica was the Aspasia of this new Athens. As the famous woman of Miletus, whose house was the rendezvous of the most cultured intellects of Attica, of Phidias, Socrates, Alcibiades, she gathered around her a circle of refined spirits, attracted not only by her charms, but by her eloquence and learning. Henry III himself paid homage to so much wit and beauty. But, while still in the prime of youth, divine grace touched Veronica's heart. Deploing her past errors, she

became forthwith an example of virtue and charity, and founded, with her own money, a House of Refuge for fallen women.

The year 1575 is notable in Venice for the spreading of a dreadful plague, which, notwithstanding the Senate's exertions, desolated the city for two successive years. Commerce and trade were forsaken entirely, and the *lasaretti* were not large enough for the innumerable sick and dying patients. The mortality was indeed so great that the terrified people fled from their homes, and became desperate and reckless. Very many illustrious Venetians died victims of their own devotedness, and Titian himself, at the advanced age of ninety-nine, succumbed to the fatal disease.

Private burials had been strictly forbidden, but a single exception was made in favor of the celebrated artist. He was buried in the church of the Frari, where he had painted one of his masterpieces, the "Assumption." His funeral, though simple and modest, was, in this moment of extreme misery, the best proof of the Venetians' love for the departed painter, the greatest honor that the republic could show to his memory.

All human efforts being fruitless against the wide-spreading pestilence, the people had recourse to divine help. A general procession was ordered; and there, amid the entreaties and prayers of the stricken population, the Doge solemnly vowed to build a magnificent church to the Redeemer, and to visit it every year on the anniversary of the deliverance of the plague. Was it the deep faith of the Venetians, was it that the disease had reached its climax, from that day the pestilence began to abate, and gradually disappeared.

The third Sunday of the month of July, 1577, the whole population of Venice, with the Doge and Senate, turned their steps to the Guidecca, the spot selected for the erection of the temple. A bridge of eighty galleys, covered with rich draperies, joined the Piazza San Marco to the island. A wooden church

had been here erected, and thousands of grateful hearts joined in a hymn of thanksgiving for the unexpected deliverance. A noble building, simple and grand, rose soon on the same spot. Palladio, a young man of Vicenza, famous already in the artistic world, was the architect of this splendid structure, which is considered one of his finest works; and the church of the Redentore forms still the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful in art.

A few months subsequent, a terrible fire burned a portion of the ducal palace, with the precious pictures of Titian and other distinguished painters, and with the portraits of most of the illustrious men of the time. But these beautiful halls were rebuilt soon after, with still greater magnificence, and decorated by the first artists of Italy.

It is pleasant to turn from these disasters to the national tranquillity which followed. Venice, after every new calamity, seemed to rise greater and stronger, exciting, by her wide-spreading prosperity and unbounded wealth, the general admiration. Nothing of importance occurred during the last years of this eventful century, nothing that rent the fabric

of state; and the glory of the republic continued to shine with undimmed luster.

But a subtle and mysterious influence that was to change completely the customs and character of the Italians, and confuse even the strongest and best balanced minds, was silently asserting itself. The Spanish domination in Italy, with its blood-thirsty Inquisition, was preparing the decline of the peninsula, and covering it with clouds and darkness. This miserable medley of hypocrisy and superstition destroyed every thing that was noble and great, ruined industry and culture, and crushed entirely the spirit of liberty. We look back with sorrow and sadness at this gloomy period, when the religion of Christ was made the pretense of the most unheard-of cruelties, and love to dwell upon the memories of the wonderful century we have now described. Many things, indeed, there were, that had better be sunk into oblivion,—its extravagance, lust, its moral evils and fierce spirits,—but the record of its glorious deeds, the remembrance of the great geniuses that kept high the fame of Italy throughout the world, will forever fire the heart and warm the blood of the Italians.

ELVIRA CAORSI.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE ATTIC AGE.

IT was an age of great hurry and prodigious development, when event after event came so crowding upon the people that they were under the perpetual excitement of some new acquisition or some unexpected danger. A great public enthusiasm so laid hold of every citizen of the glorious little republic that private life was despised, and private comforts laid aside, while every man devoted himself, with all his might, to ad-

vance his city, and to sacrifice all to the calls of state service. All through Greek history we see many close resemblances between the republics of Greece and America. Just as the United States, the Athenians became, more than any contemporary state, a commonwealth full of public men engrossed with state service and with politics, men of little leisure, and of small curiosity in speculating upon the reasons of things—in fact, no theorists,

but stern men of sudden decision and prompt action, full of earnestness in their lives, and allowing themselves little relaxation. Even the little relaxation they did take bears the mark of their hurry and their public cares. The comedies of Aristophanes, hearing which was the principal recreation of the Athenians, were ribald, the wit most highly spiced, and its vigorous satire broad and gross. And all this was called out by the character of its patrons. Men who live lives of excitement and exceeding fatigue, wild speculators in the market or in public affairs, will not afford time (at least where they have not been elevated and refined by Christian principles) for gentle and soothing recreation, for philosophical disquisitions and long rambles in the country. They will generally plunge from one excitement to another, and will be tempted not to rest their minds save with such grosser bodily pleasures as expel all thought of serious things. A glance at our great centers of life and business in the present day will show us that the tendency is for men to rest the man by indulging the beast within them.

From these remarks our readers will be prepared for the statement that this was an age of retrogression in social life. The attitude of women was lower than in any former period of historical Greece. A certain contempt for them seems to have come into fashion. In old-fashioned Herodotus, women occupy a due place, and occupy prominent and frequent positions; but Thucydides is generally pointedly silent upon them, and indulges in the cynical remark, "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or evil." No doubt the duties and responsibilities of the city life of Athens were not nearly so important or heavy for the matrons as those of their mothers had been on their farms, and this would tend to lower their individual importance. Besides, nothing was so depressing, in ancient times, to the freedom of women as city life; for the absence of proper police regulations made it not easy for them to go abroad.

Xenophon pictures a model husband, who advises his wife to obtain bodily exercise by folding up and sorting clothes in her several presses; and we read of the moving out to the country as "delightful to the wife and longed for by the children."

Such theorists as Xenophon and Plato held advanced ideas on the subject of female education. Plato advocated the very modern theory that women had the same faculties and capacities as men, but in an inferior degree. He advocated a joint education, and pointed to the precedent of Sparta. There, as we know, girls joined even in athletic exercises publicly, and ran and wrestled with one another. Many, however, were shocked at this, and slow to admit its expediency. Euripides, upon the stage, reviled "this shamelessness." Aristotle complained that, in time of great danger to the state, these women were more troublesome than the enemy. But, in spite of the ventilation of the question of women's social position, it fell infinitely short of her modern status in Christian communities; for, in the best Greek times, it was common to sell the women of captured towns into slavery and concubinage.

I shall now turn to a consideration of some of the trades and professions in Athens. In medical practice, we find two schools,—the old quackery of charms and incantations, and the rational observation and treatment of diseases by empirical treatment. The rational school owed its origin to the athletic games. It was found that amulets and spells were of no use against better physical condition. Plato says that treatment by regimen originated with Herodicus of Selymbria, "who, being a trainer, and himself of a sickly constitution, by a happy combination of training and doctoring, found out a way of torturing, first himself, and then the rest of the world." We find the most celebrated early school of medicine at Croton, which was also the home of the greatest athletes.

Various Greek cities used to give high yearly salaries to men of this school for

residing among them. The case of Democles is well known. He ran away from a cruel father at Croton, and came to Ægina, where he set up in private practice; and, "though destitute of the needful appliances, outstripped the best physicians of the place in one year." Ægina employed him as state physician the following year, for a talent (\$1,220); but Athens, next year, bid \$2,030 for him; and the fourth year he was engaged for two talents (\$2,435) by Polycrates, the most powerful Greek prince then living. Among the perfection of Spartan military arrangements, there is mention of military surgeons, but probably there is only one such allusion in all Greek literature.

These state physicians had a number of assistants, some of them slaves, who treated simple cases, and more especially the diseases of slaves, going in and ordering them to take their remedies; whereas, with freemen, the practice was to persuade the patient, by full explanation of the treatment, that it would succeed. Plato, very assuringly, says that the physicians used to take with them Gorgias, who was the most persuasive rhetorician of the day, in order that he might persuade the patients to adopt their prescriptions. This shows to what a pitch the Greeks had brought the habit of inquiry and argument, regardless of the very bad effect such discussions must have had on the nerves of many patients. But it is fair to add, that Aristotle, only a generation later, specially notes that a physician's duty was not to compel or to persuade, but simply to prescribe. From all this, we feel almost disposed to compare the state of medicine in the best days of Greece with that described by Palgrave as existing in Central Arabia at the present day, where the physician must first persuade his patient and then bargain with him for his fee, before he can begin to treat the case.

There was no limit to the importance which the *cooks* gave themselves. Theirs was no mere trade, but a natural gift, a special art, a school of higher philosophy.

Just as our fashionable cooks think it undignified to give any dish an honest English name, and write their *menus* in mongrel, misspelled French, so it was grossly unfashionable for cooks to speak Attic Greek. If they did not use Homeric phrases, they were bound to speak Doric Greek. It was the fashion at Athens to hire both cooks and appointments for a dinner-party, and to commission the cook to undertake the marketing. From Aristophanes, we learn that the employer went into the market crying out, "Who wants to take a contract for a dinner?" A fragment from Diphilus so strikingly illustrates this section of Athenian society, that I can not forbear quoting it almost at length. It is the advice of an experienced caterer to his colleague:

"Never fear, Draco, you shall never find *me* with you in the way of business, that you will not be occupied with your contract all day, and live in the highest luxury. For I never go to a house till I scrutinize who the man is that is giving the sacrificial feast, or the occasion of the dinner, or whom he has invited; and I have a table in which are classified, under general heads, the parties with whom I engage myself, as well as those of whom I keep clear. Let us look, for example, under the mercantile head. Suppose a skipper is fulfilling a vow, who has lost his mast or broken his rudder, and was obliged to heave his cargo overboard from being water-logged, I dismiss such a fellow; he does nothing heartily, but merely to satisfy his obligation. During the very libation he is computing, in his own mind, what share he can put upon his ship's company and passengers, and so each man feels that he is dining at his own expense. But another has sailed in from Byzantium on the third day, without accident, successful, delighted at making his ten or twelve per cent, prating about the passage money, ready for any mischief. Such a one I take by the hand as he is disembarking; I remind him of Zeus Preserver; I insist on serving him. Again, some young fool

in love is squandering his patrimony. I go, of course."

Of the entertainments for which these cooks provided, Greek comedy furnishes us with many allusions. Conversation took a leading part in Athenian society. A Spartan says: "We are great both at eating and working, but the Athenians at talking and eating little, and the Thebans at eating a great deal." Plato charges with great stupidity those who introduce musicians into their feasts, as being persons devoid of rational conversation, and hiring mercenary musicians to amuse their guests. This hostility to music at dinner-parties was evidently a marked feature in the Socratic society, for Aristophanes brings it out in his comedy of "The Clouds," where old Strepsiadēs is giving an account of how he and his son quarreled. "As we were sitting at table," says he, "first I asked him to take up the lyre, and sing some song of Simonides, such as the 'Shearing of the Ram.' But he replied that playing and singing at table were gone out of fashion, and only fit for women grinding at the mill."

In spite of their powers of talking, the Greeks had several stock contrivances for keeping up the conversation. Their climate had not sufficient variability to enable it to rank as a conversational topic; but there was, among other contrivances, a species of amusement which was named the *Scholia*, when one guest commenced a sentence in verse, and handed a branch to any other he chose, who was compelled to finish the verse in the cleverest way he could. Another stock contrivance was the *Griphos*, or riddle, which appears to have been a later fashion, and perhaps to have sup-

planted the *Scholia*. Some fashionable ladies were very celebrated for propounding these riddles, many of which are quoted by the grammarians. But, of course, as among ourselves nowadays, riddles and acrostics, and all such stuff, are miserable substitutes for witty or even sensible conversation; so there seems, in the philosophical dialogues of the Platonic age, a silent contempt for such devices. They, too, like music or tumbling or dancing, are inconsistent with really good and general conversation.

The limited size of Athens had a marked effect in producing a certain unity and harmony in Athenian culture. In art we may find something similar in the effect of residence at Rome on a painter or sculptor; and perhaps a still closer analogy would be the society of painters and literary men gathered together in Munich by that modern Pericles (as to art), Ludwig I. In such societies, where master-spirits can really reach and influence the whole mass, there arises a uniform standard of criticism, recognized laws of taste, and a form, at least in literature and art, secured from rudeness and extravagance.

There is no greater contrast between Greek and modern civilization than this, and no plainer cause of the greater perfection of Greek culture in some respects,—I mean the severance of cultivated Greeks into separate small cities, like the Bonn, Weimar, and Dresden of educated Germany, where intellectual life gathered about independent centers, and where men were not, as they now are in England and France and America, looking ever to one or two overgrown centers, and in vain for standards of perfection.

GEORGE C. JONES.

THE TUNNEL.

THERE was once a girl who stood dolefully in the fields, and did not know what to do. While she remained with her hands clasped behind her neck, and her eyes searching sky and earth, an old woman came by, stooping to pull up herbs.

"What 's the matter with you?" questioned the old woman, with strong intonation on the you, as if she had been applying the same question to a whole class of wretches.

"I am puzzled," said the girl.

"That 's nothing," replied the old woman; "two-thirds of the human race are puzzled. This is a wonderful world; God made it."

"But he meant every thing to work harmoniously in it," said the girl.

"How do you know?" cried the old woman, sharply. "You know nothing about what he meant. I am tired of hearing atoms try to explain the mysteries of the earth's great fertile crust! Let the harmonies of the whole creation alone, and attend to your own harmonies!"

"That is what I should like, good woman," said the girl, "and all that I feel capable of doing."

"Very well," said the old woman. "Now we come down from the infinite, and the gaseous expansion of ideas, to boots and shoes, and the feet of flesh which walk in them. What 's the matter with you?"

"Every thing is against me," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"Hoity-toity!" cried the old woman, "did you think every thing would be for you? Did you want to live the life of a sponge, and stick fast to rocks in the ocean, and have only life enough to wave back and forth in the rolling waters? The sponge is a very good creature, but I should think," observed the old woman, stooping sideways to eye the girl, curiously, "that you would prefer a higher

state of existence, even at the cost of a little pain."

"I do n't want to be a sponge!" cried the little girl, indignantly. "But, neither do I want to be as I am, nor grow as I am growing. Look at my family; it is not esteemed or even respected. I see my brothers and sisters struggling against circumstances which they can not overcome. We are poor and helpless, and weak and perplexed."

"It is that story which forever repeats itself," said the old woman; "yes, I see; I have heard it a thousand times. It is life fighting against death. Well, you will hunt about the fields awhile, and not find your proper uses. A little more heat and cold, a little more hunger, a touch of disease, and then you will be under foot and forgotten in the ground."

The girl wrung her hands, and looked across the field, where some of her brothers and sisters were tearing their hands for fruit on blackberry bushes.

"Come," said the old woman, growing sterner, "you must either die to live, or live to die. Try weaving underground."

"I do not understand you."

"This way, then," called the old woman, going down a road which curled around rocks. "Come under the shadow. Now, stoop," she added, pressing the girl down to rest on hands and knees. "This is the mouth of a tunnel."

The girl put her head into the opening, and saw only blackness.

"Enter that tunnel, and weave as you move through it. You will find the materials at your feet and on the walls. It is a long way. If you reach the other end of it, you will find pleasant lands, places, hope, and high consideration for all your wretched family. And the woven material, which you bear out in your hands, will be a patent of nobility, which all the people in the pleasant lands recognize."

"Let go of me; I want to enter!" cried the girl.

"But consider," said the old woman. "Many have entered this tunnel, and never came forth again, by either way. Only those who have passed through know its dangers; and of the dangers they can not bear to speak. In fact, so many fail, and so few succeed, that you had perhaps better remain,"

"And perish any way?" cried the girl.

But she drew back, and looked up at sky, at trees, and at the sun bountifully warming his worlds; last, she looked at the old woman's wise, stern face.

"Is there no other road?" she cried.

"No road except through the tunnel," replied the old woman. "And in it are darkness and solitude."

The girl put her hands over her eyes, and tried to realize what utter darkness and solitude were. But she heard a squirrel barking in the trees, and a breath of wind all abroad; the shine of the sun was still imprisoned between her eyelids; and, moving her elbow, she touched her companion with it.

"I do n't know what the tunnel is," said she, "but I will enter it; and if I die, I die; and the children, pulling the blackberry bushes over there, will never know what I undertook for them. How must I weave, good woman?"

"With your hands alone," replied the old woman; "and you must cross the materials with a nice, exact touch. As your fabric grows, wrap it around yourself, that the weight may be even, and that you may not drop it if you run from danger. Pass in. The entrance of the tunnel must be sealed as soon as you are within."

The girl looked up at the old woman's face. Then she crept into the dark, and stood upright, and the tunnel was shut. At first, she thought she could not breathe, and pushed out with her hands as if to lift off the heavy mantle of darkness; in so doing, she felt long, flax-like shreds, and was reminded of her weaving.

"The way can not be long," thought she, pulling handfuls of fibers for her work; "and if it is, I am young and strong. Besides, it must be traveled."

So she walked with long and cautious strides, intertwisting the threads with exact touch as she went. It was not easy to weave and walk, so she often paused to lay the flexile threads nicely. Her way seemed opened straight before her; but not a sound came out of the warm darkness, either to welcome or warn her. This progress grew like the monotony of death; but she pushed on, stooping at intervals to gather hard shreds from the ground, which gave greater firmness to her work. Again and again she stooped and gathered from the same spot, though inches of her fabric and many steps intervened. Blindness makes touch a double sense. She examined the spot carefully, and then followed the walls, and found she had been revolving around a great natural pillar in the tunnel, and had made no progress at all. Guiding herself more carefully, she hurried down the direct way, and down further and further. The slope grew so steep that she fastened her fabric around her neck, and hooked her hands in the shreds on the walls. Her feet pointed into water, and the water rose higher and higher. It held her around the waist, robbing her of half her weight; strange splashing, which she did not make, startled her, and a cold, long body rippled across her back.

These were deadly terrors to a girl alone under the crust of the earth. She screamed with all her strength, and leaped up to the wall; but no human ear heard her cry, and the fine fibers on which she depended gave way, and let her fall to the bottom of the water. The shock stopped her breath. She lay for an instant under the earth, forgotten and entombed. Perhaps many a wretch lay stretched beside her in that liquid darkness, and, if she never moved a hand again, she would have much ghastly company in the deep.

But, with returning breath, she leaped and struggled, and choked and plunged. she found the wall, and slipped from it; she caught hold of rocks, and got out, she scarcely knew how. And then she

sat dripping and helpless for a long period.

"Of what use was it for you to venture in here?" breathed a voice in the tunnel. "Was not life wretched enough, without your making it absolutely insupportable? Why were n't you content to sit under the blackberry bushes? What better could have been expected of you?"

"Why was I not born to better fortune?" breathed the girl, in reply. "One question is as absurd as the other just now. I do not know why any thing is; not even why-I dared to come into the dark. But something made me dare; I *had to* dare. There was so much hope of the pleasant land beyond the tunnel! And now, that I am in the tunnel, I must go on, or die like a worm in the deeps of the earth."

So, drying in her bosom the web she had been weaving, she took hold of its raveled ends, and gathered a great deal of strong fiber from the ground, and wove away. While she wove the voice could not reach her; but, if she dropped her hands a minute, the voice trickled out of silence, and ran like a rill of bitter waters into her thoughts. So, in very self-defense, she worked much, and worked fast, and, as soon as her limbs would carry her, hastened on through the tunnel.

Her way rose abruptly; and she saw a light far above her, like a star in the sky. Toward this she climbed, clinging to the steep ascent with hands and feet. Her web was wrapped around her; the light seemed rushing toward her; she laughed in a joyful undertone that her short journey was so near its end; and checked her laugh with some misgiving that the natives of the pleasant lands would find her woven fabric small.

"But they will see my youth," said she; "they can not expect much of unskilled fingers. And if I may take the very lowest rank among them, it will be better than what I left behind."

She crept on, laughing; and the star rushed toward her. She braced herself against the wall, and stared. Her eyes

were filled with sparkles, and she was half smothered by smoke. The earth rocked under her; she searched, with quick, brute-like sagacity, all over the wall for some hollow in which to hide herself, and crowded into a fissure, wrapping her terrified head in the web, while a destroying fire rushed past her! She did not know how long she waited after it was gone. Her very memory seemed seared, and she stood in the rocky fissure of those awful catacombs, a mere monument to her past life, unconscious of the epitaphs engraved upon her.

"What do you think of *that* as a specimen of experience in the tunnel?" inquired the voice in the darkness.

"I must get out of the tunnel," said the girl, again seizing her web. "O, it is too terrible!"

She stepped out of the fissure, and crept near the ground until the smoke was left behind. But neither on the walls or on the ground was left a shred or fiber for her weaving. Ashes—ashes every-where! She gathered handfuls of ashes; her feet sank in ashes as she walked. Therefore it was not strange that, where she found a branching way, wherein the fibers hung thick and cool, she left the track of the fire and hurried along its opening. For a tunnel is a tunnel, thought the girl, and if it be divided into branches, they must all have the same opening.

And this spur of the passage proved to be an opening, but a most unfortunate one for her; for it opened over a deep well, and into this pit she plunged, with unsuspecting step.

To lie at the bottom of the world, half slain and altogether forgotten, is an experience which can be endured only by the godlike. The girl felt herself vanquished; her head rolled back on her shoulder, and she wanted nothing but unconsciousness of pain. But the voice which always filled her with questionings, and consequently aroused her, came down the pit after her.

"Are you dying here alone in the dark?" said the voice. "Of what use was

this venture in the tunnel? Behold how have you used yourself! Your young flesh and bones, broken before their time, will crumble here. Lift up your darkening eyes, and see how people fare who have not ventured or endured half as much as you have! *They* did not go groping in tunnels!"

Looking up, the girl could, for an instant, pierce the thick veil of earth which lay over her; and she saw men and women walking happily in the sunshine, possessed of every good thing which she had ever desired for her family or herself. She struggled up, and sat against the wall.

"I am glad they did not have to die in order to live," said she, seizing her web and weaving her fibers in. "Somehow, it seems to me I shall yet come forth from the tunnel, and shall have even more than they. I still live; and my strength renews itself from my very bruises."

The walls of the well were hung with long, strong shreds, and she wove her way out of it, rising as her web lengthened; so that out of its peril and pain, she gathered her best material.

Time would fail me to tell of all the steps with which this girl passed ahead,—of the food she gathered from strange places, of her thirst, her losses, her despair, her constantly recurring woes. Time fails us all; and time failed even the tunnel. It rose to daylight.

The girl saw white light glimmering over a hillock; and, strange to say, she stood at the mouth of the tunnel, dis-

trustful of herself, and half afraid to venture forth among the inhabitants of pleasant lands. The fabric she had woven now covered her from head to foot, and trailed upon the ground, and hung from her arms in voluminous folds.

Her heart beat violently as she stepped out under the sun. She stood on a crag, and a lake lay under her feet. O, these were pleasant lands, spreading away from horizon to horizon in vivid colors. Strong, fair people moved before her, and sounds of song, and of herds lowing, and of children's voices, were everywhere.

The people saw her come among them, and they looked at her, while she looked at them. She knew that her face had changed,—the lake showed her that,—but she did not realize what her whole appearance was, until she was caught in the broad glare of day, as she laid before the people her request for her family's place. Then she saw her dress, woven by her hands in the tunnel. It was the robe of a queen! Gold and purple and gems were woven in it. No mortal could have made it in the light of the sun. It was her patent of nobility. She entered these pleasant lands, a queen, in the robes of royalty!

This is the story of a tiger-lily, which went through the tunnel of germination, before it unfolded its glories to the sun.

It is the story of the black race, in its march toward higher civilization.

It is the completed story of thousands who are yet in tunnels. The story of a soul!

MARY HARTWELL.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

FIRST PAPER.

THE volume here named has recently been reprinted in this country, under the editorship of R. H. Stoddard. The uses of this kind of reading are quite apparent. History preserves for us the dates and doings of a past period; not always impartially recorded, and usually bare outlines. The writer of historic romance works up an interest in his *dramatis personæ* by hiding or magnifying, their vices and virtues, according to his partisan purpose. If one who makes a contemporary record of facts and opinions can convince us that he had opportunity of knowing the events he chronicles, and of his neutral position and consequent impartiality, we give his story full faith. It is like an instantaneous stereoscopic view; the unconscious subjects had no chance for a pose. They were on the plate, and the sketch "fixed," before they could straighten a muscle, or smooth out a wrinkle.

The people whom Mr. Greville photographs for us belong in English "high life,"—thus he discusses a department of sociology not often accessible to republican Americans. An archduke or a prince, taking a dash through our seaport towns, makes quite as profound a sensation as would a mastodon or megalosaurus, if one could gather itself out of the past, and take a promenade across the continent. Our plebeian heads are quite turned by the divinity that doth hedge about even a remotely possible king. It will antidote this infirmity, for us to hobnob with royalty, witnessing its petty meannesses and immense discomforts, its squabbles and bickerings, as we may in this gossiping book.

According to Mr. Reeve, the English editor of these Journals, Mr. Greville was

* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV and King William IV.* By Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns.

great-grandson of the fifth Lord Warwick, and grandson of William Henry, the third Duke of Portland, K. G., who filled many great offices of State. In 1821, he entered upon the duties of clerk of the Council in ordinary, which he discharged for nearly forty years.

During the last twenty years of his life, he occupied a suite of rooms in the house of Earl Granville, in Bruton Street, and there, on the 18th of January, 1865, he expired.

The "Journals" commence in 1818, and end in 1837; but this book contains only that part that covers the reigns of George IV and William IV, ending with the accession of Victoria.

Mr. Reeve says of Mr. Greville's neutrality and consequent impartiality: "His own position, from the office he held in the Privy Council, and partly from his personal intimacies with men of very opposite opinions, was a neutral one. Contented with his own social position, he was alike free from ambition and from vanity. No man was more entirely disinterested in his judgments on public affairs, for he had long made up his mind that he had nothing to gain or lose by them, and, in the opinions he formed, he cared for nothing but their justice and truth."

Our author takes us to court, in a somewhat abrupt fashion, June 7, 1818, about eighteen months before the death of King George III. The first sketches he gives us are of the Duke and Duchess of York, in their unostentatious, free-and-easy life at Oatlands, and of the political and literary notables he met there during his frequent and familiar visits.

He passes the death of the old King, and the coronation of the new one, with mere mention; stops by the way to notice a new book, and a quarrel of the King with his ministers; and then strikes

at once into the excitement occasioned by the trial of Queen Caroline. True to the stereoscopic character of the book, he does not enter into the merits of the case. He gives simply "views," that show the sympathy of the people with the Queen, the attacks of the mob upon the houses of those opposed to her, and the chitchat of the court about the probable outcome of the affair, the ability of the council engaged, and specially the comments upon the masterly efforts of Brougham in her behalf. He is not teaching either history or morals. He takes it for granted that his readers have the outlines of the lives of the grand folk about whom he is chatting, and will enjoy his filling in of details, from his affluent resources. He describes a Sunday card or shooting party, with as little concern about the moral bearings of the affair as if he were a Hottentot. Yet there is no small measure of unintentional preaching in the book; and it is helpful to a student of history to have this careful clerk fill three of his close pages with Wellington's talk about Waterloo.

We catch a glimpse, now and then, of the strange ways of the people who lived half a century ago, emphasizing our conviction that the world moves, and for the better. Let eclectics, homœopathists, and all progressives in the healing art, note how the royal person was handled in those days. "The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Bloomfield sent for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and, on Wednesday, he lost twenty ounces more. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been blooded."

When the Duke of York was taken down with the disease that carried him off, we are informed that they began their efforts to save him "by putting him through several courses of mercury;"

and our only wonder is the lateness of the date of his death.

By far the most charming part of the book is the familiar sketching of distinguished literary people by this reporter extraordinary. Take, for example, this description of Brougham: "About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and, from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure, he never ceased talking. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gayety and animal spirits, his humor, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it; I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said, the morning of his departure, 'This morning, Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in one post-chaise.'"

In his mousing about among the literati, Greville seems to have come upon a solution of one of the vexed literary problems of a century or so ago. Getting hold of an old love-letter, written by Sir Philip Francis, he is convinced, by an examination of the handwriting, that that gentleman is the author of the "Letters of Junius."

This gossiping gazetteer takes us back fifty years, into the charmed circle where strong hands were at work upon our literature.

"*November 9th.*—Dined to-day with Byng, and met Tom Moore, who was very agreeable: he told us a great deal about his forthcoming 'Life of Byron.' He is nervous about it. He is employed, in conjunction with Scott and Mackintosh, to write a history of England. Scott is to write up Scotland; Mackintosh, England; and Moore, Ireland; and they get £1,000 apiece for it; but Scott could not

compress his share into one volume, so he is to have £1,500. The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune: he has already paid off £30,000 of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and he is to pay the remaining £30,000 very soon."

Knowing, as we do, the outcome of Scott's Titanic struggles with debt, and his mental break-down under the pressure, we read this sadly enough.

Moore told Greville that Byron wrote with extraordinary rapidity, but his corrections were frequent and laborious. Of himself, Moore said it required no thought to write, and that there was no end to it; so many fancies, on every subject, crowded on his brain that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another, and was amused.

He dismisses our noble Irving with a John-Bull-like criticism: "Washington Irving wants sprightliness and more refined manners." We console ourselves

by remembering that he was too near '76 and 1812 to have a very amiable opinion of any thing American.

His comments upon Moore's "Life of Byron," might have been written in 1870 instead of 1830, so steadily does he peer into the depths of darkness in the character of that brilliant, strange, bad man, and in spite of the glamour that genius threw over his evil life.

What a backward glimpse is this! "At dinner" (in Rome) "we had Hortense, the Ex-Queen of Holland; and her son, Prince Louis Napoleon. Hortense is not near so ugly as I expected, very unaffected and gay, and gives herself no royal airs."

"On Wednesday, called on Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, who lives at the top of the Tarpeian Rock. He has devoted himself to the study of Roman history and antiquities, and has the whole subject at his fingers' ends."

JENNIE F. WILLING.

TALKERS AND TALKING.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS might freshen up his lecture on the "Lost Arts" by adding "The Art of Talking" to the list.

Of twaddle and gossip and scandal and slang, there is a sickening surfeit; but of conversation,—that deserves to be dignified by the name,—there is a doleful dearth.

There is the bore; every-where you meet him. He frequents the thorough-fare, loiters in your study, sits at your fireside; and tells you *his* joys, *his* sorrows, *his* triumphs and *his* trials, *his* wife and *his* children, *his* horses and *his* cattle, *his* house and *his* grounds, *his* dog and *his* baby, and *his* every thing else. It not unfrequently happens that in a company of six there are half a dozen of these bores, who are fashioned on the

great-I-and-little-you plan, each one doing his best to talk about himself and his affairs, so that nobody else can have a chance to talk about himself and his affairs. At the first perceptible pause there is a sextuple sailing in of sentences in I or my; and it is amusing to see the look of triumph that comes over the countenance of the bore who got an eighth of an inch the start, and to behold the look of blank disappointment and martyr-like submission that settles upon the faces of the defeated. The wonder about it is, that not one of them seems, for a moment, to consider that that which he knows to be an unqualified nuisance to himself, is such a bore to others. I have been speaking of this character in the masculine gender, but the egotistical bore is not confined to sex.

There is a modification of this character that may be called the *mono-bore*; that is, one who bores always with the same auger, sings the same song, scrapes the same tune. From this kind, good Lord, deliver us! For, if we have to be bored, let us have some variety in our misery. This specimen of the genus bore has discovered an idea, and his mind is so small that one idea fills it full. You never can get another idea in his head till you get that one out. He travels the same intellectual road till it becomes a rut, with embankments on either side too high to see over. He wears the same mental coat till the sleeves are too short, and the elbows are out, and the buttons off, and the collar greasy, and the back split, and the skirt in shreds; but he will not exchange it for chinchilla or broadcloth, cut in the latest style. He is a reformer,—a martyr for opinion's sake. He carries his one idea as he does his skin.

Newspaper editors are invited to the privilege of conferring untold benefits upon mankind and generations unborn, by publishing his one idea to the world. In the social circle, at the public gathering, among the pious and profane, he rings the changes upon his one poor idea. Coax him away for a moment from his darling topic, but he hurries back, like a dog to his bone. Get him off of his hobby for a while, if you can, but he has ridden it so long that he feels uneasy anywhere else; and so he straddles it again, and rides as hard as ever he can, galloping up and down like a boy on a rocking-horse, neither going forward nor backward a single step.

Then there is the debater. If he is religious, he is a fiery Methodist, or a stiff Presbyterian, or an uncompromising Baptist. If he is a politician, he is a fierce Republican or a savage Democrat. He uses truth as a club, with which to beat over the head all who differ from his opinions. If any established fact comes in collision with his ideas, so much the worse for that fact. He fetches arguments from afar. He winds up a long sentence, in proof of his position, with a

flourish of satisfaction, when you can see no more connection between his premises and conclusion than you can see between yourself and the man in the moon. He will twist a fact till it gets red in the face to make it serve his purpose. There are two sides to every question, in his opinion,—a right side and a wrong side; and he is on the right side of all of them. He thinks he is wise; others know he is a fool.

There is the malaprop bore. He always says the wrong thing; or, if he says the right thing, it is at the wrong time or the wrong place. He talks to the sick about diseases; to the poor about poverty; to the blind about the blessings of sight; to the criminal about crime; to the mourner about his grief, and tears open, with bungling fingers, their wounds afresh. If he could only keep his mouth shut! Books of etiquette teach that the first principle to be learned, in studying the art of conversation, is how to say nothing. The art of keeping the mouth shut, let us all learn it. We think we must always be saying something, whether we have got any thing to say or not,—a grave mistake. Now, let us resolutely hold our tongues till we can find something worth saying. And what quandaries it will relieve us from! And, besides, our still tongue will oftentimes argue a wise head; whereas, our ever-wagging one so often argues a foolish and empty head.

There is another character that gets his name by talking who deserves notice,—that is the cynic. The cynic, among men, is what the buzzard is among birds. The buzzard will sail over green fields, covered with living flocks, and never think of stopping, but will dart down upon the first rotten carcass he espies. This human carrion-crow never notices any thing good in any body, and never fails to notice something bad. He thinks nobody is honest, because he knows that he is not. He takes his cue from his father, the devil, claiming that no man ever does a good act except from the most selfish motives. (Job i, 9.) If a good man is referred to, he is ready,

with sneering lip, to snarl out, "Is he good for naught?" and then go on to show that it is only to get votes or money or patronage that the mask of goodness is put on. His creed is, that there is neither honesty in man nor virtue in woman that can not be bought. He has set his price on his own principles, and, though it was shamefully low, the man that bought him was badly beaten in the bargain. Now, he seeks to reduce others to the same category with himself. When he dares not say any thing bad about a pure woman, for fear of her friends, he conveys his meaning by hints and innuendoes, by shrugs of the shoulder and winks of the eye, which may be interpreted to mean a great deal or nothing, as a due regard for a whole skin and unbroken bones may dictate. If the case of a young man, who has quit bad habits and is leading a new life, is referred to, he says, "Wait and see." If the name of a pure woman is mentioned in praise, he winks at his neighbor, his face assumes an ugly leer, and he hitches up his left shoulder, and says—nothing, *audibly*, but he says, as plainly as words could make it: "If you knew what I do, you wouldn't call that woman pure." This man is the worst type of slanderer, because the least responsible.

Well, to be a slanderer is bad enough. A slanderer is a liar and a coward and a thief and a murderer. A liar, because slander consists in circulating that which is false, or without sufficient foundation. A coward, because he has not the courage to face his enemy and utter his charge, but stealthily sneaks up behind, and stabs him in the back. A thief, because he takes that which is valuable, above all things else, namely, reputation.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

And a murderer, because nothing but that bitter hatred, which Christ makes to be murder, could move one to stab the

character, to save which, thousands have gladly sacrificed life itself.

There is one more character among talkers that ought to be included in this mention, and that is the slangy talker. There are many distinctions among men on other subjects, but all are reduced to a common level here. All use slang. If you say you don't, I will be charitable enough to think that you don't know that you use it,—not that you have lied. Do n't get positive about it, I beg of you, or you will betray yourself by using a slang phrase to prove your innocence. A good-sized dictionary, full of barbarisms, has been engrafted upon our language stock by the people of America. To such an extent has this gone that nobody but an American can understand an American's talk.

In the slang dialect every thing is exaggerated. It never rains but it pours. Nothing is simply nice or desirable. It is "awful nice" or "O. K." or "bully." A slang talker does not say a thing is true by simply asserting, but "you're mighty right," or "you bet." If a man's moral constitution seems to be deficient, he is called "bad mud." Instead of ordering a fellow to hush, he is requested to "cheese it." If he do n't do it, he is liable to have a "head put on him." If a thing is unreasonable, it is said to be "too thin." If any one seems to have a well balanced mind, his "head is level." If a fast workman is to be described, he is said to be "lightning." If a thing is proper, it is called "gilt-edged." If a man dies, he "kicks the bucket." If one comes out ahead of another in any transaction, he is said to have "got away with him," or else he was "too many for him." A man who takes out his pocket-book to pay a bill, is said to "draw his weasel." If a subject becomes tiresome, the speaker is informed that his audience is "full of that." A loafer is a "dead beat;" a journeyman is a "tramp." Then there is "sockdologer," and "scalawag," and "bummer," and so forth, *ad nauseam*. If it appears to be indelicate to mention these things, how

much worse is it that they exist, and make up so large a part of current conversation!

If these objectionable elements were eliminated from our language, what a thinning out would it make in our conversation! But we had better begin the work, and never stop until it is well done, and then begin to talk on right principles. We have alluded to talking as one of the lost arts. We mean it. We might take lessons, in the art of conversation, from former ages. Before the invention of printing, the scarcity of books, and their consequent great cost, made it necessary that much of the knowledge that was transmitted from one generation to another should be conveyed by conversation. And thus it happened that when persons of any information met in social intercourse, they did n't talk about the pedigree of a horse, or discuss the respective merits of two gladiators, or wrestlers, or players, or inquire into the philosophy of some game of chance, or take up the latest scandal, or the fashions, or any of the thousand and one useless, if not degrading, themes that claim so large a share of attention nowadays. But they talked of poetry and philosophy, the economy of human life and manners, the cultivation of the intellect, the enlargement of the mind, historical events of their own country and other countries, and such subjects as these. This was in the time of Socrates and Plato and Plutarch. But it did not stop here. When "Rare Ben Jonson" and Shakespeare and Marlowe and Fletcher and Beaumont used to meet, in the keen encounter of wit, at the tavern they frequented, they uttered some of their best and brightest sayings.

The art of conversation was most assiduously cultivated in the time of Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb and Coleridge, and these favorite authors shone as brightly in the social circle as they did in their written productions.

Of what author of the present time can it be said, as it was of Dr. Johnson, that he is remembered more by what he said

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in social conversation than by any thing he has written?

Who, that has read of Curran and his contemporaries, has not been delighted with the poetic sentiment, the historical allusion, the classic quotation, the flashes of wit, and the brilliant repartee, that enlivened and enriched their conversation.

How came it to be so? Not by any mere chance, certainly. They prepared themselves for company, not by dressing the body in faultless habiliments merely, but by carefully preparing the mind, as well. Woe to that man or woman that goes into society with garments cut in obsolete style of a month ago, at this day. Woe to the man or woman that went into society with an empty head, in that day. We look to the wardrobe for help to make us shine in company, they looked to the library.

Conversation is as much the product of sowing and cultivating as corn is. We must scour our faculties and sharpen our wits, and if we would only be content to do it, our faculties would shine and our wit cut.

There are books and papers to read, there are sermons and speeches and addresses to be heard, all these by the thousand, and many of them excellent; but an edifying talker who can find? Dull books are pardonable, for there is no life in them. The right of newspapers to be dull is not to be questioned; dullness in a preacher is not to be wondered at, when, in nine cases out of ten, his congregation would be disappointed if he were any thing else; and if he persisted in this heterodoxical course to the third Sabbath, would be called sensational, loud, and all sorts of epithets that are applied to those preachers who are supposed to be on the road to the insane asylum, or to the beggarly elements of this world. And, as for lecturers, if a man standing on a high platform, peering out into the huge vacancy before him, to see his audience of fifty, among the hundreds and hundreds of empty seats (and fourteen of them dead-heads); and turning around every time he ventures to advance

an idea, to see who is mocking him; oppressed by the damp, chilly air, reading by a feeble light, feeling the dizziness of travel, and that dullness of mind which the inspiration of the crowd, the blazing lights, etc., did not dispel; and remembering that that lecture has cost him six months of very close work, on short rations; that though he had been offered several paying positions, he let them go, preferring to risk his merits in the lecture field rather than never be known; that when, at length, the last word of the last line of the last page was written the seventh time, and he had waited almost an age, as it seemed to him, he received a call which was, in substance, this: The committee would advertise the lecture and lecturer, and have a big crowd, and no mistake; the community had long wanted to hear him, prominent men had expressed a desire to see the man who had done so much, etc. They would also secure a hall capable of seating a thousand, the largest in town, not as large as they would like, but they could use gallery and aisles, you know, and crowd in two hundred extra on a pinch. As they were only seeking the lecture, not a speculation, they would take the trouble

for nothing, and give him every thing above the actual expenses,—which actual expenses, as it turned out, amounted to something in excess of the receipts. If, with all these facts and memories crowding upon an already overtaxed brain, with ambition disappointed, hopes blasted, pride humbled, and confidence outraged, sick in body, sick in mind, and sick at heart, if he could be any thing that a word brighter than dull would be any name for, he would be more or less than a man. But while books and papers and preachers and lecturers must be dull, why should the talker be so? With the advantage of close contact with his audience, with all conventionalities gone, with all the advantages he could have anywhere else, and the additional help of the sparkling eye and speaking countenance, natural gesture and living voice, and that subtle magnetism that chains the attention,—with all these, why should any body be counted a bore? There is no reason, except his own neglect to improve and cultivate the powers he possesses. All may not be authors or editors or preachers or lecturers or orators, and make a stir, but all may be good talkers if they try. J. W. M'CORMICK.

THE "BIBLE WOMEN'S WORK" IN LONDON.

IT is reason for thankfulness that woman in Christian lands has been exalted in social position. It is an additional occasion for gratitude that she has an increasingly acknowledged work to do for the Master. A new impulse has been given in this direction by the women's Foreign Missionary Societies of to-day, a work among women abroad most encouraging and hopeful, and that no other can do. But is there not a field of kindred labor at home to be more largely cultivated? not a mission of charity to the poor, but a mission of distinctive Chris-

tian effort on the part of women to sister women? In these seasons of refreshing from on high, and when there is such an urgent call for laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, is there not here an opening that, to a greater extent, may and ought to be occupied,—woman, with open Bible, carrying the Bible-reading and the Inquiry-meeting, united, to the spiritually ignorant of her own sex? Hoping just here to kindle inspiration, we wish, in this paper to give an account of a work, the most wonderful in its rise and progress that has, perhaps, ever emanated

from the heart and brain of a single woman. We refer to the "Bible Women's Work" in the four-millioned city of London.

The brave and noble-souled Livingstone, whose remains now rest in classic Westminster Abbey, on his last departure from his native shores, dropped this remark: "If I were not a missionary to Africa I would be a missionary to the poor of London." This seed-utterance fell into the heart of a Christian woman, and, germinating, inspired the effort we are about to chronicle. In the year 1857, on a midsummer afternoon, this lady, who had been engaged in the circulation of the Word of God in country districts, and who had recently become a citizen of London, was in company with a retired physician, an old-time village neighbor, Dr. Hunter, since gone to his reward. They walked together through the streets of St. Giles, the "Five Points" of the great city, made familiar to him through his professional labors of years gone by. It was an exploration of the condition of the London poor. The question was asked, how far these people, in their countless courts and alleys, would be found to be supplied with the Bible. The inquiry grew into a determination to ascertain the fact. The city mission had previously been established and was doing a good work through men missionaries. Inquiry was made of the missionary of this district if he knew of a poor pious woman who would venture with a bag of Bibles into every room of the abandoned and sinful throughout this quarter. The woman was found. *Marian* was of the same humble life, and acquainted with all the ways of St. Giles. She brought to the poor and degraded of her own sex God's message; not to give, for it would have gone to the pawnbroker's, but to purchase, in installments.

A secondary purpose was to improve the temporal condition of the poor, to instill habits of cleanliness,—in a word, to build up Christian homes. Sympathy, love, was manifested; and hearts of drunken, dissolute, filthy women were

reached at the very outset. The visitor was often invited to come in and read the message. Then a few would gather together in a tea-meeting. Five pounds were put into the treasury, a gift of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Thus began the "Bible Women's Work" in London. The mission was to the "sunken sixth,"—those who never presented themselves at the church, and who were without, beneath, all good influences, unreached by the man missionary. Only one in fifty of the working classes of the vast metropolis was found to be a churchgoer. As a result of the first month's labor, seventy subscribers for the Bible were on the list. From this humble beginning, with one Bible Woman and five pounds in hand, the work has multiplied until to-day there are upwards of two hundred Bible Women, seventy nurses, and about two hundred lady superintendents, without salary,—an aggregate of five hundred warm, loving hearts engaged in this Christian enterprise.

Mrs. Ranyard, the founder, still lives, giving direction and inspiration to the whole work. It is, indeed, a most wonderful growth, and presents a subject well worthy of study and devout thanksgiving to God. It should move Christian woman everywhere to arise, and, in faith and love, put forth effort in the common cause. No public meetings are held; there is no elaborate machinery. It is undenominational, a center where all may meet who love the Master, and whose hearts beat in sympathy with those whom he loved even unto death.

Thousands of poor mothers have found Christ; homes have taken the place of dens; husbands and fathers have been reclaimed, and children reared no longer in vice, but in the ways of holiness. The Bible Woman must be of humble life, an earnest Christian, familiar with the Scriptures, able to pray with and to instruct those who desire religious help. She engages to devote five hours daily to the work, excepting Saturday, and receives as compensation therefor two shillings, or fifty cents, a day. In-

struction is also to be given in needle-work, in cooking, and in the ways and habits of cleanliness. Clothing and bedding are furnished at reduced price to those whose circumstances so require. Each Bible Woman has a lady superintendent, to whom weekly reports are made, and from whom the salary is received. The latter holds Mothers' Meetings and takes the district supervision. The lady superintendents make regular reports to the chief superintendent. The organization is thus very simple in its working, and very efficient. The "British and Foreign Bible Society" have recognized it, and make a free grant of all the Bibles the Bible Women can sell, the profits to go to the mission. A few "Friends in Council" have been invited to give their assistance. They meet from time to time in consultation with the ladies; the accounts of moneys are submitted to them. This "Council of Reference" verifies the business details in the public eye, and inspires public confidence. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the honorable Mr. and Mrs. Kinnard, the Rev. William Arthur, and others in high social or official position, of varied parties and ecclesiastical preferences, are members of this Advisory Board.

In Turkey, aged Mohammedan women, who have made the coveted pilgrimage to Mecca, in the sacred green veils, go from house to house, with the Koran in a neat bag slung round their necks. On the bag is inscribed, "Let none touch it but the pure." They are the itinerant Koran-readers, and are treated with the greatest respect and reverence. These Bible Women go forth with the Book, and seek to put it in the hands of all to whom the divine Author has sent it, that the impure may become pure, and inherit its blessed promises.

About ten years from the commencement of the mission, another feature was added,—that of Bible Women Nurses. Serving three months as Bible Women, thereafter passing three months in hospital training, with an additional three months of probation, and they are fully

installed in this capacity. The subject of woman's work for God appears to be coming every year more prominently before the Protestant Churches. The Church of Rome, having always been aware of the value of such service in its ecclesiastical employment, has long diligently trained its female members in conventual houses, for the benefit of the rich and poor, in entire submission to priestly guidance. But they are not Bible Women Nurses. They do not carry the Book with them. Ritualist sisters have, to some extent, imitated their example, likewise in professional garb. An approach to this feature has also been made in Germany, in the institution of the order of Deaconesses, having its origin with Fliedner, in the year 1830, in the establishment of the Kaiserswerth on the Lower Rhine.

A hundred such houses are scattered over the Father-land, Holland, and Switzerland. These Protestant Sisters of Charity render valuable service in hospital and private home, their gratuitous ministrations irrespective of rank or condition. But the Bible Women Nurses, undistinguished by dress, are more distinctively Christian, alike in character and service. Without neglecting the body, the wants of the soul are sought to be met. In becoming nurses, they do not cease to be Bible Women. The Book finds a place in the chamber of the sick.

Sixty thousand dollars were received the last year for this mission. There is no public solicitation or Church appeals. It is a work of faith and prayer, and its results and wants are simply made known through the agency of a monthly magazine, bearing the significant title of the *Missing Link*. There are monthly meetings of the Bible Women and Nurses in their large room in Parker Street (now too small). This is an important feature of the organization. It cements the spirit of love and union among the workers, and furnishes an occasion for words of sympathy and encouragement from invited and interested guests. We can never forget a gathering of this kind, a

few months since, at which we were present, by the courtesy of the superintendent. It seemed to us then, and it seems to us now, in the retrospect, one of the grandest scenes that we were permitted to witness in the Old World. The three hundred Bible Women and Nurses were present in full force, with an addition of certain of the lady superintendents. These workers were chiefly in middle life; determination and consecrated earnestness were written upon their faces. As we looked upon them, we would gladly have sat at their feet and listened to the story of their labors, their trials and successes, in the courts and alleys, the garrets and cellars, of this wonderful London world. We could but entertain profound respect for these fellow-laborers in the kingdom and patience of the Lord Jesus Christ. They appeared, not as fellow-laborers, but far beyond, in their more delicate and difficult calling, with experiences peculiarly their own. The first exercise was the singing of that hymn, the introduction of which into England, in the words of the Earl of Shaftesbury, would be alone sufficient reason of gratitude for the advent of Moody and Sankey to their shores,—“Hold the Fort.” There was soul-meaning in the words to them, and the “we will” burst forth with a determined ring. During the exercises that followed, the prayers and the talk of a “helping Spirit,” tears and responses, betokened the deep feeling of these godly women. How eagerly they fed upon the Word! Those three hundred upturned, anxious, resolute faces, haunt us still. They had been dug out of the pit themselves. They would stretch forth a hand to lift their sisters up.

Space does not permit the mention of but a single instance or two among the many that are given. “Do n't go up those stairs; that demon will trample you to pieces,” was said to a gentle Bible Woman as she entered one of the most dangerous alleys of the London pandemonium. It was the abode of a large, terrible woman, given to drunkenness and every species of sin and crime, the

terror of all the neighborhood. “It is to such I am sent,” was the quiet reply of the Bible Woman, as she passed in with the Book. The demon was cast out, and the great sinner was humbled at the feet of the great Savior. A young married woman, having led a gay and giddy life, was dying of consumption. The Bible Women visited her from time to time, singing, among her favorite hymns, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” The dying girl, on hearing it, turned quickly around, saying, “O, do sing that once again; it is so sweet.” After a little slumber, she exclaimed: “Where is the Bible Woman?” She looked upon her with an expression of countenance actually fearful,—all her features telling, by anticipation, the miseries of a lost soul. She shrieked aloud, “I am lost—I am going straight to hell. I tell you, Christ can not pardon me. I am lost, lost, lost!” She sank back exhausted, and the servant of God continued in prayer by her side. After a few moments, the dying woman fastened her closing eyes on the Bible Woman, and said, “O, I have seen Jesus, and he has forgiven me. It is to heaven I am going. God bless you. Pray for my husband. I am forgiven. Good-bye.” And she fell asleep in death. Eternity alone can reveal the many, many souls that have passed, through the hands of the Bible Women, to glory.

The number of Bibles sold has been increasing for several years. Last year it amounted to 11,129, with the price paid of seven thousand five hundred dollars. From the published records of the mission, of its results and manner of operation, many kindred societies have been established in other towns of Great Britain, and even upon the Continent, including the seven-hilled capital of Rome. It has also been found a helpful auxiliary to the foreign mission work in distant lands. In conclusion, we will give a list of the books that have proceeded from the fertile pen of “L. N. R.,” in addition to the burden of the general superintendency of the entire mission enterprise. Those particularly, which have reference

to the operations of the society, should be in the hands of every Christian woman as an inspiration to Christian activity, and for the practical hints which may therein be found in respect of the most desirable methods of such activity. The first, in order of time, is entitled the "Missing Link," being a compilation of selected articles from the magazine bearing the same name. This was followed, in a year and a half, by the "Life Work," wherein it is attempted to be shown that the "Link" has proved trustworthy. To this, succeeded the "Book and its Story," undertaken at the request of the Jubilee Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society during its semi-centennial year. This work has had a large sale, and has been translated into the French, Dutch, and German languages. Thereupon appeared "Fresh Leaves from the Book and its Story," which has been widely read by "Bible Women," "city missionaries," and "working-men," of a Sunday afternoon, and which has also proved acceptable to Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, and to the young generally. Subsequently, there was given to the public, "Stones Crying Out," to illustrate the history of Israel and of the patriarchs from stone monuments. This has been found particularly useful as a guide-book to the Nineveh galleries of the British Museum. "God's Message in Low London" was then sent forth, to give a report of the fourteen years of trial of the mission. And, last of all, at the monthly meeting, spoken of above, there was presented to us, by the author, her latest publication, fresh from the press, "Nurses for the Needy; or, Bible Women Nurses in the Homes of the London Poor," an institution that has shown itself to be a second "Missing Link" between the widely separated classes of the great metropolis.

These books are published by James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street, London,

W., and may be ordered through any respectable bookseller. What a vast life-work for one woman, and she a partial invalid! The zeal, the tact, the administrative ability, the comprehensiveness in planning, and the patient mastery of details; the persistent, steady toil, and the great success, are simply a wonder. The big heart of this devoted woman takes in the entire big city. We attended a meeting of ladies at her home, some of them of the highest social position, for a consultation (in connection with other agencies) with respect to a house to house visitation throughout London. This immense undertaking, such as the world has never seen, has already, to a great extent, been carried to an accomplishment.

We commend this "Bible Women's work" to the thoughtful, prayerful study of the Christian women of America. It is matter of surprise that such effort has, to such an extent, in the past, been neglected, while so many women of God find no systematic and continuous mission of usefulness. Organization is essential. The plan of the society, of which we have here written, with slight modifications, made necessary by different social customs, might be found available for the towns and cities of our own land. There are neglected classes still among us, in the native as well as of the foreign population. A "Woman's Home Missionary Society" would meet a felt want. It would prove a welcome auxiliary to missionary workers already in the field, and a much needed supplement to the legitimate pastoral service. Many wives and mothers, who, without such organization, will forever remain unreached, would arise and call their helping sisters blessed. Would to God that there might be manifested, among our own Christian women, in home effort, the same devoted, Christ-like, and undenominational spirit which characterizes this great work in the world's great city!

GIDEON DRAFER.

OLD-TIME SONGS.

THE long gray shadows of the Winter twilight
Swing somberly among the dark green cedar-trees,
And stark and white, like phantom, looms the mountain,—
A loyal vigil-keeper that stands and never flees.

O high-browed hill, that ever looketh downward
Upon the haunts and homes of living men,
And far, far out on yonder sobbing ocean,
What are the secrets open to thy ken?

The frosty surge that rolls in savage rhythm,
With arms uplift to grasp some hapless bark,
Brings us no tidings from a distant country,
But hurries wildly through the outer dark.

Then comes no sunny glimpse of well-known faces,
They glad another fireside than our own;
But trembling seems the air with tender music,
Like the low murmur of a spirit-tone.

For o'er and o'er the old-time songs are breaking,
In gusts of silvery sound, upon my brain;
Mayhap the ruddy fire-light's leap and laughter
Awake their silent notes to voice again.

Without, the wind sweeps by with shriek and shiver,
On wild, wide wings he lifts the drifting snow,
But can not touch the sweet home-calm to tumult,
Where echo still the strains of long ago;

Some by the songs of mirth and merry-making,
Chanted when Summer sun hung goldenly o'er all;
And some that rose on voices heavy laden,
Pressed by a weight of tears that would not, could not fall.

But whether sung in hours of grief or gladness,
When morning blushes still were fresh and new,
Or when the burning tread of noonday scattered
The silver footprints of the early dew;

Or in the softened hush that comes at gloaming,
It matters not, their sweetness can not die;
Nay, though our minstrels prove at morn God's skylarks,
And soar from sight up nearer to the sky.

When that dread Winter twilight darkens round me,
Which none can flee, and earth's sun is sinking low,
Through the heaven-choral ringing I shall faintly catch the singing
Of old familiar voices, in their rhythmic ebb and flow,
And the "new song" shall blend with the strains of long ago.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

INTOXICANTS.

FAR away, toward the North Pole, where all the vegetation of the temperate zone is unknown, a poisonous *Fungus*, or vile toad-stool, grows, which produces a drug that benumbs the senses, and induces a species of intoxication not unlike that which results from whisky. The Indians of the tropics had discovered, in the juice of the poison *Holly*, a substance known to intoxicate, long before the advent of white men. The Indians of Peru and Bolivia used the leaves of the *Coca* for the purpose of intoxication. The bush grows to the height of six or eight feet, with white flowers and small, bright green leaves. When full-grown, the leaves are gathered and dried for use. The common mode of using the leaves is to carry them in a pouch, and chew them like tobacco. The coquero can not enjoy the drug unless he drops all business and labor. For its perfect enjoyment, three or four times a day, he sits down, opens his pouch, takes out a quantity of leaves, rolls them into a ball, and puts them into his mouth. He stretches himself upon the grass, chews the coca, and swallows the juice. The effect is to stupefy the system, and produce a repose that is almost like a stupor. When twenty or thirty minutes have passed away, he starts up, and is ready to resume his toil.

Anciently, the Indians burned coca on the altars of their gods. And even now, at funerals, they fill the mouth of the corpse with the leaves, to secure the soul an easy passage to the spirit world. "The confirmed victim of coca often loses all self-control and self-respect, and becomes wretched and degraded beyond description. The vice is said to be harder to escape from than the passion for alcohol. The gait becomes unsteady, the skin yellow, and purple rings encircle the dim and sunken eyes; the breath is foul, the lips perpetually quiver, as with fever or despair; the mind is feeble, un-

hinged, and full of visions, which one mistakes for reality; and, finally, loathing all healthful food, and insanely craving abominable things, the victim fears to look his fellow-men in the face; he flies from the haunts of men, and, in some hiding-place, gives himself up without restraint to his vice, and succumbs to his fate."

An intoxicating beverage of great power is made of the seeds of the red *Thorn-apple* in some parts of the world. This beverage causes a sort of transport, and, while it continues, the imagination is strongly excited. The deluded victims of this vice are led to believe that these hallucinations of mind are visions. A traveler in Peru describes the effect of the drug: "Shortly after having swallowed the drug, the person falls into a heavy stupor. He sits with eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour, his eyes begin to roll, foam issues from his half-opened lips, and his whole body is agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeds."

It is believed that the priests of ancient Greece used the seeds of the thorn-apple to give the semblance of supernatural influence.

The *Betel Nut* is the seed of the areca palm of India, and grows upon the southern slope of the Himalayas. It is used by about one hundred millions of people. Its effect is that of a mild narcotic. The tree grows to about thirty feet high, and the nut is an inch long, and conical-shaped. It is cut in pieces, and sprinkled with quicklime, and then wrapped in the leaf of the pepper plant, and is thus prepared for chewing. In chewing, the mouth is stained red, and red saliva flows freely. If chewed in considerable quantities, it produces gid-

diness; and the habit attains such a hold upon those who use the nut, that they suffer more from a short supply of betel than from short rations of food. The Hindoo fancies that this drug does him good every way. It helps him in his toils, lightens the weariness of a journey, and yields comfort in the hours of sorrow. The annual consumption is about two hundred thousand tuns.

The scouts sent out by Columbus, when he landed on the island of Hispaniola, upon their return, reported a strange practice among the natives. These savages carried hollow tubes, in one end of which they placed the dry leaves of a plant, unknown to the Europeans, and, setting fire to it, blew the smoke through their mouths and nostrils. We refer to *Tobacco*, which was introduced into Europe by Hernandez de Toledo, about the year 1559.

In 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh returned from Virginia to England, bringing two new plants, tobacco and the potato. For a time Sir Walter kept his habit of smoking to himself, but one day a servant, who had been sent for a mug of beer, returned and found his master smoking. Seeing the smoke pouring from Raleigh's mouth and nose, the terrified servant dashed the beer into his master's face, and ran out, shouting for help, and declaring that his master was on fire inside, and burning up.

Tobacco became known in France, Spain, and Italy, as a plant of mysterious virtues and great value. It was considered a powerful remedy in disease. But it was soon discovered that it was being used as a luxury, and was becoming a vice. The governments of Europe deemed it a duty to resist this folly. King James I of England laid a heavy tax upon the importation, and wrote a book against it. Pope Urban, in 1624, forbade the use of snuff in the churches. Russia prohibited smoking under the penalty of having the nose cut off by the public hangman, and the Sultan of Turkey made the use of tobacco punishable with death. Soon, however, these governments

learned that the vice could be turned to account as a source of revenue. The amount used in the world, at present, is about one thousand millions of pounds annually. The internal revenue arising from tobacco is over \$30,000,000 in the United States.

Every part of the plant is possessed of a peculiar principle, in small quantity, but of fearful power, called nicotine. A pound of the dry leaves contains about one ounce. In the process of burning, this substance yields a concentrated oil. In its action on the animal system, this is one of the most virulent poisons, a single drop sufficing to destroy a dog.

The effect of tobacco is narcotic, that is, it allays morbid sensibility, relieves pain, and produces sleep; but in large doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and, if pushed too far, death. In a certain case, the smoking of a cigar increased the pulse from seventy-four to eighty-six per minute. It is one of the principal agents in producing heart disease.

The *Indian Hemp* intoxicant has been known for ages. Herodotus, who wrote twenty-three centuries ago, spoke of it. It is said that during the Crusades the Saracens used to drug themselves with it, and then with reckless fury make an attack upon the Christian army. Livingstone speaks of its use in Africa: "It causes a species of frenzy; and, Sebituane's soldiers, on coming in sight of their enemies, sat down and smoked it, that they might make an effective onslaught." Its effect is so pernicious that there is not an old man in the tribe who has ever been addicted to it.

Bayard Taylor once tested the effect of the drug. He, by mistake, took twice as much as he ought to have done; suddenly a thrill shot through him, and then another and another in quick succession; then he seemed to grow to a gigantic size; his whole being seemed filled with unutterable rapture; a bliss so deep, full, exquisite, that the very possibility of such happiness was a revelation; visions rose before him; now he was climbing the

great pyramids of Cheops ; now he sailed in a boat of pearl over a desert whose sands were grains of shining gold, while the sky was filled with rainbows innumerable ; the air was thick with delicious perfumes, and music, soft and entrancing, floated around him. Suddenly, the vision changed, and he fancied that he was a mass of transparent jelly, which the confectioner was trying to pour into a twisted mold. At this ludicrous idea he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and lo ! each tear became a loaf of bread, rolling down upon the floor.

Then came a sudden change of sensations. He felt as if on fire from fierce internal heat ; his mouth seemed as hard and dry as brass, and his tongue felt like a bar of rusty iron ; he caught a pitcher and drank long and deep, but was not able to taste the water, or feel its coolness ; his sufferings grew more and more intense ; in agony indescribable, he stood in the middle of the room, brandishing his arms convulsively, heaving sighs which seemed to shatter his whole being, and crying loudly for help ; then he fancied that his throat was filling up with blood, which rose till crimson streams poured out of his ears. Maddened by his agonies, he rushed out upon the roof of the house, and, as he did so, raised his hands to his head, and imagined that all the flesh had dropped off, and left nothing but a hideous, grinning skull ; turning back to the room, he sank down in measureless distress and despair. Reaction had come.

But now a new horror was added : the fear came upon him that the poison had made him permanently insane, and that from the torments into which he had plunged, there was no escape. At last, he fell into a stupor, which continued thirty hours ; and when he began to awake, it was with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, his brain clouded with visions, and all around him dim and shadowy. And thus he remained for days, scarcely noticing things about him, scarcely able to distinguish the real from the imaginary. This romantic account

illustrates, in an exaggerated form, the whole subject of inebriation.

Another of the intoxicants is *Opium*. It is the product of the white poppy, and the annual trade of the East India Company is ten or eleven million pounds, of which China is the leading consumer. The effects of the habit, when fully established, may be seen in communities where it is openly practiced. " As the hour for his daily dose approaches, the Turkish opium-eater drags his emaciated frame slowly to the shop where he buys the drug, and, turning his livid countenance toward the vendor, demands his customary dose, which is small or large according to the length of time during which he has yielded to its sway. Clutching it with eager hands, he devours it, and reclines upon a couch to await, in stillness and silence the coveted result. Soon new life seems to thrill along every nerve ; his face flushes, his dull eyes brighten, his lips grow red ; he lies passive and inert, yet new power seems to him to steal along every muscle of his languid body, and inspire every faculty of his mind ; he feels strong as Hercules, as bold as a lion, as eloquent as all the bards of Araby the Blest ; his wild eye gazes upon floating scenes of beauty and triumph. Now the observer sees him half-rising from his couch, and muttering unintelligibly a moment ; he imagines himself exalted before an entranced audience, pouring forth a rushing flood of words which sweeps all before it. The listeners hear him utter a prolonged groan ; he imagines that he is singing a sweeter song than was ever sung by hours in paradise. They see him writhe uneasily, and for a moment wave his hand feebly in the air ; he fancies that he is brandishing the saber of a mighty conqueror, cutting through hostile hosts, and winning crowns and empires by his valor." In three or four hours, the opium-eater awakes, one of the most wretched of mortals. His brain seems on fire, and yet his limbs are as heavy as lead.

The "Confessions of an Opium-eater," by Thomas De Quincey, corroborates all

that has been written above, and prove that the opium habit is the most slavish appetite among men, and still it is on the increase.

Though the *Alcoholic* habit is not as powerful as the opium habit, yet, from the circumstances connected with the sale of intoxicating drinks, there is far greater danger from it.

At a very early date, men learned that the fermented grape was possessed of a powerful intoxicating substance. Grape wine, together with palm wine (the fermented juice of the palm-tree), were used all over the East, and their effect may be seen in the fearful ravages of intemperance. With a large portion of the people, it was the custom to boil wine down to a consistency that prevented fermentation, and, with many, it was a common practice to dilute it with water. The ancients used to adulterate wines with aromatic herbs and spices, to give them flavor.

Lucius Lucullus, according to Pliny, distributed one hundred thousand gallons of wine at a single entertainment. At his death, ten thousand barrels of choice wines were found stored in the cellars of Hortensius, the orator. In Italy, at one time, wine was more easily procured than water.

"Lodged at Ravenna, water sells so dear,
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.
By a Ravenna vintner once betrayed,
So much for wine and water mixed I paid;
But when I thought the purchased liquor mine,
The rascal fobbed me off with only wine."

At an early date, wine was manufactured in almost every monastery of Great Britain. In the twelfth century, "the strongest wines were in greatest request, and claret and other weak wines were little valued."

In A. D. 1199, Rochelle wine was sold for twenty shillings the tun, or fourpence the gallon. A careful investigation will show that wine, for hundreds of years, has been valued for its intoxicating properties, and the strongest has been considered the best.

Beer was invented by the Egyptians. Its Latin name, *cerevisia*, is from Ceres, the goddess of corn. An ancient writer

says the Pannonians, on the banks of the Danube, made a drink from barley and millet. Tacitus says the Germans prepared a beverage from barley, resembling wine. Pliny also speaks of an intoxicating liquor made from corn.

The ancient Britons became acquainted with beer at an early date; but mead was the favorite beverage, a compound of honey and water fermented. In Wales the mead-maker was held to be the eleventh person in point of dignity. The ancient and peculiar drink of the Irish was ale. In the reign of Edward Fourth, three hundred tuns of ale were used at a single feast. Spiced ale was sold in the eleventh century for eightpence per gallon. In 1251, two gallons of ale could be bought for a penny. In 1471, the maximum price was three half-pence a gallon. Hollinshed, in the sixteenth century, says, "The people will drink until they are as red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs."

Porter was first manufactured in 1722. It derives its name from the fact that it was first made for the use of porters. Hops are first mentioned in 1552, the date of the first license law.

Arnoldus de Villa, or Villanovia, a writer of the thirteenth century, is the first who distinctly alludes to the art of distillation. Raymond Lully, a native of Majorca, who died in 1315, dwells in enthusiastic terms upon the newly discovered medicine, *aqua vitæ*. In the sixteenth century, alcohol became more generally known. Distillation was not conducted on a large scale until the end of the seventeenth century. The product was called *usquebaugh*, in Ireland, and was a favorite beverage of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, one of the female friends of Charles the Second. But this vice did not alienate the friendship of the king.

The revenue from distillation, in Ireland, was £5,785, in the year 1719. Whisky has been the cause of more riot and bloodshed, in Ireland, than all other causes combined. In 1729, the home consumption was four hundred and thirty-

nine thousand one hundred and fifty gallons, and, in 1795, four million five hundred and five thousand four hundred and forty-seven. In this interval the population doubled. An eminent writer remarks that "the art of extracting alcoholic liquors from grain must be regarded as the greatest evil ever inflicted on human nature."

The people of China are said to distill a sort of liquor from mutton, as they make arrack from rice. The inhabitants of Tartary ferment mare's milk. Some of the tribes of Indians understood the process of fermentation, and almost every tribe of men on the face of the earth have found some means of inebriation.

J. F. PARKER.

HENRY WILSON.

TRUDGING along one Autumn afternoon, foot-sore and weary, with a stout hickory staff in one hand, and a little bundle of clothing, wrapped in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, in the other, a stalwart young man, rustic in appearance, but with an honest, intelligent countenance, was now within four miles of the end of his journey, when farmer French, passing that way, bade him jump into his wagon, and ride the rest of the way to town. This farmer boy, gentle reader, was Henry Wilson, from Farmington, New Hampshire, now entering Natick, Massachusetts, for the first time. He intends to try his hand at shoe-making.

Forty years have passed. It is Monday afternoon, November 30, 1875. The cold is intense, a piercing north-east wind stings into your very soul, but the streets of Natick are crowded with a vast multitude; it is not a gala day, yet the marts of business are closed, the buildings are heavily draped with funereal emblems, and almost every one you meet bears on his person some token of mourning. Minute guns are booming; the bells in all the steeples are tolling; a silent assemblage lines each side of the railroad, as a funeral train slowly winds its way up to the depot. A magnificent casket is tenderly lowered from the cars, encircled by the most distinguished men in the nation. It is borne by military guards, amidst strains of dirge-like, mar-

tial music, and the suppressed sighs and sobs of the immense concourse, to the spacious Town Hall, where Governor Gaston, in fitting words of eloquence and affection, commits to the chief authorities of the place all that is mortal of one of America's best and greatest statesmen. This is Henry Wilson's last entrance into Natick,—the town made historic by its association with his illustrious name. To trace the career of Henry Wilson, the tramp, to the death of Henry Wilson, the last Vice-President of these United States, will be our object in this article.

It has been sometimes remarked that the late Vice-President owed nothing of his success to his ancestry. Dr. Manning, in a magnificent eulogy uttered over the coffin in the State-house of the commonwealth, declared, "Name and lineage did nothing for him but drag him down, nor could he begin to rise until he had cast them off." Of his immediate ancestors this statement may be correct, but of his lineage it is precisely the reverse of true. He was descended from one of the most vigorous offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race,—the colonists whom Oliver Cromwell induced to settle in the north of Ireland, after he had driven to the wilds of Connaught, at the point of the bayonet, the rude Celtic clans, to whom the territory or province of Ulster originally belonged. In many a fierce encounter with both Romish and

regal tyranny, these colonists, from both England and Scotland, showed what metal they were of. In their stubborn, indomitable defense of Enniskillen, and in their enthusiastic valor behind the ramparts of Londonderry, they proved to the world that they were indeed the sons of war-proof sires. This was the blood that coursed in the veins of Henry Wilson. No truer type of the Cromwellian mold ever trod the earth than he; no nobler, braver, or more God-fearing soul ever swung a saber, or sang a Psalm, under the banners of the invincible Protector.

The family name of the departed statesman was Colbath or Colbrath, of this colonial Scotch-Irish extraction. He was the son of Winthrop and Abigail Colbath, of Farmington, New Hampshire, born February 16, 1812, and christened Jeremiah Jones Colbath, a name which he bore until he was seventeen years of age, when, by vote of the Legislature, he was allowed to assume his mother's family name, and was thus known as Henry Wilson. We are told that this changing of his name has in it an item of romance. A young lady, for whom he cherished an early affection, while attached to his person, had a strong repugnance to his name. To gratify her, the change was secured, and certainly it was a change for the better. We commend the young lady's taste. Mr. Jeremiah Jones Colbath was a name to choke an alligator.

For his lowly origin, he never blushed; of his honor and eminence, he never boasted. There was nothing about him of the swagger of the magnificent boast, "I am a self-made man," and "I worship my Creator." Nor yet was there any of the ostentation of the shoddy aristocrat, seeking, by vulgar display, to cover up the squalor of his cradle. When in the United States Senate, he was taunted by Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, with being a mudsill and a hireling manual laborer. He replied that he was also the "son of a hireling manual laborer." There were seven

children of the family, of whom two brothers still survive him. But we must let him, in his own honest, manly language, tell the story of his early days. In a speech, delivered during the last Presidential campaign, not far from the place of his birth, he thus speaks, with characteristic pathos:

"I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling, and to toiling, men. I was born in your county of Strafford. I was born in poverty; want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home when I was ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year; and, at the end of eleven years of hard work, I received a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil! I never spent the amount of one dollar in money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to walk weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that, in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through all the mills, seeking for employment. If any body had offered me nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, to Dover, to New Market, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home, foot-sore and weary, but not discouraged. I put my pack upon my back, and walked to where I now live, in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in the world; and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of this country, aye, of all countries. The first month I worked, after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night; and I received for it the magnificent sum of six dollars. Each

of these dollars looked as large as the moon looked to night."

The limits of this article will not allow even a summary of the important acts which mark the public life of this distinguished statesman. For twenty years a member of the Senate of the United States, he saw eighty-three of those occupying seats with him in that august assemblage pass away.

The character of this remarkable man is, to us and all mankind, of much greater importance than any or all of the noble deeds which have so distinguished his career.

If asked concerning the secret of Mr. Wilson's success and greatness, we would answer, in the first place, he had a genius for hard work. Sweat of the brow, sweat of the brain, sweat of the soul, were his. While yet a child, his first decade not attained, he took a contract from a neighbor to remove a stump from his field, and resolutely he dug away all day long until his task was accomplished, and he received his stipulated recompense,—the sum total of one cent! Here we have the key to his character. He was an indefatigable digger; he dug his way from the cabin to the Capitol; and there, under that magnificent dome, the scene of his many toils and triumphs, he passed away. Another commendable feature of the life of our late Vice-President was his faithful performance of whatever work he put his hand to. He felt, all along through his early days, that Providence had work for him other than to drive oxen, or to peg shoes. But he also saw that the way for him to rise to that higher and more important work was to do, honestly and well, the duty of the present hour. With the noble ambition glowing in his breast to act in a wider sphere for the good of his country and his kind, he did not spend his time in repining at his hard lot, or listlessly waiting, with folded arms, for something to turn up. He made even unfavorable circumstances bend to his inflexible determination, and become the most potent factors in elevating him to his high estate.

At the shoemaker's bench he toiled with Titanic energy, working often sixteen hours out of the twenty-four,—working two days and one night without cessation. Undertaking to make fifty pairs of shoes—a week's work—without stopping, but, baffled at the forty-seventh pair, he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion; making, on an average, from all this toil, after paying his board and some incidental expenses, a clear gain of five dollars a week. Said his boarding mistress, "He is a very good young man, but he keeps us all from sleeping by his continual pounding." But what is all this continual pounding for? Not to hoard up money, not to lavish his earnings, but to secure means for satisfying the cravings of a hungry mind. Up to this time he had not been one year at school; yet he had read not far from one thousand volumes; nor was he quite two years at school in all his life.

Well does the writer of this article remember with what intense delight he listened to Mr. Wilson, while honored for an evening with his presence. When sitting at the tea-table, he told, for the entertainment and profit of the boys in the family, a few of the incidents of his early history. Said he: "I was bound out to a farmer when ten years of age, one part of the agreement being that every year I should have a month's schooling; but this not in regular order, but on rainy days, or when work on the farm was not urgent. On one occasion I was advised by my teacher to commence the study of English grammar. I told him I had no book; he replied, 'I will lend you mine.' This proposal was gladly accepted. It was about three weeks before I returned to school. Said the teacher, 'How have you made out with the grammar lesson?' I told him I had got one, and was ready to recite. And so, commencing, leaf after leaf of the grammar was repeated, until the teacher, in surprise, inquired, 'How much have you got?' 'The whole book,' was my answer." "And did you get the entire English grammar for one lesson?"

we asked, with an amazement as great as that of the teacher. 'O yes,' was his modest reply. "I had a good memory in those days."

With seven hundred dollars, the result of his earnest pounding at the shoe-bench, he returned to New Hampshire, and, entering an academy, determined to secure a liberal education; but suddenly all his plans were disordered by the failure of the man to whom his funds were intrusted; and he teaches through a Winter term to obtain funds for the payment of his board. Not long after, we find him again in Natick, driving away, with the same irresistible energy, at his old occupation. Pretty soon he became a manufacturer, and for several years was at the head of a large business. But his telling speeches, in the Natick Debating Society, soon convinced his townsmen that he was fitted for a grander sphere of activity, and, in 1840, he was returned to the State Legislature; and, from this, he entered upon a most brilliant and patriotic public career, ending with his death as Vice-President of the United States, the second position of honor and importance in a nation of forty millions. Still the man was grander than the official. Henry Wilson shed more luster upon the chair of the Vice-President than he received from it. Those versed in political probabilities declare that, had his life been spared, the next election would have made him chief magistrate of the nation.

The same indefatigable industry, the same intense application to duty, marks his career as a statesman as strongly as it did his life as a mechanic. He never worked harder in the workshop than he did in the Senate chamber; never drove his awl with more vigor than he did his pen. No legislator in our nation ever secured the passage of so many bills. None ever advocated so many wise and good measures. In addition to all this, his magnificent work of three large octavo volumes, the last not quite completed, on "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," will be a mon-

ument to his memory as grand and enduring as any column of granite or bronze which his admiring countrymen may erect in his honor.

Another distinguishing feature in the character of Mr. Wilson was his philanthropy; he toiled not for himself, but for the good of others. Worn down with his excessive labors, bleeding at the lungs, and threatened with consumption, in the year 1835, he took a journey to the South, seeking to regain his failing health. This journey was one of the most important events in his life, not merely because he recovered from his illness, but because it pointed out and decided his life-work. He visited the National Capital at a time when some of the most famous statesmen were advocating the most atrocious measures against the liberty of the Republic. To save slavery, free speech, a free press, and the right of petition, must be crushed. He heard Mr. Pinckney advocate his gag resolution, declaring against the reception of anti-slavery memorials, and saw it receive a majority vote of the House. It was during the period of his visit that Mr. Calhoun's Incendiary Publication Bill, designed to prevent the transmission, through the mails, of abolition publications, was passed to be engrossed, by the casting vote of Vice-President Van Buren. If any thing further were necessary to fix in this young man's mind an inveterate, uncompromising hostility to slavery, it was the visit which he then made to the barracoons and auction-rooms where immortal beings were herded and bartered like brutes. He left the South, the stern, unyielding foe of the peculiar institution.

To fight slavery with the keen and polished weapons of the philosopher or rhetorician was not the part allotted to Henry Wilson. It was his to awaken the strong common sense, to stir and direct the surging sympathies, of the populace; and his rigid training in the school of adversity gave him a pre-eminent fitness for this especial work. He saw the immense power that was on the side of the oppressor, and declares, "Slavery had

a giant's strength, and used it like a giant." But, from the very onset, he maintained a clear and firm conviction that slavery was doomed. In the very first speech which he makes against it in the Legislature, he predicts for it a Waterloo defeat. There were times when he seemed to rise above the position of the politician and the statesman, and to assume the vision of the seer and mantle of the prophet. How marvelously history has vindicated his crushing utterances against the truckling politicians who bent the supple knee, and kissed the feet of this Moloch of oppression! Speaking against Daniel Webster's course in his 7th of March speech, he affirms: "Whatever may be the issue of the present contest, slavery must die sooner or later. In that purer and better age, the memory of the men, however honored now, who have labored to perpetuate a system loathed of men and abhorred of God, will be odious to the people." "Daniel Webster will be a fortunate man if God, in his sparing mercy, shall preserve his life long enough for him to repent of this act, and efface this stain on his name."

Wilson lived long enough to see the name of the Natick cobbler a joy in the whole earth; and to see the very seats in the nation's Senate, occupied by the haughty champions of slavery, filled by the very bondsmen whom they once scorned and scourged.

When Henry Wilson entered the anti-slavery arena, some of the wise ones shook their heads, and declared that it were far better for him to have stuck to his last, rather than to go forth fighting political windmills. But no work ever brought more gain or glory to those who entered upon its performance. We speak often of the great things achieved for the negro by Mr. Wilson and his noble associates. But has not the negro paid them back again in the most munificent manner? It was the negro who carried Henry Wilson from his seat on the shoe-bench to the chair of the Vice-President; from guiding the plow to directing the councils of the nation.

But Mr. Wilson's philanthropy was not all lavished upon the slave; his sympathies were wide as humanity, and his heart and hand and purse ever open to every case of sorrow or oppression. While Senator a change was made, through his influence, in the post-office officials of the town where he resided. The postmaster, quite an important personage in the community, was highly indignant because of his removal, and that a woman should be chosen to fill his place. A meeting was called to express their displeasure with the authorities, and especially with Senator Wilson, for this uncalled for interference with their local arrangements. Great excitement prevailed, and strong resolutions of censure were on the point of prevailing, when Mr. Wilson stepped quietly on the platform, told the meeting that their proceedings were altogether out of order and unavailing, that it was part of his duty to direct this appointment, that he favored the change because the present incumbent was a widow; that her husband, a captain in the army, had given his life for his country, and left his wife and children without an earthly protector; that he knew no way to keep them from utter destitution but by securing for this widow the position which she now fills. Had he means of his own, he might have aided the family from his own purse. "But, fellow-citizens," he continued, "there is little more in that purse now than when I first came to Natick, a poor boy, with not quite one dollar in my possession; and should I die to-night, and my estate be settled, there would not be enough left to buy me a deal coffin." Under these honest appeals, the indignation of the meeting melted into sympathy, and but few of those who came there so full of ire and self-importance but quietly went their ways, with moistened eyes, and only a few subdued and choking utterances were heard from the retiring crowd.

When Mr. Wilson died, his property was valued at ten thousand dollars, but the greater part of this was left to him by

his wife, whose death took place five years before his own; and this property consisted mainly of their homestead, and was originally the gift of mutual friends, upon the occasion of their silver wedding.

When nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Republican Convention of 1872, it seemed as though he felt that such an event might interest the dear departed one who in other days had shared his deepest sorrows and joys; and, as though he wanted her to know and be glad for the great honor that had fallen upon him, he hastened to telegraph to one of the family, "Put a bouquet of flowers upon my wife's grave." He always planned to spend the anniversary of Mrs. Wilson's death at home, and a visit to the cemetery was always the chief duty of the day. In that lovely spot, overlooking the blue waters of Cochituate Lake, beside the dust of their only son, Hamilton, slumbers all that is mortal of Harriet Wilson, her grave marked by a modest stone; and on the stainless marble are inscribed those exquisite lines of Tennyson:

"But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Here in silent sorrow might be seen the man honored, trusted, and beloved by millions, his great heart yearning for some fond assurance that her love was as changeless and enduring as her spirit was radiant and pure.

The virtues of Mr. Wilson were not, like some renowned works of art, only to be seen and admired when surmounting the spire or adorning the dome of some grand edifice; his character could bear the closest scrutiny, and those who were the nearest to him were the most ardent admirers of his innate integrity. His reverence for humanity, his profound republican ideas, were not to him glittering generalities, to be flaunted on the stump or paraded on the platform; he was always and every-where true to his principles. The domestic sat at the table with the family, on a par with the most honored guest. When he returned

to his home, after fulfilling his duties at the capital, or after any other considerable term of absence, all Natick rejoiced, and every body seemed to be richer and happier because of his presence. How often his fellow-townsmen will remember him, as he walked along their streets, his outer garments flowing loosely around his manly form, a cane in one hand and a sheaf of newspapers grasped in the other; his rapid steps, his quick but kindly greeting, seemed to bring sunshine and strength into every one whom he accosted. As the soldiers of the French army thought more of the "Little Corporal" than they did of their great emperor; and as the people of this nation have a stronger regard for "Honest Abe" than for Chief Magistrate Lincoln; and as the title "Stonewall Jackson" covers up the treason of the rebel general, so the citizens of Natick were wont to talk of the subject of this article, not as the popular statesman or the Vice-President of the United States, but as "Our Henry," showing, by this familiar expression, how warmly he was cherished in their hearts.

Our late Vice-President was a Christian. From early life he had ever been conscientious and devout; but not until after the death of his only son, Hamilton, who died in Texas, while discharging his duties as colonel in the army, was he brought to realize God's fatherly tenderness, or receive the direct consciousness of his favor. It was a time of religious awakening in the community, and a time, too, when Mr. Wilson needed Divine help and consolation. He sought and found peace in believing, joined the Congregational Church, and continued a faithful member until his death. Without any thing demonstrative in his religious life, he was a loyal, consistent follower of the Savior. We can bear testimony to his meek, devout spirit, as we have worshiped with him in the sanctuary, and bowed with him at his own family altar. Not many months ago, just as he was about leaving for Washington, to enter upon his official duties, he called upon a sick friend, and, kneeling by his bed in

earnest prayer commended him to God. The dust of these Christian friends slumber now, not far apart, in the same cemetery.

Mr. Wilson's Christian activities are the best standard for the measurement of his piety; few have ever come nearer than he to a complete fulfilling of the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He was not content to do good by proxy, but literally "visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." With all his official cares and his intense eagerness to complete his literary work, we have often seen him taking his morning walk to the home of the bereaved and destitute, to see, personally, that every requisite for their comfort was supplied.

He was a staunch advocate of temperance, and by word and act unswervingly stood by its principles. When comparatively a young man in public life, and John Adams offered him a glass of wine, he courteously but firmly refused, though he declared that to do so cost him one of the greatest struggles of his life. He believed in the suppression of the rum traffic by prohibitory legislation, but counceled the expediency of a stern application of legal penalties, while public sentiment was strongly against such methods. Some have thought that he was not altogether consistent; that he was more anxious for the success of his political plans and party interests, than the advancement of the temperance reform; but he knew the strength of the temperance sentiment in the country, and thought it wisest not to press its claims when, by doing so, other important measures were endangered. He foresaw the defeat of Mr. Talbot, when nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, and predicted to the writer, a few weeks before the election, with marvelous accuracy, the majority against him. But his favorite field of labor in the temperance work was the Reform Club. Here, surrounded by one or two hundred men who had given up their cups, and were fighting a desperate battle to conquer their depraved appetites, the Vice-President of the nation was fre-

quently present, with a kind word, and friendly hand stretched out to cheer and strengthen these struggling sufferers; and not a few of them were glad to declare that they owe their rescue, in a good degree, to his efforts on their behalf. He was for a while a teacher in the Sabbath-school; and continued a devoted patron of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a co-worker with them in their labor of love. He buried no talent; he entered every door of usefulness; he was ready for every good word and work.

Mr. Wilson's tastes were remarkable for their simplicity; but he could always afford to keep a good conscience. While conversing one Sabbath afternoon with a Christian lady, he told her that he must go home and write a letter; that some political friends were anxious to use his name as candidate for a seat in Congress; that it would be necessary for him to reply to their communication immediately. The good lady suggested that such employment was hardly appropriate for the Sabbath; he left it unanswered, and, as a result, lost the nomination. Not long after, he met this lady, and said to her, in pleasantry, "See what I have gained by keeping the Sabbath." In a little while Mr. Everett's place in the Senate was vacant; Mr. Wilson received the nomination as his successor. Again meeting this Christian lady, she, in turn, with pleasantry, remarked, "See now what you have gained by keeping the Sabbath."

There is nothing, we think, in the whole career of this remarkable man, which more vividly illustrates the nobleness of his character than his terrible denunciation of Preston Brooks, for his dastardly assault upon Charles Sumner in the United States Senate chamber, and the magnificent contempt with which he hurled back the assassin's challenge, because, as he says, "I have always regarded duelling as the relic of a barbarous civilization, which the laws of the country have branded as a crime." He then very coolly informed the ruffianly challenger that he believed in the law of self-defense. Brooks well knew what this meant, and

sagely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. By this judicious course, Mr. Wilson has won the admiration of every brave and conscientious man. Nothing has ever taken place which has done more to reveal the sham justice of the so-called code of honor, or the brutal character of the course of action it was framed to vindicate. By repudiating the law of honor and asserting the law of self-defense, Mr. Wilson has shown how every true man can maintain both his conscience and his courage, and has thus driven this detestable practice beyond the pale of civilization. Had he achieved nothing more than this, it were enough to command the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

Mr. Ruskin, in his work, the "Stones of Venice," says: "I date the decline of Venice from the death of Carlo Zeno, as no states decline that number such men among their citizens." Reasoning thus, we can see nothing like deterioration or decay in American institutions when, in the first century of their existence, they produced two such men as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson. Washington was the English gentleman in his tastes and sentiments; but Lincoln and Wilson are pre-eminently American in every characteristic, the outgrowth of, and formation of, the circumstances under which they originate. Charles Sumner was an aristocrat by birth, taste, and training; he stooped, and was ever conscious that he was stooping, from a high position, when he bent over with outstretched arm to raise up the down-trodden and oppressed. But Lincoln and Wilson found themselves, at the onset, low as the humblest, and ignorant as the most unlearned; and, as they rose, they bore up with them the masses, as lowly in origin as themselves. When Henry Wilson was elected to take the place of Edward Everett in the United States Senate, Theodore Parker addressed him a congratulatory letter quite characteristic of the man. Said he: "If I had the power to put whom I could in the Senate, my first choice would have been Charles

Francis Adams, or Stephen C. Phillips; though for either of them I have not half the personal friendship I feel for you. Besides, there is one reason why I wanted to see a shoemaker get right up off his bench and go to the Senate, and that from Massachusetts. I wish you had never been to any but a common-school, for I want the nation to see what men we train up in our public institutions, which stand open to all."

Says Sir William Hamilton: "It is not only a logical axiom, but a self-evident fact, that the knowledge of opposites is one. We know the tall by the short; the sweet, by the bitter; the light, by the darkness." And so we may see the character of the last Vice-President of the United States in a stronger light, by taking for the background of the picture the character of the third Vice-President of the nation. No two men could be possibly more unlike, except in the matter of position, than Aaron Burr and Henry Wilson. The one, of distinguished family, favored with the culture of the schools and graces of polished society; the other, of the most lowly origin, cradled in poverty, his only outlook a life of penury and toil. The one, gifted with the most showy talents and fascinating address; the other, seemingly destitute of genius, his only endowment an immense capacity for hard work. The one devotes all his brilliant powers to his own aggrandizement and indulgence, seeks to embroil his country in insurrection and bloodshed for his own ambitious ends. The other seemed to live above all sordid aims; he knew not how to use his position and his power but for the good of his country and his friends. The one was a dark conspirator, a blood-stained duelist, a slimy libertine;

"A man of giant mind, but with a heart so cold
That virtue in its dark recesses died."

The other had a great warm heart, a knightly soul, without reproach or fear. The one was a scoffer and an infidel; the other was a Christian, and walked humbly with his God. The one lived to become an old forlorn man, shunned and

shuddered at for his vices and crimes, dying in a lowly lodging-house, in filth and squalor, and with hardly an attendant, laid away in an obscure and dishonored grave. The other dies with saintly serenity at the National Capital, a funeral train almost six hundred miles long bears him to his tomb, and countless thousands mourn their own and their nation's loss. No living soul records the last utterances of Burr; but delighted attendants tell how Wilson cheered his

dying chamber by reading to them the sweet words of Christian faith and love:

"But after all these duties I have done,
Must I in point of merit them disown,
And trust in Him, through Jesus' blood alone."

The book from which those lines were read, was the cherished gift of his sainted wife,—*"The Changed Cross."* He laid it down; the cross was exchanged for the crown. "He was not, for God took him."

E. STUART BEST.

THE FREEDMEN OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IT will doubtless surprise some of our readers to learn that their editor, Yankee of Yankees, was, nevertheless, born in a Slave State. Slavery found an early home in New England, and so much of the wealth of its capital city had its basis in "rum and negroes," that it is still an open question, whether conscience or the felt unprofitableness of slave labor had most to do with the emancipation of the servile class. Emancipation was gradual in the end, as it ought to have been in the South, and so saved the nation the horrors and expense, the burdens and the memories, of a civil war, four years of blood and butchery. Society, like nature, should have no violent alternations. Nature always interposes twilight between darkness and day. A period of education is needful to make intelligent American citizens out of raw immigrants or freed blacks. Both need probation and education. The country is suffering, and will continue to suffer, perhaps for generations, for these violations of natural law. A youth born on the soil has to stand a probation of twenty-one years before he is allowed to vote. An Irish Papist, on whose benighted mind and besotted, priest-bound soul not the first ray of freedom has ever dawned, is hurried to the polls from the ship the hour in which he lands, and all our cities are

in the hands of this style of freedmen and governors to-day. The results are visible.

The gradual emancipation of Africans in Connecticut (our native State), was commenced in 1809, but was not completed until 1848. At the time of our advent on the stage, the freedmen of the first emancipation act were living all about us, independent of their former masters, exhibiting all the peculiar characteristics of their African natures,—their education (or rather, want of it); the vices incident to their former condition, poverty, thriftlessness, and incapacity for self-care. To the best of our recollection, they were not more drunken, or thieving, or lying, or idle, or thriftless than whites in the same grade of ignorance and viciousness. There were instances of industry, economy, and tolerable thrift, but none, that we remember, of accumulation of property, particularly among the first generation of the freedmen. For surnames, they usually bore the names of the families to whom they had formerly belonged. Most of them were venerable in years, the younger having undoubtedly been sold off South, in anticipation of the coming act of freedom. The Christian names, by which they were known in the town and neighborhood—how familiar they seem after

the lapse of half a century! Let us look at the photographs of a few of this despised and almost forgotten race.

A little brown one-storied hut, with two rooms, stood in a small vegetable-garden on the banks of a small New England stream, meandering along the hill-bases and through the green meadows, with cool depths for swimming, and rippling shallows for wading and splashing, overhung with sycamores, alders, and willows, with here and there patches of mud and water-lilies, and every-where well-stocked with suckers, roach, pickerel, eels, shiners, bull-heads, and speckled mud-turtles. In this little hut, and in this romantic nook of shade and sunshine, lived "Governor Sutton," a venerable negro, palsy-shaken and white-headed, as long ago as we can remember. How came he by the appellation "Governor?" From immemorial time the blacks of Eastern Connecticut had had an annual gathering, from far and near, at some rural tavern, where they went through with the form, in imitation of their masters, of electing a "Governor;" and Sutton was, for many years, annually chosen. We never heard of any other "Governor" but Sutton. On election-days, arrayed in borrowed regimentals, mounted on a richly caparisoned white horse, "Governor Sutton," in his prime, used to ride to the parade like a field-marshal or general, the admiration of all the young Ethiops in that portion of the State, and their ideal, no doubt, of Washington or a magnificent Revolutionary hero. Martial exercises, with drumming and fife and parading during the day, were succeeded by feasting and fiddling, and dancing and drunkenness, by night. As they passed to and from the place of meeting, in noisy crowds, jubilant with excitement, and full of the sense of freedom and independence, they were often insulted by blackguard men and thoughtless boys, with the derisive shout, which is one of the earliest slang phrases that lodged in our child-memory, "A-po-gee nigger election."

Sutton's wife, "Nance Brown," or old "Aunt Nancy," used to make the coolest and most refreshing root-beer, at two cents a glass, or six cents a bottle, and the nicest of cookies and cakes, and sheets and cards of puffy or pasty ginger-bread, to be sold to boys at a booth or stand on field-days, or regimental training-days, when a company or two, in uniform, with a snare-drum, a bass-drum, and a shrieking fife were indescribably thrilling music to boy-ears, delighted beyond measure, when, at the close of the day and drill, the tired militia wound up the exciting programme of wonders by discharging their muskets in one grand fusillade at the awful word of command, "Fire!"

Near Sutton Brown and his wife lived "Jason" Williams and his wife "Dimmis." Jason was a little negro, old, and an original African, brought to Yankee-land when a boy, by the way of the West Indies. One of the first things we can remember, when we were in petticoats and pinafores, was good-natured old Jason's imitation of the parrot, a bird of his own native forests in Africa. It was a wonderful piece of ventriloquism, which might not seem so wonderful now.

Jason was quite a sprig of a boy when he left the tropics for the North. Of course, he had never seen ice or snow. The first snow-storm the ship encountered, as she neared Boston, came in the night. In the morning, when the wandering son of the sun-land came on deck, it was covered with a carpet of white; soft, yielding, and agreeable, at first, to his bare soles; but it soon became uncomfortably cold and chilly. Lifting up a foot and picking off the snow, he held it up to the mate, grinning, and said, in ignorant simplicity, "This mis'able white stuff burns my foot."

"Dimmis" was a perfect lump of fat, oily, shiny, with an astonishing breadth of roll to the whites of the eyes whenever she wished to express admiration or wonder. She continued the spruce-beer and cake business some years after the

Browns superannuated. Her oily laugh was contagious and her cheerfulness as boundless as her corporosity.

Will Tracy, or "Old Will," was something of a character in the neighborhood. He also was superannuated, but married in old age to a mulatto wife, given to drink, superstitious, gossipy, and capable of freaks of violence. We once saw her break a bottle half full of New England rum, a fiery liquid, over the shining bare skull of her venerable spouse, in a family quarrel; and remember, as if yesterday, how the burning liquor, and blood, and broken fragments of glass, streamed down the face and blinded the eyes of poor old "Will." He was a fiddler, and used to saw "Behind the bush in the garden," and other simple melodies, by the day. Ole Bull's divinest strains never seemed diviner than old Will's wretched fiddle and worse fiddling did to our ears, about the time that the country entered the twenties. Will was a drummer in the Revolutionary War, and drew a pension of eight dollars a month as long as he lived; or, rather, his former master, in whose place he went as a substitute when the master was drafted, drew it for him, and, as Will used to complain, paid him in farm products, while he kept the cash himself. Probably it was much better administered than if the money had been paid to the negroes direct, to be squandered in rum and indulgences, rather than usefully expended in procuring the necessities of life.

Occasionally the blacks assembled in some house of an evening, and, with old Will for fiddler, had a "ball," which was sometimes orderly, but more frequently a riotous "breakdown." Will's yellow wife's father, a portly mulatto, named Sampson, was a Methodist, and one of the first we ever saw baptized by immersion. But his life was not remarkably exemplary, if we remember rightly. Mrs. "Will," or "Phila," used to excite our youthful imagination with the most marvelous tales of sorcery, magic, witchcraft, and fortune-telling, in which she had

as firm faith as any modern Spiritualist. One of her stories was about a fortune-teller in Providence, Rhode Island, who used to consult the skin of a dried frog, that hung in his garret, against the chimney; and who had, by means of a league with the devil, power to send maggots into the arms and legs of persons whom he disliked, and also to infect cattle and horses by means of his witchcraft. At the moment of his death, his violin, shut up in a chest in his sick-room, commenced playing the most lively tunes, and continued playing, by infernal agencies, till the imps of darkness got tired of their own din.

But the most remarkable African in the neighborhood was "Nance Ruggles," daughter of old "Sylvia," a blind and withered slave nearly ninety years old when we first knew her, living in a little hut, on the verge of the village, up a rocky pathway, called, to this day, "Sylvia's Lane." Old Sylvia was a Methodist, and used to lay her withered hands, shaking with age and palsy, on the heads of the children who visited her, and bless them with wonderful earnestness, pathos, and solemnity, while they listened with reverence and awe, as if she were a veritable Sibyl.

When she died, we noticed that the coffin was strewn with humble sprigs of tansy, in anticipation of the floral decorations of to-day, and the funeral, attended from the Methodist Church, as the hall in the old academy, where the few Methodists worshiped, was called. In that day, funeral sermons were not common in that region, and only vouchsafed to persons of rare distinction. Old Sylvia was honored with a funeral sermon, the first we ever listened to.

"Dave," Nance's husband, was a very black, strongly built negro, idle, sensible, and shrewd. He used to chop wood at twenty-five cents a cord, build walls, or work for the farmers at seventy-five cents a day, and keep himself in liquor, if he failed to keep his numerous family in clothes and bread. Chopping one day at the door of two old Methodist sisters,

the preacher just sent to the circuit, a young and single man, a boarder with these good old ladies, accosted the sable wood-chopper, and asked him if he attended Church?

Ruggles replied that he had no coat suitable to wear. To the astonishment of the good old ladies, who loudly exclaimed against such supererogatory generosity, the preacher went up-stairs, and brought down from his room his own Sunday coat, the best of the only two he possessed in the world, and presented it to the thriftless negro, who appeared in church the next Sunday nicely habited, according to contract, and always thereafter went when this romantic benefactor filled the pulpit, but was never known to darken the doors of the sanctuary on any other occasion.

"Nance" was the life and support of her numerous progeny, brought up in a little hut, with two small rooms and a garret, which they filled full to overflowing, with that cunningest of all collections of natural curiosities,—a lot of rollicking little "darkies." They grew up with various dispositions, some industrious, and ambitious to better themselves, like the mother; and some of them, especially the males, with a disposition to hold up lamp-posts, haunt grogeries, and sit on counters and barrel-heads in rags, like their father.

"Nance" was the factotum of the neighborhood, in as great requisition as Figaro in Rossini's "Barber of Seville." She officiated at births, parties, marriages, and deaths; made cakes, waited on tables; washed and ironed almost every day in the week; and, in the absence of daily papers, interviewers, and reporters, gathered news from all quarters, and peddled it from door to door, usually affecting great mystery, and enjoining on listeners to keep what she had told a profound secret, yet carrying the same story to every house in the neighborhood. The saying was true in her case, what Black "Nance" did n't know was n't worth knowing. When we first knew her, "Nance" was industrious, honest, cheer-

ful, doing the best for her household; and, if her husband had seconded her efforts, the family might have been well-clothed, well-fed, and well-housed, instead of wallowing in filth and rags.

In later life she followed the example of her old mother, and became a good Christian, and lived and died an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. Like many others better informed, "Nance" did not know the meaning of the word "amen," and once gave ludicrous expression to this response, so much used in early days in Methodist assemblies, sometimes hap-hazard "hit or miss." It happened once on a time, in the "old school-house" upper room, built by the "Separatists" for a church, and used for many years by the Methodists for a meeting-house, that two local preachers, who alternated with the circuit riders, had, by accident, each an appointment in the pulpit at the same hour. One, of course, had to give way to the other. The one who yielded was a good-looking young man with long curly locks, raven-black, glossy, and nicely combed. He was well-dressed in black broadcloth, and, what was remarkable in those days, his hands were encased in handsome black kids,—an unpardonable extravagance in the days of stiff-collars, Quaker-bonnets, and shad-bellied coats. He might as well have worn gold finger-rings into the pulpit.

The fashionableness of the young exhorter scandalized the other brother, rough, and farmer-like, with brawny fists, a ready utterance, and a good deal of plain, homely, sound common sense and orderly arrangement in his pulpit harangues. He was, of course, quite welcome and popular, while his more elegantly dressed and less brainy co-laborer was simply endured by the congregation in the absence of a better supply.

In his opening prayer the rustic brother aimed a shot at the sprig of vanity and fashion, who was kneeling in the same pulpit, by shouting a new paragraph into the litany, at the top of his voice,—“The Lord save us from pride and vanity and

show, and especially from the fashionable devil with his black kid gloves on."

The congregation generally did not say "good Lord deliver us," in response to this direct personal attack, but, from the back seat, occupied by black "Nance," there rolled over the house a solitary sonorous "A—a—men!"

Next day, "Nance" washed at our house, and, boy-like, we said, "Nance, what made you say 'amen' yesterday to that insulting prayer; did you mean to indorse it?"

"Indorse it, no!" said Nance; "I said amen because I thought he had said enough; I wanted him to understand that he had better stop that sort of thing."

The new Methodist church made provision for the blacks, according to the custom of the times, back of the singing gallery, and back of the pulpit; but "Nance" would not occupy a seat where she could only see the back of the minister. On the day of the dedication she marched to the further extremity of the gallery, chose her location, and was ever after left in undisturbed possession of it. In the lecture-room she was a punctual attendant, and always sat, with her face enveloped in a deep hood, at the left of the speaker's desk, and often electrified the audience by her quaint sayings, and rich relations of religious experience, flavored with an occasional song. Her favorite ditty was,

"Sweet Lord give me the wings,
And I'll fly away to glory;
I'll fly away to my heavenly home,
And I'll shout glory."

"Nance's" oldest son, "Dave," was the "smartest" black we were ever acquainted with. In boyhood he was taken by a wealthy gentleman as a house-boy, waiter, coachman, and errand-boy, successor to a large, vicious-looking bully of a black, who afterward got into Connecticut State-prison, and was hanged for a murderous assault on a keeper. Dave used to attend the district school, read in the highest classes, pursued the highest branches of study, was proficient in

arithmetic, geography, grammar, and even commenced the study of Latin, under the tutorship of a little preacher who had been to Yale College, and knew a little of that language.

Dave was the acknowledged leader of the boys in all sports and mischiefs and "scrapes." His wit, shrewdness, and resources were endless. A self-constituted "tithing-man," or New England village constable, made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the boys by meddling with their sports on the village green, when they played, with some noise and vociferation, "I spy," "goal," and the like, on moonlights nights.

It was the custom in those days to fire a gun or two near a house when a wedding was being celebrated,—a sort of primitive *charivari*, a harmless substitute for the conch-shells and horns and horse-fiddles of ruder communities. The testy, pugnacious enemy of the boys gave out that he would prosecute, to the full extent of the law, any one who should presume to fire a gun on his premises, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, then about to take place. The challenge was promptly accepted by all the urchins in the village, and aided by darkness, and headed by "Dave," they saluted the bride with twenty-two guns in as many minutes, and kept up a random firing for the rest of the evening, to the infinite mirth of outsiders, and the infinite vexation of old meddle-pate, who prosecuted, according to promise, every suspected party; but the wit and shrewdness of the negro only convulsed the justices with laughter, and no convictions followed; the prosecutions were abortive.

Schoolmasters in those days were tyrannical and cruel, and resorted to the most barbarous devices to punish derelict scholars. When a little boy, we sat on a low backless seat next the floor, with a row of other restless little boys. One day, for some trifling misdemeanor, Dave was seized by the savage teacher, and his foot tied up high on a post in the middle of the room, in which torturing posture he was compelled to stand for a

long time poised on one leg. Telegraphic signals flew across the house. A little New Yorker, a visitor for the nonce, possessed, what it was a rare happiness for a boy in those days to possess, a beautiful little tortoise-shell-handled pocket-knife. This was quietly slipped from hand to hand, the whole length of the school-house, making the tour of our bench in its passage, till it reached the tortured culprit, who, when the master's back was turned, dextrously severed the rope by which he was suspended, and marched out of the school-house with a staggering gait, imitating the motions of a drunken man so cleverly and ludicrously as to set the whole school in a roar of laughter, despite the rage and frowns, and authoritative commands, of the baffled and indignant school-master, who pursued the fugitive runaway in vain.

When he reached maturity, Dave went to New York City and opened a butter-store, in a basement in Courtlandt Street, and pursued a prosperous business for a number of years. He was a member of a colored Church, and was superintendent of a large and flourishing Sunday-school. Once, when he returned to his native town for a visit, he went into the Sunday-school of one of the larger churches. A teacher, seeing a negro on the back seat, handed him a Testament, and offered to hear him read. Surprised at the fluency and eloquence with which he read (he was a natural orator, like his mother), the teacher said:

"Who are you?"

"I am a native of this town, but reside in New York now. You have a nice Sunday-school here, but it is not quite one-third as large as one I have charge of in New York City."

The teacher "vamosed."

After the antislavery warfare began, Dave, of course, entered into it, in behalf of his race, with all the ardor of his nature. The once distinguished David M. Reese, M. D., of New York, wrote, in 1834, a review of the first annual report of the American Antislavery Society, which he called an "Extinguisher," and

which sold twenty-five thousand copies. Ruggles answered it with the title "The Extinguisher Extinguished; or, David M. Reese used up by David Ruggles;" and the answer gave the author deserved mention in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors."

In this pamphlet, if memory serves, he gives an anecdote that we heard him relate with his own lips, something like the following:

He was on a Western lecturing tour, and, at midnight, so far violated the usages of the times, as to place himself inside of a stage-coach filled with passengers. Something, perhaps the notoriety of his own lecture the evening before, started a debate among the passengers on the exciting subject of the day, then new to the country, abolitionism. In such a crowd there is never wanting a loud-mouthed leader, and one of this sort insisted that "abolition" meant "amalgamation," and Ruggles modestly but firmly took up the cudgels on the opposite side; one by one, others dropped out of the debate, till at last the whole dispute was left to him and this one opponent. Ruggles insisted that the object was merely the emancipation of the colored race in America, and had not the most distant reference to an amalgamation with the whites. His opponent, hard pushed by his arguments, took refuge in an *argumentum ad hominem*, and put the question direct to Dave.

"Would you, sir, marry a wench?"

"It is nothing to the question," said Dave; "but if I could come across a colored lady that filled up my ideal of what a wife ought to be, I should not only be willing to marry her, but I should infinitely prefer her to a white woman."

The astonishment of the company was unbounded, and the white disputant claimed his point, exultingly, as gained; for here was a — abolitionist, who was not only willing, but actually preferred, to "marry a nigger!"

Thus ended the debate. Ruggles was always dressed like a first-class gentleman,

and, as the passengers, one after another, went to sleep, to while away the weary hours, he drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief and carefully concealed his features, dozing till daylight and sunrise, until the coach was approaching the tavern where they were to breakfast, when he suddenly withdrew the handkerchief from his face, and gave the crowd a second shock.

"Good heavens!" cried his antagonist, "who would have supposed that that fellow was a nigger?"

The rest of the passengers shouted with laughter and applause at his discomfiture and their own mistake, and were so well pleased with the manners and conversation of Ruggles that, contrary to all precedent, even in the North, forty years ago,

they made him breakfast at the same table with themselves at the inn.

Ruggles never married. He became very unhappy, sick, and finally blind, or nearly so, and died in charge of a water-cure establishment, somewhere in the State of New York.

These reminiscences of by-gone days may have little interest to others, but from our native suburb no boy ever went to any station in future life, be he merchant, divine, legislator, or judge, who does not recall, with his boy memories, lazy Dave, comic Jason, rollicking Dimmis, and, above all others, good old religious Methodist Nance, who has long since found the wings she used to long for, and fled away to glory.

EDITOR.

THE CROSS AND THE FLAG.

WRITING amid the din of a man-of-war is a difficult though pleasant occupation. The ceaseless murmur of multitudinous voices, the thunder of command, the snapping of sails, and creaking of cordage, the rolling and pitching of the ship, constitute a medley of diverting sounds. Yet one can write from no place of greater interest. Neither the sea, upon whose impatient bosom we are tossed, nor the stately craft, that heeds no turbulence of wind or wave, can be surpassed as subjects for engrossing, entertaining thought. Each is a charmer of more than a magician's power. The ten thousand moods of the ocean, its abounding life, the colossal, beauteous forms filling its depths with mystery and grandeur, excite the sublimest admiration of the soul. But we do not wish to moralize concerning the sea, nor yet to discourse of its profundities; simply do we desire to portray a phase of life upon its waters seldom depicted by tongue or pen.

It has been the misfortune of naval chaplains to remain too long reticent touching their office, its sphere of duty, and the successes attendant on its administration. It is an office involving great responsibilities, and far-reaching in its influence. A naval chaplain is a missionary of the sea. Thousands of seamen look to him for the bread of life. He casts his seed upon every diversity of spiritual soil. His influence, like the waters of the vast kingdom in which he labors, may roll out till it touches every shore. The ship in which he sails does not circumscribe his labor; it extends to the whole fleet, and in its results girdles the globe. The crew of a man-of-war often represents many nations. It is composed of men, many of whom never heard the Gospel till they listened to it, it may be, swinging in their hammocks at night. Even in this way, they often receive impressions that grow into the sweetest flowers of Christian purity. None can define the results of a chaplain's

labor, for they are scattered over the world, like grains of gold in a river's bed. The life of a faithful naval chaplain, though crowned with honor, is full of deprivation and sacrifice. He is not a parasite, absorbing a tranquil existence from the government revenues, but one of the most important attachés to the navy. He carries into it the potencies of Christian truth, and surcharges it with forces grander than its own military power. By his influence, the Cross unfurls an azure banner above the stars and stripes, in the most imperial and autocratic institution of the Government. The navy is more than a military organization; it possesses something grander than ships and batteries, and men disciplined for strife. Inside its oaken and iron walls are humane principles and civilizing agencies. Back of its armament are moral forces, the true element of its greatness. As queen of our commerce, and our proudest ambassador to the capitals of the world, it carries our civilization to every clime, as winds waft seeds from shore to shore. A chaplain discovers the very genius of this institution to be his strongest support, and, under cover of its moral principles, he may use his batteries of truth with thrilling effect.

The ship to which a chaplain is attached is the flag-ship of a squadron. Ordinarily, it is one of the finest in the naval marine, as it carries officers of the highest rank, and is the representative ship of the fleet. It is fitted out in as attractive and comfortable a manner as practicable. Its cabins, especially, are quite elegant, as they are occupied by the captain of the ship and commander of the fleet. These apartments are chambers of state to sailors, and they would enter Windsor Castle sooner than pass the precincts of these cabins. The ward-room, with adjoining state-rooms on either side, is the home of all commissioned officers under the grade of captain. It is neatly furnished, and affords an agreeable abode. All parts of the ship have been arranged with an eye to the comfort of all on board, and sailors

are happier here than they could be in a Fifth-avenue hotel. The architecture of the ship inspires admiration and pride. Its handsome form, full of symmetry and grace, rests upon the water with the poise of a planet in the ethereal sea. Every part is of most shapely beauty, and the fair proportions seem a majestic casting, with neither joint nor seam. It is not strange that sailors endow such a creation with attributes of life and intelligence. They worship her as loyal subjects do a queen. Her every imaginary mood they humor, and trust their destiny to her keeping, as soldiers put their lives in the hands of a general whom they honor with their most patriotic love.

Within the ship are many things to captivate the imagination and charm the eye. The over-spreading canvas, braced to catch the zephyr, or reefed to repel the typhoon's fearful shock, massive wings, incapable of weariness, and strong to bear their stately burden to either hemisphere; the flexile rigging, whose sinewy toughness has defied the energies of a hundred storms, whose complex and netted powers seem to hold the great weight beneath in perfect suspension; the mighty forces dwelling in the depths below, like giants in their caverns, propelling the huge mass as easily as children toss their toys, though but the common appliances of navigation, are, nevertheless, among the most admired objects of the ship. The great decks, three hundred feet in length, hemmed in on either side by heavy guns, reposing in the majesty of conscious power, yet pointing deathward in silent admonition; the profuse array of small-arms, the slumbering forces far down in the magazine, ready, at one word, to blacken the sky and shake the sea, excite emotions of wonder even in the stern guardians of all this power. From deck to deck, you descend, as reverent as in some lofty mountain, when the heavens grow dark, and the lightning plays in awful gleams upon the crags above your head.

At times the ship presents a most beau-

tiful picture. With a bright sky above, and a placid sea beneath, day or night, the spectacle is grand. At a certain angle, the solar rays transform her into an image of gold, mingled with colors of precious stones; her yards and spars glisten like crystal shafts, and her sails seem great sheets of silver, embroidered with golden cords; every coil of rope, every piece of rigging, refracts the beautiful light, while the graceful form beneath is richly garnished in the effulgent beams. The scene, at sunset, often reaches the climax of its brilliance, and then the shadows come to drape the picture, till the queen of night reveals it in a milder, but no less beautiful, light.

In such a ship a chaplain finds his home and makes his cruise. Here are his church and parish; and no bishop is prouder of his diocese, or dean of his abbey or cathedral. He is not long in getting accustomed to his new home. It requires some little time, however, to feel resigned to the little room assigned him as a parsonage. This apartment is, no doubt, the smallest on record, save the one occupied by Jonah in his rapid transit through the deep; and it far surpasses that in attractiveness and convenience. It possesses astonishing capacity for storage, having room for every thing but its occupant. The berth is not unfrequently so short as to necessitate several inches of muscular contraction to escape unpleasant friction at the top of the head. During wakeful hours, great care is required to preserve the exactitude of one's phrenological developments. The mutability of the sea enhances the disagreeable qualities of this place; and, in perilous times, the ward-room is preferred, as affording more scope for nautical gymnastics.

The ward-room, by use and association, is the most interesting part of the ship. In its position it seems a little cavernous, it lies so near the nether portions; but its occupants soon get accustomed to this subterranean aspect, and even forget that it lies so low. It serves a great variety of purposes. In its domestic uses

it assumes the character of the principal apartments of an elaborate mansion. Without difficulty it is improvised into a saloon for legitimate amusements (regulation forbids all others). It can be transformed into a club-house, a parlor for private theatricals, a lyceum, and a fine reception-room, in rapid succession. It may be literary, histrionic, polemic, socialistic, convivialistic, or domestic, as the occasion demands.

A chaplain's companionships, in his sea home, are often very entertaining and profitable. His social life is amid a brilliant circle. Most of naval officers are men of culture and refinement. They have been reared in the finest families of the country, and, aside from their technical training, have been educated in the arts and accomplishments of the most polished social life. A gentlemanly, cordial reception, among these men, puts a chaplain at his ease, and soon he is on the most agreeable terms with all his mess. Etiquette to the navy is like the Golden Rule to Christianity, and the habit of being gentlemen becomes ingrained in naval officers. It is not difficult to maintain the most pleasant relations on a man-of-war. There is but little to excite unfriendliness; interests do not clash; rivalries do not exist; each realm of duty is guarded by law, and is a pure autocracy to its incumbent. A ward-room mess usually represents considerable breadth of intellectual culture and scope of information. Many of its members have been world-wide travelers, and are replete with the multifarious observations of travel. Some are familiar with many languages. Some are absorbents of literature, others of science. Naval life furnishes rare opportunities for observation and study, and, were it not for a tendency to stagnate after a few years of service, each officer might be distinguished in some field of literature or science. Naval officers, like all men of stipulated and life-long salaries, grow indifferent to special and protracted study, and they become desultory in their reading, and unstudious in their mental habits. As it

now is in the navy, knowledge is abundant, but lying loose, like gold-dust, and not in aggregated masses, as that metal is sometimes found. The social and intellectual immunities of a chaplain's naval life could not be more agreeable.

But a chaplain is not on a ship to enjoy the amenities of social life, but to impart religious instruction, and to type, in his own character and conduct, the truths he teaches. He is the moral barometer of the ward-room. If his speech be pure, and his bearing the dignity of a Christian gentleman, seldom will his ear be offended by ribald jest or song. The morals of a ship take their coloring from him as clouds receive their tintings from the sun. Occasionally a young officer, of feeble wit and execrable manners, attempts to perpetrate some vulgar joke upon the chaplain. Usually, the young gentleman drops his intended victim as the bear did the honey, and ever after sympathizes with that animal in his unpleasantness with the bees. The life of a chaplain may do more toward regulating the morality of a ship than the strictest surveillance, or the most summary penalty.

The chaplain's religious work is under the partial discretion of the captain of the ship. But one religious service is required during the week,—that of Sabbath morning. Meanwhile, as many meetings may be appointed as the regulations of the ship will allow. It is enjoined upon the captain to appoint Sabbath service whenever it does not conflict with the management or safety of the ship, and is not otherwise impracticable. On a flag-ship, usually, there are more than five hundred sailors and marines, and nearly forty commissioned and non-commissioned officers. All these are a chaplain's parishioners. Not one, however, of all this number, is obliged to attend church. The old regulation, of compulsory attendance, is abolished, and justly too; for men should be drawn by the power and beauty of the truth to the worship of God, rather than be driven by an indefensible exaction. Fidelity to Christian

labor will secure attentive listeners, and in numbers that would cheer the heart of many a metropolitan minister. In a chaplain's parish nearly every variety of creed is represented. Most of the older officers, of the higher grades, are Episcopalians. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Catholics are also quite numerous. Many officers have no determinate belief. The crew is largely composed of Catholics; one-half of our whole naval force of seamen and marines are Catholics. Among this incongruous mass of creeds a chaplain needs great wisdom to lead bewildered, prejudiced, and indifferent souls, to the purest creed of all. Sectarianism will blight his influence like a frost, and perpetual controversy will make a breach so wide between him and his parish that nothing can ever bridge the chasm. Only the clear, pointed enunciation of Scriptural truth, and a pure, unselfish, sacrificing life, can bring success to Christian labor on a man-of-war; and these two forces would prevail in the heart of Africa.

There are many things to aid a chaplain in his mission in the navy. His character as an officer entitles him to respect, and guards him against all ill-usage. Offense, in any manner, against his office, is punishable, as a court-martial may determine. Sailors are always decorous and courteous in his presence, and what is enjoined by regulation becomes a matter of habit and principle with them. This enforced deference is an advantage to a chaplain. Respect for the office becomes regard for the cause which the office honors. A chaplain's commission gives him authority to approach every man on the ship with the Christian religion, and secures him a respectful hearing. He also finds sailors, as a class, men of deep and lively sensibilities. They are always approachable through the feelings. When ignorance and vice have closed every passage to the soul, the magic touch of sympathy can open an avenue whose heavy gates resist all other charms. Once enthroned

in this great metropolis of impulse and passion, the whole realm of manhood is in most grateful allegiance. There is something about the sea that draws out and expands the emotive powers; and, as strange as the anomaly may appear, many of the more delicate and generous qualities of the heart are peculiar to the sailor's life. His manners and speech may be as rough as the heaving waters around his ship, while all the sensitiveness of a woman's nature lies hidden within his soul. At the sickness and death of a shipmate, he sorrows like a mother at the cradle of her dying babe, and he shares the misfortune of a friend with the tenderness and sympathy of a brother. The perils of the ocean, which all share in common; the anticipation of a sepulcher in the caverns of the sea, which haunts the sailor like a specter, unite these rude men as those are joined whose lives are spent in mutual toil and danger, and who are to sleep side by side at last in the repose that knows no waking. With a sailor's heart a chaplain must work more than with his head; for it is the golden gate that opens to richest treasures of the soul. But sailors have intellect, and, what is the finest quality of intellect, common sense. There are ways of putting things, intellectually, which they greatly approve. Metaphysics they eschew as Job did evil; and lusterless, languid sermons they abhor as a child does darkness. They get "must" enough in their hard-tack, and they refuse it in sermons.

The religious susceptibility of sailors renders them easy of approach. Their impressive nature responds to religious influence, as the strings of a harp to the passing breeze. As the sailor is quick to cast off all restraint, so, under some fervid impulse, he will assume the most solemn vows. The germs of a noble Christian character are in his soul; but the most careful, watchful culture is needful to promote their growth. The sea arouses every element of his religious nature; its imposing, terrific scenery is almost supernatural in its influence over

him. Nothing can arouse the moral activities of the soul like the ocean; there is no place so surpassingly beautiful and fearfully sublime; by day, its skies burn with a brilliance unknown to the loveliest climes; not all the fire of forest plumes, and light of shimmering lakes and glowing crags, flash like the dazzling waters of the main; Chaldean shepherds never gazed enraptured on such mighty scenes; nowhere else do the stars shine so bright, and form such mazes of splendor; and never does the moon seem so much a queen as when she comes forth, like a beautiful maiden, to gaze transported upon her own loveliness in the translucent depths beneath. And nothing is so terrible as the same skies when the gathering tempest has filled them with its wild and angry squadrons. Not all the navies of the globe could emit flame and awaken thunders like these aerial fleets; the blazing heavens, resonant with awful concussions; the mighty winds, thrashing the sea with the yielding spars, tossing the ship like a feather on the crest of Himalayan waves, are sights and sounds that make the bravest quake. Amid the varying scenes of ocean, the sailor's religious nature is excited to its profoundest depths, and, if a chaplain be familiar with human nature, as manifest in sailors, he can mold it into any form. His sermons should be as bright with gems as a prima-donna, and as striking in illustration as the great realm in which his life is spent.

What reck's it where a chaplain goes or how he dies, so long as he gathers pearls for the cabinets of heaven? What if only a little cross mark his resting-place, in some sunny land? or, if he be laid to rest with the sea-weed for his cerements and the coral for his pillow? The sea, indeed, would constitute a regal tomb, for it is the grandest mausoleum of the dead; and it would seem sweet to wait the resurrection from some balmy grove, where the sweetest songs, from brightest birds, are ever heard, and the flowers bloom in perennial richness around the solitary grave.

H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

HOW peacefully they rest,
 Cross-folded there
 Upon his little breast,
 Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,
 But ever sported with his mother's hair,
 Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
 Her heart no more shall beat,
 To feel the touch of that soft palm,
 That ever seemed a new surprise,
 Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
 To bless him with her holy calm;
 Sweet thoughts that left her eyes as sweet.
 How quiet are the hands
 That wove those pleasant bands!
 But that they do not rise and sink
 With his calm breathing, I should think
 That he were dropped to sleep;
 Alas! too deep, too deep
 Is this his slumber!
 Time scarce can number
 The years ere he will wake again.
 He did but float a little way,
 Adown the stream of time,
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,

Listening their fairy chime;
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale;
 He did but float a little way,
 And putting to the shore,
 While yet 't was early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more.
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his vessel's keel;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more!
 O, stern word, *nevermore!*
 Full short his journey was; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals gave;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not on the grave.
 He seemed a cherub, who had lost his way,
 And wandered hither; so his stay
 With us was short; and 't was most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
 To stand before his God.

TWO CHRISTIANS.

TWO Christians traveled down a road,
 Who viewed the world with different
 eyes;
 The one was pleased with earth's abode,
 The other longing for the skies.
 For one, the heavens were so blue,
 They fill'd his mind with fancies fond;
 The other's eyes kept piercing through
 Only for that which lies beyond.
 For one, enchanting were the trees,
 The distance was divinely dim,
 The birds that fluttered on the breeze
 Nodded their pretty heads for him.
 The other scarcely saw the flowers,
 And never knew the trees were grand,
 He did but count the days and hours,
 Till he might reach the promised land.

And one a little kind caress
 Would to a tender rapture move;
 He only oped his lips to bless
 The God who gave him things to love.
 The other journeyed on his way,
 Afraid to handle or to touch;
 He only oped his lips to pray
 He might not love a thing too much.
 Which was the best? Decide who can.
 Yet why should we decide 'twixt them?
 We may approve the mournful man,
 Nor yet the joyful man condemn.
 He is a Christian who has found
 That earth, as well as heaven, is sweet,
 Nor less is he who, heaven-bound,
 Has spurn'd the earth beneath his feet.
 —Good Words.

THE FURS OF FASHION.

THE caprices of fashion have, at various periods, called into use every known species of peltry; although of all fur-bearing animals we are most indebted to the weasel family, whose varieties include the ermine, the sable, the mink, the martin, the fisher, the otter, and the badger. Other furs are worn, not only in those countries where they are useful against the severity of the seasons, but as ostentatious luxuries. From under the burning suns of Syria and of Egypt—to ornament the lighter products of the loom—there is a constant demand, where there exists no physical necessity. With us, they have become absolutely indispensable during our rigorous Winters.

It may be well to premise, that the colder the climate, the finer and warmer are the furs of the indigenous animals; it being wisely provided, in the economy of nature, that their clothing should be adapted to the rigors of their situation. The finer furs are, therefore, from the colder regions; and even during Winter, the furs of most animals improve both in quality and color. The principal countries for furs are the solitary wilds of Siberia and the immeasurable forests of North America, where they form the riches of these dreary regions, which produce nothing else fit for human use.

The skins of animals were used for clothing from the very earliest times, "coats of skin" having been given to Adam and Eve, even before their expulsion from Paradise. As the human race multiplied, and when the southern latitudes became inhabited, civilization and necessity developed ingenuity and taste, devising various fabrics of wool, of linen, and of silk. However, the fine and more costly furs were worn in almost every age of the world, as well for ostentatious luxury as for warmth or convenience. The "four noble furs" of the Middle Ages were the ermine, the sable, the vair, and the gris, at which

time the fur trade was at its zenith. They became of the highest fashion in European and Oriental courts, their purchase requiring a regal revenue. The more precious varieties, as the ermine and sable, were reserved for monarchs, and the principal nobility of both sexes; the inferior orders of the nobility wore the vair and the gris. Citizens wore squirrel and lamb skins, whilst the peasantry wore badger, sheep, and cat skins. The state mantle of Queen Victoria, the capes of the peers and judges, and the robes of British municipal officers, are the remains of this once universal custom. Immense quantities of furs were once sent from Siberia to China; but the choicest kinds, the precious ermine of Yakutsk, the brilliant fiery foxes, and the best sables, are taken to London, to Moscow, and Novogorod, for the use of the princes and nobles of England, of Russia, of Turkey, and of Persia.

"The precious ermine," so called by way of pre-eminence, is the whitest, as well as the most valuable, of all furs. Its superior texture, the small size of the animal (twelve inches), and the quantity required for the royal families and the nobility of Europe, render its cost enormous. In Summer, the animal is of reddish-brown, the under parts of a yellowish-white. In Winter, the upper parts change to a perfect white, white as the snowy regions it inhabits; but one-half of the tail is, in all seasons, of a deep, glossy black. When the white fur is made into a robe, a cape, or a cloak, the tail tips are sewn on at regular distances; the pure white of the skin is thus set off by the rich black of the tails. In heraldry, it is known as the minever. The ermine of Queen Victoria and the royal family is distinguished from that of the peers and judges by being thickly spotted with the black paws of the Astrakhan lamb. The mode of ornamenting it, as to the number of tail-tips, indicates

the peculiar rank of the British nobility. The use of ermine is still restricted to the imperial families of Russia and of Austria, as well as to the sovereigns of Germany, Spain, and Portugal. It is said that the ermine takes its name from Armenia, whence it originally came. Louis XI of France had a surcoat, a mantle, and a hat lined with ermines. For the surcoat, three hundred and forty-six skins; for the sleeves and wristbands, sixty; and for the frock, three hundred and thirty-six; in all, seven hundred and forty-two ermines for a single dress!

The fur of the sable can scarcely be considered second to the ermine, either in quality or value. In Summer the color of the animal is brown, but in Winter it becomes darker, although not so dark as to justify the name. The most valuable variety is the Russian or crown sable, the use of which is almost entirely monopolized by the imperial family. It is distinguished by a dense coat of hair overtopped by another still longer; and the latter will lie in any direction, backward or forward. Even in the sixteenth century, sable held the highest rank at the Russian court, as "the Czar's crown was then lined with a fair black sable, worth forty rubles, and his garments were of rich tissue and cloth of gold, furred with very dark sables." The Czar sent presents of sables, and other beautiful furs, both to Queen Mary and to Queen Elizabeth. Since the conquest of Siberia the inhabitants of these interminable wilds pay to the Emperor an annual tribute of one skin of every forty. A cape of full size requires twenty skins, each being eighteen inches in length. The sable lining of a state robe costs about six thousand dollars (in gold). The Hudson Bay sable, being of a lighter color than the Russian, is always dyed, when, in appearance, it rivals its much more valuable European namesake. Ermine and sable were not blazoned in heraldry as mere ornaments, but as discriminating marks of high quality. They were associated with the poetry and chivalry of the age, and, with tournaments,

lasted in high glory for three centuries, and then declined together on the introduction of gunpowder.

The snowy whiteness of the ermine and the dark shades of the sable, the great depth and the almost flowing softness of their furs, have combined to give them a preference in all ages of the world. They still retain the same relative estimate, in regard to other furs, as when they denoted the rank of the proud Crusader, and were emblazoned in heraldry. At present, from their enormous cost, they can only be worn by the very opulent, although admirable imitations are daily seen in our streets.

After ermine and sable, the rarest fur in the market is the silver fox. Of all American varieties, it is the most valuable. The animal is a native of the Columbia River, in Oregon. Its fur is long, thick, and black, except a portion of the back, where the hairs are of silvery white. A single skin, when highly dressed, has sold in London as high as forty guineas. Blue fox skins, being very rare, are sought with avidity; and the fur of the black fox is a princely ornament in Northern Europe. The fiery fox is the bright-red of Asia, and is highly prized for the splendor of its color and the fineness of its fur. When ornamented with the black fur of the paws, in spots or waves, it commands a very large price in China. The skin of the cross fox is worth ten dollars. Chinchilla is, perhaps, the softest fur in existence; its extreme delicacy and fineness adapts it exclusively for ladies' use. This animal is a native of South America.

The mink is the most useful fur in the market; and, when dyed, it is frequently sold for sable, although it is much shorter. The color of the animal is dark brown, the tail is nearly black, and the chin white. Fine skins are now worth six dollars, which formerly could be had for fifty cents. The darkness and softness of the single strip along the back, together with the length of the skin, determines its value.

The pine marten, in color, is of a dark

brown olive, of great depth and richness; when dyed, it resembles the best sable. This is a much-prized and excellent fur. The fisher is blackish in color, with a grayish tinge on the head and shoulders. Some are brownish, and a few even lighter. It is used for lining the more costly furs, for trimmings, and for robes. A good skin is worth six dollars.

The sea or velvet otter has a thick, soft, woolly fur, and is much prized by the Russians and Chinese. When old, its color is a jet, silky black. The squirrel is the most plentiful of all fur-producing animals, and its fur is light, warm, and durable. Some of the lighter ones are dyed in imitation of sable; but the most valuable portion is the back of the gray squirrel. The white wool of the beaver is much used in France for the trimmings of ladies' bonnets. The skins of the buffalo, of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and of the antelope, are included in the fur trade with the Indians and trappers of the north-west. The white fur of the polar bear, and that of the Arctic fox, are not particularly valuable. The silver-tipped rabbit is peculiar to England, and exported to Russia and China. The soft curly hair of the seal is rarely used in its natural state. When dyed a deep Vandyke brown, it resembles the richest velvet. The Chinese esteem it

most highly. The fur of the lynx is long, exceedingly soft, and of a grayish color, with dark spots. It is usually dyed a beautiful glossy black. The raccoon is a cheap, durable, and useful fur, and is much in demand in Germany and in Russia for coat linings. The badger, of North America, is a soft, fine, and useful fur; and that of the sloth is very beautiful and glossy. The domestic cat is fed on fish, and bred in Holland for its fur. The gray color of the wild cat, being mottled with black, adapts it for linings, and the wrappers for carriages. Bears also contribute their share, their skins being converted into costly fancy robes for carriages and sleighs, as well as for military equipments.

Sales of raw furs are held in London twice a year, of sufficient importance and magnitude to attract merchants from all parts of the world.

From the eagerness with which the fur trade has been pursued for centuries, from the vast destruction of fur-bearing animals, from the advanced state of geographical knowledge, clearly indicating that no new countries remain to be explored, and from the appropriation to the uses of man of those forests and rivers which afforded them food and protection, this useful material is becoming every year more scarce and valuable.

CONFESSIONS OF A MAID OF HONOR.

THERE has been quite a tendency, of late years, for men and women, of high estate in letters or at royal courts, to favor the world, at the close of their lives, or after death, with their memoirs, and personal confessions of their life experiences. Many of these have been written through vanity and published in weakness; not unfrequently giving rise to heart-burnings and scandals, and doing the world no good.

But there has just appeared, in Prussia,

the life of a lady, written by herself, and long since dead, which has caused a great deal of excitement, because of the many and rare glimpses it gives of life at the court of Prussia in the last half of the last century, and the first decade of the present. Among its good qualities are the facts that it is evidently truthful and sincere, and that it deals of no personages now living, except the present emperor, and of him mainly as a babe in arms and a lad. Its attractions are

the wonderful circumstance that it gives us the manifold experiences of a residence of sixty-nine years at court as court lady, or maid of honor, and thus fairly comprises the most important part of the history of the Prussian royal family. It takes us behind the scenes, and leads us into the intimate family life of several generations of monarchs.

We have a glimpse of Frederick William the First, of Frederick the Great and his brothers, and Frederick William the Second and Third. It unrolls the periods of the great war in Silesia, with Maria Theresa, and that of the French Revolution and domination in Germany, down to the significant events of the Congress of Vienna on the fall of Napoleon. The domestic character of the court is portrayed with marked traits, and yet with great discretion; and the whole career of the wonderful lady is a bright picture of womanly honor and fidelity. Her open and generous nature attracts our sympathies from the beginning, and her marvelous talent of observation and description prove her to be a court lady to the manor born. We therefore regard it a profitable study to follow her through her trials and experiences, that we may learn that palaces are not, by any means, always beds of roses.

Countess Voss, as she became by marriage, was the daughter of an old soldier, who had distinguished himself in several battles, and finally, as general, settled in Berlin, to be near the court. Her mother was a favorite at the court of the mother of Frederick the Great, and thither she occasionally brought the daughter to see the queen. The girl of eleven was already beautiful and of fine physical development, so that she soon attracted the attention, and gained, as a child, the special favor of the king,—Frederick William the First. This old gentleman was the founder of the present Prussian army, besides being a kind and faithful husband, little given to gallantry. But he seems, nevertheless, to have had his weak moments; for a lady of the court relates the following anecdote of him,

which, for a time, was even more than palace gossip:

"The young girl was beautiful as an angel, and quite as determined in character as she was attractive. The king once met her on a narrow staircase leading to the rooms of the queen, and, as she could not escape him, he endeavored to kiss her as she passed; but she gave him such a hearty box on the ear that those who were standing at the foot of the stairs had the strongest proof that she had well effected her purpose. The king, however, took no offense at her resolute self-defense, and always remained kind to her."

At the age of fourteen, as is usual in Germany, she was confirmed, and was then made court and state lady of Queen Sophie Dorothea, with whom she remained seven years, and passed through the most troublous period of her life. In her memoirs, she says: "The events that now crowded upon me brought with them the greatest grief and hardest struggle of my life, and hastened the most eventful period that forced me to resolutions of the greatest import for my after course." In these words she alludes to the not altogether unrequited love of the heir presumptive to the Prussian throne, Prince Augustus William. He was the youngest brother of Frederick the Great, was married, and the father of two children, when this unhappy passion seized him, which was to destroy his own peace, and embitter the life of the court lady to the highest degree. The prince was a man of talent and amiability, which qualities were heightened by a rare modesty. He was also the favorite of his father, who preferred him to all his sons. He was a fine specimen of manly beauty and inborn dignity, which cast an attraction about his person, and caused him to be a favorite in all the court festivals and entertainments, where the subject of this story was quite as acceptable as he; and they were, therefore, frequently brought together, under circumstances calculated to increase their mutual acquaintance.

The prince, who had married against

his will, to please his father, as is so frequently the case in these "marriages of convenience," conceived an affection for the young maid of honor, who was the cynosure of all eyes. And this affection turned out to be no fleeting ebullition of feeling, but the one great love and consuming flame of his life. The countess herself gives so touching an account of this event, that it bears the stamp of the strictest truth, and is, evidently, one of the painful dramas of real life. "The Prince of Prussia had come with his father to visit his mother, at the palace of Monbijou, and, before I was aware that he had noticed me, he had conceived for me a passion that has become the great misfortune of his life and my own. This affection, which began from the first moment that he saw me, did not quickly pass away as it had come; he cherished it truly and steadfastly until the last. For more than five years I thus lived near him at court, and, during this time, I did all that I could to combat his affection, and cure him of it. But my resistance and coolness were all in vain; nothing could shake the fidelity of his feeling; and, whatever I did, he always remained the same. On the contrary, instead of becoming more calm with time, he became only the more excited and unhappy. At first, he sought to conceal his feelings from me; but, after a few months, he gave up this hopeless effort, and made to me a violent declaration of his love, and continued to persecute me with its repetition.

"At last, I became beside myself with grief and anxiety, and made a confidant of another lady of the court, that I might have the benefit of her advice. She counseled me to continue as I had commenced, to meet the advances of the prince with respect, but firmness, and declare to him that he must cease to say such things to me as could be only productive of unhappiness to him and me. While my friend was at court, I followed her advice in every special instance of trial; but, when she left, I was thrown on my own resources to meet the ever-

increasing importunities of the prince. He was very amiable in his manners, and gentle and attentive to me. Was it not natural that, with my inexperience and youth, and novelty in a feeling that I had never experienced, I should feel kindly toward him, even though I withstood him; and, finally, that this feeling should get the better of me? By nature confiding and gentle, given to friendship, and open and frank toward all, I was, by my education, inclined to a dependence on others. Notwithstanding their kindness, my parents were strict with me (and I had been brought up in great subjection and fear). And, in that way, I acquired a hesitancy and dependence of manner which followed me in after life. I can, in truth, say that I never hesitated in my resolves; but I was, at times, weaker toward them than toward myself, which has often been my misfortune.

"Thus, I again and again came to the determination to banish from my heart the growing feeling for the prince. I was determined, at every sacrifice, to repress his growing influence over me. For days and days I remained in my room, in order not to meet him; I avoided him; yes, I fled from his presence; and, if by chance I met him, it was with a studied unfriendliness and coolness that should make him angry with me. And, when all these things did not alienate him, I implored him, with tears, to forget me; but it was all in vain. He never ceased to love me till his death. By nature impulsive and thoughtless, he was not able to conceal his feelings, and it seemed, indeed, a sort of consolation to him not to conceal them. It at last became his pride to confess them to every body; and this procedure was, of course, calculated to cast suspicion on the good name of a young lady at court."

This story is told with such truthfulness and feeling that it is a touching analysis of woman's heart in such strong temptation. She seems simply not to have possessed the determined courage to put an end to persecution, in demanding relief

from it by appeal to a higher power. She had nothing to reproach herself for but a mute requital of his feelings. She never trespassed on the sternest commands of propriety, and her fault lay solely and alone therein, that she had not betimes left the court. At last her mother stepped in and put an end to it, by arranging, against her consent, a marriage with a cousin. The prince, on hearing of this, made superhuman efforts to prevent it, and went so far as to promise, in a moment of madness, a divorce from his wife, if he could thus secure the hand of the object of his wild affection. Of this period the countess thus writes:

"My position at court became more and more difficult. The prince grew more violent in his appeals that I would not leave him, and was willing to sacrifice every thing in the world for me. My own daily repeated sufferings and sorrows, and the wish of the king, whom this passion of the son greatly disturbed, led me to force myself to yield to the only succor; namely, the marriage with my cousin. Shall I conceal it? I had no love for him. My only feeling was that of respect; but he knew all this, and was satisfied with it. A marriage was the only thing that could put an end to my persecutions. This moment was the most terrible of my life. I fought a hard battle with myself. The thought of thus leaving the court and the prince, forever, brought a feeling of death over me; but what could I do? I had no choice; I dared not turn from me this bitter grief; it was to be. The day of my betrothal was my birthday, and the most terrible one that I ever experienced. With sorrow I left the court, where I had been so happy, and with the deepest grief in my heart entered on my new life. My marriage was like all those that are celebrated at court. A great crowd of guests were invited, and every thing went off with such boisterous festivity that I was scarcely myself. The prince was present at the ceremony, and, in the midst of it, fainted and was carried away."

The newly married pair soon left Berlin, and the lady never saw the prince again. But she could not forget him, and named her first-born son after him; and not until she learned the death of the prince, some years afterward, was the last word in the history of this sad and unfortunate youthful love spoken. But she was destined soon again, by a strange turn of events, to become a lady of the court, and resume her rôle of maid of honor to the queen. She had taken up her residence on the estate of her husband, near the old town of Magdeburg, whither the Prussian court had fled during the doubtful period of the Seven Years' War. She was then again immediately invited to attach herself to the court, which she did the more willingly from the fact that her husband was given to wild pleasures at home, or spent weeks at a time away from his estates at the chase. She had never loved him, and he soon cooled in his affection for her, so that their temporary separation was no hardship for her, and he could meet her when he pleased at court.

The story of her life now becomes very interesting, as she assumes influential position in the Prussian royal household, and becomes, in reality, the governess, or chief of the corps of court ladies. Her wisdom and prudence were frequently a strong defense for many who would have done unwise things had it not been for her. Her delicate tact and perception, as well as good judgment, are frequently seen by little entries in her diary in regard to her daily life. One of the young ladies was so beautiful and delicate that she was known to the court as the "Fairy," and was the controlling feature of the court life at Magdeburg. In her diary one day the countess writes of her as follows:

"I went to-day to the beautiful 'Fairy's', who had invited us to coffee. [This, in Germany, is an informal gathering at a friend's after dinner, where they chat over 'coffee,' instead of gossiping over 'tea.'] An old French woman came in and insisted on telling our fortune, which

consisted solely in a great deal of nonsense, and ending by the assurance that we would soon hear good news, which we earnestly hope may be true. Count Watersleben then came in, who usually plays the fool. On my return home, I was delighted to hear the 'good news' that the Russians had evacuated Berlin on the 12th, fearing the return of the king from Silesia."

Again on the 25th of October: "I am preparing to-day for communion, and rode with my husband to early Church. At twelve o'clock we went for the second time, and Pastor Sucrow made a most beautiful and edifying prayer. When I came home, I performed my devotions, and remained for the rest of the day quietly in my room."

January 25th.—"I was again to-day at the 'Fairy's' at coffee, but even there it seemed to me dull and tedious. In the evening, the Prince of Nassau gave a grand supper, where the 'Fairy' and I were both invited. Before supper they played Pharaoh, and after supper they played blind-man's-buff. Every body was in a merry mood, and the company did not break up till two o'clock in the morning."

February 4th.—"Was at court in the evening. The poor queen was in a terrible humor, and said the most desperate things. This moodishness is a frightful fault with her. She insists that every body shall flatter her, and yield to her in every thing, and this makes every conversation as painful as disagreeable."

April 20th.—"In the evening we were at the Princess Amalia's, who always indulges in the craziest notions. She insists that at her next party the gentlemen shall appear dressed as ladies, and has fixed this ridiculous masquerade for next Wednesday."

April 22d.—"To-day every body was at the Princess Amalia's, who had decreed that the gentlemen should appear as ladies, and ladies as gentlemen. She herself wore the dress of a clergyman. I wore a riding-dress with a round wig, and the Countess Finkenstein did the same. The

Princes of Nassau and Wrede were really in full lady's costume, but both were furious at their unseemly disguise. Geuder came as a servant girl, fixed up in the most burlesque style. After supper the music appeared, and they tried to dance, but it was a failure. They soon gave it up and tried to play cards, but this also fell through, and thus ended, very early in the evening, a very foolish undertaking."

At the close of the Thirty Years' War, Frederick the Great returned to Berlin, and, at the command of the queen, the countess also came, as maid of honor at her court, a procedure that was made practicable on the part of her husband by his appointment of Court Marshal. For thirty years now, until the death of the Marshal, their life was about the same; the Winter was spent in Berlin, and the Summer at some of the Baths or royal estates. On one of her Summer visits with her daughter, the latter made an acquaintance that ripened into a family alliance; but before this should take place, it is beautiful to see the great care of the countess in having her daughter carefully prepared for this solemn event. She removed her from the distractions of court life, to a retired estate of her grandmother, where the child, under the special teaching of a worthy clergyman, could extend her religious education; and shortly afterward she was confirmed, and admitted to communion. This day was observed as a solemn family occasion, and all their relatives came from a distance, to be present at the sacred ceremony. A few weeks later, the marriage took place, and the separation from her daughter proved a serious grief to the devoted mother.

The countess had now reached her forty-second year, and court life had lost its charms for her. She had no domestic life, for her husband was devoted to worldly and noisy pleasures. At the death of Frederick the Great, Frederick William the Second, the son of her former admirer, ascended the throne, and he proved a very gracious friend to her, as she proved too generous and forgiving

to his many weaknesses and shortcomings. He was the most indifferent of all the Prussian monarchs to his marital ties, and forms a strong contrast to those who followed him. He became entangled with her own niece, and thus brought upon her another round of troubles and heart-burnings. These sorrows form the burden of a goodly number of entries in her diary. The king was urging a morganatic or left-handed marriage with the niece, and the countess was trying to prevent it.

She says, under date of November 8th:

"I see clearly that she loves the king, in spite of all her denial. It grieves me terribly."

December 2d.—"After dinner, the king talked for a long time with my niece, and I fear a tragic end for her honor and that of my family. I have always said that she should never have been allowed to come to court."

December 8th.—"The king is compromising himself fearfully. For his own sake, I wish he might come to his senses and be a man."

This affair ended in this curious manner: The king and the young lady were married by the court preacher, in left-handed marriage, giving the left hand instead of the right, because he was already married by the right hand to the queen. The consistory declared this marriage right in the eyes of the Church, because Melancthon had permitted a double marriage to Philip of Hesse. About this shameful case the countess thus speaks in her diary: "It grieves me deeply, and, with the best will in the world, I can not suppress a feeling of disgust at a thing which is so wrong in itself, in spite of all the plausible reasons which they may adduce. As to my niece, her conscience will soon tell her this clearly, and will not be quiet."

We now hasten to one of the most touching scenes of the narrative. The French Revolution had broken out, and its sequel was the humiliation of the Germans by the inroads of the French Emperor and his vassals. Frederick Will-

iam the Third was on the throne of Prussia, and his wife was the "good Queen Louisa." It was the beautiful lot of the countess, in the evening of her life, to gain the unlimited confidence of Louisa, whom she always calls, in her memoirs, her "good angel." While yet crown-princess, Louisa gave birth to the present emperor, and the Countess Voss was the first who bore him in her arms, and declared him to be a "splendid little prince," in which declaration the eventful history of the great Protestant emperor has not belied her words.

On the flight of the royal family, at the approach of Napoleon, when Prussia seemed on the eve of dissolution, a deep melancholy seized her heart; and she thus laments: "My old birthday. To-day I count eighty years, which God, in his merciful grace, has permitted me to live. When I reflect how this life passes as a dream, and yet remember all the misfortune and sadness that I have experienced, I can not enough say that all these things are sent by God for our real good; that is, for our future and eternal welfare. For the three years that our poor dear sovereigns have suffered the most incredible sorrow, through this detestable Corsican, my heart has been bowed down by grief. If only one hope, one ray of light, remained to us that things might change! but, so long as this wretch lives, as a scourge to mankind, we have nothing to hope."

On the 19th of July, 1810, she stood at the dying couch of Queen Louisa; she saw the noble sufferer's head incline to one side, saw her eyes wide open, gazing toward heaven, and heard her last words: "I am dying; O Jesus, make death easy!" and she was gone. A bitter grief now mars page after page of the diary for the four remaining years allotted to the countess on earth. She became the guardian of the royal children, who clung to her with the most touching affection. The king paid her great honor, and was with her daily, sometimes talking for hours. When he returned from a journey, his first visit was to Countess

Voss, who now began to show signs of increasing infirmity, although her mind remained bright to the last. On the 6th of April, 1814, her diary runs as follows: "My days are full of sorrow as ever; and, withal, I have so much trouble with the governesses, and all sorts of people. I reflect much on the past, the present, and the future; but, for me, the last will not be long on earth. Eternity alone is the important part!" On the 28th of December, she writes: "My hand seems numb and lame. I wrote to the dear king, and sent him a pretty pocket-book." (Christmas present.) In three days, this lameness ended in apoplexy, which struck her while surrounded by company; she was carried to her bed, soon lost consciousness, and died on the morning of the 31st of December, 1814.

This lady of eighty-six years, and most of them so eventful, passed sixty-nine of them at court, in the closest relation with the royal families of all that period. During her life-time, she was the trusted "Aunty" of the two princes that were destined to become kings,—the present emperor, and the brother who preceded him; and it is therefore no wonder that the publication of her continuous diary, at a period when all the actors have disappeared from the scene, except one, has caused a great stir among statesmen and scholars, and is being read by all the intelligent people of Germany. We have given only the salient points, as a rare insight into the early days of a royal family, grown to occupy the most important throne in Europe.

WILLIAM WELLS.

SHAKING HANDS, BOWING, AND SALUTING.

ACTS of courtesy may be merely conventional, or they may be the outward manifestation of the higher inward courtesy. The grasp of the hand had, in all probability, two significations. In the times referred to, when war was the normal state, and man little better than a fighting animal, some mistrust naturally accompanied proffered friendship; each, therefore, grasped the weapon-hand of the other, as a security against treachery. The other idea of clasping hands was, undoubtedly, that of "fastening together in peace and friendship," as Tylor expresses it; and he goes on to trace the etymology of the word peace to this action, finding it in the Sanskrit "pac," to bind. It is now a piece of conventionality to take off the glove before shaking hands with a lady; but this custom began in the days of chivalry, when the glove was a steel gauntlet, a grasp from which might be painful. The bow and

the courtesy are but abbreviations of signs of submission,—but a humanized form of the cowering of an animal before its master's rebuke. At present, it exists in all gradations, from the Chinese "ko-tow," to the slight bend of the head in token of recognition or respect. To uncover the head meant, originally, to remove the helmet, thus laying aside the chief safeguard, and placing the person at the mercy of those present. Women do not uncover the head, never having worn a head-dress as a means of defense. The courtesy shown to women, dating from the age of chivalry, arose not merely from the tenderness of the strong toward the weak, but also from the recognition of something divine in womanhood. Would that this ideal could be sustained! It is only this elevation of the sex that can give it a claim to that courteous treatment that has always been considered its due.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE goodness of Providence in the law of compensation is nowhere more visible than in the rocky fastnesses of the Switzer's land. Its beautiful valleys have a population that they can with trouble support, and when the year is round, it is always clear that the Swiss, if left to their own possibilities, would have a desperate game in trying to make both ends meet. Formerly, many of them left their country for some months in the year, wandering over Europe, and vending the little wares, gloves, and carved work, principally, made by the wife and children during their absence. Then again, very many of them, in former times, would enlist in the armies of foreign monarchs, as mercenary soldiers, especially as private body-guards to the French monarchs, and even to the Pope. These men went merely to serve the rulers that hired them, independent of local revolutions, rebellions, or whatever questions might arise in the countries where they were engaged; and in this way French history, especially, shows examples of kings defended from the frenzied wrath of their subjects by the Swiss guards, until the latter were all slaughtered in their tracks, and the men whom they thus loyally had served were enabled to escape from their own subjects. All this is now changed by the providential fact that other nations have discovered the skill of Swiss fingers, and the sublime beauty of Swiss mountains, and therefore go in swarms to the Swiss themselves, without waiting till the latter would come to them. As a result, the good people of this romantic land now find their hands full in staying at home to supply the wants of the curious and learned, who, every Summer, in such immense numbers now swarm in every part of the country. When the season closed, late last Autumn, the sta-

tistics of the campaign simply surprised the Swiss themselves, showing that perhaps over two hundred thousand strangers had been with them, leaving a large amount of money in return for personal accommodation and attention, and no inconsiderable sum for the thousand beautiful little mementos carried away. It is also a curious fact that this rambling over Swiss mountains was virtually begun by the English, who consider the experience of Continental travel a portion of their national education. And these Britons always affect, in travel, that which is most dangerous and venturesome; they are therefore mostly found among the mountains, and seldom below the snow line. If they can revel among the glaciers, and make a raid on some sea of ice, they are supremely happy, finding only a still greater pleasure in crossing the dangerous passes, or reaching, at the great risk of life, such arctic heights as those of Mont Blanc. The Autumnal days drive them from the mountains, where the snow falls early, and then they wander in crowds through the valleys and among the lakes, gathering in great numbers around the blue waters of Lake Lemman. The stories that, for a generation, have been added to English literature by these bold tourists, have attracted the attention of the world, and gradually brought there strangers of other, and indeed all, nationalities. The Germans are going there every year in increasing numbers, as are also our own countrymen. The most of these visitors care less about dangerous and fatiguing adventures than the English, and are quite likely to keep the high road, and follow what is known as the "grand tour," where they can find comfort in traveling, and the most superb hotels, when the impulse takes them to make a special sojourn near some peculiarly

attractive spot. And this immense increase of foreign travel, of so many different nationalities, has led to the construction of complete caravansaries at all much visited resorts, so that the most exacting, from different lands, can be sure of finding something to tempt their palates as if from the tables of their own national retreats.

AND while on the subject of foreign tourists to Switzerland, it may be well also to allude to the great numbers that are now staying there for quite a period. Very many from other lands, in looking around for attractive and profitable places for a stay of some months or years, for educational and artistic privileges, find themselves better served and satisfied than in almost any other place. And so there are Swiss cities that number their permanent foreign residents by the tens of thousands almost. These are mostly found in Southern or French Switzerland, and along the banks of that lake, one end of which is adorned with the beautiful city of Geneva, and the other by the far-famed castle of Chillon. Nearly twenty thousand strangers are now living in various parts of the Canton of Vaud, and mostly along the northern bank of Lake Lemman, especially in the district of Vevey. Indeed, this entire lake is the favorite retreat of strangers, for several reasons: in the first place, the scenery and the climate are very attractive, as well as the accessibility to all desirable points for special or holiday tours. And then, in the second place, if one desires to take children abroad for the advantage of foreign schools, there are none, on the whole, superior to those of Switzerland; and of these the most popular are found on this lake for miles between Vevey and Lausanne. The advantages for the French language are peculiar, from its general excellence in this region; it is an acknowledged fact that, on the whole, the French can be more accurately learned at Geneva than in Paris; and this can be done also with the double advantage of Protestant schools, and having the children under one's own eye and care. Very many persons who are able to do so—and with careful persons it needs not be a matter of such frightful expense—now go to these places to reside awhile with their children, hiring

apartments and living with all the comforts of family life, and having their children at their own tables and firesides when school-hours are over. When this can be done, there is no doubt about its desirability over the custom of leaving young children, especially, in foreign schools of any kind. Switzerland is emphatically a land of schools, and there is scarcely a large town in the accessible parts of the country that has not some good ones. In the north, as at Zürich and Basle, the advantages are greater for the German, while in the south the French is the vernacular. But in many schools the French and the German can be equally acquired, although a risk in regard to the German is the peculiar dialect of the Swiss, which, in many instances, amounts to a kind of brogue. The only other objection we would note is the presence of so many foreigners, who tempt us to the use of our own tongue instead of the French.

OUR lady readers will surely thank us for telling them why, perhaps, the Viennese are the best coffee-makers in the world; and, to our own taste, we can attest this by actual experience. One of their own poets addresses an affectionate ode to the "cherished coffee-berry, which is sought every morning, then browned, then ground, then brewed with seething water." And this process of browning and grinding every morning is a great part of the secret of good coffee, according to the German and French. Coffee contains a species of oil, and a fixed and a volatile salt. In the roasting, these refreshing qualities are brought out into active existence, and then soon disappear. It is, consequently, of the greatest importance to prepare and drink the coffee immediately, so as to secure the richest aroma. It is quite a disputed question whether it is better to roast the coffee in open or closed vessels. In Europe, this is nearly always effected in closed cylinders; in the Orient, in open pans. The roasting process is one of great delicacy,—just so far and no farther. If the berry is not browned enough, the salts are not developed; if too much, they are destroyed or escape. The question of the manner of pulverization is one of no mean importance: shall it be ground, or pounded fine in mortars? In its home,

among the Arabs, it is always pounded in the mortar, as the Indian pounds his corn. In Europe, it is nearly always ground. And this weighty question has been thoroughly discussed by that great French authority in matters of taste, Brillat Savarin, in his "Physiology of Taste." He made many experiments with ground and pounded coffee, and always found the latter the better. Balzac, the great French novelist, who possessed an immense collection of coffee-pots, of all conceivable kinds, came to the same conclusion. And, then, how shall it be brewed? Here, authorities are most various and perplexing. Some pour cold water on the coffee, let it draw a little while, and then heat or boil the water. Others pour boiling water on the coffee, and let it settle awhile before drinking. But the best European authorities are in favor of the spirit-lamp machine, which can there be obtained every-where. The ground coffee is placed in the receptacle above, which has a wire gauze bottom. The steam produced below passes through the pulverized coffee and seethes it, and then collects in a condensed state on the vessel above, and returns through the coffee in the form of boiling water, extracting the qualities as one would lye from ashes. In France, these machines are known as "percolators," and have a large use in Germany. But even with this, to insure good coffee always, we must adopt the practice of the Viennese, whose motto is, "plenty of coffee recently prepared, and quick work in steaming and drinking it"

WHILE in company with a hunting-party once, in the mountainous region of Styria, in Lower Austria, we heard more of the famous arsenic-eaters than we were willing to believe, and saw some of the mountaineers and forest men who were said to take arsenic daily to improve their powers for mountain-climbing and endurance,—wind and bottom, as sporting men term these qualities. But there is no doubt but that the custom is greatly increasing, and a large stock of information has just been gained on the subject by a meeting of a scientific association in Gratz, the principal town of that province. The *savants* collected seemed to take the opportunity of being there the first time to gain all the practical information in

regard to that strange custom. And they acknowledge that the stories generally told are hardly exaggerated. Three grains of arsenic are usually fatal, and yet they found hunters and horse-jockeys who will sometimes double this dose. A miner was found who began using it as a youth of seventeen, and had gradually increased his portion until he could take twenty-three grains at a time, without in the least affecting his health. And one's astonishment increases to learn that there are plenty who take good doses, day after day, as the toper takes his bitters. It becomes a passion. And still they are strong men, who do a deal of mountain-climbing, retain their health, and attain old age. One hunter affirmed that he never went on difficult and dangerous hunts without a dose of arsenic, to give him strength and courage. Many of the facts are imparted in a lecture by a local physician, after which he exhibited two arsenic-eaters, whom he had induced to appear before the body; and this he had only effected with trouble, as they seem shy of having their passion dissected. One of these subjects was a tailor, fifty-five years of age, who has regularly enjoyed his arsenic for twenty-five years. He was induced to commence the practice on being obliged to go into a house where many had died of typhoid fever, understanding this to be an effectual preventive. He began with a grain a day, and now ordinarily takes six grains at a time, when he needs to make any unusual exertion. He declares it to be a means of preserving health, and took five grains of arsenic before the company. The second man was an hostler. He learned to take arsenic from seeing it given in small quantities to horses to improve their wind. He began with a small quantity, and now, about once a week, takes several grains on bread and butter, or a piece of pork. Instead of being injured by it, he declares he feels bad when obliged to do without it; and he entertained the gentlemen by swallowing over six grains in their presence. And yet, with all this testimony as to the bliss and profit of arsenic-eating, the *savants* were cruel and inconsistent enough to recommend the Government to pass stringent laws in regard to the sale of the article, so as to restrain its use, which they unanimously condemn.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DURING the past year, the gentler sex seems to have been fully and faithfully represented by able and interesting speakers in convention, at the camp, in hall, and in pulpit, showing, day by day, that "in labors more and more abundant" the women of our time are nobly striving to supplement the efforts of masculine workers in the great field of reform. Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, at the session of the Ladies' and Pastors' Union of the Ohio Conference, is reported to have delivered "a grand address," and is said to be "one of the ablest women of Ohio Methodism." Mrs. Trafton, of Portland, Maine, at the recent organization of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, delivered an address "of tender pathos and magnetic power, breathing a spirit of earnest consecration and sacrifice." At Lynn, Massachusetts, Mrs. Alderman and Miss Lindsay, on the part of the Society, "were listened to with marked interest and attention." At a district conference, in Ohio, Mrs. Fribley "gave an instructive and soul-stirring address, on the interests of the work of the Society;" while Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Johnson, and Miss Willard have spoken eloquently and effectively, upon the great moral questions of the age, at various conventions and before various organizations. In revival work, Mrs. Van Cott, "who, according to good authority, has the misfortune of being a woman," Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Smiley, and Mrs. Lowrie have been actively and profitably engaged. In the temperance work, we find that Mrs. Dr. French, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Partington, of Portland; and Mother Stewart, of Ohio, have been particularly noticeable. The latter lady has been invited to England, to inaugurate in that country a crusade similar to that which was waged in the United States two years ago. Mrs. Dr. French has been delivering medical lectures to the ladies of Portland, and one or two lady lawyers have achieved marked success at the bar. Miss Rankin, "the founder of modern Protestant missionary labor in Mexico," has been presenting her work to many Churches in New York; and Mrs. Lam-

buth, a missionary returned from China, has been soliciting aid for the establishment of a girls' school in Shanghai. Of the Centennial display at Philadelphia, American ladies have not been entirely unmindful, as they have contributed to general purposes of the Centennial \$95,140, and have proposed to raise \$30,000 for the erection on the grounds of a pavilion, to be devoted to the exhibition of the highest type of women's work. There will be specimens of feminine skill in sculpture, painting, literature, engraving, telegraphy, lithography, education, and inventions, finer sorts of needle-work, lace, and crocheting.

—The Women's Centennial Committee of Massachusetts raised eight thousand dollars for the women's building at Philadelphia. Boston contributed six thousand dollars of the amount.

—At a recent Woman's National Temperance Convention, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, the President, stated that she had secured the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, one day during the Centennial, for the purpose of making a great temperance day, and hoped to be sustained in the enterprise. The cost of the hall is three hundred and fifty dollars for the day, June 12, 1876. Tickets of admission, one dollar. Mrs. Bingham, of New York, reported a resolution to request the Centennial Commissioners to prohibit the sale of all intoxicating beverages during the Centennial.

—The women of the past century were by no means deficient in a certain kind of strong-mindedness, as may be seen in the two following paragraphs:

The *Hartford Courant* publishes an item that appeared in that journal in March, 1775, stating that the ladies of Fair Haven parish, having assembled and had a drink of tea all round, unanimously resolved that they would "drink no more of the pernicious weed till the late oppressive acts of the British Parliament are repealed."

It was n't Mecklenburg nor Philadelphia where independence was first proclaimed, but in a letter from Mrs. John Adams to her

husband. When the king issued his proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition, Mrs. Adams wrote to Mr. Adams, in Philadelphia: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and to bring to naught all their devices." This was a declaration of independence preceding by months that which Jefferson wrote.

—The Woman's Christian Association of Washington, with the twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated by Congress, have completed their new building.

—"Half a century is a long time for a Ladies' Church Benevolent Society to exist, yet the Ladies' Society of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church of Cincinnati recently celebrated its fifty-fifth anniversary with a fair and festival."

—The Methodist Sunday-school Society of Richmond, Virginia, recently resolved to support a girls' school at Shanghai, under the direction of Mrs. Lambuth, and a band of Richmond ladies are pledged for the maintenance of a pupil in the Girls' Home.

—Two Christian ladies of Providence, Rhode Island,—Miss Chace, of Central Church; and Miss Anne Kidder, of Brown-street Church,—are under appointment as missionaries, under the auspices of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. The former goes to Rangoon College, and the latter to Japan.

—At the recent session of the California Conference of our Church, Mrs. Charles Goodall, the President of the Woman's Missionary Society, delivered an address in regard to the working of the Society. The Society devotes all its efforts to the rescue of heathen women. There are now twenty-five girls in the Mission-house under their care. Many of these were rescued from slavery and degradation of the vilest character. The girls present in the meeting

were modest, intelligent, and happy in appearance. Their singing was good, their voices pleasant, and their enunciation was very distinct.

—Miss Mary Mann, late of East New Portland, Maine, bequeathed to the Missionary Society of our Church five hundred dollars.

—An effort is being made to form a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in every Church belonging to the United Presbyterian body in this country.

—Rev. L. S. Gates and wife, and Lucy R. Drake, missionaries to India; and Misses Carrie R. Ingraham, Emma Lanafern, Annie Smith, and Nettie Smith, missionaries to South Africa, sailed recently for the scenes of their new field of labor. They go out under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

—The Woman's Bible Mission in Baltimore supports two Bible Women at work in China; and a similar association in Nashville, Tennessee, raised, at a festival, the sum of four hundred and one dollars for schools in China. The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Washington, Alexandria, and Maysville, have organized missionary societies to aid in the great work of evangelization.

—At the meeting of the Synod of Cincinnati, Dr. Humphrey, of Lane Seminary, made an address on woman's work and organization. A resolution was also adopted, to the effect that the Synod urgently recommend the organization of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in all our Churches; and also the formation of Presbyterian Societies, by our Christian women, in the Presbyteries where such do not exist.

—A very interesting meeting of representatives of the various Woman's Missionary Societies of the several Protestant denominations of Chicago was held recently in that city. Mrs. Bishop Harris presided. Mrs. Laffin, of the Presbyterian Society, reported that that organization had raised during the past year \$108,000, and supported twenty-four missionaries, thirty-seven Bible Women, and eighty-seven schools. Mrs. Blatchford reported that the Congregational Missionary Society had raised \$100,000.

ART NOTES.

As the Centennial year opens, we are more and more led to hope largely for the art future of our country. In no department has more encouraging progress been made than in church architecture. We do not now refer to the large, pretentious churches of our great commercial centers alone, but rather to that general advancement witnessed as one journeys through the smaller towns and the rural districts. The displacing of the old by new structures has been the occasion to demonstrate the marvelous strides in artistic taste and demand which our people have made. Every now and then the saunterer through the country is agreeably surprised by a little gem of a church, whose external finish, however creditable, is oftentimes surpassed by a delicacy of taste in the interior, where are exhibited such striking contrasts to the shabbiness or the grotesqueness of the old structures. The Puritan vies with the Churchman in the beauty of his church appointments; all sects and names have come to recognize the desirability of not only more commodious, but more artistic places of worship,—that no real conflict should exist between goodness and beauty. It is seen in the walls, in the altar, the furniture, the books, the windows, and, perhaps as much as anywhere, in the beautifully arranged mosses and flowers that have come to be regarded not only as a most appropriate, but almost a necessary, adornment of the house of God. Nor can we believe that this needs at all cause our religious life to become less vigorous, or abate a jot of our earnestness in soul-saving. We can not sympathize with the notion that thus the piety of the Church is to become tame and effeminate. Doubtless, some of the coarseness and harshness of methods may be removed, but will not the preacher use a weapon of finer temper and keener edge? Would it be a just cause for regret if some of the zealous pugilism of the pulpit should be supplanted by the melting, gentle, beautiful persuasions of Jesus?

— Many will recall the fact that a year or two ago it was determined to present to our

most venerable poet, Bryant, a silver vase, as a testimonial of honor and affection. It was to be of American design and workmanship. When this condition was made public, it was received with a smile of ridicule and incredulity, by many who thought themselves best acquainted with the artistic qualifications of our silversmiths. The first designs were so faulty as to discourage even the hopeful; but, through a very sharp competition, one was at last selected, which, for months, has been in the hands of some of the most skillful workmen of Tiffany & Co., of New York, and promises to be a real gem of its kind. Very competent judges, who have recently examined the parts of this memorial vase (in solid silver), declare that it is fully up, in the delicacy of its engraving, to any similar work recently produced in Europe. It is expected to have this beautiful object ready for the Centennial Exhibition, as an illustration of American progress in workmanship, which has usually been handed over to European artisans.

The University of Rochester, New York, is to place, in one of its halls, a portrait of the late Dr. Hackett, by William Page. The same artist is to paint a full-length portrait of President Eliot, of Harvard, to be placed in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge. The latter is to be a contribution by Eliot's classmates.

— *Scribner*, for January, in its article on "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," insists on what every European traveler feels to be a needed change in household management; namely, the substitution of good floors, with rugs, for the present continuous carpet. Aside from the sanitary questions (and these are very grave), and the moral questions of roiled tempers and vexed brains connected with house-cleaning (and who has not felt these to be bothersome?), we claim that rooms may be made more neat and chaste without carpets than with. The present method of spending such sums upon carpets, and so little upon wall and ceiling decorations, is contrary to all principles of good taste. If drawing-rooms are to be used

for the reception of large companies, their usually crowded condition prevents the visitor from appreciating even the most exquisite harmony of color or figure; it is under these conditions, at best, a broken and inharmonious mass. But the general absence of carpets on the Continent of Europe, and yet the attractive and wholesome rooms which often greet the wearied traveler, show that, with a different distribution of the same amount of money,—transferring from the floor to the walls and ceiling more of the artistic adornment,—our homes may be made, not only more wholesome, but also more truly chaste and beautiful.

— Even Turkey seems to lead this Government in its provisions for art encouragement. She has a Minister of Fine Arts, who is a regular member of the Sultan's cabinet. This minister is a pupil of the celebrated French artist, Gérôme, and is making a collection of paintings of some of the best French artists. Thus is the Frank paying back to the old Byzantine empire something of that art and literary treasure and stimulus which, six centuries ago, helped to dissipate the darkness of the West.

— To the old Gothic architecture belongs the almost singular merit of perfect truthfulness. When a form ceased to have meaning, it was frankly given up; people did not, as in most other styles, weakly cling to the dead carcass. This evidences, instead of the weakness and darkness usually attributed to the Middle Ages, a freshness and independence of thought, rare in the history of humanity, and a wealth of artistic conception, employed in making every new necessity beautiful, which few races have possessed. If we could but do likewise, the result of working on the principles of Gothic architecture would be something very different from pointed Gothic. We should have no pointed windows, and quatre-foils, and buttresses which receive no thrust. We should not have, in stone-work, chamfer-stops at the angles of the windows, simulating wooden framed work, and all sorts of ugly and unmeaning notchings, and roofs so steep that they endanger men's lives. We should ruthlessly abandon forms that are unsuitable, which are not developed by our modern necessities, even though we love and admire

them for their beauty. Can it be said that the Gothic revival has exhibited these signs of the true Gothic spirit? On the whole, certainly not; and we fear that such vices as appear in it are almost inseparable from the attempt to apply a thirteenth century style to present use; that the Gothic style is, in fact, *the artistic expression of an obsolete mode of construction.*—*J. J. Stevenson, in Harper for January.*

— “Is music the mere pastime of an idle hour, the empty recreation of a leisure too luxurious to undergo the tension of persistent thought? To the tired sufferer, the lingering sweetness of the nocturn speaks of a blessed peace not far to seek; to the robust thinker, the sonata and symphony present his profoundest thought, arrayed in an alluring loveliness that seems caught in some golden vale of the region of dreams; to the searcher after spiritual excellence, music is able to furnish those beautiful reasons and mysterious incantations which Plato speaks of as essential to the purification of the soul; to the emotions, music is the subtlest teacher and discipliner. From the lofty atmosphere which environs the compositions of the masters, all low and vulgar and mean feelings have been banished. Music compels us into associations with the life-experiences of noble souls; of it, perhaps, may be said, in a sense not predicable of any other art, that it forces us into becoming the very emotions and thoughts of the artist; our puny individual life melts away into the broader life of the soul that, knowing ‘the way, the truth, and the life,’ labors to utter its burden of prophecy unto all men.”

— References have been made, from time to time, to the art frauds alleged to have been practiced by certain American sculptors in Florence and Rome, in that they have palmed off, upon the public, marbles which were original neither in their model nor in the execution, but both the work of hired Italian workmen. This charge created no small excitement among the artists, both American and Italian; and it culminated recently in a suit brought in the Italian courts by Mr. Conolly, the sculptor, against Mr. Healy, the writer, for heavy pecuniary damages and penal punishment, for alleged injury and defamation. Very able counsel were em-

ployed on both sides, and, after six days of trial, the civil damage was not sustained, but the penal charge was sustained, and Mr. Healy sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine. Both parties having appealed, there is promise of a very protracted and bitter struggle. The whole affair can result in nothing but serious damage to all parties, and, most of all, to those worthy and honest artists whose orders have been canceled by the suspicions aroused by this harsh accusation and acrimonious war.

— Great mistakes are committed by men who are generally supposed to be competent judges of the fitness of enterprises which they project. Certainly, the committee who are proposing to raise funds, to place a portrait of the late Vice-President in Faneuil Hall, are making a sad blunder in limiting the sum to be paid for this work to \$1,000. Better neglect the matter altogether than place an inferior painting of so favorite a citizen in the historic Faneuil Hall; and certain it is, that no competent artist would consent to undertake the work for this sum. None but the very best art is worthy such a man and such a place; and therefore will not the country insist on being allowed the privilege to increase this sum sufficiently to employ our best American artist in this memorial work?

— The efforts of some States, notably Massachusetts, to introduce a system of art instruction in the common-schools, have been regarded with anxious interest by many who have long pondered the question of industrial art in America. It is well known that Mr. Walter Smith, a graduate of the South Kensington Museum, has had the direction of this art effort in Massachusetts. The success attained is judged of very differently by different critics. A class of writers have been unsparing in their praise of the methods and results of Mr. Smith's efforts; while another and equally intelligent class have spoken with much dissatisfaction of both. Doubtless, there has existed a rivalry between Mr. Smith and authors of other series of drawing-books; and the attempt to supplant each other in the public-schools, and elsewhere, may, unconsciously, have unduly prejudiced both parties. The recent report

of the Boston School Committee, which is accompanied by drawings of some of the pupils, reproduced by the heliotype process, has given occasion for renewed criticism of the entire system. Aside from some gross inaccuracies which have been claimed to exist in Mr. Smith's books (generally used in Massachusetts), the whole theory, upon which the instruction proceeds, has been charged with a stiff and vicious mechanical routine, which can by no possibility cultivate in the pupil any true artistic spirit. It is urged that the pupils are shut up to the copying of dead forms, rather than made acquainted with living nature, and thus brought into sympathy with beauty as God reveals it. Certain it is that drawing, as too generally taught, and we fear in Massachusetts as well, leaves the pupil uninspired, cold, and insensible to the real beauty of nature, and totally ignorant of that moral element in art without which it is formal and dead.

— "Arts are actively developed when they are associated with and express the manners and customs of a nation; but, when separated from those manners, to form, as it were, an institution apart from them, the arts decline, gradually become shut up and isolated in academies, and presently adopt a language and a manner of expression no longer rational. Then, art is like a foreigner, only occasionally entertained, and strange to the ordinary life of the people; and, finally, it disappears, for it becomes an embarrassment instead of an assistance; it pretends to rule, but has no subjects. Art can live only when free in its expression, but submissive in its principles; it dies when, on the contrary, its principle is forgotten and its expression enslaved."—*Viollet Le Duc*.

— "Famous Painters and Paintings," by Mrs. Julia A. Shedd, is a book which aims to give a concise account of the chief artists from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. A sketch is given of each painter's life, together with his distinguishing characteristics as an artist, and a description of his principal works. It is chronologically arranged, and handsomely illustrated with portraits of the artists themselves, or engravings of their works. It is an unpretentious but useful work.

SCIENTIFIC.

OBSERVATIONS ON ZODIACAL LIGHT.—Professor Heis has published the observations of this phenomenon, made by himself at Munster, and by Herr Weber at Peckeloh, during the last twenty-nine years; the position of the zodiacal light having been noted by Professor Heis on 287 nights, and by his friend on 134, forming a remarkably fine series of observations. In his introduction, Professor Heis gives a brief summary of the phenomena seen by other observers, among which may be mentioned an inner cone or core, as it were, seen by Herr Eylert during a voyage in the year 1873; the faint light opposite the sun's place, discovered by Brorsen in 1854, and since seen by Heis and others; and the extension of the zodiacal light right across the heavens, forming a complete semicircle, which, however, appears not to have been in all cases coincident with the ecliptic. Though Professor Heis has not discussed his observations with a view of testing any hypothesis, he gives as his opinion that the zodiacal light is a ring surrounding the earth; but whether inside or outside the orbit of the moon, he leaves others to decide, from simultaneous observations in the northern and southern hemispheres.

STUDY OF THE SOLAR SURFACE.—The following is a brief extract from an interesting paper read by Professor Langley, of Alleghany Observatory, at the recent meeting of the American Association, giving the result of years of study upon the solar surface: "The light of the sun is absorbed by its atmosphere, not in the same, but in a greater, proportion than is heat. A long series of experiments shows that much more or less than one-half of the radiant heat of the sun is absorbed or suffers internal reflection by the atmosphere itself. Observations indicate that this atmosphere (speaking comparatively) is extremely thin; Professor Langley is inclined to regard it as identical with the "reversing layer" observed by Dr. Young, of Dartmouth, at the base of the chromosphere, though the chromospheric shadow should perhaps be taken into ac-

count. The importance of the study of this absorbent atmosphere becomes evident, if we admit that the greater part of the 500° which separates the temperature of the temperate zone from absolute zero is principally due to the sun's radiation. To this atmosphere, new matter is constantly being added and taken away by the continual changes of the interior surface. Any alteration in the capacity for absorption, say a difference of twenty-five per cent, which could hardly be recognized by observation, would alter the temperature of our globe by 100°. The existence of life on the earth is clearly dependent on the constancy of the depth and absorption of this solar envelope. Hitherto, calculations have been chiefly confined to the diminution of solar heat by contraction of the sun's mass,—an operation likely to go on with great uniformity. But here is an element of far more rapid variation. If changes in the depth of this solar envelope are cyclical, they would be accompanied by cyclical alterations of the earth's temperature. This may serve alike to explain the characteristics of variable stars and the vast secular changes on earth indicated by geology.

THE GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—Some interesting experiments on the growth of seeds have been conducted by M. Uloth. These were undertaken with a view to determine whether seeds could be made to germinate in ice, and the process may be described as follows: Seeds of various species were placed in grooves made in cakes of ice, and over the grooved surface other plates of ice were laid, and the whole removed to a cool cellar in January, and there they remained till the following May. An examination then made disclosed the fact that many of the seeds had actually germinated, the roots penetrating into the ice. It is but natural, says *Appleton's Journal*, that facts of this startling character should give rise to controversy; and so we are not surprised to learn that opposite views are entertained as to whence the heat needed for the process of growth was obtained. In the opinion

of the experimenter, it was obtained, or rather liberated, in the growth of the roots while forcing themselves into the ice.

THREE CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.—A note, in a late number of the *Scientific American*, gives an interesting account of three discoveries made at the recent examination of the bottom of an old Roman well, located near the hot springs of Bourbonnes les Bains, in France. "After the excavation had been thoroughly drained, and a thick layer of refuse penetrated, the first discovery was made in the bringing to light of thousands of small metallic objects of art. These included ornaments, statuettes, and coins,—the last of silver, gold, and copper,—dating back to the time of Nero and Hadrian. Beneath the layer of ornaments, etc., a second layer was found, composed entirely of fragments of sandstone, which, together with the metallic objects, were completely covered and held in masses by metallic crystals, evidently deposited by the water above. These crystals were subjected to careful investigation, and, as a result, they have been pronounced of such a nature that geologist would unhesitatingly ascribe their formation to natural causes, working through ages. That such is not the case is plainly evidenced by the known eras of the coins, above which they have formed. It will be seen that this circumstance, which constitutes the second discovery, may throw serious doubts over a large quantity of important geological deductions as to lapses of time, when the same, as is the fact in many instances, are wholly based on supposed slowness of formation of similar deposits. The third discovery relates to the fragments of sandstone. By comparing these with other pieces, already found in similar localities, the investigators have concluded that such fragments were thrown into the wells, as votive offerings to local divinities, by the ancient inhabitants of the country; and that the same custom, continued through centuries, accounts for the presence of the much more recent Roman money. A chain of proof, mainly circumstantial, has been elaborated, which refers the stone fragments to the neolithic epoch, in prehistoric ages, and further shows that the pieces probably represent the earliest money used by man."

HABITS OF BLIND CRAWFISH FROM MAMMOTH CAVE.—In November, 1874, Professor Putnam collected a number of blind crawfish in the Mammoth Cave, which he kept alive for several months afterward in Massachusetts. The habits of these animals, and the reproduction in them of lost parts, are the subject of a communication by Professor Putnam, published in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. The animals eat but very little in captivity. When food is dropped into the jar where they are kept, they dart backward, then extend the *antenna*, and stand as if on the alert. The animal continues in this attitude for several minutes, and then cautiously crawls about the jar, with *antennæ* extended. On approaching the piece of meat, and before touching, the animal gives a powerful backward jump, and remains quiet for a while. It often repeats this three or four times before touching the food; when it does touch it, the result is another backward spring. When it has become satisfied that there is no danger, it takes the morsel in its claws and conveys it to its mouth. "I have twice," says Professor Putnam, "seen the meat dropped as it was passed along the base of the *antenna*, as if the sense of smell, or more delicate organs of touch seated at that point, were again the cause of alarming the animal. When the jaws once begin to work, the piece of meat or bread, if very small, is devoured, but, if too large, only a few bites are taken, and the food is dropped, and not touched again." A detailed account is given of one of the specimens, in order to show the mode of reproduction of members lost in battle or by accident. This specimen was captured November 13th, being then perfect in all respects, except the right large claw, which was as yet rudimentary. The entire length of the crawfish was not quite two and a half inches. From November 14th to 24th, it lost in battle most of the *antenna*; the third, fourth, and fifth legs from the left side; the fifth leg, and the two end joints of the third, on the right side. January 28th, the shell was cast, and the crawfish came forth with a soft white covering, which was nearly two weeks in hardening. All the legs which were perfect before were now of the same size, but, in addition, the right large claw was developed

to one-half or two-thirds the size of its fellow, and was apparently of as much use. The two missing joints of the third leg on the right side were also developed, though not quite to their full proportions. The fifth leg on the right side, and the third, fourth, and fifth legs of the left side, were reproduced, but in a small and rudimentary degree. The *antennae* were about two-thirds their full size. On April 20th, the shell was cast again; the crawfish had now all the legs and claws nearly perfect. The great claw of the right side was very nearly as large as that of the left. The tip of the third leg of the same side was perfect, and all the legs that were before rudimentary were now developed, apparently, to their full proportionate size, with the exception of the last on the right side. *Antennae* developed to full length. From these observations it will be seen that the parts are not reproduced in perfection on one shedding of the shell, but that each time the shell is cast they are more nearly perfect than before. These facts strikingly illustrate a law that runs through animate nature, beginning with the vegetable and extending to the highest mammalia. The wounded tree or shrub heals itself, and sends forth new shoots to replace the lost. And the healing of the flesh, which has been cut or burned, is the same working of the law. The same phenomena, described above, may be observed in the common fiddler crab of the New England coast.

HABITS OF THE LEAF-CUTTING ANTS.—

From a very interesting article upon Anent Ants, in a late number of *Popular Science Monthly*, by Mr. E. R. Leland, the following extract is taken: "One of the most interesting of the American species is the *Sauba*, or leaf-cutting ant. The workers of this species are of three orders, and vary in size from two to seven lines. The tree-working class of the colony is formed by the small-sized order of workers. The two other kinds have enormously swollen heads; in one of these the head is highly polished; in the other, opaque and hairy. Their domes, or outworks, are very extensive, some of them being forty yards in circumference, but never more than two feet high. The entrances are small and numerous; in the

large hillocks, a large amount of excavation is necessary to get at the main galleries; the minor entrances converge, at a few feet below the ground, to one broad, elaborately worked gallery, or mine, four or five inches in diameter. These underground abodes are very extensive. The Rev. Hamlet Clark relates that the *sauba* of Rio de Janeiro has excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. At the Magoary rice mills, near Paris, these ants once pierced the embankment of a large reservoir, the great body of water which it contained escaping before the damage could be repaired. The habit of this ant, in clipping and carrying away immense quantities of leaves, has long been recorded.

"When employed in this work, their processions look like a multitude of animated leaves on the march. They mount the trees in swarms. Each one places himself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts, with its sharp, scissor-like jaws, a nearly semicircular incision on the upper side; it then takes the edge between its jaws, and, by a sharp jerk, detaches the piece, which is about the size of a dime. The heavily laden workers troop up and cast their burdens on the hillock; another relay of laborers place the leaves in position, covering them with a layer of earthy granules, which are brought up, one by one, from the soil beneath. It has not been shown satisfactorily to what use the leaves are put. It was formerly supposed that they were consumed as food. Mr. Belt, however, who observed the leaf-cutting ants in Central America, and gives a full and interesting account of them in his 'Naturalist in Nicaragua,' arrives at the conclusion that the leaves, which they gather in such enormous quantities, are used to form beds for the growth of a minute fungus, on which they and their young live. Fritz Muller, writing from Brazil, says that he has always held this view, and that an examination of their stomachs under the microscope confirms it."

PRESERVING MEAT.—A new process has been proposed for the preservation of meat, by placing it in an atmosphere of compressed air. Meat thus prepared is said to be as sweet to the taste as when fresh.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

HISTORICAL BLUNDERS.—It is easy to understand how a rapid speaker, in the heat of a discourse, may make blunders in quoting from history; but in the deliberation of the study, with their libraries at hand, and their imagination sobered by the labor of the pen, it is almost unpardonable for writers to perpetrate them. What shall we say, then, of such a blunder as the following? We quote from an essay on language by a distinguished author, a long-time editor, and a good scholar: "Plato, Cicero, *Tully*, and many others of the ancients, were led to conclude that the alphabet was no human invention, but a gift of the immortal gods." If the writer were quoting from first sources of information, he might know that *Tully* is only the other name of the great orator whom he mentions. Equally amusing is a blunder in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Speaking of the preservation of the precious metals, the writer in question says: "In the wars and convulsions of society, it has changed hands, but it could not be destroyed. Alexander and Tamerlane and *Timour the Tartar* and Mahomet might overrun the world, burning, destroying, and melting its more fragile riches like frost-work. But the money of the vanquished was useful to the victor for his own purposes." A school-boy might have told the author that *Timour* and *Tamerlane* are the same name. *Timour* or *Timur* was, from his lameness, nicknamed *Timurlenk*, corrupted into *Tamerlane*.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.—It is interesting to trace some surnames back to their original meanings. The name *Latimer* is a writer of Latin; *Barker* is synonymous with tanner; *Milner* is an old form of miller; *Lander* is a contraction of *lavandier*, a washer-woman; *Banister* is the keeper of a bath; *Tupman*—a name familiar to the readers of the "*Pickwick Papers*"—means a breeder of rams, which used to be called "*tups*." The names *Spinner*, *Fuller*, *Tucker*, and *Dyer*, are derived from the wool manufacture carried on by Flemish colonists, who settled in New England. As a general rule, says Mr. Lower,

all names terminating with *er* indicate some employment or profession; *er* is believed to come from the Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man; hence *Sayter* is saltman; *Miller*, millman; *Webster* is the old feminine form of *webber*, *Spinster* of *spinner*, *Brewster* of *brewer*.

LEGENDS OF THE APPLE.—The apple, which, as well as we know, is the first fruit mentioned in the Bible, has been the occasion of various legends and superstitions. In Arabia it is believed to charm away disease, and produce health and prosperity. In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead, that they may find it when they enter paradise. The Greeks use it as a symbol of wealth and large possessions, thus attesting their esteem for the fullness and richness of its qualities. In Northern mythology the apple is said to produce rejuvenating power. Germany, France, and Switzerland have numerous legends regarding this fruit. In some countries it is celebrated as the harbinger of good fortune, causing one's most earnest desires to be fulfilled; in others its beautiful properties are shown forth as bringing death and destruction; others again speak of it as an oracle in love affairs; this is especially the case with the Germans, not only in their numerous tales, but in some surviving customs. In England, as well as in our own country, is known among school-girls the popular use of the apple seeds in divining one's sweetheart. The peeling is also used as a test in this delicate matter.

BLUSHING.—Darwin, in his new work, on "*The Expression of the Emotion in Man and Animals*," has an interesting chapter on blushing. This act, he tells us, is the most peculiar and the most human of all expressions. Animals never blush, although monkeys redden from passion. We can not produce blushing by any physical means,—it is the mind which must be affected; and blushing is not only involuntary, but the wish to restrain it increases the tendency. While the young blush more freely than the old, infants do not blush; women blush more than men; the blind and deaf do not

escape. It is usually the face, ears, and neck only that redden; the blush does not extend over the body; but certain races who go habitually nearly naked blush over their arms and chests, and even down to their waists. The limitation of blushing to exposed parts is explained by the fact that these portions of the surface have been habitually exposed to the air, light, and alterations of temperature, by which the small arteries acquire the habit of readily dilating or contracting. Hindoos blush but little; the Chinese rarely blush; the Polynesians blush freely; the young squaw of the American tribes has been seen to blush; the Kafirs of South Africa never blush, neither do the Australians.

PHILADELPHIA. — "Philadelphia" is a Greek noun, signifying a person affectionate to his or her brothers or sisters. It is derived from *Philos*, a friend, and *Adelphos*, a brother. Philadelphia, or Philaphia, means brotherly love. There were three cities in ancient times bearing this name:

1. A city in Lydia, south-east of Sardis, at the foot of Mount Tmolus, deriving its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, so surnamed from the fraternal love he displayed toward his brother Eumenes.

2. The capital city of the Ammonites, situated among the mountains of Gilead. It received its name from Ptolomy Philadelphus, so called from the affection entertained by him for his sister Arsinoe, whom he married; or, as some say, in satire of his cruelty toward his brother.

3. A city of Cilicia Thracia. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, is called after the first of these cities, the seat of one of the seven early Churches.

DYNAMITE.—This substance, which is said to have caused the recent explosion on ship-board at Bremerhaven, is also known by the name of "giant-powder," and was invented by a Swedish chemist named Nobel. It is chiefly used for blasting purposes, and is the most powerful explosive agent known to chemistry. It is composed of finely pulverized silix, or silicious ashes, or infusorial earth, found in Hanover, Germany, and known as Kiesselguhr. It will absorb and retain three times its weight of nitro-glycerine, and has the consistency of, and closely

resembles, brown sugar. If ignited in the open air, and not confined in any space, it will burn quietly, emitting nitrous fumes. It is generally recognized as the safest of all explosives, as it is not liable to explode by light shocks, like pure glycerine, and is not affected by high temperature. It is usually exploded by a fuse or cap. Its greatest danger, according to M. Guyot, a French chemist, arises from the fact that the nitro-glycerine is liable to separate from the mixture and assume its original state, when it may explode upon receiving a slight concussion.

MORE FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—An antiquarian finds several curious illustrations of the ignorance of Englishmen, in regard to our country, in Thackeray's "Virginians." Thus the great novelist makes Madame Esmond, of Castlewood, "Westmoreland County," a neighbor of Washington, at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, fifty miles distant; and a regular attendant on public worship at Williamsburg, half-way between the York and James Rivers, full one hundred and twenty-five miles from Mount Vernon; and so "immensely affected" are the colored hearers of a young preacher at Williamsburg, that "there was such a negro chorus about the house as might be heard across the Potomac,"—the nearest bank of which is fifty miles away. Thackeray makes General Braddock ride out from Williamsburg (he never was there) in "his own coach, a ponderous, emblazoned vehicle," with Dr. Franklin, "the little postmaster of Philadelphia" (Franklin's average weight was one hundred and sixty pounds), over a muddy road in March, through a half wilderness country of more than a hundred miles, to dine with Madame Esmond, in Westmoreland County, near Mount Vernon.

A NAME FOR SUBMARINE TELEGRAMS.—Some one proposes four words as etymologically correct, to designate what are often called *cablegrams*. They are formed, after the model of *telegram*, by their combination of the Greek word "gramma" (a writing) and either "oceanos" (the ocean) into "oceanogram," "thalassa" (the sea) into "thalas-sagram," "pontos" (the deep sea) into "pontogram," or "hals" (the salt sea) into "halogram."

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE INGOT OF GOLD.

IN the outskirts of Bremen dwelt a poor day-laborer, called Peters. Married young, to a woman of his own rank, he had a numerous family, whose wants he could not always satisfy; and it was not without consternation he saw a seventh baby make its appearance.

One day, he had no work, and had no bread to give his children. The tears of those innocent creatures raised such agony in his breast that he left his hut in despair, and sat down sadly by the wayside.

"What will become of me," thought he, "if I want work a day longer? My children must die of hunger. Even if I find them food to-day, to-morrow will come, and what will to-morrow bring? This increasing dread unnerves me, and paralyzes my strength. What a miserable future is before me!"

Just at this moment there passed along the road the venerable Dr. Hetzel, the most respected physician in the district. Although learned, he was rich; he was kind, too, and despised not ignorance; for he knew that, were all the world instructed, learned men would not make quite so much show. On seeing the miserable appearance of the laborer, the Doctor stopped, and said,

"Come, what is the matter? You appear to suffer."

Peters told his artless tale,—the tale of so many,—and burst into tears.

"If you do n't kill despair, despair will kill you," said Hetzel, adding, "come with me; I know how to cure you."

Peters required no second invitation; he jumped into the Doctor's carriage; they reached the town, and pulled up at a fine house. The physician led his *protégé* to the library.

"Look," said he to the workman, pointing to something under a glass shade, "that is an ingot of gold, worth three hundred thalers. I received it from my father, the poorest of Hanoverians. In spite of his poverty, he saved a groschen a day; it took him fifty years to amass this. When I inherited it, I was as miserable as you; dread of the

morrow had more than once made me wish I was dead. But, from the moment I possessed these three hundred thalers, my courage revived; I no longer feared the future. Love of work and the example of my father animated me; my fortune was made. I kept my ingot like a charm; Providence so willed that I should keep it unbroken. I give it to you. If you are wise, you will imitate me; and then some day you can offer to some unfortunate what I offer to you to-day."

Peters thanked his benefactor, and returned in delight, with his ingot of gold, to his hut. He told his wife his happy adventure. After much reflection, they buried the treasure in the cellar.

The next day, he was at work again. Contrary to his wont, he sang all day. His master, who was acquainted with the troubles of his workman, asked the cause of his good humor.

"If you do n't kill despair, despair will kill you," replied Peters.

"A very good idea," said his master; "but remember this too: if the head does not guide the tool, the tool will not support the head."

"I shall remember," answered Peters.

He did remember. No longer troubled by uncertainty, he concentrated his whole mind on his work, and soon surpassed all his companions in the workshop. He still had some bad days,—who has not?—but he bore them with a light heart. He knew why, happy man! Who, having a secret hoard to fall back upon, will not gayly bear a few hours of misery? At such a time, he would say to his wife, to prove her:

"Suppose we melt the ingot?"

She would merely smile, for she knew it was a joke.

Peters was no longer afraid to borrow from his neighbors. One does not hesitate to ask a favor when one has it in his power to bestow one. His neighbors had always been willing to oblige him; if they had not helped him, it was only because the laborer had never asked their assistance; and, in this world, who asks nothing, gets nothing.

Soon his gains sufficed for his wants, and he could do without help.

As may be supposed, the two spouses had often talked about the good Hetzel; the wife was always charmed with the origin of the ingot. She calculated that, by laying by a groschen a day, she would have a thaler in seventy-two days, and five thalers five groschen in a year. A woman who calculates becomes economical, and an economical woman insures the prosperity of her household.

As the saying goes, blessings never come single. A rich man in the neighborhood wished a forest cleared. Peters at one time would never have dared to undertake such a job, although quite fit for it; poverty makes a man timid. But now he had acquired self-confidence; he ventured, and succeeded.

With what he gained from this he bought a field, which his children cultivated. Children are troublesome enough when idle, but are a fortune to whoever knows how to employ their little strength to advantage.

Peters entered on other enterprises. Being honest and hard-working, he was sought after; every year he saved a good sum, with which he bought more land.

Prosperity thus based on order and work must increase; so that, at the age of fifty, Peters was the richest proprietor in the district. He often said to his wife:

"How deeply ought we to bless the memory of the charitable Hetzel! All his predictions have come true; we are rich, and we have kept our ingot."

One Winter evening, a poor traveler knocked at the door. Peters received the stranger hospitably, and gave him the warmest corner at his hearth. Touched with the kindness of his hosts, the unknown told his tale,—unfortunates have ever the same story, the eternal struggle of poverty against necessity. Peters, in turn, told his history,—in which the ingot of gold was not forgotten. The stranger looked round in astonishment, and could not help saying:

"Why do you dwell in this miserable hut when you can possess a comfortable mansion?"

"That is the secret of our prosperity," said the wife; "we understood how the Doctor's father saved a groschen a day."

"Yes," said Peters, "we changed nothing in our way of living; because, having been brought up to privations, we are content with necessities. One requires not indulgences of which one is ignorant; our children, educated in the school of poverty and work, have learned the value of money; with our inheritance they will be happy, having no tastes above their position."

"This is true wisdom," said the stranger. "My parents, with blind kindness, brought me up as if they had been rich; they endured hardships themselves, to make life easy for me; 't is their fault that to-day I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Have you already forgotten the miraculous ingot?" cried Peters, joyfully, running to dig up the treasure from the cellar, where, for the last twenty years, it had lain concealed.

"May this make your fortune, as it has made mine!" said he, presenting it to the traveler.

"Alas," said he, having examined it, "it is but a lump of copper."

"'T is impossible," cried Peters and his wife in a breath.

They rubbed and polished every side of the ingot till it shone like a mirror.

"'T is copper still," said the stranger, examining it again; "but what is this writing on it?"

"We know not," said Peters, "we can not read."

Then the traveler read:

"Truth may make wise men, but fancy makes more happy men.

"If a fool may enjoy the wisdom he believes he has, a poor man may enjoy the treasure he believes he has.

"'T is not so much the want as the fear of to-morrow that makes the poor unhappy.

"To fear the future is to poison the present, and bring about the catastrophe you dread.

"Walk fearlessly in your destined path of life, and you must arrive at the end."

The stranger, having read this, said:

"I accept your present, with thanks; this piece of copper is worth more to me than three hundred thalers. Besides its good counsel, it teaches me that to follow good advice is better than to find an ingot of gold."

J. BENNETT.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

A BEACH MEETING AT OCEAN GROVE.—It had been a beautiful Summer day. "A holy quiet reigned around;" throughout the entire day not a discordant sound was heard; all seemed serene and lovely,—as lovely as a Sabbath could be on earth. We never visited anywhere and found such hallowed Sabbaths as at Ocean Grove.

The sun was yet quite high, although the bell from the pavilion rang out the hour of six o'clock, when from all points,—from the avenues, tents, and cottages,—men, women, and children could be seen wending their way (some bearing camp-chairs, shawls, and water-proofs) down toward the central point of interest, namely, the foot of Ocean Pathway. Ocean Pathway is a graveled walk, some twelve or fifteen feet wide, we imagine, and extending directly from the grove to the beach, several hundred yards long. It is an inspiring sight to watch these groups of eager, happy faces hurrying toward the grand old ocean. But why hurry? Is there not room enough on the beach for all who might want to go? Yes; but just at the foot of Ocean Pathway stands a small pavilion, and just outside of this, in the sand, between the pavilion and the ocean, a meeting is to be held; and this is the nucleus around which persons, desirous of hearing, gather. Hundreds have arrived already,—although the meeting does not begin for half an hour yet,—and have succeeded in making themselves as comfortable as the circumstances will allow. Those who have brought camp-chairs find it pays for the trouble of carrying them, even if they have come considerable distance; those who are not so fortunate seem perfectly contented, and, in many cases, prefer to be seated down in the sand. Still the multitudes come, until it seems as if the whole beach, at this one point, was dotted with a mass of human beings. Those who have witnessed these gatherings will be apt to remember the emotions that pervaded their hearts when seeing one for the first time. With God's sky painted with the lovely hues of sunset for a canopy, God's boundless ocean reflecting the bright hues directly in front of us, it seems at times as though

the "pearly gates" were not far off from such a scene.

Presently the minister stands up, and, at sight of him, hundreds of voices cease talking, while he gives out the hymn:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
He is calling 'Come to me,'—
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee."

Who can imagine the power of singing under such circumstances,—thousands of voices, mingling with the roar of old ocean, uniting in singing praise to God? A prayer is offered, then the meeting thrown open for volunteers to raise the banner for their Master. During the course of the meeting a sister arose; yes, a *sister*, although of sable skin, yet her soul, made white in the blood of the Lamb, shone out in her face as she sang alone the lines:

"What means this eager, anxious throng
Which moves with busy haste along?
These wondrous gatherings, day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed, the throng reply,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'"

As she sings these words, in a clear, silvery voice, the "throng" are ready to acknowledge that Jesus of Nazareth passed by indeed and in truth; all hearts are thrilled; and, as the hour draws near to close the meeting, and the closing hymn is announced, thousands of voices join in singing,

"In the sweet by and by,
We will meet on that beautiful shore,"

then reluctantly turn their faces toward the grove, never more to meet *all* again until in the "sweet by and by."

Praise God for the precious influence of the Beach Meeting at Ocean Grove. We believe many, many hearts have been touched through these instrumentalities.

MARY C. CLARK.

THE ARABIC BIBLE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—The *Liberia Advocate* has for its motto the words, "Christian Liberia, the open door for heathen Africa," and a recent number of the paper contains a striking il-

illustration of the proposition thus expressed. Some two years since, the *Advocate* issued a circular in Arabic, addressed to the chiefs in the center of Africa, inviting them to come to Liberia for traffic, and offering them instruction in laws, civilization, and religion. The bread thus cast upon the waters was found after many days; and there came at last an answer from a Mohammedan in Futa Jallo, who had never seen a Christian man, but had read the Arabic Bible. The printed book had gone into that country in advance of white men, in advance of newspapers and correspondence, and had found an attentive and interested reader in the heart of Africa. Perhaps, like another traveler of old, the treasurer of Queen Candace, this interesting man, though conversant with Arabic, may not understand all that he reads, and may be now waiting for a teacher like Philip to guide and to baptize him; but it is a most significant and encouraging fact, that these Scriptures, translated by Eli Smith, and carried through the press of the American Bible Society, under the eye of Dr. Van Dyck, should have found their way to his hands, and, without a word of note or comment, should have gained such a place in his esteem.

THE ROMANISTS AND PUBLIC-SCHOOLS.—The Roman Catholics of Dubuque, Iowa, have openly declared war against the public-schools. At St. Patrick's Church, in that city, the pastor recently gave notice from the pulpit that the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist would be withheld from all parents who persisted in sending their children to the obnoxious institutions. Elsewhere the same opposition is manifested, but notably in Ohio and New York. All Catholics who patronize the public-schools are under the ban of the Church.

NUMBER OF MINISTERS.—In England and Wales, there is one clergyman to each 718 of the population; in the United States, there is one to each 879. Neither England nor the United States, however, are nearly so well supplied with priests and parsons as are certain other countries. In Russia, there is a priest to each 323 of the population, which is only another way of saying that the clerical army of the Czar numbers 253,081 men. In France, there is one priest,

monk, pastor, or minister to each 235 of the population, or 158,629 in all. In Italy, there is one to each 143 of the people, or about 190,000 in all. And in Spain,—most blessed of all lands,—there is a priest to each 54 of the population, 315,777 in all. In Russia, France, Italy, and Spain, however, the men in religious orders of all grades are included in these numbers. The whole number of clergymen and ministers, of every kind, in England and Wales is 31,632; and in the United States, it is 43,862.

AN ENGLISH PHILANTHROPIST.—Sir Josiah Mason, the wealthy pen-manufacturer of Birmingham, England, has built in that city a scientific college, at a cost of \$500,000, and has endowed it with a gift of \$150,000. Besides this, he has sold his business, and intends to give the proceeds, about \$500,000, to the college. He has already built in Birmingham an orphanage and almshouse, which cost \$1,250,000.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF RICHMOND.—The Richmond (Virginia) *Dispatch* publishes the religious statistics of that city. There is a total Church membership of 26,958, but the total Catholic population is given in their columns, and that total, as given, is only 4,845. Applying the statistical rule of three, the Protestant population should be 66,339. But the most suggestive fact remains to be stated. The Protestant Churches have increased their members by 2,103 in the last year; the Catholic population has increased only thirty-two in the same time. That is the way the Romanists are taking the South. If the Church Extension and Freedmen's Aid Societies among the Protestants are as active in the future as at present, we need have no fears of their ultimate success.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.—At the eighth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions (Congregational), held in Boston, January 4th, the total receipts for 1875 were reported as \$72,000. Three new branch societies were formed, making twelve branches in all, and over 800 auxiliaries. Five new missionaries have been sent out, making now fifty-nine missionaries in all; besides fifty Bible women and native teachers in all. The Society has spent \$42,944.28 for the "Constantinople Home Building."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE scientific spirit of the age has communicated itself to history and biography. Truthfully accurate Carlyle's despairing cry, in reference to human carelessness in recording events, "O for a date!" has affected the age, and biography now receives quite as much attention on its arithmetical as on its romantic side. The story of a man's life is no longer a hap-hazard heaping together of dates and incidents, strung together without due attention to truth in fact or accuracy in statement. Traditions are sifted, and, if found mythical, are remorselessly rejected, though venerable with years, and savoring strongly of probability. When a prominent man dies, the pens of writers, whose only chance for immortality lies in linking their names with greatness as its biographers, leap from their racks to give to the world the history of the departed, often with a haste that borders on the indecent. Nowadays, no sooner is a distinguished individual reported sick than editors or reporters write up his biography in advance, all ready to put to press so soon as the breath of the subject shall have left his body!

John Forster is an eminent example of a biography writer of the discriminating, thorough, and careful stamp. The first volume of the *Life of Jonathan Swift* (two others to follow) is published by the Messrs. Harper. In his Preface, the author says, "Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of his 'Gulliver,' is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished, to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required where the whole career has to be considered to get at the proper apprehension of single parts of it." Swift's life has been written often enough; but "Johnson did him no kind of justice," because he did not like him, and Walter Scott had too much other work on hand to do; so Mr. Forster steps in, after Swift has been dead a hundred and thirty years, to do the work properly which others have done imperfectly or slightly. He comes to the rescue of the fame of a man

who has been called "an apostate in politics, an infidel in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who served him, and the destroyer of women who loved him," all which Mr. Forster pronounces "monstrous and incredible." We must wait for his concluding volumes, to see how he will make out his case. His materials are ample for making up an impartial judgment. "More than one hundred and fifty new letters, Swift's note and account books," unpublished pieces, in prose and verse, and many other aids, which we need not now enumerate. This first installment is admirably done, and the public will await the remainder with impatience, to learn for themselves, through Mr. Forster's valuable aid, what sort of a man really was the greatest politician, pamphleteer, satirist, humorist, and civil and ecclesiastical governor of the last century. His relations to Varina, Vanessa, and Stella, will be more accurately defined, especially the latter, whose marriage with Swift is still as mysterious as that of Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV. This first volume is got up in the Harpers' best style. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Life of Lord Byron, by Emilio Castelar. This review of the life and career of one of England's great poets, is brimful of the eloquence of the great Spanish patriot and orator. The poet is a great favorite with the poetic orator, who sees in all his faults and follies only the extravagances and eccentricities of genius. Byron was unfortunate in his descent, in his father, in his mother, in his boy love, in his first poetical venture, in his marriage, in his habits and associations. According to Senor Castelar, he was not to be held to the ordinary rules of life and morality. Indeed, he seems to the Spanish critic, as he has always seemed to us, a brilliant madman, whom his wife rightly suspected of lunacy. It is impossible to describe the splendid halo with which the great patriot orator of this century surrounds his hero. The reader must witness for himself the transfiguration. (Harper & Bros., N. York; R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Farm Legends, by Will Carleton, promises to be as popular as "Farm Ballads." The trick of hiding a lover in a churn is an old English, and not an American, farm legend. The visit of the committee to the school-master is full of happy hits and ludicrous situations. Carleton, like Bret Harte, is master of the sympathetic as well as the funny. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Reminiscences of Fort Sumter, by General Abner Doubleday, will be welcomed as a valuable addition to the story of the war. The supineness of the Buchanan Government, the traitorousness of the Southern leaders, the inactivity of the commanders, and the hazards of the little band, are all graphically and truthfully delineated. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Commentary on the New Testament, for Popular Use, by D. D. Whedon, LL. D., Vol. IV, embracing 1 Corinthians and 2 Timothy and all inclusive. It is needless to praise this popular work, so much of which is already before the public, doing God and the people service. The Preface contains the important announcement that one volume more will complete the New Testament, and that the Old, in competent hands, is all in process of being fully and carefully annotated, so that, ere long, the public will be in possession of a commentary on the whole Bible, in thirteen volumes. To Dr. Whedon's memory it will be

"Monumentum ære perennius."

(Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

ONE of the most beautiful books issued by Nelson & Phillips last year was *Summer Days on the Hudson*, by Rev. Daniel Wise, drawn from all available sources, and illustrated by over a hundred illustrations. No more entertaining book can be read by adults, even those familiar, as we are, from end to end, with the magnificent Hudson; and none more instructive can be put into the hands of children and youth. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Butler's Analogy—another edition of the immortal and profound Bishop of Durham's treatise on the philosophy of religion; pref-

aced with a sketch of his life, with copious notes; and an Appendix, prepared with "special reference to the wants of students in higher institutions of learning;" useful also for teachers, ministers, and all others who desire acquaintance with this great work. By Joseph Cummings, D. D., President of Wesleyan University. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The Wesleyan Demosthenes: Select Sermons of Rev. Joseph Beaumont, by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Dr. Beaumont was one of the most gifted orators that ever entered the Wesleyan pulpit, as well as one of the most judicious democratic reformers that ever sat on the floor of the British Conference. In eloquence and popularity he was the rival of Robert Newton. For years, Newton was the Cicero, and Beaumont the Demosthenes, of the Wesleyan pulpit and platform in Great Britain. He dropped dead in the pulpit in 1855, while reading the opening hymn. Dr. Wakeley's volume gives fifteen of his discourses, which will give the reader a faint idea of his powers; but the biographical and anecdotal sketches of the first eighty pages of the book are worth its price, and worthy the attentive perusal of every lover of sacred oratory, and of every one who aspires to usefulness in the pulpit.

Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions, by Mark Guy Pearse. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Here is a racy story of the life, and a record of the sayings, of an illiterate Wesleyan class-leader. It has often been a surprise to us that the lives of so few Methodist class-leaders have been given to the world. While the Methodist class-meeting has often been criticised, and even ridiculed, for its humdrum, stale, and sometimes hypocritical recitals of religious experience, it is, on the other hand, certain that no more eloquent things have been said in the Methodist pulpit than have been said, sometimes by the ignorant and illiterate, and sometimes by the educated and refined, in Methodist class-rooms. Quorm was an ill-educated, one-eyed shoemaker, full of quaint apothegm, fervent and rude, burning, extem-

pore eloquence, which burst out, on occasions, in a fiery stream. Romance is no more interesting than this truthful volume.

Little Graves: Choice Selections of Poetry and Prose, with a Preface by Mrs. N. W. Wilder, substituted, we suppose, for the "Introduction by J. G. Holland," which does not appear. Too much of one kind of poetry for the general reader, but a treasury of gems for those, and they are many, who mourn over "little graves." (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Social Impurity, by Rev. J. J. Fleharty, of the Central Illinois Conference, published, for the author, by Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, handles several common social vices in a plain way, pointing out their origin and remedy: "Careful training, healthy restraints, self-denial, industry, prudence, and stringent legal enactments, must combine with the Gospel to produce reform."

Christians and the Theater, by Rev. J. M. Buckley, a cool, clear, unimpassioned, forcible presentation of the theater question, by

one of the coolest and clearest-headed of argument-makers. He discusses the character of the plays in use, and the character and influence of actors, and comes to the conclusion, so often reached, that the theater can be reformed neither from within nor without. It is not generally known that the metropolitan theaters derive a heavy proportion of their patronage from chance visitors from the country,—Christians, who would not go to the theater at home, and who only go in New York, and perhaps only once in a life-time, are among its best patrons!

Mehetabel: a Story of the Revolution, by that very popular story-writer, Mrs. H. C. Gardner. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

God's Way; or, Gaining the Better Life, by Mrs. M. A. Holt, author of several stories of like character. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Jessie in Switzerland. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MARCH is the worst month of the whole twelve. It is between Winter and Spring, and, in our rough, northern climate, has much of the former and little of the latter. A position of betweenity is always ill-favored. It is better to be positively hot or positively cold, positively wet or positively dry, positively pleasant or positively unpleasant, than to be hanging upon the skirts of two separate conditions. March is in the position of the social conservative, too mild for one side and too rough for the other. But why did not our calendar-makers begin the year in the Spring, and begin the Spring itself with the commencement of the vernal equinox, what is now the 21st of March? That is early enough for the commencement of Spring, which would then end, where Spring ought to end, the 21st of June. Or, put the beginning of the year eight days

earlier than it now begins, on what is now the 21st of December, which would perhaps be the less violent change in the calendar.

Our good old grandfather used to say, "March is a trying month for old people." It was the month in which he and his wife went to the better world.

March, 1776—what were our forefathers doing? Planning their Spring campaign. And March, 1877—what will it bring? The memories of many dead, who were alive to welcome the incoming of the Spring of the Centennial year. It will bring also the inauguration of the new President of the United States, an event fraught with the weal or woe, directly, of the forty millions under his immediate control; and, indirectly, the welfare of the hundreds of millions that lie outside of our own great and flourishing land.

SPARRING OF THE TITANS—In the January number of the *Quarterly Review*, Doctors Curry and Whedon lock horns over "organic" and "inorganic Methodism." Dr. Curry insists that Methodism grew up, on American soil, somewhat spontaneously, through the apostleship of Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge, two of Mr. Wesley's Irish converts, who constituted societies that were Scriptural Churches, organized by men who were called of God and the Church to preach the Gospel, and of course qualified to administer the sacraments of the Church,—since the call to preach, the chief ministerial function, implies the power to minister the ordinances, which are secondary and subordinate to preaching. He shows, also, that Congregationalism, Independency, Presbyterianism, are as good as Episcopalianism, if a Church prefers one form rather than another; and that Methodism has been successfully organized, in different branches, under all these forms; that the coming of Mr. Wesley's "assistants," with their ideas of High-church sacramentarianism, overslaughed Strawbridge and Embury, and the work already in existence, and created (he seems to imply) high notions of ordination, the efficacy and sanctity of sacraments, and of Church power and prerogatives.

Dr. Whedon thinks John Wesley, and not fiery little Strawbridge or carpenter Embury, was the one who had a divine call to found a Church in America, and who, while from prudential considerations he would not interfere with the State Church in Great Britain, had not the slightest hesitancy in creating a new Episcopal Church on the soil of an independent Government, and who, therefore, ordained a head to that Church. Dr. Curry calls Dr. Coke's ordination a "unique affair." Dr. Whedon thinks it "one of the grandest acts of Wesley's life," one which made the American Methodist Church, in form and forever, Episcopal, the form desired by the great body of the founders of Wesleyanism in America.

Dr. Whedon thinks the great success of Methodism due, largely, to organism. To our thinking, this was only one out of many elements that contributed to the success and spread of Methodism. In England, it was a popular dissent from State Church formalisms. In America, it was the "rough and

ready" style of religion, adapted to a new country, a Church that did not require expensive edifices and salaried ministers, that could be run with few ministers, cheap ministers, local ministers,—or by the laity, with no ministers at all. In the Eastern States it was a popular revolt against hyper-Calvinism, and every-where against ritualism and close-communionism. Its great element of success, every-where, was its life and fire, its extemporaneous preaching, praying, singing, and worship, and, above all, its *lay ministry*, a ministry fresh from the people, and of the people, separated by no wide gulf of special sanctity, special power, and special prerogative. All the old ecclesiasticisms did the religionizing *for* the people. In Methodism, every member of society was expected to work, to speak, to pray, to exhort, to sing, to work out his own salvation, and pay for it in work (on its human side), as he went along, and not to be saved by priestly proxy. The irate Romish editor of the *London Tablet* recently called the Bishop of Winchester a "layman," as he surely is in the Roman view, and as we all are in the view of all High-church ecclesiastics. For the claims of these High-church ecclesiasticisms, not one Methodist preacher in a thousand cares a rush. Let British and Romish prelates fight it out on their own plane. If we are "called of God" and the Church to preach the Gospel, we may be satisfied with any mode of induction into office that the Church, in representative council assembled, shall prescribe.

Methodism made its greatest conquests when it was most conscious of spiritual power, and had least sense of organisms. In the East, Buddhism, with its lay ministry and its entire absence of machinery and organisms, by the simple use of missionary fervor in its tracts and lay ministrations, pervaded the whole Orient, and entirely outstripped Brahminism, which has cast-iron organism.

Dr. Curry's great fear, if we may judge from his tone in many utterances and many ways, is the gradual grafting and growth of an Old World ecclesiasticism on these New World lay ministries. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that the Methodist Church ever adopted and naturalized the word "bishop," in view of all its bad associations in all the

later Christian centuries. The State took the name Republic, and called its chief officer "President." In the Old World sense, "king and bishop" are exceedingly obnoxious to republican ears, and naturally account for the dread the Wesleyans and several minor branches of the Methodist Church have of the introduction of that, the germs of which are already apparent in the Church, bishop-worship.

Primitive bishops were simple ministers of the Gospel, presiding over individual Churches, sometimes over cities and limited districts. As the Church grew, they grew in importance and in assumption, and the Church became a gigantic despotism.

Our bishops are men of sense, and fully aware that, ecclesiastically considered, the bishop is only *primus inter pares*, and a part of the great lay ministry which is the pride as well as the saving power of Protestantism. In criticising Dr. Myers, Dr. Whedon shows as decided a dread as Dr. Curry of "a body of life-tenured irrepressible bishops, which might be indefinitely increased, with full power in successive conclaves to concoct plans of assumption, and that would be a permanent oligarchy." "A bishop has been, for centuries, the most absolute despot in Christendom." Despotism does not grow up in a day. It grows up little by little, by insensible encroachments. In the Republic, the Constitution not only throws safeguards around the liberties of the people, and imposes restraints on the presiding officer, but it limits the term of service of that officer to four years, and the popular voice lays its interdiction upon a third term re-election, not that the Presidential office has ever been abused, but through fear that it may be, as it has been by ambitious aspirants in France, Mexico, and South America.

It is possible that, to stay the rising tide of ecclesiasticism, the Methodist Church in America may be driven to make its general superintendency a limited term, and not a life-tenure. If this is to be done, we should do it while the Church is in a formative and plastic state, and not wait till some Hildebrand consolidates it into a despotism, under which millions may writhe, and writhe in vain.

The nearer the ministry is kept to the people, the better. A few months ago we

were lamenting the absence, in a newly erected church, of a door back of the pulpit, to serve as a private entrance and exit for the preacher. "No," said one of the official brothers, "we want no such exclusive entrance. We want the preacher, when he enters the pulpit, to go right up from among the people, and when he leaves it to come directly out of the pulpit and mingle with the people again." There was a world of Protestant sense and good Christian philosophy in the observation.

CHANGE OF FRONT.—Daniel Quorm, an eccentric, illiterate, one-eyed Wesleyan class-leader, whose biography and sayings have just been published by our Book Concern, had an original way of chronicling prominent events in his personal history, by marking a line around a verse of Scripture appropriate to his circumstances. After the death of his mother, he concluded to marry, and drew a circle around the verse, "It is not good for man to be alone." His wife turned out a shrew, and, six months later, the hen-pecked husband black-lined the passage, "Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife."

OUR ENGRAVINGS. — In every age since the incarnation of our Lord, the Christian faith has had its witnesses who have sealed their testimony with their own blood. None of the great persecutions of the Christians, from Nero to Decius and Diocletian, was without feminine testimony to this belief, and young girls as well as mothers and aged women, went to martyrdom in the serene hope inspired by the Gospel. Our picture represents a Christian maiden condemned to the wild animals in the Roman circus. But who has dared to throw her a rose? Was it some young patrician, enamored of her constancy and courage, or some fellow-believer who thus showed his sympathy? That last token of pity has withdrawn her gaze from the savage beast, and she glances around among the eager crowd of spectators, to see if she can discern the friendly face. It is thy last earthly greeting, steadfast maid! One brief moment more, and thou shalt receive the more welcome greeting: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Lake Chautauqua, in New York, needs no introduction to our readers.

APRIL.

1876.

THE
LADIES'

REPOSITORY.

E. WENTWORTH, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1876.

THE OLD WORLD AND NEW IN SOCIAL CONTRAST.

THE general difference between the Old and the New World, and between life on the two continents, is what would naturally be expected between an old and a new country. The Old World is hoary and antique, fully developed and elaborately differentiated; made into all that can be made of it; grand and luxurious in general, though in many respects wrongly or imperfectly developed, or else over-matured, and already in partial decay. The New World, on the other hand, is young and vigorous, with greater hopes than actual developments; its resources untried, the limits of its greatness unknown, and having everywhere, in its newness and plainness, the evidences of pioneer industry about it. Europe shows her history on every hand; and her present institutions and improvements—the growth of centuries—are fixed and stiff with age, and immovable either for overthrow or further growth; while America, without history or precedents, and free to go in any direction, or change at almost any stage, has an air of uncertainty and insecurity, presaging a future of great indefiniteness. Life in Europe is accordingly chilled and slow, moving in fixed channels, worn in the rocky foundations of history, or restrained within the immemorial strata-limits of customs and laws; while in America, on the other hand, life is active and venturesome, capable of great fortunes and great

failures; nobody appearing to know what can be done, or what he may not do. Europe, in short, is old, and America is young.

We purpose in this article to set forth the prominent differences between European and American life, as illustrative of this idea. In pursuance of this object, we shall discuss, as the first general cause of difference, the scarcity and comparative exhaustion of the soil in Europe, and its appropriate effect on the economic and industrial life of the people.

After thousands of years of cultivation, and the immense population which so small a country as Europe has been compelled to support; it could not be otherwise than that the people should now be greatly pressed for land. Accordingly, while nothing is more cheap and plentiful with us than land, nothing is more scarce in Europe. All the land has long since been appropriated, its bounds fixed, its identification with families and estates settled. It is exceedingly rare that any considerable amount changes titles; and most of the building sites, even in cities, when they do change hands, pass only a lease-hold interest, some ancient family or great property-owner holding a ground-rent upon them. Farmers and peasants generally rent their tracts from year to year, as we shall presently explain; and the great system of real property laws, which has been so elaborately perfected,

has almost outlived its active application in the countries where it has grown up,—that which concerns leases and rents being of the principal application now.

All the land in Europe can be said to be used. There is no wild land, no uncultivated marshes, or interior prairies, as with us. There is not even any original woodland or virgin forest, except on the mountains, and most of the mountains have many times been cut bare. The people raise their wood as they do their corn, as we shall presently show, and are quite as economical with it. Nor are there, except in rare cases, any pastures. Cattle are fed in the stables, and receive almost as much attention as the members of the household,—being, in Holland, often kept in the house, as the Irishman keeps his pig. The sheep are generally kept in folds in the fields, being penned up in very close limits by a temporary fence, to keep them from destroying too much grass, and scattering too much their manure. And in such pastures as there are, they make the stock eat miserably close; first sending in the horses, then the mules and asses, then the cows; and, finally, the sheep and goats, to nip the remainder. There are no fences in Europe, as a general thing, as they would take up too much room, and as there is little need of them, owing to the stock not being generally put loose on the land. In the few cases where cattle are pastured, it is cheaper to hire a boy to watch them. The people divide off their land by stakes, along which the eye must trace a bee-line, or else by narrow swards of grass or sod. As the land too often changes its occupants, it being let out in small tracts of different size each year to different individuals, fences would, moreover, be of little use. In England, there are many hedges which have grown up from time immemorial; but they pay for the land occupied by them, in blackberries and other small fruits.

The land in Europe is closely farmed, being cultivated more like a garden than like our farms. Much of it is tilled with

a hoe and rake, instead of with plows and improved agricultural implements. No fence corners are allowed to go to waste, no off fields that the farmer has not time to seed. The mountain-sides are used for pasturing cattle, and the rocky cliffs for sheep and goats. Along the highways are planted fruit-trees: in Germany, plums; in Spain, peaches; and in Italy, figs. The streams are dammed up, and stocked with fish; almost every farmer in Bavaria having a fish-pond. The whole country in that kingdom has, accordingly, the appearance of abounding in small lakes; and a man's water crop often yields as much as his land crop. The trout and salmon raised in the Swiss mountain streams are an important article of food; and the muddy canals of Holland, and the lagoons of Venice are utilized for raising eels and shrimp. The numerous bays and inlets of Denmark, and the northern coast of Germany are thronged with ducks and geese, whose feathers and smoked meat are important articles of commerce. In short, there is no spot allowed to go to waste that will raise a hill of potatoes, or float a fish; and even the dunghills are made to support mushrooms. And, not satisfied with using up all the land, the people go out into the surrounding seas, and ply the nets and hooks to an extent altogether unknown to us. The whole coast of Europe is one extended fishing-ground, used almost entirely for drying nets. In Holland, Sweden, and Denmark, it is no uncommon thing to see whole railroad trains of herring starting off from the coast to the interior; while in Italy, the sardine fisheries engage the thousands for the season. And as for the rivers in the interior, the fish are all numbered by the citizens, like the hairs of our head by Providence.

The products raised in Europe are generally such as yield most bountifully, and contain most nourishment and support for the immense population. Instead of raising crops of every thing, as with us, the people, to save the land, confine themselves more to such cereals, roots, and

fruits as are best adapted to the soil, and as will, besides best supplying the local consumption, yield most for commerce; so that there is not the same changing of products and experimenting as with us. France always raises the same wine crop; Spain, the same oil; and Russia, the same wheat. The yield per acre vastly surpasses our farming, notwithstanding the richness of our soil; a European often realizes as much grain from one field as we from a whole farm, and as much butter from one cow as we from a whole herd.

Owing to this great drain on the land, the soil is almost entirely used up, notwithstanding the precautions to spare it. In many parts of Germany it is necessary to let the land lie fallow every second year, and sometimes for two years in succession. They sometimes give the land a comparative rest for seven to twelve years, by planting groves of pine wood upon it, after which period the land is new again, the wood in the meanwhile proving a good investment. Fields of trees may, accordingly, be seen as often in Germany as of any other product of agriculture; and, from this source alone, all the fire-wood of that country is obtained. All land is heavily manured, the dung of the hack horses in the streets being caught up and saved as a precious article to be sold for this purpose. The rotation of crops is also well studied and closely practiced. The great discoveries of Liebig and others in agricultural chemistry, by which the land may be renewed and restored to its original richness, have been of incalculable advantage in refunding the people of the too crowded countries with the means of living. For great discoveries, owing to the difference of ages in the two worlds, consist, not, as in this country, in inventions to save labor, but in devices to save materials.

In the cities there is the same lack of land, though manifesting itself in a different way. The streets are narrow,—not much wider than our alleys, as a general thing. Our streets are so wide that, to one coming from Europe, they

look like fields. The houses in Europe, accordingly, appear to be higher, and the streets more crowded. The buildings are close together, there being no vacant lots, as in the central portions of many of our cities. Nor are there any yards or gardens attached to the buildings to take up room; and very rarely are there any trees in the streets. The buildings, too, are generally so constructed, especially in the large Continental cities, as to take up the whole lot on which they stand, and not, as in our country, to take up only on the front next to the street. They are generally built in the form of a square, with a court, or open space, in the center, so that, on a lot of equal size with one of ours, there are in reality four buildings, instead of one,—one being in front, two at the sides, and one in the rear. The houses are generally four or five stories high, and often six or eight stories. The first story is generally used for stores or shops, and the upper ones for residences; the second and third stories of the front building being for the rich, and the upper and back ones, and the cellars and garrets, for the poor; while the doorways and halls are common, like the gates and streets of the city. In ancient fortified towns, like Prague and Edinburgh, where the cities could not extend beyond the walls, and so had to grow upward, as the only possible direction of their extension, the heights of some of the houses reach almost the altitude of church steeples. In Leipsic, we counted as many as five stories in the roof of one of the houses; the house itself, if we remember correctly, being six stories high before reaching the roof. Some of the finest structures are behind other buildings, and can not be seen at all from the street, as the Orpheum and Aquarium of Berlin, and the churches of Prague; so that the full wealth and beauty of a European city does not always appear to one walking in the streets.

Owing to the scarceness of land in Europe, it is no uncommon thing for people to make gardens on the top of their

houses, and plant flower-beds there. We saw, in Berlin, a beer-garden, with its arbor and walks and other appurtenances, all on top of a house. The residences in Europe are, owing to this lack of room, much smaller than with us, and things are packed more closely in them. A family does not require, as here, from eight to fifteen rooms, much less a whole house to itself; but in the flat system, which they have adopted, each residence averages about five rooms, and about one-tenth of a house. The shops and warehouses, instead of being long, corridor-like halls, as with us, are not larger than one of our law offices. In consequence of this closeness of building and living in Europe, the cities are not as large in extent as ours. The city of Berlin, with three times the population of Baltimore, does not cover half as much ground; and the difference, when compared with our Western cities, is still greater. It is no difficult task to go from one part of a city to another, as with us; but you are every-where convenient to every other point. Omnibuses and street-cars are, accordingly, almost unknown, and but little used where they are known, because there is no occasion for them. In other words, European cities are much more convenient than ours, both for intercourse and traffic, saving an immense cost of hack and cart hire, and delay, which we are subjected to by long distances. In Europe, almost every body lives near his business, often in the same house, there being no residence-quarter as distinguished from the business-quarter; but every house is at the same time in part a business, and in part a residence, block, the first floor being generally used for business.

Owing to the great scarcity of land and its products, consequent on this long drain and consumption by an over-crowded population, there is in Europe a forced and almost painful economy. Instead of the reckless extravagance which characterizes every department of American life, there is the most sparing use of materials, and saving of any thing like waste.

Every thing is used up close, the gleanings and sweepings supporting a large class of the people. When an ox or pig is slaughtered, they not only put it to the use we do, but fairly eat it over again, in the hoofs and skins and entrails and tail and blood, which make as much as another hog with us. Besides eating every kind of animal we eat, they devour, unceremoniously, horses, asses, mules, goats, and other "unclean beasts," and often serve up for strangers and travelers cats, dogs, and rats, as a delicacy. There is no kind of bird, from a buzzard to a bat, that is not now and then disguised as woodcock or pigeon, for some fastidious epicure. We observed, in a Florentine market, hucksters frying blood for pancakes, and kid's heads in batter. At Rome, cuttle-fish and sea reptiles of several varieties are eaten; and snails and muscles are eaten every-where where they are found in Europe. Sheep's, mare's, and ass's milk are largely used, especially in Italy, and cheese and butter are made from them. Stems and leaves of cabbage, turnips, and beets, are eaten; and many sorts of weeds and grasses are cooked as vegetables, or eaten raw as salads. Withered and rotten vegetables and fruits, as also decayed meats and offal, are also eaten, the people running a race, as it were, with corruption, and against the giving out of their products.

There is the same economy in the use of fuel, light, and raiment. The Europeans have almost no fires. Americans who spend the Winter in Europe must shiver their way through. The rooms and halls of the houses are cold and bleak; the churches are not heated at all, except in the extreme north, and then only imperfectly. Nowhere is there more than enough heat to "take the chill off." In the lecture-rooms of the universities you can not sit still and be comfortable, and the shops are chilly and disagreeable from cold. The Germans have not iron stoves as we have, but build, in every room intended to be heated, a high column of white glazed bricks, in which they burn a few small sticks of wood,—

about as much as is required by us to kindle a fire,—after which the draught is closed, and the heat retained in the warm bricks through a whole day, thus requiring about three cents' worth of fuel a day for heating a room. In England and Ireland, where there are many open fires, it is not proposed to heat the room, but only a small space about the hearth, around which the shiverers gather closely. In Italy, the stove or warming apparatus is not intended to heat even the whole person, but only his hands or feet; being, generally, a little earthen vessel with coals, which one carries around like a lady's work-basket, and blows when he wants to warm his hands or his nose. In the railroad cars they have generally a long cylinder of zinc filled with hot water, on which the passengers rest their feet, and which is changed every few stations. Sometimes hot bricks are used for the same purpose. But we do not recollect ever having seen stoves in any cars in Europe, or any other kind of effective heating apparatus. In Holland, every body takes his own stove with him to Church, or has a servant walk after him carrying it; it being only a pan of coals, or boiler of hot water. Gas coke is every-where used for fuel, and much bog and peat are dug for the same purpose; as also vegetable deposits that have hardly yet even passed into the bog state. They also make compounds of coal-dust and sawdust, and in various other ways use up the waste. On the whole, the people use little fuel, and that of all sorts of inferior kinds; keeping themselves warm by huddling up close together, and by wearing thick, heavy clothing and skins, as well as by sleeping under feathers and great weights of bedding at night.

With regard to clothing, there is like economy. All sorts of wool, cotton, and hemp, etc., even to the waste that we discard, is worked up into shoddy fabrics for the less fastidious. The cast-off clothing of the rich is taken by the respectable poor, and, when thrown off by them, is taken by a still lower class, until, finally, the beggars wear the rags.

Clothes are repaired and patched until hardly any thing of the original garment remains, the art of mending having been carried to such perfection that the renovated article can not be distinguished from a new one. A Parisian shoemaker will patch your boots in such a way that you can hardly see the seam with a microscope. To save washing and linen, the people largely wear not only paper collars and cuffs, which they turn and clean, for a month, but also linen and paper shams, so that a clean bosom is no sign of a clean shirt.

Even the most elegantly dressed persons are far less extravagant than with us, the toilet of a Parisian lady being far less expensive than that of a New York or Boston belle. The Europeans, and especially the French, make all their superior show by the taste with which they arrange their dress, and not by the materials. Be it said, to the shame of our richly dressed ladies, that the more elegant French ladies, who fascinate every body with their appearance, are very simple in their dress. They cut up and work over their old garments, making them into new forms and styles as often as occasion requires, and generally without any great expense. To get a new dress is almost an epoch in a Paris woman's life. There is the same economy in the use of household furniture, curtains, bedding, etc. Carpets are not used on the Continent, or, at most, only a rug at the spot where you sit; or, as in Sweden, a strip running from one corner of the room to the opposite corner. The floors are generally painted, and sometimes are of wood mosaic, and occasionally of marble or stone. In the coast countries they are often sprinkled with a clean white sand, which is easily removed. The stables are bedded with leaves, weeds, and sawdust; straw being too precious, and being generally fed as hay. They smoke pipes instead of cigars, or else cigars made partly of oak and cabbage leaves, these ingredients being worked up for smoking tobacco. In short, every thing that can be used in Europe is

worked up into something, either for home consumption or for commerce, including all kinds of carving wood, stems, glass remains, and manageable earths and stones, so that the equipments of man and horse, of house and of barn, and the material of labor, cost almost nothing. There is the same economy in the use of forces. Horses are kept entire to preserve their greater strength. Oxen are used more extensively than with us, no bull being allowed to run loose with his superfluous strength. Cows may be seen drawing plows and wagons. Dogs are of common use in North Germany for light draught. All the milk and fruit wagons of Berlin and Bremen are pulled by these animals, being much cheaper both to buy, and to feed than horses. Reindeer are used in Norway and the extreme north. We have seen sheep and goats pulling light teams in the south. We once saw a woman and a

jackass pulling a plow; the woman knitting at the time, her husband walking after, holding the plow and smoking his pipe. In Holland we saw a woman pulling a canal-boat; and a story is told of an Irishman traveling in Holland, who, wishing to work for his fare on a canal-boat, was put to pulling the boat. A steam-engine in a European city often distributes its power over great distances by having straps run in tubes under ground to various factories and work-rooms scattered through the city. In short, the most is made of every thing, and no more of any thing is consumed than is actually needed.

So much for the economic and industrial life of the Europeans, as growing out of the scarcity of land and its products. We shall speak next of the more distinctly social life of the Europeans, and first of their heterogeneity, as elaborated by age. AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

MOSAIC AND ANTIQUE ART.

THE word Mosaic is said to be derived from the Latin *musivus*. By the French, it has been called, indifferently, mosaic and musaic. The ancient Romans were accustomed to erect pavilions, or Summer-houses, in their gardens, where they placed the interesting or curious objects they happened to collect. These pavilions were dedicated to the Muses, and were generally decorated with tessellated pavements and panels. Hence, from the same source, our museum and mosaic.

The great value of mosaic consists in its *indestructibility*. The most carefully prepared pigments fade; fresco is affected by damp, and easily injured by accidents. The finest works of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and other great masters, are gradually becoming effaced or clouded in obscurity. A few more generations,

and copies more or less imperfect, engravings and photographs, will be all that remain to verify the tradition of glories that have been; the glow of color and richness of tone, even now deepening into hues too somber, will be things of the past.

An eminent writer in the *Argosy* observes: "Mosaic is, as far as human work can go, permanent. Not being merely superficial, the surface may be injured with impunity. Ground down and repolished, the picture reappears in its pristine beauty, all its colors fresh and pure as when first it left the *atelier* of the artist. Had the ancients given as much attention to perfecting the art of working in mosaic as they did to the kindred arts, what invaluable records would have remained to us! The works of Apelles and Zeuxis, had they been imitated in

paste, would have become imperishable possessions, and the state of painting in the palmy days of Greece have been no longer a matter of speculation."

It seems that, amongst the ancients, mosaic was applied merely to decorative purposes; and in Greece, as far as known, its use was restricted to those pavements called "*Lithostrata*." Pliny mentions an artist of the name of Sosas, who attained to the greatest excellence in this kind of work. He laid down a pavement at Pergamus, known as the "*Asarotusæcus*,"—"the house that has no sweeping,"—where the remnants of a banquet were represented lying on the floor so naturally that they had all the appearance of having been left there by accident. There was also a dove imitated in the act of drinking, with the shadow of its head thrown upon the water, and other birds pluming and sunning themselves on the margin of a bowl. This pavement was considered a marvel in the art of mosaic at that day.

Mosaic work was introduced into Rome in the time of Sulla. According to the author before quoted from, a pavement in *tessera* was laid down, under his (Sulla's) direction, in the Temple of Fortune, at Præneste. Roman mosaic work was constructed in four different styles,—the *opus vermiculatum*, the *opus sectile*, the *opus tessellatum*, and the *opus musivum*. The first three are only suited to pavements, or decorative panels or borders, being merely a regular arrangement of small stones, or *tesserae*, in geometrical or other figures. The *opus musivum* was the pictorial mosaic, in which natural objects were represented and paintings copied.

Pliny observes that, in his time, mosaics had "left the ground for the arched roofs of houses. These more elaborate mosaics were composed of glass; work in this material was then a new invention. The Egyptians of Alexandria were especially skillful in glass work, and in a peculiar kind of small mosaic, a fine specimen of which is said to be amongst the gems in the British Museum. It represents a winged goddess kneeling,

on a ground of blue. The effect is that of an exquisitely painted miniature, and if the back of this little slab had been polished, as well as the face, it might perhaps never have been recognized as mosaic. The manner in which the Egyptians produced these miniature mosaics is very curious. King thus plainly describes the interesting process: "A number of fine, carefully selected glass rods, of the colors required, were arranged together in a bundle, in such a way that their ends represented the outline and shades of the object to be depicted, as a bird or a beautiful flower, exactly as is practiced at present in the manufacture of the famous and delicate Tunbridge ware. This bundle was next inclosed, with extreme care, in a coating of glass of a single color, usually an *opaque blue*; then the whole mass, being fused together sufficiently to unite all the rods into one compact body, was drawn out to the proper diameter. Thus the rods all became equally attenuated, without losing their relative positions, and the surrounding case of glass, when the whole mass was cut through at certain intervals, formed the ground of a *miniature mosaic*, apparently composed of the minutest *tesserae*, put together with inconceivable dexterity and niceness of touch."

It is quite needless to dwell upon the oft-repeated tale of the decline and renaissance of art; of course mosaic shared the fate of painting and sculpture, and revived with them; though, as was natural, it followed rather than preceded the revival of painting. The church of San Marco, a stately edifice, and landmark of Venice, is a perfect museum of mosaics, where its history and progress may be traced from the earliest time downward. There it may be seen in every stage of progress, from the curiously stiff drawing and quaint conceits of the Greek artists from Byzantium, to the expressive and elegant works of the famed Zuccati.

We learn that, in 1225, the works of the Greek artists, at first so much prized, were already surpassed by the Tuscan Fra Jacopo, or Fra Nino da Turrita,

belonging to the order of Minor friars. He was considered in his day the best living mosaist, and executed works, both in Florence and Rome, that attracted much attention. At this date there was already a school of mosaists at Rome in successful operation, in which the persevering family of Cosmati acquired their excellence.

Lorenzo de Medici was a great admirer of mosaic,—as of all other forms of art,—and wished to introduce it into more general use. In a conversation with a Florentine painter of the name of Graffione, Lorenzo mentioned his intention of having a large cupola ornamented with mosaic. The painter replied that he did not think there were artists equal to the task.

"We have money enough to make them," replied Lorenzo, quickly.

Graffione still doubted; but his patron, much to his honor, persevered, and intrusted the proposed work to the miniature-painter, Gherardo, whose indomitable energy was proverbial, and who lost no time in producing a specimen, choosing, for his subject, a head of San Zenobio. This delighted Lorenzo so much that he immediately determined to have the chapel of San Zenobio, at Florence, considerably enlarged, and finely decorated with mosaics by the faithful Gherardo. He associated with him, however, Dominico Ghirlandajo, who had great inventive genius; and thus the work proceeded most satisfactorily.

A popular antiquarian informs us, that the next to interest himself deeply in the subject of mosaic was no less a personage than the distinguished Titian, who furnished carefully prepared designs for the skillful mosaic-workers who were then uprising throughout Italy. It is partly, no doubt, if not principally, to the guidance and encouragement of this great man that we owe the fine works left by Vincenzo Bianchini, and Francesco and Valerio Zuccati, sons of Titian's first master. The "Judgment of Solomon," in the portico of San Marco, is one of the noblest, most enduring specimens of the mosaic of this period. It is so "extremely

beautiful," says Vasari, "that it could scarcely be executed more delicately with the pencil and colors."

Since that time, mosaic has been brought more and more into use. It is at present divided into two kinds,—the Florentine and the Roman. The Florentine work is in real stone. At first, only black, white, and gray were used, the figures being thus represented in simple *chiaro-oscuro*. But about the year 1563, in the time of Duke Cosmo de Medici, many veins of rich marble were discovered near Florence.

This important and valuable discovery gave a new and strong impetus to the workers in mosaic, who were, by means of these marbles, enabled to imitate the colors as well as the forms of the objects they wished to represent. To these were added lapis lazuli, agates, and even precious stones. When the latter are used, they are sawed into thin *laminae*, and applied much like veneer.

A scientific work tells us how the execution of this description of mosaic is performed. First, a slab of marble of the requisite size is prepared for the ground; on this the design is traced; then small cavities are chiseled out, and into these, pieces of the requisite color are introduced; they are fastened into their places by cement or mastic. The French have also adopted this plan. Though very beautiful and durable decorative works may be produced in the Florentine mosaic, it is not so suitable for the imitation of paintings as the Roman. The natural stones are neither sufficiently various nor sufficiently delicate in tint.

The Roman mosaic is executed in colored glass, of which no less than ten thousand different tints are required, and daintily produced. The color is added when the glass is in a state of fusion; when thoroughly mixed, the liquid is taken out with a large wooden-handled iron ladle, and poured upon a slab of smooth, flat marble. As it cools, it is flattened by the application of another piece of marble, until the mass is an inch or more in thickness. Before the glass

cools sufficiently to become hard, it is cut into pieces of the required size and shape by a sharp iron tool; when quite cold, the pieces are placed in a box, each tint having a separate compartment.

Gold and silver are frequently introduced into mosaic. These are prepared as follows: Pieces of yellow glass are moistened with gum-water, and to these gold or silver leaf is applied. The gilded glass is then placed upon an iron shovel at the entrance of the furnace; when it becomes red, it is withdrawn. This process renders the gilding so secure that it is as permanent as the *glass itself*, and resists any atmospheric influence to which it may be exposed.

A strong frame is next prepared of the size of the painting about to be imitated. On this is laid a cement, composed of a mixture of chalk, brick-dust, gum adragant, and white of egg. This forms the ground for design. The same kind of cement is used to fasten the glass cubes in their places. These are arranged with small iron pincers, and beaten down into their places with a wooden ruler or mallet. The surface is thus rendered flat, and is afterward carefully polished in the same manner as plate-glass.

For the small pictorial mosaics, the modern Roman process more nearly approaches that of ancient Alexandria. Small colored rods are prepared from a kind of easily fusible glass or enamel. These are softened by the aid of a lamp, and then drawn out into a thread. This is broken off into the lengths required by the thickness of the intended picture. The ground consists of a sheet of copper, overlaid by cement, into which the glass threads are fixed. After the surface is ground and polished, the interstices are filled with wax of a color corresponding to the glass. Some very interesting specimens of modern Roman mosaic, together with samples of the material, have been placed in the Geological Museum, London, which building is located, I believe, in Jermyn Street.

Mosaic copies of the large pictures that are now being made for St. Peter's, at

Rome, have occupied from twelve to twenty years; and few even of the smaller copies can be produced in less than five or six. It is by no means such mechanical work as might at first be supposed. A complete knowledge of art is required, as well as systematic taste and great judgment.

Amongst the modern mosaists of Rome, a lady—the Signora Isabella Barberi—is celebrated for her talent, both in design and execution. Her father, Signor Barberi, who was ardently attached to his work, fell into bad health, when she undertook the direction of his studio, or, rather, that portion which could be done by inferior hands, and soon became such an adept that she needed no watchful superintendent, even to the execution of the most delicate and intricate mosaic work. The Cavaliere Luigi Noglia is also an eminent mosaist. His copy of the Madonna della Seggiola, purchased by the Emperor of the French, not long before his disastrous defeat in the German war, is said to be one of the finest modern specimens of the art.

On account of the enormous time and expense required to produce a mosaic picture of any size, the work can never be undertaken with a view to profitable speculation. Such works can only be the result of government patronage, or that of wealthy individuals.

It was not till about the year 1839 that attention was directed toward the manufacture of mosaic work in England. "The invention of Mr. Prosser," says a foreign publication, "who contrived a plan of preparing clay so as to form a perfectly uniform and hard substance, first led to it, though his invention was at the time only applied to the manufacture of buttons. Mr. Minton took it up, and turned Mr. Prosser's plan to more valuable use, by manufacturing encaustic tiles. It was further carried out by Mr. Maw, assisted by Mr. Digby Wyatt; and these combined labors have resulted in the beautiful tessellated pavements now coming into such general use in England and abroad."

Pictorial mosaic is of still later introduction into England, or, rather, Great Britain, though so well adapted to resist the dampness of the climate. The great expense of this kind of work, however, almost precludes its use, except in public buildings. Mr. Penrose calculated that it would cost £50,000 to decorate St. Paul's with mosaics, according to the original design of Sir Christopher Wren. We learn that these decorations have since been begun, and give promise that they can be successfully carried out by skilled workmen. "It has been thought advisable," says the *Argosy*, "to avoid a double experiment at first; the materials have, consequently, been procured from the celebrated manufactory of Salviati, at Murano. The mausoleum, at Windsor, is ornamented in a like manner with what may be called the Venetian mosaic. When it was found that the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament were beginning to be affected by damp, it was resolved to carry on the decorations in the more durable material. One space—that over the door of the passage leading to the House of Lords—was filled in with a mosaic picture, representing St. George, in 1871. The height at which it is placed, and the deficiency of light, forbid the examination of workmanship, but the clearness and richness of tone, as compared with fresco, is obvious."

Mosaic work in *pictra dura*, or natural stone, has of late been practiced in England, but it is, of course, subject to the same limitations as the Florentine work; and it is therefore hoped that a school of mosaic will be successfully established in England, and that specimens of this beautiful art will form one of the chief attractions of art exhibitions.

On the subject of antique art, what will better illustrate the immortality of creative genius than the famous Portland and Warwick vases? The Portland vase is thought by antiquarians to be several centuries older than the Christian era. It is supposed that it was found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. It was for a long time in the possession of the Bar-

berini family, from whom it was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duke of Portland, for one thousand guineas. It is ten inches in height; its broadest diameter is six inches. It is of a deep blue color, which appears black, except when held against the light, and is ornamented with a variety of figures in bas-relief of white opaque glass. The Duke of Portland deposited the vase in the British Museum in 1810. There it had a conspicuous place till, some years ago, a man supposed to be insane hurled it to the floor, and it was dashed to pieces. By great painstaking, and skillful use of cement, it was restored to its former beauty. Now, if any one wishes to see it, an attendant will first show him to an outer door, where a ticket will be given him, admitting him to an inner room, where this precious vase is carefully guarded.

Sir Joshua Wedgwood, the inventor of the well-known kind of pottery which bears his name, has modeled after this vase many vases which have all the beauty of the original, save that of antiquity.

The Warwick vase differs from the Portland vase as a giant differs from a dwarf. It was found at Zibola,—1774,—amid the ruins of the magnificent villa of the Emperor Adrian. A well-known writer, "A. W.," tells us, in a Boston publication, that this vase is now in the possession of the Earl of Warwick, and stands on a high pedestal in one of the beautiful greenhouses of that most perfect of all baronial residences, Warwick Castle. It is of white marble, ornamented with exquisite carving of flowers, grapes, and other fruit. It is said to hold one hundred and thirty-six gallons, and is used on festive occasions. The last occasion on which it was used was at the *fête* given in honor of the "coming of age" of the present Earl of Warwick.

The Henri Deux ware, so elegant and costly, has been such a puzzle to antiquarians that no fewer than thirteen different works have been written about it. Moncure D. Conway, in a very able

paper, says: "One may learn what changes have occurred in the prices of such wares (pottery) by finding Sevres vases, for instance, marked at £100 or £200, of a like character with those six for which Lord Dudley recently paid £17,500. These are articles which, when collected, incited the first cabinet minister who inspected them to ask, 'What's the use of all this trash?' There is a single candlestick now worth more than all the 'trash' in that noble lord's mansion. It is a specimen of that famous 'Henri Deux ware,' of which only fifty-five pieces exist, so far as known. After great research, it was finally ascertained by M. Riocreux, of the Imperial Ceramic Museum, at Sevres, that this pottery was made at Oiron, in France; that two artists made it, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, for Henry II and his queen, whose initials or monograms are on several of the pieces; and the artists were François Cherpentier and Jean Bernard Cherpentier. The chief maker had been an architect, and, when he set about working in earthenware, he was fond of molding it in little monumental shapes, and filling in the hollows with different colors. The candlestick has a pale yellow ground, with arabesques, etc., in reddish brown. The base is circular, with projecting brackets, on which stand three boys holding shields, inscribed with the arms and cipher of Henri Deux. Above are three terminal figures of satyrs. This work—which, it is hoped, will some day be called by the artist's name instead of the king's—is less than a foot high; it cost seven hundred and fifty pounds, and is one of the cheapest purchases ever made."

The same author, in a contribution to *Harper's*, further says, of this extraordinary antique collection: "Seven of the fifty-five specimens of this ware are in the collection of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, three in that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, while the Louvre has the same number as the South Ken-

sington Museum, five. Three very beautiful specimens (candlestick, ewer, and large salt-cellar) were found, some years ago, very carefully wrapped in a blanket, placed in a wicker clothes-basket, under a bed in a garret of Narford Hall. The pieces were, no doubt, collected by Sir Andrew Fountaine, in France, in the last century; and, put away, perhaps, by some provident housekeeper, now turn up as a more valuable bequest to the old connoisseur's descendants than he could have imagined, but which is rightly appreciated by the present owner of the pieces, Mr. A. Fountaine. The other specimens of this Henri Deux ware are at the Kensington Gallery are two *tazza*s, a plateau, and a wonderful salt-cellar."

Not long since, when her Majesty Queen Victoria was in London, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland, two very remarkable works of antique art, which her Majesty had expressed a desire to inspect, were placed in Stafford House. One of these works was the famous picture of the Virgin and the Child, painted by St. Luke; and the other a remarkable piece of early Christian sculpture—a head of Christ—discovered some years since in the Catacombs at Rome. Her Majesty examined these precious relics with much attention, and was pleased to express to their owner, Colonel Szerelmey, the great pleasure she had derived from their inspection. Both these works are, according to the testimony of connoisseurs, highly interesting alike to the art student and to Christians. They have been for several years in the possession of their present owner, but have been seen only by a limited number of his friends, and polished connoisseurs in art. The London *Observer*, commenting upon these specimens of antique art, says: "It is to be regretted that works of so much interest should be permitted to lie buried in the vaults of a bank for safe-keeping, instead of obtaining the wide celebrity which they deserve."

But we have already reached the limits assigned for a magazine article.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

POLLY'S PLUNDER.

SHE had been christened Paula, but Polly was all that every-day usage left for the name. Usually, she cared very little about the matter. Polly suited her well enough when she was perched in the cherry-tree, wading in the brook, or racing with Dick through the meadow grass to see which should first catch and mount one of the horses in the pasture. But this was one of Polly's "blue days," when her world revealed its sawdustiness with painful distinctness. The warm sun shone through the vines of the old porch, where she sat shelling peas, only shelling peas, while other girls rode by in carriages and had beautiful times. She had discovered that she detested shelling peas, that her hands were brown instead of white, that her hair would n't curl, and her nose would turn up,—that last was a chronic tribulation; and then there was her name!

"Polly," said Dick, pushing his shaggy head through the open kitchen window, "you look as forlorn as if your young affections had all been nipped in the bud."

"I do n't see why I should look any other way," said Polly shortly.

"Neither do I," acquiesced Dick with cheerful alacrity. "What's the matter now?"

"Nothing new," affirmed Polly, disconsolately. "Every thing is just as it always has been, and always will be, I suppose,—coarse and common. I can't make wax-flowers or talk French; I can't even learn to play on the piano, though I do so love music, and I'm growing old—"

"Dreadful old," interposed Dick. "Fourteen is such a miserable betwixt and between age too,—not old enough to be a pretty big girl, and too old to be a pretty little girl,—sort of leaves a body nowhere, swinging between things, like the man that fell out of the apple-tree and could n't get to the ground because his

coat caught fast on a lower limb. Then there's your nose too; it just goes looking up exactly like a bantam chicken hunting a place to roost."

"I know it," responded Polly with discouraging meekness. "I'm brown and ugly; I can't have any thing, and I never shall be any body in the wide world only Polly Bowen."

"A beauteous face is vanity,"

sang Hepsibah's high, nasal voice in the kitchen.

"Hear that now?" questioned Dick slyly.

"How do you suppose that she found that out? Could n't possibly have been by experience." But Polly was too deep in the valley to smile, and, after watching her face in vain for any gleam of fun, he continued, meditatively, "I'll tell you what, Polly; if you have n't much chance for any thing respectable, you know, you might join a circus, and have your name printed Mam'selle Paulina Bowena; for the way you can mount a horse is something stupendous."

That was too much. Polly's nose took a still higher elevation; she flung the last of the peas where the pods belonged, and faced about hotly!

"You just tease, tease, all the 'time, Dick Bowen! I do n't believe the boys ever feel any way about any thing; they'd just as lief be good-for-nothing as not,—and most of them are. Besides, I wish you'd stop talking to me."

"Whew! Now, if that is n't just a fellow's luck when he is trying to be consoling," muttered Dick.

Polly caught up her bonnet and hurried away through the yard, and along the narrow, winding path down the hill-side.

"Nor let your angry passions rise,"

sounded after her in Hepsibah's shrillest, and most exasperating tone; for Hepsibah seemed to consider it her mission to sing fitting morals to all the family proceedings.

Polly only put her small, brown hands ungraciously over her ears and ran away the faster, down where the great trees grew thick and close, throwing deep shade down to the bottom of the hill, where the old stone spring-house stood, gray and mossy, beside the clear, cold stream.

She never paused until she had unlocked the door and entered the building, for, unromantic though it might be, this was Polly's favorite retreat, and the little wooden bench she had placed there had been her sanctuary in many a troublous time. She seated herself upon it now, and brushed away the angry tears from her eyes, and presently some quieter, softer ones gathered slowly in their place. Dick need n't have made fun of it, she was unhappy, she said to herself. She was tired of the heat and the work and the every day; she wanted some beautiful things in her life. And she leaned her head back against the wall, and pitied herself so profoundly that gradually she grew comforted. It was cool and quiet there, and the water murmured dreamily. Polly closed her eyes and imagined herself in a great, cool parlor, such as she meant to have some day. There were lovely pictures and statues around her, when she choose to look up and see them, and the rippling of the stream was the sound of a fountain. She would arouse herself presently, sweep in her silken robe across the great room, to play on her grand piano, that coveted piano! Polly could n't forbear opening her eyes just then, and drumming an anticipatory tune on the wooden lid of one of the milk-jars near her.

There was rustling in the grass, a crunching sound on the pebbly shore of the brook. Was that teasing Dick coming after her? He should n't laugh at finding her there alone,—“retired to her cloister,” as he called it,—and see that she had been crying too! She sprang to the door, closed and locked it, swiftly but noiselessly, and listened. Nearer came the sound,—footsteps surely, but scarcely like Dick's rapid tread; and what

possessed the boy that he was not whistling? Polly mounted her bench and peered through a tiny hole in the door, to see what had come over the intruder, and discovered not one, but two,—an old gray-headed man, leaning heavily upon a crutch, and a woman carrying a basket and a bundle.

They seated themselves in the shade, directly in front of the spring-house door, and began to talk in coarse, guttural tones, of which Polly could not understand one word. Presently came a sound that she could comprehend,—the cry of a baby; and then she saw that it was an animated bundle which the woman held. The strangers were not prepossessing in appearance. Their unintelligible words sounded rude and harsh, as if the conversation were an unpleasant one; and the young watcher fancied the woman did not seem very tender or kind to the baby. She began to wonder how long they would stay, and so keep her a prisoner. After all, they might be only poor travelers; she had half a mind to open the door, offer them some milk to drink, and go on her way back to the house.

But just then Polly's spying eyes grew suddenly very round, for the old man flung away his crutch, with some muttered sentence, pulled off his gray hair and venerable beard, and walked down to the brook for a drink, neither aged nor infirm, but young, and decidedly villainous looking.

“O my!” murmured Polly, slipping softly down from her post of observation, and not daring even to watch any more. It seemed a long time that she sat there and waited, hearing snatches of that miserable jargon outside. But by and by the baby's low, fretful cry died into silence, and, at last, the other voices ceased also. There was a slight bustle and moving about, as if they were preparing to depart, and then the sound of retreating footsteps. Polly bent her head and listened eagerly, to be sure that they were really going; then she ventured to peep from her outlook in the door, but they had passed out of sight. She waited a

few moments, then cautiously unlocked the door.

"Why, they have left their basket! forgotten it, I guess," she soliloquized as that object greeted her view. A mischievous wish that the man might have left his false hair and beard in it flashed through her mind. "If he only has, he shall not get them again," she murmured, and lifting the basket she carried it inside the building. It seemed heavy enough to hold a good many things. Polly raised the lid curiously, and then sank down beside it in astonishment, for nestled within lay the baby, fast asleep. What a place to put it! And had they really intended to leave it?

She had no opportunity to ponder the question or pursue her investigations; there was a sound of returning steps, and she had barely time to close the door and lock it, before the two foreigners came again to their old resting-place.

Poor Polly leaned against the damp wall trembling in terror and perplexity. She had unwittingly stolen the baby, and she dared not return it; for what might not that evil-looking man do, if he discovered her there, and found that she had been a witness to his proceedings? She wished, for the first time in her life, that her favorite nook were near the house, so that some one could hear if she called; she wished Dick would come. What if that dreadful pair should stay there for hours? What if the baby should wake up and cry? She shuddered, and her heart beat so loudly that she fancied it must be heard through the stone walls.

Outside, there was a hurried search, ejaculations of surprise, and mutterings of wrath. The two accused each other angrily; Polly was sure of so much from the tones. Twice they came to the door, tried it, and shook it violently; but it was firm. The baby slept quietly, and Polly held her very breath in death-like silence, so they turned away again. Then they held a brief consultation over what must have seemed to them a most mysterious disappearance, since they had seen no living creature near the place; and con-

cluded it by gathering up the few articles of baggage that remained to them, and departing at a much greater speed than they had done before.

They would certainly return, Polly thought, and she listened and waited. But the wind in the trees and the murmur of the brook were all the sounds that reached her after that; and, at last, she slowly turned the key and emerged from her imprisonment. The little waif still slumbered peacefully in its basket-bed, and Polly looked down upon it with anxiety and remorse in her brown eyes. It seemed hard to leave such a tender little creature there alone, but she must not again take it beyond reach of those to whom it belonged. The open wicker-work cover would admit the air freely, so she fastened it down and bore the basket to a cluster of drooping bushes, where it would escape observation from a casual passer, but would probably be speedily found by any one searching for it. Then she hastened homeward.

"Come back to the vain world once more?" questioned Dick, mischievously.

"Yes," said Polly, briefly. She was tired, excited, and bewildered, and felt in no wise inclined to recount her adventure. How could she tell sensible Uncle William and solemn Hepsibah that she had been crying in the spring-house, because her nose did n't suit her, and she had n't a piano? And what had possessed her to touch the basket? She hoped its owners would find it, and nobody would ever hear any thing about the affair, she said to herself, over and over again, that long day, glancing out nervously through the open doors and windows, and expecting she scarcely knew what. She tried to reassure herself as the hours passed; but she was troubled and ill at ease.

"Must be some queer sort of bird, or something, down there by the spring," remarked Dick, late in the afternoon, as he brought up a pitcher of milk for Hepsibah. "It sounded exactly like a child crying. I heard it two or three times, but I could n't see any thing."

Then Polly's trouble began afresh. It was her baby, she was certain of it. Those people had gone away and left it entirely; and, O, what should she do! Dread of going near the spot battled fiercely with her remorseful compassion for the little one left so long without food or care; but the latter conquered; and, near sunset, having surreptitiously warmed a little milk on the kitchen stove, Polly slipped away. Sweet blue eyes looked up at her, and baby put up a grieving lip, and drew a little sobbing breath as it was lifted from its hard bed. Polly drew it into her arms, kissed the tiny rose-leaf of a hand, and nestled the little soft cheek to her own with an instinctive motherliness that baby understood and appreciated at once. It appreciated the supper too; and Polly grew more and more in love with her stolen treasure, the longer she lingered with it.

But her perplexity increased with her tenderness. "If I take it home, I'll have to tell all about it, of course; and I can't do that," she reasoned. "Besides, if they find what sort of people it belonged to, they'll just send it to the poor-house,—I know they will."

Polly had exaggerated ideas of the horrors of that asylum, and to have this little one sent there, when she was the cause of its unprotected condition, was more than she could bear. But something must be done with it, and she held it in her arms, swaying softly to and fro, and trying to discover some way out of the difficulty. Presently the lids drooped over the blue eyes, and baby went unconcernedly to sleep, leaving its young nurse to settle the question of its future as best she might. If only some one else had it,—some one who would know what to do, and who would be kind to it! Then a brilliant thought flashed through Polly's brain. She would take it to the minister's; every body knew the minister, and if those people ever came to look for it, they would be sure to hear of it there. It would be well cared for, and nobody would ever need know that she had any thing to do with it.

She drew a long breath of relief, and laid the little sleeper down upon the grass while she proceeded to examine the basket, to see if any thing could be removed that would make it lighter for so long a pilgrimage. Under the small quilt, that had served for a bed, were an old wallet and a handsome ebony case. The first held only papers, no money; and the case was locked, so that Polly could not learn its contents. But as it was considerably heavy, she took it with the wallet, and, running down the hill a little way, deposited them in a hollow stump. She replaced quilt and baby in the basket, then bore it as near to the house as she deemed safe, and waited impatiently for the sun to set and the moon to rise.

A strange, lonely walk it was that the little maiden took that night. Arms and heart bore a heavy burden; but she pressed resolutely forward until her destination was reached. She reconnoitered the premises carefully, then, advancing to the steps, placed the basket where it would be in full view, rang the bell vigorously, and ran away with a flying speed that even her light feet had never attained before. She reached home almost breathless, but she had scarcely been missed. Hepsibah remarked, disapprovingly, that it "was n't wholesome to be a walkin' around the garden in the moonshine;" that was all, and Polly answered nothing, but slipped away to bed.

Broken slumber and odd dreams were hers that night; and when Dick returned from an errand in the village the next morning, she saw at a glance that his eyes were full of news, and, bending her head low over her sewing, that her face might not betray her, she waited for the story that was sure to come. A baby had been left on the minister's door-step, Dick announced, a real live baby; and no one had the least idea in the world where it came from, though they were trying every way to find out who brought it. Hepsibah exclaimed and questioned with her wonted solemnity, but Dick concluded, indignantly:

"I say it was just a shame for any body to leave it there, when the minister has so many babies of his own, and not salary enough to go half-way round before this one came."

Polly had not thought of that before. It seemed to her that she had n't thought of anything, through the whole miserable transaction, until it was too late, and that every step had been the very worst one she could have taken. And now the affair had become so complicated that she must let it take its course. "O, I can't tell! I never will!" she whispered to herself, over and over again, while her heart was wrung with visions of the direful privations the minister's family might suffer. She grew to feel like a wretched criminal as the days went by and no claimant came for the little foundling. The talk and wonder died away in the village, but the secret pressed more and more heavily upon Polly's soul. It darkened all her waking hours, and haunted her sleep, until she "did n't eat nothin'", and was just spindlin' away," Hepsibah affirmed.

More than once Polly had searched through the papers of the old wallet, hoping to find some information concerning the young stranger; but they were only notes and memoranda,—nothing that she could understand. Then her thoughts turned to the ebony case; she had lifted it, shaken it, and tried many times to open it, and her curiosity grew with her baffled efforts. Baby's whole history might be in it, or it might hold precious jewels that would relieve the poor minister, and make baby grand and happy for always. She must know its contents, she decided at last, and visited the old hollow stump, one day, provided with the three or four small keys the house afforded, and a hatchet to be used in case these failed.

Fortunately, one of the keys proved available, and revealed an interior of velvet, on which reposed various highly polished little knives, lancets, and other instruments of steel. Polly gazed upon them in amazement.

"Well, I did n't suppose they fixed them up like that," she said.

Too deeply engrossed she was to hear a step upon the hill-side, or notice the form that approached, until a voice startled her.

"Can you give me a drink, little maiden? Hello!"

The young man came to an abrupt halt, and gazed upon the case with more surprise than Polly had shown. His pleasant voice changed suddenly.

"How came you by that?"

Polly closed her lips resolutely, and answered not a word.

"I have a right to ask, since it happens to be my property," continued the stranger.

"I would n't own it then,—a set of burglar's tools like that!" burst forth Polly, defiantly.

"Not so much tools for breaking in houses as for mending broken bones, little lady," said the gentleman, smiling, but growing instantly grave again. "The charge of burglary would come with better grace from me, for that case was stolen, months ago, many miles from here. If you will tell exactly how it came in your possession, it will help me to trace something far more valuable, that was stolen at the same time."

"A wallet? a baby?" questioned Polly, her lips parting breathlessly. Then reading an answer in the face where astonishment, hope, and fear were blending, she poured forth her story, stammering, coloring, yet eagerly,—confused and ashamed, but growing wonderfully lightened and comforted as she unfolded her burden.

"And—O dear! it was all so wretched and miserable, and I did n't know what to do; but I do n't believe it was so much wicked as a dreadful blunder," she concluded, with crimson cheeks and tearful eyes.

"Blunder?" echoed the stranger. "Well, I suspect there are such things as providential blunders; and if this was one at all, it must have been of that sort; but I know a heart-broken young mother

who will call it by a different name. You have saved my sister's child."

Then he told her, briefly, how the little one had been left, for a few minutes, alone, in an open parlor of a distant city home, and, when the mother and nurse returned, it had disappeared, and the most careful search had failed to discover any clew to its whereabouts. The mother's grief was slowly destroying her life, and her brother had persuaded her to take this trip with him, in the hope that it might arouse her from her melancholy, and benefit her failing health.

How the young doctor rehearsed her story, what he told and what he did not tell, Polly never really knew. But she thought he must have managed it in some marvelous way, for the minister's family and her Uncle William did not appear at all horrified, and nobody else seemed to know much about it, only baby's mother, and she caressed and thanked her as if she had done something grand and heroic, instead of dreadful. The next day brought her a beautiful piano, with a scarcely less beautiful note from Mrs. Grey, begging Polly to accept the gift

from one to whose life she had restored both sunshine and music.

Polly was so happy in the weeks that followed, that she ceased to worry about her nose. "In fact, so many charming things were turning up that it was quite in the fashion," Dick declared. Mrs. Grey herself gave her music lessons, and was her friend and counselor in countless ways where a motherless girl needed help that Hepsibah was too ignorant to afford. Then, too, that precious baby was hers to hold and fondle as much as she chose; for the mother lingered long among the hills, and liked the place so well, that she decided to make it her Summer resort.

It is to be supposed that Polly has grown to be somebody in the four years since then. At least Dr. Lisle seems to consider her musical proficiency something wonderful, and comes to see her with great frequency and regularity.

Dick, who has arrived at an age when he is particular about his back hair, and devoted to his neck-ties, is beginning to call the medical gentleman "part of Polly's plunder."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

COINS.

ALL boys have, at a certain age, the stamp-collecting and coin-collecting fever, just as surely as they have the measles or chicken-pox. All boy readers of this article have, at times, received in change, or otherwise, old copper coins of United States coinage. Probably, most of them have immediately parted with them, thinking them rather a nuisance than objects of value or interest. We present this short article, therefore, to show them that these coins can be made a source, not only of great knowledge, but also of much profit and pleasure. Any one who owns a good collection of coins, that he has made him-

self, can tell you some historical event connected with the date of the coinage of each one of them; and the coin impresses the fact so indelibly on his mind that he retains it forever. Knowing that many boys would be induced to make a collection of coins if they only knew how, we here attempt a short history of the United States coins, and add a few facts gained from personal experience.

The first coins struck in North America were those of New England, the coinage of Massachusetts, in 1652. These were silver, and appeared first in the form of shillings and sixpences, adorned with nothing but the simple legends, "N.

E., XII;" and, "N. E., VI." These were soon followed by the pine-tree coinage. These coins were issued in large quantities, in shillings, sixpences, threepences, and twopences; there being several dies of each of these, and also differing in size and weight. For thirty years our forefathers carried on their business with this rude coinage, the mint continually issuing new coins, but never changing the date. So now the only date of the pine tree coins is 1652. The earliest copper coin ever struck in America was probably a private coinage. In the village of Granby, Connecticut, a well-to-do farmer, named Higley, taking the English coins for a pattern, made a very rough set of dies. Taking the copper from the neighboring mines, he struck, in 1737, several coins, bearing on one side the inscription, "I am good copper," and the figure of three hammers, date 1737; and on the reverse, a deer, and the legend, "Value me as you please." These coppers were very pure metal, hence soft, and soon became smooth. There are now only a few specimens of these coins, and they are all locked up in cabinets, and highly prized. They bring from thirteen to twenty-five dollars each, at auction in New York City.

Just before the Revolution, a coin, or rather token, made its appearance in Massachusetts, now known as the *No Stamp Token*, bearing on its face a bust surrounded by the words, "The Restorer of Commerce, 1766;" and on the reverse the ship *America*, with the motto, "Thanks to the Friends of Liberty and Trade." It referred to the Stamp Act, which bore such a prominent part in bringing on the Revolution. Several coins were issued at this time, probably in Massachusetts, but they were all experiments, and their history is lost. When the war broke out, and the attention of the people was called to defending their country, no coins were issued.

The war over, there was a loud and imperative cry for more coin; and this brings us to a time where the variety of coins is such that it is almost impossible

to describe all of them. We will mention the most noticeable, as that will include all that any collector will be likely to find. First comes the *Georgius Triumpho* copper. It resembles the half-penny of the English king, and was struck in England. There are a great number of these coins now in circulation, and nearly all bear the date 1787. In 1783, a very large quantity of copper coins appeared, struck in England, known as the *Nova Constellatio*. These were also issued in 1785, from a much finer die, and are quite easily obtained.

STATE COINAGE

forms a very interesting subject, and boys will be amply rewarded if they pay particular attention to the collection of these coppers. Connecticut was the most prominent of the States in the issue of coins. They bear the simple legend, *Auctori. Connec.* (by authority of Connecticut), on the obverse, around a crowned head; and, on the reverse, a seated figure, surrounded by the words, *Inde. et Lib.* (Independence and Liberty). The number and variety of the common cents are so countless that new ones are discovered nearly every day. Their dates are from 1785 to 1788. The heads face to the right or to the left, or some other equally distinguishing mark can be found. Vermont followed the example of Connecticut; her coins are nearly like those of the latter State, but she also issued a coin called the Rising Sun copper, having for a device, the sun rising over the mountains, and a legend, *Vermontensium Res-publica*; and, on the reverse, the words, *Quarta Decima Stella* (the fourteenth star).

New York did not do so much at coining as the other States, but quite a number of coins were issued, called New York coins, that were struck in England. The most common is one bearing the legend, *Nov. Eborac.*, around the head; and, on the reverse, *Virt. et Lib.*, date, 1787. One very rare coin is called the George Clinton piece, a good description of which can be found in *Harper's Mag.*

asine for March, 1860, accompanied with an illustration of the same. New Jersey coined a great many coins, specimens of which the amateur will have no trouble in finding. They bear on the obverse a plow and a horse's head, and the words, *Nova Cesarea*, date, 1786; on the reverse, **E* Pluribus* Unum**, around a shield. In one instance the horse's head is turned to the left, and the latter coins are very rare. Massachusetts coined, in 1787 and 1788, a copper cent and half-cent; the latter is quite rare, but the cents are quite common of both dates. They have on the reverse the figure of an eagle and the date, with the word "Massachusetts;" on the obverse, the figure of an Indian, holding a bow and arrow, and the legend, "Commonwealth." A coin known as the Kentucky cent is a very beautiful specimen, and is highly prized by collectors. It has on the obverse a pyramid of stars, each marked with the name of its State; and as "Ky." is at the top of the pyramid, it has given its name to the cent. On the reverse, it has the words, "Unanimity is the Strength of Society."

The head of Washington has been placed on many coins, and there are two varieties of these, which we hope so to describe that our readers will not make the same mistake that the writer did, and be induced to pay a high price for a Washington token, under the belief that they are buying a Washington cent. The Washington tokens are of four kinds; the first having a large head of Washington on one side, and a seated figure with the legend, "United States," on the other. The second has a small head on both sides, with the legend, "Washington" on one side, and "One Cent" on the other. The third has the same obverse as the first, but the reverse has the legend, "One Cent," in a wreath. The fourth has a small head on the obverse, and resembles the first; and they all bear the date 1783. But the Washington cents are of 1792 and 1793, and are very scarce and highly prized. They have on one side the head of Washington, with the legends, "Washington, President," and

"George Washington;" and on the other the figure of an eagle, with "United States of America." Others have the figure of an eagle with "United States of America," and, on the reverse, the liberty-cap surrounded with stars, and the legend, "Success to the United States."

NATIONAL COINAGE.

One of the first coins issued by act of Congress was the Fugio, or Franklin cent, of 1786 and 1787. It is sometimes erroneously called the link cent by coin-dealers. This cent has a sun-dial on the obverse, with a figure of the sun shining upon it, with the legend, "Mind Your Business. *Fugio*, 1787;" on the reverse, a chain of thirteen links, to represent the thirteen States, with the legend, "United States. We are one," in the center. There is a copper that should be mentioned here, the date of whose issue I have been unable to determine, called by collectors the bar cent. It is perfectly plain on one side, with the exception of the monogram, "U. S. A.," and on the other side has thirteen parallel bars; no date. The United States mint did not get fairly into operation until 1790, and then the first United States copper cent appeared. This year, there were five varieties of coppers struck; and if any boy succeeds in attaining specimens of them all, he must consider himself very fortunate. The first that came out bore the head of Liberty, with flowing hair, with this date, 1793, and the word "Liberty;" on the reverse, the legend, "United States of America," a chain of thirteen links, and the words "One Cent." This did not give universal satisfaction, and hence the variety of the coins of this year. Another has a wreath in the place of the chain, and, on the obverse, the same head of Liberty, but generally three small leaves under the head. There are as many as twenty varieties of this die, differing chiefly in the shape and arrangement of the leaves under the head. Another has the liberty-cap on the end of a pole, thrown over the shoulder of the figure of Liberty. The reverse is

like the wreath cent, and has around the edge the words, "One hundred for a dollar."

In 1794, there was only one variety,—the liberty-cap. In 1795, the coins were a little thicker, and the same words around the edge, with a thin coin without the legend on the edge. In 1796, there were two varieties,—the liberty-cap and, later, the fillet-head. In 1808, the fillet-head appeared for the last time, and the turbaned-head, facing to the left, took its place. In 1815, the great fire at the mint prevented any coins of that date being struck. The old die of 1804 was saved, however, and a few coins were struck from it, some of which are now in circulation, and are sold by dealers as genuine 1804 coppers. They are quite easy to tell, however, for they all show the marks left on the die from the effects of the fire. In 1816, the head was again changed, and this time facing to the right. No change has been made since, until 1857, when the copper coins appear for the last time, and the small nickel cents took their place.

This finishes the description of the coins; and now we have a few hints to give to young collectors. In the first place, do not be in a hurry; get your collection slowly, and you will be more likely to get a good one. Do not keep worn specimens; have as many of your

coins clear-cut as possible. Do not pay high prices for your coins; for you can get all of them—1793, 1799, and 1804, excepted—with but little trouble. 1793 sells at all prices, from one dollar and twenty-five cents to five dollars; 1799, from five dollars to forty; and 1804, from two dollars to ten. Of the remaining coins, the ones that will give you the most trouble are 1806, 1809, 1811, and 1813. Count the stars of every 1817 that falls into your hands; for there are two specimens of this date, one having thirteen stars, and the other fifteen; the former is the most common. There are also two specimens of the date 1807; one having been made from the 1806 die, the six having been changed into a seven; but part of the six shows, and the coin is known as the "seven over the six" (6). Never spoil a coin by cleaning it with acid; if coins are dirty, wash them in soap and warm water to which a little spirits of ammonia has been added. After you have completed your collection, you can either buy or make a cabinet for them, the bottom of which should be covered with black velvet, as that shows off your coins to the best advantage. Collectors can gain valuable information from "Early Coins of America," by S. S. Crosby, and Dr. Dickinson's work on American coins.

FRANK TAYLOR.

DISTANCE.

O SUBTLE secret of the air,
Making the things that are not, fair
Beyond the things that we can reach
And name with names of clumsy speech;
By shadow-worlds of purple haze,
The sunniest of sunny days
Outweighing in our heart's delight;
Opening the eyes of blinded sight;
Holding an echo in such hold,

Bidding a hope such wings unfold,
That present sounds and sights between
Can come and go, unheard, unseen,—
O subtle secret of the air,
Heaven itself is heavenly fair
By help of thee. The saints' good days
Are good because the good Lord lays
No bound of shore along the sea
Of beautiful eternity.

FAITH AND FEELING.

THE world in which we live is very beautiful. There is loveliness on every hand. As you walk abroad, your heart breaks forth in ecstasy, "O God, I am glad that I live. I thank thee that thou hast made the world so fair, and fashioned me capable of enjoying its fairness!" But the thought must long before this have come to each one of you, that there is an element about it all which is unsatisfying. There is hell-bore among the violets, poisonous weeds among the fairest flowers, a serpent, sharp-toothed and terrible, in the loveliest grove! To-day you are full of plans, and strong and well and happy,—to-morrow you are sick. To-day you have friends about you whom you love and who love you,—to-morrow love is cold and friends are dead! To-day you rejoice in your little family circle,—to-morrow your home is broken. To your door comes one whom you have not invited and do not welcome, looks in upon those more precious to you than your own life, and beckons to your dearest with his bony hand! The wife of your love sickens before you, and languishes and moans and gasps and dies. O God! Oh, the sorrow, the tears. If we had seen all; if there were nothing beyond, no such thing as faith to set God's realities over against this darkness, how we might curse our Maker and long for death! But, as it is, bless God, there is light in the darkness! These light afflictions, our faith assures us, are working a weight of glory that is eternal. Our loved ones go away from our presence, but they are not lost to us. Just a little way on, they are waiting to welcome us, new light in their eyes, new life in their limbs, new joy in their hearts, new music on their tongues,—the last moan past, and the last tear. I give over my jewels to the Great Purser, and he does not forget them or me, for whom he is keeping them. In the book of this remembrance they are

all written. By the hand of faith I can take hold of God's hand, and he leads me through what, without him, would be trackless and cheerless and barren; and, by the faith-eye, I can see him holding the rest he has promised, in reserve for me, fitting up the mansion he has prepared for me from the foundation of the world; and, best of all, bless his name, giving me himself to enjoy forever and ever.

But faith is not feeling. When I rejoice thus that the trust which I have committed will be well kept for me, it is not so much faith in *exercise* as it is the *attendant*, the *consequence*, the *result*, of faith. Faith is not feeling. In an eminent sense, it is acting. It is an act of the greatest possible earnestness,—an act of greater moment than any other in our lives. It is a deliberate counting of the cost, and a personal choice, with all the responsibilities connected with that choice.

Perhaps for months, or even for years, you have been wishing to see this Continent of Europe, this gay German capital, but there were the three thousand miles of treacherous sea between you and your object, no way of crossing it but by a frail steamer,—and you hesitated. You were not without fear, yet at last you trusted yourself. There was an earnestness about it,—such an earnestness as you do not often feel,—as you went up from the wharf upon the high deck. You had not so lively a step or so rosy a cheek as you sometimes have, when the anchor was hauled in, and the engines commenced to work; when the pier moved backward, and the boatswain shouted his orders, and the men ran and pulled and hauled and sang, and raised the sails, and the wind filled them, and the prow pointed eastward, and you were upon the open Atlantic. You were more quiet and thoughtful that evening than usual as the great waves lifted you easily and let you down again in the hollow of

the sea; when New York faded away and the last land slipped out of sight, and the sun went down over your American home, and darkness shut you in; when you realized that you yourself, and the crowded vessel with you, was a feather on the whirlwind, and the shell very frail between you and death! But as morning came and the day wore away, and day followed day, something of the old feeling came back that you were at home; and yet you were all the time painfully conscious that close at your side was a pale presence. At last the harbor comes in sight. The little waves keep up their mimic war, but the tall masts are hardly swayed by them any longer. The danger is all past and you are safe! How dear has every fellow-passenger become

to you, and how you love the vessel which has brought you safely through! "Bless that ship!" your heart cries, and you feel that you can kiss the very decks in your joy. Now feeling is alive in you. Your heart beats quickly. But let me tell you, it is not the feeling which saves you, *it is the ship*; and not the ship alone,—God help me so to present it that it will be impossible to forget it all your lives,—it is not the ship, *but a personal trust in the ship*, with all the responsibilities considered, which brought you through; and *you are saved through faith by the grace of God*. Make a deliberate personal choice of salvation, and be saved; or, on the other hand, neglect or reject salvation, and perish eternally.

I. DAYTON DECKER.

REV. THOMAS T. TASKER, SEN.

[WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.]

LIVING characters can rarely be portrayed with strict fidelity to truth, as it is possible that the most perfect illustration of purity in a long life-lease may be stained before its close with some act of wrong-doing. The possibility of moral taint in the character of one who has long exemplified the highest type of the human form does not, however, by any means, prevent exceptional instances, as we think is found beautifully and truthfully illustrated in the person and character of the venerable and much loved Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, Sen., of Philadelphia. He was fortunately "well-born," in every sense of the word, and, at a very early age, gave evidence, both in habits of thought and practice, that his heart was deeply under the Divine influence.

Born at Knottingly, Yorkshire, England, May 12, 1799, the son of a worthy and widely known local preacher, he has lived to attain the great age of seventy-

seven years, and is yet as active and vigorous as many that are under fifty, by practicing the same habits and methods that gave him early success in his business career. Accompanying his father in his frequent and long walks to preach as a local preacher, he early became impressed with the work of the ministry. Early in the year 1818, his name appeared on trial on the "Plan of Appointments of Burlington Circuit, England." In the month of April, 1819, he left England, and reached Philadelphia in June. Closely following his arrival in this country, he was united in marriage to a Delaware lady, who still lives, as the "light of his household," February 6, 1820. They are now fifty-six years wedded.

Contemporaneous with his entrance upon his marital relations, he laid the foundation of his grand business career. Possessing superior inventive and mechanical talents, he was mainly instrumental in building up one of the most

extensive iron works, perfect in all its parts, in this country, giving employment to over one thousand persons. His inventive genius was of the most utilitarian type, and productive of such practical results that he had become little less than a public benefactor. Aside from the fact that the "Pascal Iron Works," started fifty-five years ago, of which he was one of the founders and controlling spirit, was regarded as the pioneer establishment in the country in the manufacture of wrought-iron tubes and fittings for gas, steam, and water, he was inventor of a self-regulating hot-water furnace for houses, heating pipes with steam, and so using a cast-iron hydrant that it can be removed or repaired without disturbing the pavement. He did not patent his great inventions, and others have made fortunes by their use.

The business rapidly grew to colossal proportions, chiefly under his magic, threefold power,—energy, mechanic skill, and inventive genius. He grasped the wants of the age and overcame mountains of difficulty, and was justly held in manufacturing circles, and so published, as one of the galaxy of "Self-made Men of our Times," in this country.

Perhaps a score of years ago, he retired from active business, to be represented, and worthily too, by two sons. He has since then supervised his large and valuable landed interests, chiefly in the rural districts of Philadelphia, conducting all parts of his investments in the most systematic and approved forms, as observed in the management of any well-conducted business, and, at the same time, devoting his time and money in promoting important general benevolent enterprises in and out of our Church. This brief sketch of his secular and business life will give an idea of his prominence and activity in manufacturing pursuits.

A career marked with such brilliant features, and so fully rounded in every respect, could not be otherwise from his early training and methodical habits of life. From infancy to manhood he was obedient, dutiful, and respectful to his

parents, who instilled into his mind industry and frugal habits of living, and taught him to avoid sin and bad society of every kind. He was strictly taught to revere the Sabbath, and respect the ordinances of the house of God, and to have strong faith in the providence of God. These principles were recognized at the foundation of his character, and his life has been throughout of the most exemplary kind. Early in life he became the subject of saving faith, and for nearly three-score years he has adorned the office and work of a local preacher.

In recording the reflections incident to his seventieth birth anniversary, he assumes that his success in life arose: 1. From timely and prompt resistance to temptation and wrong-doing; 2. Selection of good and instructive reading-matter; 3. Avoiding wastage of time and corrupt influences from bad books; 4. Pious example; 5. The testimony of his children as to fidelity as parents, example, etc. Coupled with these elements of character, his unremitting industry, prudence, and wise use of wealth, rendered him a tower of strength in the Church and community.

Notwithstanding his retirement from the firm, and his management of large investments, he gives personal supervision to some prominent interests of our Church, by which the Church has been greatly benefited through his personal labors. His identification with, and princely gifts to, certain Church organizations, and instrumentality in the erection of at least a dozen churches in Philadelphia and vicinity, such as Wharton-street, Scott Church, Tasker Church, Kedrow Church, etc., are matters of history. Chiefly through his personal efforts and prudent counsels, the publishing and tract interests in Philadelphia have grown from nothing to their present colossal greatness, comprising property valued at one hundred thousand dollars. The grand pile of buildings and elegant grounds of the Methodist Home, for the Care of Aged and Infirm Methodists, on Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, under the supervision of

the United Ladies' Aid Society, comprising representatives of the different Methodist Episcopal Churches of that city, were consummated under his personal direction, as President of the Board of Trustees. When the late civil war took place, he was largely instrumental in the erection of the mammoth Citizen Volunteer Hospital, and was placed at the head as President. Hundreds of thousands of Union and Confederate soldiers received food and medical treatment wholly through voluntary contributions. For years he literally gave himself away to this noble work, without compensation, and giving liberally, too, to sustain it.

But the crowning work of his later years was what he has done, and is now doing, to make the Church Extension Board, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, such a great power for good. When the General Conference of 1864 provided for its organization, set in motion in 1866, office headquarters in Philadelphia, he was chosen first President; and Rev. S. Y. Monroe, D. D., Corresponding Secretary. Subsequently, in the reorganization of the society, he took the position of First Vice-President, and Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committees; and he has held these responsible positions ever since. In 1869, he founded the "The Tasker Fund," by the gift of ten thousand dollars; and shortly afterward his worthy son, Stephen P. M. Tasker, also gave ten thousand dollars. Thus, in addition to years of laborious service to this noble cause, he has supplemented service with princely gifts. His connection with every public Methodist enterprise for half a century, as well as being largely instrumental in building so many churches, suggests the question, "What has he *not* done?" rather than what he has done to promote general Church interests.

Viewed, therefore, from any standpoint of the life career of Father Tasker, it possesses extraordinary features, and is one rarely seen. Though he is well-nigh fourscore years, his stalwart frame and quick movements make him seem as

vigorous as most persons a quarter of a century younger, coupled with a mind of wonderful activity and a cheerful countenance, which makes his society and presence a benediction wherever he may go. For many years he has blended his temporalities and Church interests, giving time without stint, and dispensing largely of his income to general and local Church objects. The possession of wealth has not induced him to seek ease, encourage prodigality, or become proud or dominant; but, under deep and religious convictions, he regards it as a part of his stewardship to God neither to waste time nor squander his means in an improper manner.

By careful culture from his youth up, by constant reading, and the study of books from his ample and well-selected library, he has acquired prominence in many fields of thought, as his contributions on scientific, religious, social, and other subjects, amply demonstrate. Voluminous daily records, covering a period of many years, on quite a range of topics,—comprising scientific, meteorological, agricultural, horticultural, stock-breeding, mechanical inventions, with full records, of personal and family incidents of everyday life, exegesis of Biblical questions, sermons and addresses reproduced by his retentive memory after delivery, reflection on public events, important Church movements and legislations, poetical effusions, essays on moral and religious topics, reminiscences of remarkable personal events, and observations of by-gone days,—comprising scores of volumes of MS., constitute a rich inheritance to the family, and rich material for his future biography.

A life so uniform from childhood up to a period beyond the common lot of mankind, and so complete in its social, moral, and religious features, beautifully illustrates the great truth, that a "child trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord will not depart from the way" in manhood and even in old age. And now, while he is entitled to respect, he calmly and unceasingly continues

"instant in season" in his work, determined not to cease work until he has ceased to live.

Notwithstanding his great age, few Sabbaths pass without preaching, and his calls to make addresses on special occasions are frequent. The spontaneity of

feeling, by ministers and laymen, in recognition of his great services and superior qualifications, was seen in the fact of his being selected as the first lay representative from the Philadelphia Conference to the General Conference in 1872.

W. H. KINCAID.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

SECOND PAPER.

OUR author indulges, now and then, in a touch of humor at the expense of the grand functionaries against whom he has a *pique*. He has a special spite against the cardinals, whom he pronounces "a wretched set of old twaddlers." He says: "As we were going to the Farnese, we drove by the Cancellaria, and heard, by accident, that a dead cardinal (Somaglia) was lying in state there. Having seen all the living cardinals, we thought we might as well complete our view of the Sacred College with the dead one, and went up. He was eighty-seven years old; but he had a healthier appearance in death than half the old walking mummies we had seen with palms in their hands in the morning." "La Ferrouays introduced me to Cardinal Albani. He is like a very ancient, red-legged macaw; but I suppose he is a dandy among the cardinals, for he wears two stars and two watches." His description of his visit to the Pope is certainly any thing but reverent. "He is a very nice, squinting old twaddler, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, a little, he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard. No doubt, he said many excellent things, but it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them. When I said, '*Tres Saint Pere, le roi, mon maitre, n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets Catholiques*,' his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teeto-

tums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour, he bade us farewell; we kissed his hand, and backed out again."

Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Here is a touch of the tender mercies of monarchies. "Nobody thinks any more of the late king than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it is to abuse him, and rake up all his vices and misdeeds. King George had not been dead three days till every body discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain."

In his quietly sarcastic way, our author notes the change it works in society when one is dressed with a little brief authority. When the inconsequential William suddenly became king, Greville says: "There never was any thing like the enthusiasm with which he is greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he can not stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels."

Our author drops into his story many names that afterward became notable. He speaks of meeting "young Mill." He says of him: "He is the son of Mill, who wrote the 'History of British India,' and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc.; but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his

ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism."

He speaks of an after-dinner talk of Talleyrand: "They were all delighted; but long experience has proved to me that people are easily delighted with what is in vogue."

"I am just home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor, to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when we had Southey, Mill, Eliot, and Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty, hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth, and a few scattered gray hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed; but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk."

His first meeting with Macaulay is described in an amusing manner. "Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbor, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be; and, as he did not open his lips for some time except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor." After reporting the conversation at length, and giving the part this plain neighbor of his took in it, and his own varying conclusions in regard to the other's ability, Mr. Greville continues: "I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbor, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and hear, and whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge and diversified talents, have excited my wonder

and admiration for such a length of time; and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face; and yet it were impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never inclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed yet not easy, unpolished yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic."

By way of contrast with this eulogium upon the modest *savant*, one enjoys his plain comments upon the royal lunatic, whom every body was flattering: "His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions."

Here is a sad note: "Walter Scott arrived here, dying. A great mortality among great men: Goethe, Perier, Champollion, Cuvier, Scott, Grant, Mackintosh, all died within a few weeks of each other."

A peep at the social life of the *literati* of forty years ago. "On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay. Sydney was less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the *flumen sermonis* of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay 'a book in breeches.'

All that this latter says, all that he writes, exhibits his great powers and astonishing information; but I do n't think he is agreeable. His is a roaring torrent, not a meandering stream, of talk. I believe we would all of us have been glad to have exchanged some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!"

His comment on Mrs. Somerville is somewhat amusing: "Last night, at Miss Berry's, I met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's 'Sermons on Education,' in which he talks of Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. I could not take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise, and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan."

Greville's description of the investiture of the Princess Victoria, on her accession, with the royal prerogative, is minute and flattering. "A carefully trained, sensible young woman; her deportment under the embarrassing circumstances was so modest and appropriate as to present a charming contrast with the blatant behavior of her uncle on a similar occasion." He describes her first appearance in council: "She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. At twelve, she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague contrived, between them, to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She seems to

act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense."

And here the curtain falls, as abruptly as it rose. We have no words of the funeral of the half-demented old king, nor of the coronation of the young queen. We are glad that the forty years of excellent rule that have followed have fulfilled the prophecy of prosperity under the sway of so good a woman as Victoria.

We have gone through this book at this leisurely pace to save the time of busy readers. We have given them about all one needs of its contents, at the same time sparing them the contact with the loose-mannered people of the court, eliminating the roughness and profanity that our over-faithful chronicler scatters through his pages. As we ramble through his chatty accounts of the petty meannesses and bickerings of the distinguished personages with whom he was on terms of intimacy, we can but call them, as he does, "a precious set with their squabbles."

He has indulged in very little moralizing, though his picture of the corruptness and unhappiness of the great people in State and in literature is infinitely suggestive. He makes no comment upon the abominable example of the kings whose reigns he describes, each living in bigamy, each having one wife to whom he was privately married, and by whom, as in William's case, he had a large family of children, and, at the same time, married legally to another, who shared the royal honors, and yet who could not, morally, be regarded his lawful wife. He says nothing of the turpitude of these and similar royal offenses, nor of the influence they must have had upon English society. He leaves it for the domestic infelicities and discomfort that he throws upon the canvas with an unflinching hand, to tell their own story.

He does, indeed, let slip a little of the bitterness, and sense of having missed his way, that filled his own old age, and that is sure to follow so careless and irreligious a life. He says: "When I see what other men have done, how they

have read and thought, a sort of despair comes over me, a deep and bitter sensation of regret for 'time misspent and talents misapplied,' not the less bitter for being coupled with a hopelessness of remedial industry and of doing better things. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing, and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and the foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned and the wise. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think on my misspent life."

We close the book, and let the dust settle back upon the memory of the people, gay and grand, who lived a half-

century ago; and there comes to us, as from the grave's mouth, chiding our ambitions, the words of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to the rest of the grave."

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

JENNIE F. WILLING.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER I.

ON a gray and sullen-looking day, in the year 16—, might have been seen at the port of Rotterdam, in Holland, a solitary man, pacing back and forth in disquietude and utter loneliness, while on all around him there prevailed a bustling, noisy activity. The sea rolled in with great heavy waves, while the merchant princes, standing on the deck of ships, which were preparing to raise anchor, repeated their last orders to the captains, or drank with them the *stirrup-cup* of departure. The vessels which had completed the filling up of their cargoes were encumbered with sailors and merchandise; men, horses, and vehicles of all kinds crossed and jolted against each other in every direction on the landings, while countless barges plowed the canals, crowded with grave, serious Hollanders, who were returning to their business affairs in the city. The tall buildings that rose here and there along the quays reflected, in a confused way, on the brilliant square of their win-

dow-panes and the brightly glazed tiles of their façades, the lively panorama of the harbor.

But M. Basèrat gave no heed to these divers spectacles, which, nevertheless, could not have been at all familiar to him, as his costume differed materially from the merchants' who traversed the pier, and the satellites who glided around them. Neither did he carry a sword, as did all the state officials, who every now and then mingled with the crowd. On the contrary, his dress was the plain one of a barrister, and his countenance, like his vestments, betrayed his foreign origin. The features were delicate, almost classic in contour, the movements rapid, eyes black and restless, while he strode along with great, quick steps, or anon, coming to a sudden stand-still, would contemplate with anxious gaze the boundless sea, whose billows still continued to roll and recede like living monsters, dashing themselves impetuously against the stone rampart; careless of the disquietude of

men, always dark, dismal, and agitated, under a slate-colored sky.

Several vessels now appeared above the horizon, beaten sorely by the waters, yet advancing, meanwhile, steadily toward the port. The field-glasses of expectant merchants were bent in their direction, while M. Basèrat also followed, with earnest outlook, each shifting change of the helmsman, seeking to distinguish the colors they bore at their mast-head.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he said at last, to a gentleman of good height and respectable *embonpoint*, who for a moment had let fall by his side the lorgnette he carried, while a smile of satisfaction beamed over his face; "will you permit me to look for an instant through your glass? I have been waiting in Rotterdam several days for the arrival of friends, and would like very much to know whether they are passengers in either of these approaching vessels."

The Hollander turned toward the speaker, and one could decide at a glance that he was no longer young, and that he did not understand French. The use of this language, so familiar in the United Provinces, had not then been scattered abroad by refugees. The year of which we write was just subsequent to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the flotillas of the fugitives had, as yet, scarcely begun to inundate the hospitable soil of England and Switzerland, of Holland and of Brandenburg.

The restless, eager eye of the Frenchman told plainly of his desire, however, scarce needing the aid of other speech; and, without any hesitancy, the courteous merchant tendered him the glass, pointing out at the same time to his companion a ship of large proportions and gallant mien, that came on plowing the waves right royally, at the head of the smaller sails.

"France!" exclaimed the Hollander, with a forced accent, "Et c'est à moi!" he added, with an effort, and yet a triumphant air; "à moi!" his linguistic talent not being able to express itself further, he turned round joyfully toward M. Bas-

èrat, a bright color suffusing his wrinkled cheeks.

The Frenchman appeared not to heed the merchant's excitement, or notice even his presence, for he had heard the beloved word "France," nor once again did the latter withhold his eager gaze from the incoming ship, which brought, he could not doubt, those for whom he had wandered, day after day, around the port of Rotterdam, for the space of a month.

The sea still rolled high in angry mood. Sailors, merchants, portfolio officers, still encumbered the quays, hurrying through their duties in this the most busy hour of the day. But the Frenchman did not move from his place. Agile, slender yet robust, he pressed back those who sought to displace him; then, little by little, he glided through the confused mass, until he stood on the extreme point of disembarkation. The ship, designated by the Holland merchant as arriving from France, entered the port in full canvas, careering proudly up until it touched the quay. Then a cry escaped the lips of M. Basèrat, as he held out his arms toward the vessel:

"O Jeanne! Jeanne!" he murmured.

Amid the noise of dragging cordage and rattling pulleys, above the shouts of the sailors, the orders of the captains, and the sad moan of the sea waves, did the voice of her husband strike on the ears of a woman, who stood leaning over the prow of the ship. At the familiar sound, she raised herself hurriedly and glanced around.

But M. Basèrat recoiled almost stupefied at the first sight. It was indeed his wife, his Jeanne, who had thus courageously braved a thousand perils to rejoin him. What, then, had happened to her? What accident, what misfortune, had thus changed her whole aspect? He crowded back the Hollanders, who hindered his advance, boldly to the right and left, and yet who smiled in the midst of their ill-humor, half comprehending the cause of his haste.

An instant more and he had his wife

clasped in his arms. She looked at him with calm, tearful eyes, but M. Basèrat had forgotten all his wonder,—the weather-darkened skin, the poor vestments, covered with dust, the mute signs of weariness, the eyes dimmed by a too oft weeping! He saw only the "good little wife," as he always called her; and the gladness that one could read plainly on his bright face, as he witnessed these proofs of the woman's self-sacrifice for his sake, astonished and touched some of the rough mariners who crossed back and forth to the vessel's side, in performing sundry maneuvers incident to a first landing.

All at once, as if struck by a hidden thought which lay in his mind, M. Basèrat let fall the hands of his wife, which, until then, he had kept fast clasped within his own, and exclaimed, "The children! I have not yet seen the children!"

His wife looked up at him with fond, mournful eyes. Since they had found each other, even in the midst of the transports of her husband at the joyous meeting, a stranger could have seen that the poor woman had seemed absorbed in some sorrowful memory. Her voice was sad and broken with anguish, as she replied:

"Our little daughters are with the New Catholics."

"Both?" murmured the unhappy father.

"Both of them; carried away from their home by the military officers of the Church,—the merciless archers of the king," answered Jeanne.

Madame Basèrat grew white, even under the red tincture spread over her face, with which she had tried to disguise its accustomed pallor. Her glance, so resolute and firm a moment since, even in her grief, now expressed supreme anguish. Her husband, still staggering under the blow he had received, passed his arm around her well-shaped form, and drew her onward, away from the vessel's side, through the jostling crowd, up and down intricate ways, until he reached the small lodgings which he

occupied, in a retired street of Rotterdam.

He had been able to bring a small sum of money from France, which his friends had hurriedly gathered together at the moment of departure. But this scanty resource was already beginning to exhaust itself, although he had waited anxiously for his wife to share with him the remainder. And now she was here; the door closed on them,—they were alone, and together at last.

M. Basèrat laid his half-fainting wife on the low bed, and, kneeling before her, said in gentle, tender tones, "God has been gracious to us, my dear, in bringing about our union once more; let us submit to his holy will in what seems very adverse."

But the wife, half-opening her eyes, and then raising herself quickly to a sitting position, cried out:

"It was *not* God who took away my children. If they were sleeping in the tomb, I would not murmur; but it is man's wickedness that has taken them from us. My daughters! my poor little daughters! Think of it Michel! Marian only six months old! Ah, if I had but left the child with her nurse!"

"What, then, has become of my father and my mother?" demanded M. Basèrat, with a solicitude that bore witness to the value he attached to the opinion and assent of his parents. "Did they advise thy departure without the children?"

"Thy mother would have come—" and Madame Basèrat standing before the little mirror of the poverty-stricken toilet-table, strove to bring back a rose-tint to her face. "Well, I believe that she would have left with me, but thy father was seized with gout, and she could not separate from him. Thy brother John accompanied me to the vessel, but he would never much endanger himself for any cause, I can promise thee that!"

"Then our daughters are with my sisters?" continued the father, without heeding Jeanne's reflection on his brother. "Four Basèrats with the New Catholics!"

Is that enough to satisfy them, I wonder?"

"Nay, nay! without the help and strength of friendly hearts, they would have claimed one Basèrat more,—the best of all;" and, as she spoke, the woman lifted her head with a proudly fierce movement. "Yes, the best of all, who would before this have been plunged in a dungeon of the chateau, waiting there until conveyed to the galleys. Ah, me! believe me, mon cheri, I have not been quite alive since that woeful day. Thou, O, thou knowest not our anguish whilst thou wert in the chateau, disputing and reasoning with the monk; the crowd outside hallooed that true religion was able to carry chief above the Catholics, but that the reformers spread abroad the noise of their triumph too soon. One after another, ten of our cousins and other relatives stole into our dwelling to speak of the danger that threatened thee; and thy fond mother was the first to cry out, 'He must leave us; I would not that Michel remain, and perish in a prison.'

"Thy father, too, was desperate, exclaiming in his grief, 'What is to become of our commercial house? Michel has been a successful pleader, and his legal robe will not hinder him from having a sound head. Why, then, can he not give good advice to John in such dire need?'

"I came out after the rest had gone, and said to my Cousin Paris, 'If it must be that Michel be thrust into prison, it is better that he depart.'

"'He must have money, then,' my cousin replied.

"I had none, but went directly to ask thy mother for the key of the silver-chest, and she said to me, 'Take all, take all!' but the careful John answered that they had some bills to pay on the morrow. On which Cousin Paris hastened away, to seek for twenty gold pieces he had laid aside for any sudden trouble, and added this sum to that I had taken from the strong box. My cousin brought also his little gray horse,—thou didst recognize it,

didst thou not? It is the same on which he traveled to Guibrey last year. 'He will not stumble or give out,' said he; and before I could answer any thing he had gone to ask from your father all necessary papers in readiness for the commission merchant, who would leave in the morning for the market-place.

"Now, thou hast learned how thou didst find every thing in readiness in the street when thou camest out of the chateau."

M. Basèrat had again resumed his excited promenade back and forth through the small apartment. He arrested his rapid steps now and then to gaze lovingly at his wife, who stood repairing, little by little, the disarrangements of her toilet, turning occasionally toward M. Basèrat, as she continued her rambling speech, and smiling at him with a kind of modest, tender coquetry.

"What a day! What a dreadful day for us all!" cried the barrister. "I had foreseen something of it before going into the chateau, but as the monk had challenged and defied me to the controversy, I could not, for the honor of our blessed religion, refuse the discussion; and, once fully merged in disputation, nothing can prevent the truth from burning into the hearts of men, like the sun's rays at mid-day. I saw that the monk was becoming blind with fury, M. Lieutenant, pale and angry, while some of the assistants and officers were evidently pleased with my side of the question, not daring to express any such sympathy, and still others who clapped their hands in delight, thinking I was lost. Then, on coming out, that valet of your Cousin Paris, seeming agitated and filled with terror, stood holding the horse.

"'Monsieur, you have only time to depart,' he whispered in my ear. 'They tell me the archers have already been commanded to arrest you in your own house.'

"I was already in the saddle as he spoke, but replied, 'Can I not, then, bid farewell to my parents and to my wife?'

"The madame desired me to say that

she would soon follow you,' answered the valet. And now thou also knowest how I strove to return,—at least long enough to carry away with me the benediction of my father. But thou hadst pleaded for me to depart on the instant. Paris was there to aid you, and the archers were already entering by the gate. And now I shall never again see my parents, for are they not too old?—alas, too old!"

The advocate seated himself near his wife, and, burying his face in his hands, wept like a child. As if no break had occurred in the conversation, Madame Basèrat continued:

"And the archers, not being able to arrest the father, have carried off the daughters!" but the poor woman did not weep as she spoke,—her tears were exhausted. "My little Catharine cried and resisted with all her strength; but Marie, the baby, crowed with delight, for the clanking of the soldiers' arms amused her. John tried, before my departure, to learn if the children were well, and the brief reply came that the health of the convent was excellent; and this was all. He could hear nothing more of them."

"No doubt they will seize upon my sisters Madeleine and Suzanne on the first opportunity," cried the advocate; "and I am astonished that the officers did not carry off, at one sweep, all the daughters of the house; it is four years since my other sisters were incarcerated, the poor little ones, even from the time it was decided that children of seven years could choose their own religion, and abjure it, without the consent of their parents. Attendance on one mass was enough for the Church to say they were Catholics. My mother has never recovered her possession of nor seen them since."

"Then she could not risk the salvation of her last remaining daughters?" said Madame Basèrat, a little jealous of the prudence of her mother-in-law. "She made excuse that they had been sent to Fontenay,—they were there as you will remember. Now they will come hither,

to us, when they hear I have safely reached this strange country. Thy mother mourned much to herself in view of all these adverse things, often crying out, 'If I am bereaved of my children, then am I, like the patriarch Jacob, bereaved indeed. Surely I have daughters enough with the New Catholics,—let your sisters rejoin you in Holland, daughter-in-law.'

"And John will be the only one left near our parents!" cried the excited advocate. "He will not know how to take care of them, even if he had leisure."

"No! but then he will marry, and his commercial interest will find itself going on well, as all that we have abandoned in that house will be merged in it," said the wife, with unrestrained bitterness of tone.

"Bah! John is an honest man, and will only use the money for our benefit; and since now thou art here with me,—well, we will gather something together in this place, and establish perhaps a second commercial house: it may be 'Basèrat & Sisters,' and they will correspond with 'Basèrat & Son,' in Caen."

"Couldst thou plead in French before the courts of justice?" demanded his wife, who had always carried her head a little higher than his relations, of whom most of the married men were absorbed in commerce. M. Basèrat shrugged his shoulders.

"One can contend for the States without knowing much of Hollandish," said he: "but the magistrates of this place do not know more of French than I know of the Holland language. I can learn very soon enough of the dialect to buy and sell, even though I could not arrange any set phrases to plead a case; when Suzanne, Marie, and Madeleine, however, are here (provided they have any certainty of their coppers), we will see what can be done. And now, hast thou brought any money with thee, and how didst thou finally leave the home?"

The husband and wife now became absorbed in the details of domestic affairs. Madame Basèrat had realized a considerable sum before her departure,

which she had concealed in the lining of her stays, which they were obliged to rip open to obtain the gold and other valuables. She had reached Holland without difficulty,—the leave-taking alone was the trouble. Once on the sea in the ship of the good merchant from Rotterdam, she was able to come out from the hiding-place, where she had been thrust, behind a row of wooden casks. They conversed long and earnestly, happy to find themselves together; and yet, without pouring out an absolute complaint, a sigh escaped now and then from the heart of the poor mother, whose trembling hands seemed ever seeking the small fingers of her children. Her husband, delighted as he was to recover his good wife, found himself suddenly mute from a heart-breaking grief, at the remembrance of the lost country, of the aged parents whom he was never to see more, of the smiling faces of the little daughters who ought to

be cheering his exile, rather than be banished from him, and great tears gathered on his lids. The day fell dark, the fatigues of the journey, and the excitements of the last few hours, had weakened the strength of both husband and wife, who now kneeled at the foot of their bed, thanking God for having reunited them, while sobs and tears mingled in this act of evening worship.

"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning!" said the Jews, as they wept under the willows of Babylon.

The poor Normans, flying from France that they might have freedom to worship God according to their conscience, could not forget the far distant, the well-beloved country; and the modest joys of the home fireside they had left appeared to their eyes with a sad charm on this first night of their exile.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE. DE WITT.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

CALL back the thought, let it die on the tongue,
That would answer in anger the old or the young!
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be strong,
Will discord convince if you're right or you're wrong?
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and strife;
For the maxim, I hold, that true honor affords,
Is, sincerity prove, and by deeds, not by words.

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,
'Tis the act and the deed that with honor is fraught;
And the humblest attempt can more kindness display
Than all the fine promises words can convey.
If to preach were to practice, how easy 't would be
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;
But since that vain boasting no honor affords,
Your sincerity prove, and by deeds, not by words.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE SILVERY KEY IS LOST.

ONE gate of pearl that opened to the soul
Of our dear child, is shut ;
The key is lost, she can not even hear
The anguished cry I put
To the Father, that his dear hand may
Open the door that shuts all sound away.

She only watches me, and tries to frame
The few sweet words of speech
She learned before the silent angel came,
As one might blindly reach
For silver coin, that glint and slide away,—
The lost bright coin of speech from day to
day.

The temple that God made is very still,
Our child can hear no sound ;
She does not brighten at our evening hymn ;
No half-shut rose is found
To open in her cheek with sudden start
When words are read that should touch any
heart.

I do not know this secret of the Lord,
The anguish is so new ;
I have not learned to say, "God's will be
done ;"
And yet it *must* be true,
That he, in loving mercy, shut the door
Of sound to that young soul for evermore.

Forever must I say ? My little child,
Come lean upon my knee,
And trust me, till I learn through mother-love
How tender God must be.
I have not said, as yet, "His will be done ;"
Teach me unquestioning faith, my little one.

I try the wards from which God's master hand
Hath taken the true key ;
And when thine eyes are lifted to mine own,
It almost seems to me
That thou canst read my face and catch my
tone,
That soul can speak to soul, and then mine
own.

The bitterness is gone that kept my soul
From trusting God in this,
The sorrow of my life. O sweet dumb child,
It may be I would miss
The strange sweet tenderness that came to me
When first I learned how still thy life would
be.

It lies like dew on the deep-hearted rose,
And if I keep alway
This dewy tenderness, it may be at the last
My quivering lips can say
That it was best for others I should feel
This anguish pierce my soul like the sharp
steel.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE FINALE.

WINTER is in the ashen sky,
Winter in each leafless bough ;
Fled is the sweet minstrelsy
Of the silvery song-birds now.

Slowly, surely, creeps a chill
Silently to every place.
Where is Autumn's hearty thrill,
Sending sunshine to each face ?

Tarnished is the sunflower's gold ;
Lowly droops the aster's head ;
And our eyes may not behold
Where the violet lies dead.

Withered mulleins stand in files
With faded flags, a dreary sight ;
Gray and bleak, for misty miles,
Spreads the landscape once so bright.

But in our hearts no Winters come ;
There the fire of sweet content
Ever makes a pleasant home,—
Genial warmth and radiance blent.

Unheeded drifts the somber cloud ;
We hang a leaf on every bough,—
Lift from the face of earth her shroud,
And see the angel smiling through.

HENRY GILLMAN.

NOTED MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

PART I.

IT seems fitting, now that we have reached the hundredth anniversary of our national independence, to recall events in the lives of those who figured in the past, and had a voice in helping to free our country from English rule, form our laws of government, and make us what we now are, a glorious Union of free and enlightened States, governed alone by the voice of the people.

Among those who naturally rise first to mind is George Washington, "the father of his country." And yet it seems superfluous to recall any events in the life of one so familiar to all, down to the veritable school-boy, who, over and over again, has heard of "the ax and the cherry-tree," of the boy who "could not tell a lie," and whose character was formed from early childhood. Still it would not be amiss to give a few pleasing anecdotes of him, that occurred during the stirring times to which we now look back with a renewed spirit of patriotism. But, first, we will give a portrait of Washington as drawn by the Marquis of Chastelleux, a French writer, and for this very reason, perhaps, unfamiliar to many of our readers. He says in his historical sketches:

"Here would be the proper place to give the portrait of General Washington; but what can my testimony add to the ideas already formed of him? The continent of North America, from Boston to Charleston, is a great volume, every page of which presents his eulogium. I know, that, having had a near inspection and of closely observing him, some more particular details may be expected from me; but the strongest characteristic of this man is the perfect union which reigns between the physical and moral qualities which compose the individual; one alone will enable you to judge of all the rest. If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan or Alexander, on examining their features, you will still be

led to ask, 'What was their stature, and the form of their person?' but if you discover, in a heap of ruins, the head or the limb of an antique *Apollo*, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they were all conformable to those of a god.

"Let not this comparison be attributed to enthusiasm. It is not my intention to exaggerate; I wish only to express the impression General Washington has left on my mind,—the idea of a perfect whole, that can not be produced by enthusiasm, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity, he seems always to have confined himself within those limits where the virtues, by changeable and doubtful colors, may be mistaken for faults. This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army and that he has obeyed the Congress; more needs not be said, especially in America, where they know how to appreciate all the merits contained in that simple fact. Let it be repeated that Conde was intrepid, Turenne prudent, Eugene adroit, Catinat disinterested. It is not thus Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, at the end of a long civil war *he had nothing with which he could reproach himself*. If any thing can be more marvelous than such a character, it is the magnanimity of the public suffrages in his favor. Soldiers, magistrates, people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration. Does there, then, exist a virtue capable of restraining the injustice of mankind; or are glory and happiness too recently established in America for envy to have deigned to pass the seas?

"In speaking of this perfect whole, of which General Washington furnishes the

idea, I have not excluded the exterior form. His stature is noble and lofty, he is well made, and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as to render it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that, in leaving him, you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air; his brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; in inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence. But, above all, it is in the midst of his general officers that it is interesting to behold him. General in a republic, he has not the imposing stateliness of a *Marechal de France*, who gives the *order*; a hero in a republic, he excites another sort of respect, which seems to spring from the sole idea that the safety of each individual is attached to his person. As for the rest, I must observe on this occasion, that the general officers of the American army have a very military and a very becoming carriage; that even all the officers, whose characters were brought into public view, unite much politeness to a great deal of capacity; that the headquarters of this army, in short, neither present the image of want nor inexperience.

"When one sees the battalion of Washington's guards encamped within the precincts of his house; nine wagons, destined to carry his baggage, ranged in his court; a great number of grooms taking care of very fine horses, belonging to the general officers and their aides-camp; when one observes the perfect order that reigns within these precincts, where the guards are exactly stationed, and where the drums beat an alarm, and a particular retreat, one is tempted to apply to the Americans what Pyrrhus said of the Romans, '*Truly these people have nothing barbarous in their discipline!*'"

Such is the meed of praise a foreign writer pays to our own beloved Washington. Could a finer or truer portrait be drawn of him?

It is said, while the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the Holy Communion—there observed only semi-annually—was to be observed in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that Church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's-supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination?"

The Doctor replied: "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name." The General replied: "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." The Doctor assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

A good anecdote of the General's calmness in the midst of battle is thus told: "While Mr. Evens, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near his Excellency, a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his hat with sand. Much agitated, Mr. Evens took off his hat, and said, 'See here, General!' 'Mr. Evens,' replied Washington with his usual composure, 'you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children.'"

Here is one of his courage. During an assault, the British kept up an incessant firing of cannon and musketry from their whole line. General Washington and Generals Knox and Lincoln, with their aids, having dismounted, were standing in an exposed situation to wait

the result. Colonel Cobb, one of General Washington's aids, solicitous for his safety, said to his Excellency:

"Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?"

"Colonel Cobb," replied the Commander-in-chief, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to move back."

For General Knox, mentioned above, it is said Washington felt a warm attachment. He always kept this useful and scientific officer near his own person; and he not only honored him with confidence, but with brotherly affection. At the defeat of Gates's army at Camden, General Greene was offered the arduous command of the Southern Department. The Quaker general, with his usual modesty, replied:

"Knox is the man for that difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite."

"True," answered Washington, "and therefore I can not part with him."

General Washington had two favorite horses; one, a large, elegant parade horse of a chestnut color, high-spirited, and of a gallant carriage; this horse had belonged to the British army; the other was smaller, and his color sorrel. This he always used to ride in time of action; so that, whenever the General was abserved to have mounted him, the word ran through the ranks, "We have business on hand!"

It is often remarked, "Washington seemed to lead a charmed life in the midst of battle;" rather let us say Providence kept especial watch over him. An incident is thus given in which the actor himself felt that his hand was stayed from giving the fatal shot.

"Major Ferguson, a British officer, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the huzzars under Knyphausen, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular incident, which he thus relates in a letter to a friend. It illustrates in a most forcible manner the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a

man's mind in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a huzzar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, mounted on a bay horse, dressed in a dark-green and blue, with a remarkably high cocked-hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The huzzar, in turning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood toward him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but, after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone.

"The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounds of rebel officers, came in, and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

Here is another incident somewhat illustrative of this fact. It is well-known that Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, stands on the lofty banks of the Potomac. Mr. Lund Washington, a relative of the General's, and who managed all his affairs during his nine years' absence with the army, afterward related that an English frigate having come up the Potomac, a party was landed, who

set fire to and destroyed some gentlemen's houses on the Maryland side, in sight of Mount Vernon; after which the captain sent a boat on shore to the General's, demanding a large supply of provisions, etc., with a menace of burning it likewise in case of a refusal. To this message, Mr. Lund Washington replied, "that when the General engaged in the contest, he had put all to stake, and was well aware of the exposed situation of his house and property, in consequence of which he had given him orders by no means to comply with any such demands; for that he would make no unworthy compromise with the enemy, and he was ready to meet the fate of his neighbors." The captain was highly incensed on receiving this answer, and removed his frigate to the Virginia shore; but, before he commenced his operations, he sent another message, to the same purport, offering likewise a passport to Mr. Washington to come on board. He returned, accordingly, to the boat, carrying with him a small present of poultry, of which he begged the captain's acceptance. His presence produced the best effect; he was hospitably received, notwithstanding he repeated the same sentiments, with the same firmness. The captain expressed his personal respect for the character of the General, commended the conduct of Mr. Lund Washington, and assured him nothing but his having misconceived the terms of his first answer could have induced him for a moment to entertain the idea of taking the smallest measure offensive to so illustrious a character as the General, explaining at the same time the real or supposed provocations which had compelled his severity on the other side of the river. Mr. Washington, after spending some time in perfect harmony on board the frigate, returned to the shore, and, not to be outdone by courtesy, instantly dispatched sheep, hogs, and an abundant supply of other articles, as a present to the English frigate.

We can hardly draw to a close this brief and imperfect sketch of the most

noted character of Revolutionary times, without a slight account of his last moments on earth.

It was "on Friday, the 13th of December, 1799, while attending to some improvements on his place, he was exposed to a slight rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance, he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the windpipe. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful, deglutition, which was soon succeeded by a fever, and a quick and laborious respiration.

"Believing blood-letting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder, who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood; but he would not permit a messenger to be dispatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning, Dr. Craik arrived, and, perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. Utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable; respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect, until half-past eleven, on Saturday night, December 14th, when, retaining the full possession of his intellect, he expired without a struggle.

"Believing at the commencement of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible

to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself, and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician, Dr. Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, 'Doctor, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time; but I am not afraid to die.'

"During the short period of his illness, he economized his time in arranging, with the utmost serenity, those few concerns which required his attention, and anticipating his approaching dissolution, with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous. The deep and wide-spread grief occasioned by this melancholy event assembled a vast concourse of people for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday, the 18th of December, attended by military honors and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault, at Mt Vernon.

"So short was his illness that, at the seat of Government, the intelligence of his death preceded that of his indisposition. It was first communicated by a passenger in the stage to an acquaintance whom he met in the street, and the report quickly reached the House of Representatives, which was then in session. The utmost dismay and affliction were displayed for a few minutes, after which a member stated, in his place, the melancholy information that had been received. 'The information,' he said, 'was not certain, but there was too much reason to believe it was true.'

"'After receiving the intelligence,' he added, 'of a national calamity so heavy and affecting, the House of Representatives can be but ill-fitted for public business.' He therefore moved an adjournment. Both Houses adjourned until the next day.

"On the succeeding day, as soon as the orders were read, the same member addressed the chair, and afterward offered the following resolutions:

"*'Resolved*, That this House will wait

upon the President in condolence of this mournful event.

"*'Resolved*, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session.

"*'Resolved*, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.'"

In striking contrast with George Washington, whose every thought, word, and deed was noble, there comes before us Benedict Arnold, most noted, or, we should say, *notorious*, as the first traitor to his country. The portrait we have to draw of him is widely different from that of Washington. Writers who took part in past events thus depict him:

"Notwithstanding all the hardships, sufferings, and irritations, which the Americans had to encounter, Arnold remains the solitary instance of an American officer who abandoned the side first embraced in the contest, and turned his sword on his former companions in arms."

"I am mistaken," says Washington, in a letter to a friend, "if, at this time, Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in crime, so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

"This man," says Hamilton, "is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command at Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little as well as great villanies. He practiced every dirty act of speculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers of the garrison to defraud the public."

A respectable officer, in a letter to a

friend, speaks of Arnold in the following language: "It is not possible for human nature to receive a greater quantity of guilt than he possesses. Perhaps there is not a single obligation, moral or divine, but that he has broken through. It is discovered now, that, in his earliest infancy, hell marked him for her own, and infused into him a full proportion of her own malice. His last apostasy is the summit of his character. He began his negotiations with the enemy to deliver up West Point to them, long before he was invested with the command of it, and whilst he was still in Philadelphia; after which he solicited the command of that post from the ostensible cause that the wound in his leg incapacitated him for an active command in the field."

His papers contain the most authentic and incontestable proofs of his crime, and that he regarded his important employments only as affording him opportunities to pillage the public with impunity. The crimes of this unprincipled conspirator are thus summed up: "Treason, avarice, hypocrisy, ingratitude, barbarity, falsehood, deception, peculation, and robbery. He aimed to plunge a dagger into the bosom of his country, which had raised him, from the obscurity in which he was born, to honors which never could have been the object even of his hopes. He robbed his country at the time of her deepest distress, having directed his wife to draw all she could from the commissary's store, and sell or store it, though at a time when the army was destitute of provisions. He robbed the soldiers when they were in want of necessities, and defrauded his own best friends, who trusted and had rendered him the most essential services. He spoke contemptuously of our allies, the French, and his illiberal abuse of every character opposed to his fraudulent and wicked transactions exceeds all description. For the sake of human nature, it were to be wished that a veil could forever be thrown over such a vile example of depravity and wickedness."

"An effigy of Arnold," we are told,

"as large as life, was constructed by an artist in Philadelphia, and seated in a cart, with the figure of a devil at his elbow, holding a lantern up to the face of the traitor to show him to the people, having his name and crime attached to him in capital letters. The cart was paraded, the whole evening, through the streets of the city, with drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March, with other marks of infamy; and was attended by a vast concourse of people. The effigy was finally hanged, for the want of the original, and then committed to the flames. Yet this is the man on whom the British bestowed ten thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his treason, and appointed to the rank of brigadier-general in their service. It could scarcely be imagined that there was an officer of honor left in that army, who would debase himself and his commission by serving under, or ranking with, *Benedict Arnold!*"

History thus gives a brief summary of his most treacherous act: "The year 1780 is particularly memorable for the 'Treason of Arnold.' In 1778, after the British had evacuated Philadelphia, Arnold was put in command of that city. Here he lived at an expense beyond his income, and, to meet the demands of his creditors, appropriated public funds to his own use. Charges were preferred against him, and, in conformity with the decision of the court, he was reprimanded by Washington. He felt the disgrace, and determined to wreak his vengeance. Having secured the command of West Point, he offered, by means of a correspondence, which he had carried on several months, to betray it into the hands of Clinton. Major André, Aid-de-camp to Clinton, was sent to finish the plan of treason and adjust the traitor's recompense.

"André proceeded up the Hudson, and, at a place six miles below West Point, met Arnold, and completed the bargain. Instead of returning by water, as had been previously arranged, André was compelled by circumstances to cross to

the east side of the Hudson, and proceed by land. When near Tarrytown, he was stopped by three militia-men,—Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert,—who conducted him to North Castle, the nearest military station of the Americans. The American commander at North Castle, having no suspicion of Arnold's treason, wrote to that officer, informing him of the arrest of André. The traitor, startled and alarmed upon reading the letter, escaped on board the British sloop of war, *Vulture*, the vessel which had been intended for André's return, and took refuge in New York.

"André was conveyed to Tappan, a village on the west side of the Hudson, opposite Tarrytown, and was there tried by court-martial, found guilty, and, agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, executed as a spy."

An American captain and a Lieutenant Bowman, of the republican army, were selected as his guard, the day before the execution. The latter officer, who died in 1818, describes Major André as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; so much so that, when his attendants were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavor to dispel the gloom. Although not a murmur nor a sigh escaped him, his composure was the result, not of the want of sensibility, or of a disregard of life, but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristics of true greatness of mind, which raise the soul above the influence of events, and enable the soldier, with unflinching nerve and steady eye, to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for, in his sleep, nature would play her part, and home and friends, his country and his fame, his sister and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting their fancied pleasure with his certain pain, and render his dreams disturbed, and his sleep fitful and troubled.

Early in the morning, the hour of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant, on entering the room, burst into tears.

"Leave me," said he to him, with great

sternness, "until you can behave more manfully."

André's breakfast was furnished from the table of General Washington. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself, placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said:

"I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you."

Lieutenant Bowman describes it as being a day of melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least affected. To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant of his execution. Captain — and Lieutenant Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well-known that he solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows that he knew the manner of his death.

"It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that it might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier."

Many hearts must indeed have grieved that day, when the brave and amiable Major André was executed, while all, doubtless, execrated the cause. That treachery creates its own punishment, and to the detestation of the world adds the inward agony that "passeth show," is strikingly exemplified in the history of the apostate Arnold.

What were the results of his desertion? The fair fame acquired by his early exertions as a patriot soldier was blasted; children, that had learned to lisp his deeds of gallantry, now shuddered with abhorrence at his name. Execrated by his former friends, despised by his new associates, proscribed by his country, by the meanest sentinel held in supreme contempt and reluctantly obeyed, his life was a constant scene of apprehension, misery, and remorse. A cloud hung over his fortunes that shaded his countenance with the gloom of despair, and betrayed the increasing agonies of his guilty heart. That such was the

state of his mind is clear, from his anxiety to learn from others what they supposed his fate would be, should he fall into the hands of his countrymen.

While commanding the predatory expedition on the shores of Virginia, a service peculiarly suited to his character, it is stated that, on one occasion, when some danger appeared of his being taken, he asked an officer near him:

"What treatment think you, sir, am I to look for, should the rebels make me their prisoner?"

"I have no doubt," replied the officer, "though my frankness may offend, but that they will cut off the leg that was wounded in storming the British lines at Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war; but, having no respect for the rest of your body, they will gibbet it."

The contempt that followed him through life is further illustrated by the speech of Lord Lauderdale, who, perceiving Arnold on the right hand of the king, and near his person, as he addressed his Parliament, declared, on his return to the Commons, "that, however gracious the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited, beholding, as he had done, his Majesty supported by a traitor." And, on another occasion, Lord Surrey, afterward Duke of Norfolk, rising to speak in the House of Commons, and perceiving Arnold in the gallery, sat down with precipitation, exclaiming, "I will not speak while that man [pointing to him] is in the house."

"I myself," says the writer of this incident, "witnessed a remarkably strong proof of this detestation. Sitting in a coffee-house at Cowes, in 1792, with a British officer of high distinction, he purposely turned the conversation on the blessings of the Americans, declaring with earnestness that he believed them happier and more to be envied than any people in the world. A stranger who sat near, and who appeared intent upon these encomiums, rose hastily and left the room, when my companion said:

"I perceive you are unacquainted

with the traitor, once the pride of your army; the man who has just retired is Benedict Arnold. The language I used must have appeared extravagant. I spoke of America with enthusiasm to make him feel his degradation, as no one, in my opinion, so highly merits execration."

But one more incident of this will we give. Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, was a Prussian officer, Aid-de-camp to the great Frederick, and held the rank of lieutenant-general in the army of that consummate commander. He arrived in America, December, 1777, and presented himself with his credentials to Congress, proffering his services in our army without any claim to rank, and requesting only permission to render such assistance as might be in his power, in the character of a volunteer. In thus devoting himself to our cause, he made an immense sacrifice by relinquishing his honorable station and emoluments in Europe. Congress voted him their thanks for his zeal and the disinterested tender of his services, and he joined the main army under General Washington, at Valley Forge. His qualifications for a teacher of the system of military tactics were soon manifested; having, for many years, practiced on the system which the King of Prussia had introduced in his own army. In May, 1778, by the strong recommendation of the Commander-in-chief, Congress appointed him inspector-general, with the rank of major-general. While thus employed as inspector-general of the army, and after General Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character, and while inspecting Colonel Sheldon's regiment of light-horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front; he was a fine-looking fellow; his horse and equipments in excellent order. "Change your name, brother soldier; you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "I will willingly renounce the name that the perfidy of a scoundrel has forever tarnished, if allowed to as-

sume one which is dear to every American soldier. Let me be Steuben, and be assured that I will never disgrace you." "Willingly, my worthy fellow," replied the Baron. "Be henceforth Steuben, and add to the glory of a name that has already acquired luster by the partial adoption of a brave man."

His name was entered on the roll as Steuben, and it is said he and his chil-

dren long afterward enjoyed land, given to him by the Baron, in the town of Steuben. This brave soldier, meeting the Baron after the war, said to him: "I am well settled, General, and have a wife and son; I have called my son after you, sir." "I thank you, my friend. What name have you given the boy?" "I called him Baron,—what else could I call him?"

GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE VIOLIN.

NUMBER I.

TREATISES on the violin, its invention and treatment, are first met with in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sebastian Viesting and the very learned Agricola describe the various kinds of violins in verse and prose, and give much sage advice with regard to the art of their manipulation, so as to "delight the heart and ear." Somewhat later, Prætorius speaks of the "violin," and describes its construction and sound; and various other writers ply their pens in praise of stringed instruments generally, and discourse learnedly of their beauty, and of the method of "playing them fine and neat." But, strange as it may seem, not a word is said about the *makers* of these instruments; none of the writers at that time seemed to consider them worthy of a thought. And yet the men who toiled in their humble workshops, with untiring industry and wonderful skill, to give to the world its instruments of sweetest sound and most amazing power, are well worthy of a grateful remembrance.

The lute, that favorite instrument of aristocratic ladies and minne-singers, of gallant knights and love-sick pages, demanded for its construction and ornamental inlaying with gold, mother-of-pearl, silver, and ivory, very cunning artificers. And these artificers were the men

who first constructed the violin. Gasparo da Salo, on the shores of the Sea of Garda, is mentioned as the inventor and maker of the first real violin.

The Sea of Garda! wild and defiant rises its rock-piled coast in the north, toward the Tyrol. Its basin here seems narrow, the color gray; but the farther you go toward the south, the greater is the expanse of water, the brighter and more shining its color, until finally the confined mountain sea suddenly, as though impatient of control, bursts its bonds and habitates itself in a loose, flowing robe, lightly gathered and held here and there by an island broach. But Garda is ever changing its toilet, like a lovely woman anxious to appear ever new and fair in the eyes of her lover. Its waves show a constant variation of color, not unlike that sparkling stone which the popular voice so poetically calls the "World's Eye." Large white-winged birds fly silently to and fro across its waters. Fishing smacks glide over the waves, and following in their wake, in the silvery furrows plowed by their keels, fish, their bright scales glittering in the light, spring high in air, as though exulting over a retreating fire.

Olive groves nestle at its feet, luxuriant vines entwine their slender hands, as for a dance, along the slopes of the hills;

proud castles and lovely villages dot its shores. From the terraces a lovely perfume is exhaled; roses, oleanders, chamomiles, waft their sweet odors over from the spot where erst Catullus, the Roman lyric poet, sang the praises of this wonderful land.

The legend of the enchantment of the Sea of Garda is met with even in the works of Virgil, and shines forth in the "*Divina Commedia*," of the great Florentine.

Hard battles have been fought on its shores; the wild war-cry of the Guelphs and Ghibellines was wafted across its waters; and the imprecation, "*Morte il Tedeschi*," resounded along its coasts. And yet many of the villages which were built here bloomed like the flowers in a desert and sunk again, without the knowledge or care of the outer world.

Thus isolated and quiet stood the village of Salo, the birth and dwelling place of Gasparo, the violin-maker. His father was a lute-maker, who carefully instructed his only son in his art, as a means of gaining a frugal livelihood.

Gasparo was industrious and intelligent, with a handsome face, and graceful in form and manner; and the most earnest wish of his mother was, that he might, at some time, go to Verona to sell to the rich and grand ladies of that city the lutes which father and son knew so well how to inlay and ornament. The good woman never troubled her head about the tone of the instruments; so they were only brightly inlaid and finely polished, her expectations were met.

The personal appearance of the seller was, in her opinion, of first importance; and she took it for granted that when a handsome young fellow, like her Gasparo, should offer a lute, the fair buyer had but to look into his roguish black eyes, and mark the laugh of his red lips and pearly teeth, and she would buy at once.

So thought the mother. She would also frequently tell her neighbors that she had a presentiment that the Madonna had designed her Gasparo for some great thing. But then the good woman could think of nothing greater than that he

would gain a rich wife, by reason of his fine face and lively manners. He certainly was deserving of the best, the richest, the grandest wife in the world, her Gasparo. The Madonna herself would admit that; he was so pious and devout, and never neglected a mass in the little convent church of the Franciscan nuns.

Indeed, in Salo he needed only have taken his choice. The girls all cast longing and lingering looks upon the handsome youth whenever he passed by, and waited for him in the church, that he might serve them with holy water.

But Gasparo was utterly unconscious of all this; there was one that held all his thoughts, and she was up yonder in the choir of singing nuns, a pupil of the sisters. Her voice, so strangely sweet, sounded through the naves and aisles of the little church like a streak of golden light, and filled the heart of the enrapt youth with such a glow that he forgot all else about him.

Gasparo found it difficult to realize the fact, that she who performed such wonders was none other than his former playmate, Marietta, the fisherman's daughter. As a boy, he had often accompanied her father in his little boat, spending half nights on the water, and Marietta was always present. They had grown up together like brother and sister. The mother of the little girl had died when she was a babe but nine days old, and the father, with the aid of an aged aunt, had reared her as best he could. The child grew up in the fisherman's boat, and the water became her native element. Gasparo was her playmate and nurse, dragging her hither and thither, trying to mend the rents in her clothing, whenever the wild little creature got caught in some hook or nail, and feared the angry scolding of the old aunt. For this reason, however, the little girl loved him better than all else in the world, the blue waters of the Garda perhaps excepted; and when she would throw her chubby arms about his neck, and, with her large black eyes all aglow with a soft light, look straight into his, and, with her fresh, rosy

lips, say, "Gasparo, mio!" there was nothing that she could have asked of him that he would have denied her.

But greater than all else was the power exerted over him by her clear, silvery voice. Marietta sang so wonderfully sweet that the people of Salo said that she enchanted the fish, so that they entered her father's nets for the mere pleasure of hearing her sing; for no fisherman in Salo was so successful as he. And the child took to the water as naturally as a duck. Often would she venture out in the bay and sea, when the tide had ebbed, springing from rock to rock, going out further and further still, till those who watched her became seriously alarmed for her safety.

On one such occasion, Gasparo had followed her, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, had borne her to the shore as the tide came rushing in, and after that event they were more inseparable than ever. Since then, Marietta would sometimes remain on shore to visit Gasparo in his workshop. There she would sit by the hour, watching the father and son at their work, making lutes or harps, in which, as she with a pitying accent said, they imprisoned the poor tones; then she would touch the strings with her fingers, with a mixture of curiosity and awe.

Gasparo's mother would often speak of the "lazy thing," idling her time away in their shop; but father and son both declared they could work better when Marietta was present. Sometimes she would sing, with a soft and mellow voice, then, suddenly inclining her head back, close her eyes, opening her lips in a scarcely perceptible manner; and then it seemed as though the strings of the instruments had become endued with life, and each one of them sounded out in endless vibrations. At such times the old lute-maker would raise his head and gaze upon her in utter amazement, then smile upon her and nod his approval. Gasparo, however, would drop his hands and go off into a dream, from which he would awake only when that wonderful voice

ceased, and he found Marietta teasingly pulling his locks.

The mother, however, could not bear this singing; she invariably made the sign of the cross, and expressed the opinion that Marietta enchanted her Gasparo in the same manner in which she enchanted the fish; and not unfrequently would she turn the girl away from the threshold with bitter words. Then Marietta would leave proudly and quietly, wend her way to the sea, cross over the stones and bowlders, and seat herself on the rock which the people called the "Throne of the Water Queen." At such times Gasparo would become uneasy at his task; the wood burned in his hands, the strings writhed and twisted like serpents, his eyes turned involuntarily to the window, and he gazed out upon the sea. The air of the shop became suffocating and oppressive, his breathing became labored and heavy, the work lagged more and more, until, finally, he would throw every thing aside and rush out into the air. Without stopping, he would make his way to the sea, and long ere he could see her would Marietta's voice strike upon his ear. How indescribably clear was her voice, the fullest, clearest tones of the lute seemed dull and compressed in comparison! And there she sat on the rock, her dark hair waving in the wind, her finely formed hand beckoning him to come to her, and her red dress shimmering in the light like the purple robe of a queen.

Instantly, too, he was by her side. "Sing on!" he would plead, and then seat himself at her feet. Marietta divided her treasures with him, fruits and bread; they talked, ate, and sang alternately, until the shades of evening gathered around them.

The waves gave back a rosy light, colors and gold streamed out from the rocks and hills; the stars came out like diminutive moons, and in the far distance, in the sea, appeared white specks, the sails of the returning fishing-smacks,—the boat of Marietta's father leading all the others. The voice of the daughter floated out to meet him, and greetings went to

and fro. Then the two children retraced their way back to the shore with joyous shouts, meeting the fisherman's boat as it grazed the sand, and helped drag the net to land, and unload the scaly prey; and Gasparo's father would come down to inquire about the catch, bringing with him a small basket of fruit out of his own garden. The men sat down before the door of the hut, the aunt cooked some of the fresh-caught fish, in the open fireplace, and prepared the polenta. Marietta spread the table, placing flowers on the plates. The starry lamps shone bright, and the air was soft and balmy as the leaves of a new-blown rose.

Those were happy days.

But things were not to continue thus; those Summer days and starry nights were to end. There came a day on which the children, pressing close to each other, looked with anxious and beating hearts for the return of the fisherman's boat, but it came not. A storm had suddenly come up, such as the oldest inhabitants of Salo had never known. It lashed the waves of the sea so that they, seething and foaming, piled up mountains high, rushed into the bay and dashed far in upon the land. The waters flashed like burnished steel. There was a roaring and howling in the deep as though ten thousand demons were striving to rive their chains. Of all the boats which had sailed out that morning, not one had returned. The shore was thronged with waiting women and children, distractedly wringing their hands and falling upon their knees. Among them was Marietta. The sea retained its victims. The child was destined to see her father on earth no more.

Like a poor unfledged bird which has fallen out of its nest was Marietta in her helpless sorrow, and Gasparo brought her to his mother, and said, pale with sympathy:

"Marietta must stay with us; she now has no one to take care of her, for her aunt is gone to Rivo, to live with her daughter; and Marietta can assist us in our work. Father thinks so too, and I

shall work with much greater diligence if she is present."

His mother cast a long, searching look upon them, as they stood before her with arms entwined, and then, after a little thought, she said calmly:

"Figlio mio, certainly; we will take care of the poor orphan; but Marietta must first spend a few weeks in the convent with the good nuns, to pray for the repose of her father's soul. I have already spoken to them about it, and they have consented to take her immediately. How fortunate for her!"

And that very day Marietta entered the convent. Gasparo accompanied her and his mother to the gate. The gate was opened, and Gasparo's mother was the first to enter the somber convent yard. She turned her head to beckon the young girl. But Marietta, with a sudden cry, ran back, and threw herself into the arms of Gasparo.

"O, I can not leave you and the sea!" she cried, in wildest agony. "Let me remain with you!"

Vehemently he threw his arms about her, and pressed her to his heart, as though he would protect her against all the world. But his mother was already at his side, grasped Marietta by the hand, and sternly bade her follow.

"You are no longer a child," said she, severely. "It will be more becoming for you to think of the torments of your father's soul, who died without the absolution of the Church, and whose agony can only be shortened by pious prayers, than to hang upon the neck of a young man!"

Marietta stepped back at once; her arms fell to her side; she cast a look upon her playmate, and said, in a most peculiar tone of voice:

"Addio, Gasparo!"

The gate closed upon her, and Gasparo returned to his home as in a dream. "You are no longer a child!" these words resounded in his ears, they pursued him while at work in the shop, and he heard them at night in his sleep. In a few weeks they would meet again! O, how

light did labor seem with such a hope in his heart!

But the weeks grew to months, and the months became a year. Marietta remained with the nuns. She was there instructed in music, and many artistic and useful things; so the mother, who visited the convent frequently, assured her son; and Gasparo heard Marietta's wonderful voice in every mass.

How could she remain away from him so long? His desire to see her became more consuming day by day. Again and again did he beg his mother to induce her to come and live with them. The invariable answer was that Marietta desired to remain still in the convent.

In the workshop of the lute-maker more instruments were made than ever before, for the orders increased; and again a large number of finished lutes were to be sent to Verona and Milan.

Gasparo's mother importuned her husband incessantly to send him, instead of the usual messenger, to deliver the instruments, in order that the overworked youth might have a season of rest and relaxation. But, to the astonishment of both parents, Gasparo refused to go. He only shook his head and smiled sadly, when they spoke of the many attractions of the city.

"Our sea is grander and more beautiful than all else in the world," said he; "let me stay here, I have no other wish. What am I to do among strangers?"

And thus he labored on, went regularly to mass, and permitted Marietta's magic voice to sound in his ear and reverberate in his heart, as the only balm for the wound caused by their separation. In the evening, he would sit by the hour on the rock of the water queen, and gaze out upon the waves of the sea. The hut of Marietta's father was occupied by another family. Noisy children paddled and played in the water, like a flock of ducks, in the place where the well-known and well-loved boat had lain. How every thing had changed! Why did not Marietta come back?

But he no longer asked with his lips;

it was only in the innermost recesses of his heart. He had long since ceased to send messages by his mother to the playmate of his childhood. Anger and wounded pride took possession of his soul. He would learn to do without her, since she could so easily do without him; but her voice he could no longer do without. This he felt as often as he heard her sing.

Marietta's name was never again mentioned in the hearing of Gasparo, and his mother rejoiced in her triumph. He had forgotten the impudent beggar. But the youth's gait became heavy and languid, his cheeks lost their freshness, and his eyes their fire.

"We must soon look up a beautiful, smiling wife for him, and a daughter for our house," said the mother.

"But there is not a girl in Salo whom he will have, except the poor little thing in the convent," replied the father. "Why does she want to be a nun? She is not fit for that. Is not Gasparo good enough for her?"

"O ye saints! She is not good enough for our son," cried the mother, excitedly. "Never will I consent that a beggar should enter our house as its mistress."

But soon it seemed as though neither a rich nor a poor mistress should ever enter the cottage of the lute-maker of Salo; for Gasparo became very ill, and the priest prayed at his bedside the prayers for the dying; and, in his delirium, he called again and again for the golden voice of Marietta, and begged most piteously that some one would imprison it in a lute and bring it to him.

Every body in Salo knew that young Gasparo was dying; and, in the convent, the nuns offered prayers for his struggling soul. At last, one night his breathing ceased, his pulse no longer beat, the young life seemed going out; one more wild throb of the heart, and Gasparo lay there as one dead.

With a loud cry of anguish, the father fell upon his knees at the foot of the bed, the mother rushed to the chapel of the convent, and cried out to the nuns: "My

son is dead!" and, wringing her hands before an image of the sorrowing Virgin Mother, she prayed amid sobs and tears.

"O, recall my child to life! take my guilt from me! I promise thee that I will give him Marietta to wife!"

But Gasparo lay there pale and lifeless. Suddenly something flitted into the house, and into the death-chamber, and a female form bent over him. From out the folds of a black veil there looked the beautiful countenance of a young girl; heavy tears hung on the lashes of the dark eyes.

"It is I, Gasparo!" she said softly. "Marietta has come to you! They wanted to separate us; they did not regard my tears nor your yearning; for you did yearn for me, I know it. Tomorrow I am to take the veil and become a nun. But they shall be disappointed; I know another veil that will be more becoming, with that will I cover my face. I will go with you, Gasparo mio! Only wait for me a little while."

She kissed him softly, and was gone. And Gasparo da Salo revived and again became well, to the astonishment of all. The Queen of Heaven, they said, had performed a miracle, and answered the mother's prayer. But Gasparo repeated, over and over again, that he had dreamed a heavenly dream. "Marietta came to me as an angel," he assured them, with a glad smile, "and kissed me to life and health. It is to her you owe it that I live!"

But no one dared tell him, that, in the morning following that night, the waves of the sea had borne a corpse to the shore,—the young novice of the convent of the Franciscan nuns, Marietta, the daughter of the fisherman.

There she lay, the smiling image of an angel, and water flowers and rushes covered her form, as by the hands of a loving mother. Long, long after this, when Gasparo again kneeled in the

chapel, and waited in vain to hear the sound of that voice, was he finally told that his Marietta had become a beautiful angel.

Immediately a strange change came upon Gasparo. Not an expression of grief passed his lips. Not a tear fell from his eyes. But he built a small workshop for himself, and asked that he might not be disturbed in his labor.

"I will now try to get and confine Marietta's voice in the lute," said he, with a weary smile. "It flits about me day and night like a butterfly; it seems as though I need only to put forth my hand and catch it."

And he was permitted to have his way. Day after day he worked thus alone, like a hermit in his cell; and very often his window was lighted up till deep into the night, and passers-by would see the young man leaning thoughtfully upon his work-bench.

But years came and went ere the golden tone was caught and imprisoned in that wonderful instrument,—*the first violin*.

Gasparo da Salo, as is well known, has been greatly celebrated for his violins, violoncellos and bassos. It is said that his violins differ from those of his colleagues by their larger size, as also by being more oval and of a dark-brown color, but they are less graceful in form than those of later makers. The most beautiful, however, which his hand fashioned is the violin in which he heard the voice of his Marietta singing,—a violin which, instead of the scroll, shows the beautiful carved head of an angel. It is now owned by that wonderful violinist whose tunes have touched so many hearts in their profoundest depths. His name is Ole Bull.

This, according to the legend, was the origin of the first violin made in the workshop of Gasparo da Salo.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKA.

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

"EXCUSE me, mother, for coming into the parlor to lay off my things," said the blithesome, impulsive May Bradford, as she rushed into her mother's presence, and excitedly commenced to divest herself of hat, cloak, and furs, and deposit them on the sofa; "but I have a piece of information to communicate which I know will surprise you."

"It must be important news, indeed, which will not wait for you to take your wraps and purchases to your room," said Mrs. Bradford, with just the slightest shade of reproof in her tones, as she stooped to pick up a small paper parcel which May in her flurry had dropped at her mother's feet. "Is this the German-town wool?"

"No, mother, I could not find the right shade; but to the news,—would you believe it, mother? Lou Stearns has gone and married Carl Atwood, and every body is so surprised."

"Carl Atwood! O May! I hope not. There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, mother. I called at Mr. Fisher's on my way down, and Kitty told me all about it; and then, too, while we were talking, Mrs. Stearns, Lou's sister-in-law, came to call on Kitty's mother, and she said that Lou's folks were nearly distracted."

"And no wonder; such a dissolute young man!"

"Yes, and Mrs. Stearns said," continued May, "that Lou might have had her pick among the best; and that, to her certain knowledge, she had refused two estimable and well-to-do young gentlemen because they were not stylish enough to suit her. She said that Lou's father was so provoked that he had threatened to disinherit her; and that this, with all the rest of the poor mother's troubles, had almost unsettled her mind; but, for her part, she did not much care if Lou did have to suffer a little to pay for being so headstrong and willful; for she would

not listen to advice from any quarter, and was perfectly blind to Carl's faults, apparent as they were to every one else; and when her mother remonstrated with her, she cried, and said they all hated and persecuted her at home, and, as Carl was the only one that treated her decently, no wonder that she turned to him for love; and as Mrs. Stearns arose to take leave," continued May, "she added: 'Ah, well! the bright bird which trilled its song, and soared aloft so bravely, has trailed its pretty wings in the dust at last; and, though it grieves us all so sadly, it will be hardest for her in the end.'"

"Poor child," mused Mrs. Bradford, "her foolish dreams are destined to a sad awakening ere long. Lou has been tenderly reared, and every-day contact with one of such inferior mold will ruthlessly and all too soon sweep the rose-colored veil from her eyes, and leave her to stand face to face with the real character of her husband; and I fear she has not strength of mind to make the best of it, and a wrecked life will be the consequence of her imprudence."

Lou's father was a man of strict integrity and good business habits, and was respected and looked up to by all his acquaintances; and, though not wealthy, he was able to give his family all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Lou was an only daughter, and almost idolized, especially by her mother. Beautiful in feature, stately in form, and graceful, sweet, and winning in her manners, she won the favor and esteem of her associates, and was the acknowledged favorite in the circle in which she moved; but, with all her amiable qualities, Lou had her faults. She was selfish, imperious, and exacting, though so skillfully were these faults veiled, that, aside from her parents and her two devoted brothers, none ever dreamed that under the calm, placid, fascinating exterior there rushed a strong under-current of self-will. In

the home-circle she always managed to have her own way. In all those trivial affairs that make up the course of every-day life, her pleasure was consulted, and her wishes acceded to. Her parents, without much seeming effort on her part, were always cajoled into her way of thinking; her brothers never thought of resisting her will; and in the society in which she mingled, her dignified bearing had the effect to win from all perfect deference to her wishes. And so, while there was little to call forth an exhibition of the unlovely traits of her character, they were strengthening daily, and becoming more and more likely to give her trouble in the future.

She had also high notions of gentility, and scorned in her heart those in the humbler walks of life. Marriage she looked upon as an event destined to lift her above the level which she had heretofore occupied, and she often confided to her intimate girl friends her determination to marry no man who could not place her in a position above that which her parents held. To keep her carriage, wear diamonds, and be able to dress elegantly, were stipulations to be rigidly required in exchange for her hand. What is the use of marrying, she would say, unless one is going to better one's condition?

"There, thank fortune, that business is off of hand," coolly remarked Lou to her mother one day, as she returned from handing the postman a letter.

Her mother looked up inquiringly, and for answer Lou put an open letter in her hand.

"And so Mr. Hall has proposed," remarked her mother, as she returned the letter.

"Yes; and I have refused him. Why, mother, one would think from your looks that you were really shocked. Are you anxious to be rid of me?"

"Certainly not, my child; but, in the course of things, it is but natural to suppose that you should leave me some day, and I hope you have studied this subject and taken counsel of your own heart

before deciding. The priceless treasure of a true, manly, noble heart should not be lightly cast away, it seems to me. May I ask what objection you have to Mr. Hall?" continued her mother, after a pause.

"Just this, mother. Edward Hall is not my ideal of a husband. Just a plain, practical, every-day sort of a man. Not a spark of poetry or romance in his nature; no style, and not wealth enough, by any possibility, to enable him to adopt a stylish mode of living, were he even so disposed. What a humdrum sort of life he would lead me, to be sure!" and she laughed merrily, as if the whole affair was a very comical thing.

"Mr. Hall is a man of good principles and habits; and as far as property is concerned, he owns a neat little house and lot on one of the pleasantest streets in the village, and is engaged in steady and profitable business."

"He is just about as well off in this world's goods as papa or brother Paul," returned Lou, with a contemptuous curl of her ruby lips.

"Are you not content, my daughter, to commence life in as good circumstances as your parents have attained to after so many years of hard labor?"

"By no means, mother. If I can do no better than that, you can count upon keeping me at home with you always. Marriage must be to me a stepping-stone to higher fortune and position, or I shall remain as I am, that is settled. I know what you would say, mother," Lou continued, as she playfully placed her fingers on her mother's lips; "you are going to warn me against 'air castles,' but my castle will be a real one, and built on *terra firma* too, or, better still, upon a rock," and the gay girl flitted from the room, humming a merry ditty.

Her mother looked wistfully after her, and said, with a sigh, "She is well-fitted, by nature, to grace the drawing-room of the noble and refined, but, poor child, I fear she has mistaken views of life."

Not long afterward, it was rumored that Carl Atwood was paying special at

tention to Lou Stearns, and that Lou received these attentions with a sweetness and grace that left no doubt on the minds of the beholders that she was pleased and flattered thereby.

As for Atwood, no one knew any thing about him, except from observation, since he had come a stranger into the place six months before; but what little was known, was not much in his favor. He seemed to have no employment, and frequented clubs, billiard-tables, and theaters, smoked cigars, and was often known to drink to excess; but these things were offset by his polished manners, lively sallies of wit, and gracious deference to the ladies. He wore the finest broadcloth, the glossiest beaver, and the most exquisite kids; flourished a gold-headed cane, wore a mustache, and parted his hair in the middle.

Lou was charmed, and was sure her prince had come, and, as he manifested his preference for her, and poured into her ear the honeyed words of flattery, she seemed to herself to live and move as if in a delicious dream. Life had blossomed for her at last, and the very ground she walked upon was enchanted. She was the gayest of the gay, and she told herself that she was the happiest of the happy, and took no little satisfaction in the thought that she must certainly be envied by all the girls of her acquaintance.

Her parents were alarmed, and strove by the gentlest arts, to draw her from his society. And now came the tug of war; her self-will asserted itself. She had always had her own way, and she determined that nothing should hinder her having it now. In vain her parents reasoned with her, in vain her brother set before her a statement of Atwood's irregularities, and begged her to yield to considerations of prudence. She would not listen. They were prejudiced, unjust, and cruel; they hated her, and meant to break her heart; indeed, they were her worst enemies; and, with rebellious tears and reproaches, she tore away from those who would fain shield her from life-long

misery, and, shutting herself in her own room, bewailed herself as though she were a martyr, avowing that she was the most ill-treated person in all the world, and that she would escape from such tyranny at the earliest opportunity.

Ah, little knew she of the pangs that wrung her poor mother's heart as her petted daughter withdrew as much as possible from her companionship, and ceased the little attentions and loving courtesies she had been accustomed to pay her. In all her intercourse with the family, she put on an injured air and look and tone, except when Atwood called, and then she would emerge from under the cloud and be all smiles and sweetness while he remained.

"Has Atwood told you any thing of his circumstances?" asked Mrs. Stearns of her daughter, one day.

"No; why should he? He knows that I trust him fully, and I have no doubt that he means to surprise me with his wealth and the elegance of his home; for a man with his manners, charming taste, and faultless attire, must have been used to genteel society; and, mother, you will all be sorry for your opposition and the calumny you have heaped upon Carl, when you find me in a mansion surrounded with all the luxury that wealth can give."

"But, my daughter, this is all conjecture on your part. You have not the slightest foundation on which to build such hopes; but, aside from wealth, how can a dissipated, unprincipled man be supposed to make a tender, loving, husband?"

"O mother! you have been over that ground times enough. I don't believe a word of the reports they have gotten up on purpose to injure him; but I am willing to take him as he is, and run all risks, and nothing that you or any one else can say, will move me from my purpose."

And so, one bright morning in January, the whole neighborhood was thrown into a flutter of wonder and surprise, when the marriage of Lou Stearns and Carl

Atwood was announced in the morning papers.

Immediately after her marriage, Lou removed with her husband to a town seventy or eighty miles distant, where he said he was in business; and there her brother Paul found her, six months later, not in a mansion, but in a very unpretending little house in the outskirts of the town. Her husband was at home, and one glance sufficed to show that the varnish had peeled off and left a very commonplace—not to say shabby and coarse-looking—individual. Lou's pale, sad, care-worn face, together with the utter lack of comfort in her surroundings, told its own story; and her brother would fain have taken her home with him, but she refused to go.

"No, Paul," she said, "you are very kind, but as I have brought this misery upon myself, I must endure it as best I can."

We will not attempt to follow her through the years of sorrow and degradation that followed, or try to fathom the depths of misery and humiliation into which she sank on account of the cruel and neglectful treatment of her husband, as he plunged deeper and deeper into the haunts of vice; but suffice it to say, that, in five years from the time of the ill-starred marriage, the doors of the parental home were opened to receive and shelter—and, if possible, to woo back to peace and happiness—the suffering, heart-broken, and worse than widowed daughter.

CELIA SANFORD.

A SCRAP OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

THE establishment of the American Constitution was not induced by a sudden reaction from monarchical principles. The causes of the Revolution, and of those circumstances which made such an establishment possible, cover a long period of the Colonial history. Immediate provocations there were which might seem to have been most powerful in causing the severance of American allegiance to the British king; but their prominence is because of their nearness to final results. The eye is deceived in comparing near with remote objects. The more distant origin of some of the main causes does not diminish their importance as factors of the result.

The Colonists were early imbued with those political ideas and principles which were held by true Englishmen, and they claimed as their rights all those privileges and rights which were secured to Englishmen by *Magna Charta*. Opposition on the part of England to these claims, and the arbitrary assumption of

power by the king, to the detriment and decrease of Colonial freedom, were the great causes which, beginning to work as early as 1636, and passing through all the Colonies and several phases, finally resulted in the establishment of our present effective and splendid government.

The Colonial Legislatures, severally, at different periods, declared the people of the Colonies to be in possession of the rights which ensue from the social compact; namely, personal security and private property. That these rights should be openly claimed by legislative bodies, and such clauses should pass by legislative act, is strong proof of the insecurity of the Colonists. This insecurity was the result of English presumption and reckless disregard of those very political principles which had secured to Englishmen so great a political and personal freedom. England claimed the entire control of the Colonies; English statutes were to be binding upon the unrepresented Colonist, notwithstanding the

principle that English statutes are enacted by the personal representatives of freemen. This presumption of England advocated and enacted taxation of the Colonies. This unjust and unconstitutional claim was opposed by legislative acts in the several Colonies. In 1636, the Assembly of the Plymouth Colony declared, "That no act, imposition, law, or ordinance be made or imposed upon us, at present or to come, but such as has or shall be enacted by the consent of the body of the freemen or their representatives, legally assembled, which is according to the free liberties of the free-born people of England."

In 1650, when the constitution of Maryland was determined, the Legislature of that Province passed, "An act against raising money without the consent of the Assembly," declaring "that no taxes shall be assessed or levied on the freemen of the Province without their own consent, or that of their deputies, first declared in a General Assembly."

The General Court of Massachusetts declared, in 1661, "that any imposition prejudicial to the country, contrary to any just law of their own (not repugnant to the laws of England), was an infringement of their rights."

The Assembly of Rhode Island, in 1663-4, declared, in the words of *Magna Charta*, that "no tax, tollage, or custom, loan, benevolence, gift, excise, duty, or imposition, whatever, shall be laid, assessed, imposed, levied, or required of or on any of his Majesty's subjects within this Colony, or upon their estates, upon any manner of pretense or color, but by the assent of the General Assembly of this Colony." And, in July, 1692, the Assembly of Massachusetts made a similar declaration. The act of New York, 1691, stating the rights and privileges of the Colonists, declared they could be touched by no act and by no tax but of their own making.

The Assembly of New Jersey resisted the duties imposed by Sir Edmund Andros, and declared "taxes levied without their consent unconstitutional and void."

The Virginian petitioners, in 1676, claimed that it was the right of Virginians as well as of Englishmen not to be taxed but by their own consent, expressed by representatives.

We thus see that the same grievances offended the several Colonies; and their several actions indicate a unity of opposition, and steadfastness of principle, like unto that which advanced the cause of the Colonists in the Revolution. "No taxation without representation," long the point of Colonial arguments, at last became the cause of war and of independence.

Before the close of the seventeenth century, the American Colonists had risen to a high plane of ideas concerning their rights. They claimed that no English law was binding upon the Colonies, because of no representation in the enacting body. This general principle embraced all the minor ones, whose defense excited the Colonists throughout the country, in the squally period preceding the Revolution.

The unreasonable opposition of the natural claims of the Colonists excited that prejudice in their minds which was the great cause of Colonial obstinacy and final revolt. At about the same time that the idea of political freedom was working in the Colonial mind, the principle and efficacy of union were being inculcated and attested. The idea of freedom and the means of independence thus took root in the early soil of the Plantations and grew up together, until attaining the maturity of symmetrical form and strength in the adoption of the Constitution.

In the early years of Revolutionary war, the government of national affairs was confided to the hands and discretion of the Congress, there being no established national government. The need, however, of some regularly qualified government was perceived, and measures taken to remedy the defect. The Articles of Confederation were the result of this legislation. These Articles did not become binding upon the States

until 1781, when Maryland made the thirteenth ratification.

The Articles of Confederation established a form of union which, as a governing formula, was a solecism. It had nominal rights as an institution, and real duties as a government, yet it was denied the power of either maintaining its rights or of performing those duties, by the very constituents of its organization. The Confederate Congress, during the Revolutionary war, was the representative and agent of the young aspirants after independence, and the success which attended the united efforts ought to have gained some credit and acknowledgment from the several States. This was not the case; but, instead, when victory and independence had been gained, through the wisdom of national councils, and the valor of national arms, Congress could not obtain, and it was unable to require, the allegiance of those very States whose sovereignty it had acquired. The Articles had become endeared to the people during the Revolution, because of the agency and supposed power of the Government established thereon in prosecuting the war. Government is the sole efficient and legitimate power for the management of wars, and the people credited this Confederate Government with all the results which the general valor had obtained. But the dawning of peace lifted the veil from the inefficiency of the governmental machinery, as it did also from the hidden form of the goddess of liberty. The one shone out in the beauty and distinctness of novelty, while the other as sharply revealed the weakness and imbecility of the Federal Government. It disclosed the fact that the Articles of Confederation constituted a government with no substantial power. It revealed the existence of State jealousy of national power,—a jealousy which had its origin, and had been excited by the Colonial habit of resisting the superintending authority of the crown.

The general peril being removed, the restraining powers of the Congress, being easily avoided, were ignored by the

States. Requisitions for money were passed by. The veto of a single State could stop the efficiency of Government. Between the nominally governing and the nominally governed, there existed a state of anarchy. The Government was powerless; the federation, if acknowledged, was ignored by Europeans. England could perceive no substantive power to enforce the provisions of the *Versailles Treaty*, and France was hopeless of obtaining the payment of her loan to the Americans. In fact, the principle of this Government was false,—a union with no advantage of united strength; a compact among thirteen States, whose final decision could be defeated by the obstinacy or folly of the smallest member. Madison forcibly and briefly stated its character when, in the Virginia Convention for consideration of the submitted plan for a new government, he said: "A government which relies on thirteen independent sovereignties for the means of its existence is a solecism in theory and a mere nullity in practice."

The Confederation was so notoriously feeble that foreign powers were unwilling to form treaties with it. Five defects were glaringly apparent in the plan and working of the Government. There was an utter want of coercive power to exert the authority of its own constitutional measures. As men care little for persuasion without the backing of compulsion, it is no surprise that the recommendations of Congress should be passed unheeded. The people had grown to look to the State Governments more than to the National, because of their more direct influence and action.

Congress legislated not for individuals, but for States of a kind of sovereignty. The State Legislatures were little inclined to allegiance to the General Government, whose power was so conditional and uncertain, whose recommendations could never be followed by compulsion. State interference with national legislation finally reached to such a degree as to stop the very wheels of the National Government.

The Congress had not the power to tax and levy taxes, or to raise revenue to defray the ordinary expenses of the Government. The whole power intrusted to Congress, under this head, was that to ascertain the sums necessary to be raised for the service of the United States. The power to collect was exclusively in the States, and, as the weakness of Congress could not force the regular payment of these requisitions, it was natural that the State jealousy should be chary of supplies. A power over the purse is power over every efficient means of government. The requisitions due from the States were but tardily and partially paid. The Confederation declined in power and influence abroad, and sank deeper into its imbecility at home. Even the interest on the public debt, though provided for in Congressional requisitions, was not fully met by State payments.

The Congress was destitute of power to control and regulate either foreign or domestic commerce. It was idle and visionary to expect, that, while thirteen States could enact regulations of commerce, there would be systematic or efficient and beneficial laws which would operate for the public welfare. One great disadvantage of this was the inability of Congress to enact prohibitory commercial laws. The European maritime powers could enact laws practically prohibiting our shipping from carrying to or from their ports. The want of unanimity in State laws, and the absence of a national power over this subject, prevented suitable protection of our own interests. The Articles had never received popular ratification. They had been ratified by the State Legislatures, but this made the powers derivative from the States, not from the people collectively. All free government must trace its responsibility and delegated powers from the people, in order to be efficient.

The governmental powers were vested in one body. This union of powers is contrary to all the correct principles of government, and at once destroys the efficiency of the government, furnishes no

check upon its administration, and excites the jealousies and fears of the governed.

Other defects there were, but less detrimental to the national interests. These defects exhibit a weak and powerless league, and amply justify the criticism of Washington: "The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without substance, and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to." "In short, Congress may declare every thing, but can do nothing."

Justice Marshall vividly pictures the Confederation in these words: "A government authorized to declare war, but relying on independent States for the means of prosecuting it; capable of contracting debts, and of pledging the public faith for their payment, but depending on thirteen distinct sovereignties for the preservation of that faith, could only be rescued from ignominy and contempt, by finding those sovereignties administered by men exempt from the passions incident to human nature."

The inefficiency of Congress and the Confederation for the purposes of government was as clearly apparent to the statesmen of that day as it is now, and the wise men of "the time of our civil greatness," were not long in advocating such changes as would better suit the requirements of our independence and national sympathies. That the opinion of this great need of reform was quite general, is proved by the difficulty of finding the originator of the project. Many of the prominent men of that day are credited with the suggestion, and several of the States claim the initiatory steps in the movement. The Convention met at Philadelphia, on the second Monday in May, 1787. The members were singularly adapted to the purpose of the call. Wisdom, experience, caution of age, sufficient youthful fire, breadth of culture, patriotism, and Christian virtues, were among the many favorable and excellent traits which joined in the discussions. The purpose of the call is exhibited in the resolution of the New York Legis-

lature, instructing its Congressional representatives, where these words are found: "For the purposes of revising the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the United States of America, by such alterations and amendments as a majority of the representatives in such Convention shall judge proper and necessary to render them adequate to the preservation and support of the Union." The Convention early decided to frame a new Constitution, and not to restrict themselves to the express language of the call. Their four months of labor were presided over by the immortal Washington, and were closed on the 17th of September, when the proposed plan was signed by all but three of the members present.

The proposed plan was submitted to the Congress, and was, at their recommendation, submitted to conventions of the people for ratification. The spirit of the Constitution, and of the Convention which framed it, is apparent from the words of the report: "The Constitution is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable." The people were as divided upon the matter of the worth of the proposed plan as were their representatives in the Convention. It was received enthusiastically, and hailed as an efficient and beneficent form of government by some, but by others was decried as likely to injure the welfare of the States, and be detrimental to the liberties of the people. The Constitution became a great ground for disputes. Pamphlets, and newspaper articles innumerable, appeared in defense or assault of the principles embodied in the system. Objections were raised against the system, in some States, because of the several organizations of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial departments. Objections in one State were diametrically opposed to the nature of objections in another. From the bitterness of the assaults upon these apparent imperfections, it would seem to have been the

expectation of the parties that omniscience and perfections of virtue would characterize the members of the Convention, and that a perfect, universally satisfactory system would be the result of their debates. Of the publications which then appeared for or against the Constitution, most were of a transitory nature, and but few—the "Publius" articles, afterward published under the title of "The Federalist," for instance—have come down to us as worthy a place upon our book-shelves. The new system, having been submitted to conventions of the people, was ratified by the requisite nine States (New Hampshire being the ninth), and, on the 2d of July, 1788, was referred to a committee to report an act for carrying it into operation. By this act the 4th of March was appointed as the time, and New York as the place, for the inauguration of the new government. The ratifications in the State Conventions were not all unanimous. Indeed, in several States, the strife was very bitter and protracted. The course of the debates shows how strongly State pride possessed the mind of the people. Fears were rife that the powers given to the Legislature (Congress) would result in the overthrow of the several State governments. The idea of a national government was repugnant to many, who asked, after the manner of Patrick Henry, "What right had they (the members of the Philadelphia Convention) to say 'We, the People,' instead of 'We, the States?'" Their idea was the defense of a confederation as distinguished from a nation. These fears were seconded by those arising concerning the power of taxation, the power over the militia, and the general extent of powers. One principal objection was found in the absence of an express "Bill of Rights." Of the objections, several found their way into the earlier enacted amendments. The friends and advocates of the new system ably defended their cause, freeing it of many of the asperities cast upon it by the malignity of designing men. Of these, the writers of the "Federalist" deserve credit which

can not be extended to many even of the great and wise men friendly to the cause. Their opinions have been almost uniformly consistent with practice and interpretations which have obtained under the Government. It will be interesting to close this article with a brief rescript of their views concerning the nature and extent of the Government. In regard to the character of the Constitution, Number Thirty-nine says: "The proposed Constitution, therefore, even when tested by the rules laid down by its

antagonists, is, in strictness, neither a national nor a federal Constitution, but a composition of both. In its foundation it is federal, not national; in the sources from which the ordinary powers of the Government are drawn, it is partly federal and partly national; in the operation of its powers, it is national, not federal; in the extent of them, again, it is federal and not national; and finally, in the authoritative mode of introducing amendments, it is neither wholly federal nor wholly national." W. P. THOMPSON.

A BACKWARD LOOK.

THE soft dew touches with silver fingers
 The sleeping rose, where a late bee lingers;
 Like pallid nuns through the purple bars
 Of their dim cloud-cloisters shine the stars;
 Still on the dusk of the mountain ledges
 Tremble the sunset's golden edges;
 Only the lily-bells chime and call,
 And the silent hush of the even-fall,
 Like the peace of God, drops over all.

The rhododendron is bowing low,
 Perchance it heareth some far wind blow;
 And the azalea turneth her scarlet cheek
 Toward some sweet presence with blush more meek;
 But I fancied the breezes were all at rest,
 For the ghostly surge that is beating the breast
 Of the patient sand I can hear no more,
 Though its white hands beckon me down to the shore.

Vainly ye chide and beckon, O waves,
 Moan and weep alone in your caves.
 Footsteps walk when the world is still;
 Forms that come and go at their will,
 Out of the silence vast and deep,
 Wake the soul from its twilight-sleep,—
 I stand on the shore of another sea,
 And other the hands that beckon to me.

'Twas in the days when my life was new,
 And its morning roses were wet with dew,
 That over an ocean dread and dark,
 Solemnly floated a wizard bark.
 He at the rudder was cold and pale,

And spake no word in the fiercest gale;
But the oarsmen twain, when the storm was drear,
Crooned a song no mortal could hear;
And, 'twixt the shadows on either hand,
The form of a maiden seemed to stand,
With brow uplift like a shrine of prayer
'Neath the gloaming shade of her wavy hair.

Blossoming Spring-tides rose and fell
Many a year on forest and dell;
Still were the roses rare and sweet,
But the thorns grew sharp to a woman's feet;
And again o'er the waters, weird and gray,
The mystical boat was plying its way.
Was it a fog-bell heard in sleep,
Waking the calm of the mist-hung deep?
Nay; 't was a rapture of tremulous strings,
And the low, light flutter of myriad wings.

And one was borne to the Summer land,
Who, tarrying, watched from the shining sand;
And her violet eyes shone heavenly clear,
Till their pleading pierced through the night-fall drear,
And a saintly pilgrim with silver hair,
Arose to answer the voiceless prayer;
The haze lay white on the hither shore,
Yet we heard the plash of the speeding oar,
And, yonder, I think they've woven now
A "heart's-ease" crown for the weary brow.

The lonely pilgrims shall work and wait,
Till the Master whispers, "It groweth late,"
And biddeth the dark-browed helmsman come,
In the midnight watch to bear them home.
Soft in memory's moonlight gilded,
Glimmers the homestead earth hath builded;
Yet the household loves from its eaves have flown,
And a stranger stands on the threshold stone.
But my soul climbs up on the starlit slope
Of the evening calm to a height of hope;
Wandering gleams, by the sea fog sifted,
Sun my heart, and the gloom is lifted,—
I see but a reach of wet, wild sands,
And the sobbing waves, but beyond them stands,
Crowned with the flush of the Summer lands,
The house of our Father, "not made with hands."

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

EISENACH AND ITS CASTLE.

IT was Saturday when we came to Eisenach, and cast anchor for over Sabbath in the "Anker Hof." The bottom, upon which we should hold or drag, was solid enough, if stones could make it so. We entered our hotel by a passage paved with cobble-stones, planted through the lower story of the house, and ending in an open court, where the bowlders stranded and stuck before the Cotta family arrived, or the castle was founded, for aught I know.

On one side of the passage were the eating-rooms, the floors sifted with white sand, and a stairway leading to the lodging-rooms above; on the other side were cook-rooms, ovens, kennels, etc. Surrounding the court were lodgings for man and beast,—for horses, cattle, dogs, doves, and chickens. They were of many sizes and shapes; with roofs sharp and peaked, red-tiled or thatched ones, green with moss, or black with decay. Some of these structures bulged and seemed ready to burst asunder; some were gorged with straw, that stuck out at the open ends, and fairly groaned to be eaten. Lordly cocks strutted about in the court, and pecked at nothing, and made believe scratch, and domineered over the whole feathery family, just as they do at home.

To get to our room, we went up the stairway and through narrow, bare halls, devoid of light, save one tallow candle at the first landing; made many crooks and turns, and brought up in a room just as much like any other German lodging-room as you can imagine,—two narrow beds, with a feather-bed to sleep on and one to cover with, the upper one in a case like a big bolster, and, during the day, the whole covered with a white spread, over pillows and all, and hanging down to the floor, giving the bed a humpbacked, grannish look, ludicrous in the extreme; a table, sofa, two long candles, and a fire-temple in the corner,

ascending to the ceiling, like a high, narrow wardrobe, though often they rise in platforms and square pillars, and end in turrets and spires. The first call we had was from the barber, next morning before we were up, who came to do the shaving. As he was not admitted, I can not say whether he carried the insignia of his profession with him or not,—two brass plates, instead of a striped pole, as with us.

Our landlord was a round-faced, gentle little man, who had been to America, and knew something of our ways. He went himself half-way with us to the castle that afternoon, talking half in German, and half in broken English, of the churches, of Luther, of the castle, and the beautiful little valley leading toward the Wartburg, and then left us to finish our jaunt alone.

We sat down on a stone by the way to rest, and look. The compact town we had left a half-hour before lay far down in the cup made by ascending mountains, its red roofs burning in the afternoon sun. The pine forests wall it in almost as closely now as when Else and her brothers hunted among them for dead branches and sticks, and feared the spirits of the woods, and listened to legends from their gentle cousin. This may be the very spot that Offerus met one of his masters. At least, it is here that Eva rehearsed the legend of St. Catherine, which alone can give the key to the many paintings styled "The Nuptials of St. Catherine." What can it mean, that every gallery should have a picture of a Mary, with the infant Christ in her arms, and St. Catherine kneeling at her feet, and this be called "Marriage of St. Catherine?" Did a Catherine marry the infant Savior? The question seems sacrilege, and the answer no less so. The following is the legend of St. Catherine:

Catherine was the only child of the

King and Queen of Egypt. She was left an orphan at the age of fourteen. She was beautiful and rich, and did not care for pomp and dress,—remarkable girl! She shut herself up in the palace, and studied the stars and philosophy, and grew more wise than the wise men of the East. But the Diet of Egypt resolved that she must marry. They sent a deputation to her, who asked:

"If we shall find a prince beautiful beyond any, superior to all philosophers in wisdom, of noble mind and richest inheritance, will you marry him?"

The aspiring maiden replied: "He must be so noble that all men will worship him, so great that I shall never think that I have made him king, so rich that none shall ever say that I enriched him, so beautiful that the angels of God shall desire to behold him. If you find such a prince, he shall be my husband, and the lord of my heart."

Now, this ambitious young woman had a hermit living in a cave on her place. That self-same night the hermit had a vision, and, like the dutiful subject that he was, he came and made it known to his queen. He told her that the king who should be lord of her heart was none other than the Son of the Holy Mary; and he presented her with a picture of the Virgin and Child, which he had received from the individuals to whom he had been presented during the vision, whoever they may have been.

From that time the queen neglected the stars, Socrates, and Plato, and kept the picture always with her. In due time, the queen had a vision of her own. She was met on the top of a mountain by a company of angels dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white lilies. According to court etiquette, the queen fell on her face before her superiors. But they said, "Stand up, dear sister Catherine, and be right welcome," and led her to another company dressed in purple, and wearing chaplets of red roses, where the same ceremony was observed; when they took her by the hand, and led her into an inner chamber, into the pres-

ence of Queen Mary, sitting in state, and introduced her in the following style:

"Our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Empress of Heaven, and Mother of the King of Blessedness, be pleased that we present unto thee this, our sister, whose name is in the Book of Life, beseeching you to accept her as your daughter and handmaid."

The Blessed Lady arose, smiled, and led Catherine into the presence of her Son. But, alas! he turned from her sadly, saying, "She is not fair enough for me." Then Catherine awoke. The words, "She is not fair enough for me," rang in her ears all day, and until she became a Christian and was baptized. Then a naughty tyrant put her to cruel tortures, and deprived her of her head. Then angels took her body and laid it in a white marble tomb on Mount Sinai, and the Lord Christ received her soul, and welcomed her to heaven as his pure and spotless bride. And so she has lived ever since in heaven, and is the sister of the angels.

I wonder at which of those doors, down there, good Aunt Ursula appeared, and beckoned to the boy, Luther, to come get something to eat; and then took him in for the rest of his stay in Eisenach, not including his return in after life, when he was entertained at the Wartburg. I wonder if the charity students wore stove-pipe hats then, as they do now, and black gowns; and did they ever run and kick up their heels? I know Luther and some other boys did once at Magdeburg, when the farmer came out with some cold victuals, and called out with such a harsh voice, "Boys, where are you?" that they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. I think Luther and his comrades could not have excelled the singing of nowadays; but times have changed, in that the bands of white-faced, spindling fellows, like cranes, in flapping skirts and top-knots, who sing under the windows of every house, the whole length of the street, at twilight and later, expect something more substantial than cold victuals. But the

sun creeps away from the valleys, and the shadows are creeping in after him; and this is our last chance to see the Wartburg. A narrow foot-path, steep, broken, and washed by rains, is the nearest cut. We mount up rapidly, or stop to pant for breath. We draw ourselves, by twigs and a long stretch, three feet at a time, or loose our hold and sink back, held by wood-nymphs, or, perchance, the evil spirits that terrified Luther. To tell the truth, I have so little acquaintance among the genii that rule the winds and storms, and roam the mountains and the moors, that I am not quite sure that, at first sight, I could tell an evil-minded one from a good one.

We did not have to beat and bang at the gate-way, though we were inclosed by walls and massive gates and narrow passes, and an open court and parapets and battlements, and, I suppose, every thing else that belongs to an old castle; though I must confess that we were in such a hurry, for fear we would be too late, that I do not remember very much about it, only the impression of strength and age and exalted height which it gave.

At first, we did not know where to go, and nobody seemed to *care* where we went. It seemed that the guard on duty was not alarmed at our presence so long as we did not attempt to pass him; and, from every indication, the governor of the castle, Von Arnswold, had all the household servants employed serving his dinner. Finally, a cook rushed out into the court in breathless haste, and told us, in an awful jargon of German, English, and French, that it was too late, and the guide was engaged. We, in our turn, insisted that we could not come back to-morrow (Sabbath), that this was our only chance, and we must, if possible, be admitted. Then, a little fellow who could speak French, but no English, whisked us through the public part of that castle about as quick as you could say Jack Robinson, if you did n't hurry about it.

The pictures are modern, and are only of interest as they embody the legends of the castle. Aside from these, and the

pulpit and altar in the chapel, where Luther preached; and, on a pillar to the left of the pulpit, two swords from the Thirty Years' War, used by Gustavus Adolphus, King of the Swedes, and Bernhard, Duke of Weimar, in the defense of the Lutheran faith; and the great banquetting hall with the prince's bridge, where the court took their seats, with a gallery above where the people were allowed to look on, there is nothing left to seek for but the room where "Junker George" lived for ten months.

Luther's Room is in what they call the Knight's House. It is small, and has but one window, which even yet looks out upon a dense forest. The furniture is said to be the same as when "Junker George" inhabited this "Isle of Patmos." Pictures of Luther and his parents hang over the table, painted by Lucas Kranach, who certainly excelled in caricature, and was unconscious of his gift. However much the devil may be accused of making his advances under cover, for once he came out face to face, and stepped up between the stove and the table, in the most convenient place possible for Luther to see him. Indeed, Luther could not have avoided seeing him, unless he had shut his eyes, or turned to look out of the window. His Satanic majesty left his card on the wall, which is now about gone, so anxious are people to obtain his address. The very fact that Luther entertained such visitors, though in a summary manner sometimes, proves that he had a hot head; that he had cold feet is equally well substantiated by the vertebra of an antediluvian animal upon which he toasted his feet before the stove. Over the door hangs the cuirass and visor, which, no doubt, he wore when in the chase in the Thuringian forests he beheld the image of the devil sitting on his dogs; and when a young hare was caught, and he wrapped it carefully in his cloak, and carried it into a thicket, delighted at the prospect of liberating it, and set it down, only to see the long-eared dogs scent and kill it, he uttered a groan, and exclaimed, "O, pope! and thou too, Satan!"

The war of the minstrels took place in the Minstrel's Hall, which is now almost entirely new by restoration. The fresco paintings, modern, tell the story, which I will give to you in a pen-picture, which I assure you will be easier to read than the frescoes:

Once, Landgrave Hermann I, of Thuringia, assembled at the Wartburg five poets—so-called minstrels. He took great pleasure in them because he himself was the hero of their songs. Once he invited his brother-in-law, Leopold, Duke of Austria, who brought with him his minstrel, who was far-famed, called Henry of Osterdingen. Then the minstrels tried to see which should excel in the fine things they sang about their sovereigns. Henry of Osterdingen sang of Leopold, with great audacity: "From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, the whole world praises the noble hero of Austria; all princes are a shadow compared to him, he is like the sun."

At this praise the five minstrels of Hermann got enraged, and rose up in contest against Henry, agreeing that he who should be conquered should die by the hangman's hand. As might be expected, the five against one prevailed, and poor Henry was about to be seized by the hangman when he begged the Landgravine to save him. She obtained one year's delay for him, and sent him off to Hungary to secure Klinsor as arbitrator. Now, Klinsor was also a famous minstrel, and, what was better still, was supposed to be in communication with the devil. Klinsor, with Henry, flew over from Hungary to the Wartburg in a single night. Whether Klinsor took Henry on his back or under his arm, or whether they rode broomsticks, I can not tell. But I suppose, perhaps, neither; for the artist makes Klinsor appear in the clouds seated upon a hell-hound, and it is probable that, if the animal would carry double, Henry rode behind him. Klinsor decided in favor of Henry, and they returned together to Austria.

The Landgrave's Room is also decorated with paintings by Moritz von Schwind,

who had no idea of permitting the legends of the castle to die out, not while he could save them with paint and brush. This was the business room of the land-graves.

The first picture tells that once Landgrave Louis, the Springer (he who jumped from the castle at Wittekind into a boat on the Salle—which we know he could never have done unless he wore seven-league boots), chased a stag to the top of the mountain, and was so delighted with the view, that he told the mountain to wait, and it should be a castle: "Wart, Berg, du sollst eine Burg werden." The mountain graciously waited, and he built the castle; and from this command of his originated the name "Wartburg."

Another picture relates of Louis III, that, as he was a great lover of the chase, he went out hunting every day (it does not say what he did with the game), and left his nobles to manage the government, and these nobles oppressed and took advantage of the poor people. One day Louis got lost, and sought shelter in a smith's hut over night. The smith was a cunning man, and, presuming his guest to be the Landgrave, he began forging his iron very early in the morning and singing, over and over again, "Landgrave Louis, do get hard." After a while the Landgrave asked the smith the meaning of what he sang. Then the smith told of the violent, overbearing-nobles, and of their oppression; and that the Landgrave was so careless and good-natured, that he suffered these things, and did not know of the sufferings of the poor. Then the Landgrave determined to "get hard," to be firm and abolish these abuses, and to punish the guilty. The nobles would not submit at first, and rose up against Louis, but he conquered after a time, and made every one of them *plow a whole field for so ruthlessly tyrannizing over the people.*

The best landgrave among them must have been St. Louis. At least he is the only one of them rejoicing in such a title. Now, whether it was because he died in the Crusades, or whether because he had a saint for his wife, I know not. If all

things be true that are related of him, he certainly showed signs of saintship in his own right. One day his lion got loose, and went roaring and raging about the castle, and no one dared to approach him. But when Louis heard of it, he went out fearlessly and called to the lion in a commanding voice, when the animal immediately crouched down, and suffered himself to be led into his cage.

One picture concerning this saint has the attractive title of "I am looking for my donkey." One day this saint rode down to Eisenach to visit the fair. While there, he saw a poor hawker, who was showing his wares. The saint asked him if the business was able to support him. The hawker replied: "Well, it might, my gracious lord, if I could only go hawking from place to place in security." Upon this, the saint gave him twenty florins for pocket-money, and ordered a safe-conduct for him. With great joy the hawker bought himself a donkey and traveled far and wide. He went to Venice and bought jewels, which he intended to offer at the court of St. Louis. But in Wurtzburg some naughty Franconian knights attacked him, and robbed him of his wares. In great distress the hawker traveled to the Wartburg and complained to Louis. Then the saint was enraged. He marched with his forces against Wurtzburg, and devastated the country round about, until the people asked why he made war upon them. "I am looking for my donkey," was the answer. Then the magistrate of Wurtzburg delivered up to him the two criminals, and the donkey with the wares. The picture portrays the joyful meeting of the donkey and the hawker, and, in token of peace, the saint sheathes his sword.

In the gallery leading to the chapel are frescoes representing scenes from the life of St. Elizabeth, the wife of this St. Louis, and medallions representing her acts of charity.

Landgrave Hermann I wanted Elizabeth for a wife for his son. He sent an ambassador for her, to the Hungarian court in the year 1211. In the first picture, the Landgrave is lifting the baby

Elizabeth out of her silver cradle in the carriage, while the boy bridegroom, Louis, is climbing up on the wheels to meet his betrothed. This Elizabeth in time grew so liberal that her husband forbade her charities. One day the bad Elizabeth (I mean the good Elizabeth) was slipping out with loaves of bread under her cloak, to give away, when she was met by her husband returning from the chase. He sked, "What are you carrying under your cloak?" The bad (I mean the good) Elizabeth answered, "They are roses." Then the St. Louis, to discover the deception of his terrified St. Elizabeth, lifts her cloak. When, behold! there are the most beautiful roses, into which, according to the legend, the loaves had been turned.

St. Louis went off to the Holy War. He joined the Crusade, and never came back. Then the brother-in-law to the St. Louis drove Elizabeth and her four little ones out in the storm, and away from the castle, because she gave so much to the poor; and no one in Eisenach dared take her in, because the Landgrave forbade. Then Elizabeth renounced the world, divided her goods among the poor, and became a nun at Marburg, where she died in 1231. A monk stands before her corpse, and is her confessor Conrad; her maid Isantrut hears a sweet song, which she says comes from angels, who are carrying the soul of St. Elizabeth to heaven.

It is well to state that Elizabeth was not rightfully a saint until four years after her death, when Pope Gregory IX canonized her, and buried her remains in the Church of Marburg, at which time the Emperor Frederick II, Conrad, the Master of the German Knight Order, and the bishops, carried her coffin; the Emperor barefooted and in the dress of a penitent. At least so says that modern artist with the hard name.

Sabbath morning we went to church in the "market kirche," where Luther met the protest from the parish priest, when on his way back from the Diet of Worms, and heard a sermon from a man in a black gown and black skull-cap, in a little bird-cage pulpit, swung up in mid-air,

while the people looked on from their isolated positions in the lofty galleries, each one about as much secluded and about as cold as if he were sitting on the North Pole.

In the afternoon the populace of Eisenach were highly entertained by a bespangled individual, who, with much pomp of preparation, walked a rope

stretched from the house-tops, across a public square, going through with all the gyrations, genuflections, and gesticulations usual to such a performance, in the midst of which, or rather between acts, a collection was taken up, showing conclusively that the people were determined to do something religious on the Sabbath.

SUE M. D. FRY.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE wise man who said so many good things gave utterance to the sentiment, in reference to human passion for amusement:

"I said of laughter, it is mad!
And of mirth, what doeth it?"

Certainly, all laughter is not insane, all mirth is not madness. Mirth and laughter have their uses as well as abuses. The art of using nature's gifts without abusing them, is the one which mankind most needs to acquire. The chief vice of humanity is excess. It is not necessary, because certain powers are abused and used to excess, to pass to the opposite extreme, and abstain from their use altogether. It is a mistake to suppose that we must not laugh. The great master of character, Shakespeare, contrasts the two classes,—the over-mirthful and the over-reserved:

"Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpipe;
And others of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

The first and most prominent use of mirthfulness is the part it plays in the development of childhood. The young of all animals are playful, and none more so than the human species. With the earliest dawn of intelligence, smiles flit across the face of the infant. It is a happy day in the household when the baby begins to laugh. Brothers and

sisters and parents greet its awkward efforts with responsive smiles, or a full chorus of boisterous cackinnation.

With childhood, the whole business of life is amusement. The muscles are all developed in sport and play. The foundations of manly strength, endurance, and beauty, are laid in mirth and fun and frolic. To instructed reason, the restless activities of childhood seem random and aimless; they are all earnest and real to childhood itself. To the child, play means business; sport and labor are synonymous. This is nature's own work, and those parents and guardians greatly err who attempt to repress these impulses, and to thwart nature, instead of quietly and judiciously guiding these intuitive manifestations to right uses and into proper channels.

As well attempt to check the caroling of birds as the caroling of childhood; as well try to control the gambols of lambs as the gambols of childhood. The outgushing merriment of youth is natural and irrepressible. It is vain to attempt to make men and women out of children prematurely; nature opposes her voice to the process, and shows nothing more monstrous than the manners and ways of maturity fitted to a mere infant. We must heed the teachings of nature in this regard, and let children be children, or their physical, mental, and social constitutions will suffer. The things of child-

hood belong to childhood. Its natural aliment is life and sport and fun; its waking hours ring with merry laughter, and its slumbers are dimpled with smiles.

In mature years, cheerfulness is indispensable, and a certain amount of mirthfulness is needed to promote physical health and well-being, to unbend the faculties from the strain of labor, to aid social intercourse, and, indirectly, to minister to religious feeling.

The bulk of mankind has ever sought for modes of amusing leisure, and promoting cheerfulness, relaxation, and recreation. All people and all ages have had their social gatherings, festive occasions, holidays, diversions, sports and games, shows, and mimetic exhibitions. The children and youths of the Egyptians and Hebrews had their child sports and child toys. They had dolls and balls and games; and Zechariah marks it as one of the happinesses of restored Jerusalem that "the streets of the city shall be full of girls and boys playing in the streets thereof." Christ used the sports of children for one of his illustrations. He, whose eye nothing escaped, noticed that children played at wedding and funeral; and he compared certain persons to children sitting in the market-place, calling out to each other in their play, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

In the days of Herodotus, the religious festivals of the Egyptians were numerous, and occasions of great merry-making and license. Dancing naked in the presence of their idols was not unusual. The Jews, just out of Egypt, imitated the Egyptians, and danced naked around the golden calf which Aaron set up in the desert. Of manly sports, such as the Greeks delighted in, the Jews seem to have been almost destitute. Their place was supplied by solemn religious festivals. The erection of theaters and circuses in the cities of Judea by the Romans was viewed by the nation with

disgust and abhorrence. The early Christians had no reason to love pagan amphitheaters. It was in those magnificent structures, adorned with all the rich devices of Grecian art, that they were exposed for the sport of the rabble, and compelled to fight with wild beasts. Thousands, both Jews and Christians, were destroyed in the theaters of Rome and other imperial cities to amuse brutal mobs.

The Greek passion for festivals, games, boxing, running, leaping, wrestling, hurling quoit and javelin, poetical and oratorical contests, and theatricals of every description, is well known. The excess to which they carried these exercises is notorious. Their objects were to worship the gods, commemorate persons of merit, and to secure rest, recreation, union, harmony, and social feeling between peoples and States.

Music and dancing and poetry, at first used to glorify gods and heroes, degenerated into a wanton character. In the feasts of Bacchus, persons of both sexes ran about the hills and deserts, dancing ridiculously, and imitating men drunk, or deranged in intellect. In Rome, the festivals of Bacchus became such wild and licentious orgies that they were abolished by the Senate. It may be noted as an instance of the degrading tendencies of cultivated jollity, that there is no god of antiquity of whom there exists so great a variety of representations, bas-reliefs, and gems as of the god of drunkenness and drunkards.

Every nation in the world has had some kind of dramatic representation. Africans, Indians, Hindoos, Greeks, Egyptians, and Chinese have had their mimetic exhibitions, dialogues, recitations, burlesque or grotesque shows, dance, and song. In China, every temple has its stage, and gods as well as men are supposed to be entertained and amused with the action. The remains of theaters and amphitheaters are the most stupendous and striking ruins of antiquity, more numerous and imposing perhaps than those of palaces and temples

themselves. These structures were designed, not for daily use, but annual; not for the few, but for whole cities and even nations; not for selfish gratification merely, but for solemn religious national festivals, on a scale of surpassing grandeur.

Modern drama was revived by the Roman priests of the Middle Ages in what were called the "miracle plays." Forbidden to read the Bible and to attend secular plays, the churches were converted into theaters, and out of the Bible were acted scenes that included in the dialogue apostles and prophets, patriarchs, angels, heaven, hell, purgatory, and even God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The whole machinery of Romish worship is theatrical, made up of dress, music, bowings, marches, prostrations, chantings, recitations,—a sort of holy opera, a performance for the eyes and ears of worshipers, every-where paralleled, and often outdone in barbaric splendor, in the temples of heathendom.

Modern times have brought modern amusements, or, rather, modern modifications of old ones. Thanks to the refining influence of Christianity and civilization, the bloody spectacles of former ages are mostly done away. An American woman would faint without effort, and an American man of average nerves would not be much to blame for following her example, were they to witness the mangling surgery with which Roman, Spanish, and English ladies of fashion used to amuse themselves,—slaves and criminals and war-captives lacerated by the cruel fangs of wild beasts, naked gladiators in the death-grapple, disemboweled matadores dangling from the horns of enraged bulls, bears baited with bull-dogs, and the more classic displays of the turf and ring, latest illustrated in the bloody knockdowns of Heenan, Sayers, Hyer, and King.

Horse-racing, every-where a strong passion with humanity, is, in England, a national institution, and the Derby-day is treated to Parliamentary consideration, like the Queen's birthday or Christ-

mas. In our own country, we have every species of mirth-provoking apparatus, all those known to former ages, and some that are indigenous to American soil. In most metropolitan towns, the theater rivals the Church in influence. From being entirely religious, as of old, and as among the Chinese of to-day, the theater has become entirely secular. Rivaling the theater in influence, we have the Italian opera, balls, masquerades, games of chance, games of skill, circuses, menageries, shows, concerts, negro minstrelsy, comic lectures, comic journals, and every kind of exhibition, scientific and unscientific, decent and indecent, that will "draw,"—and there are few that will not draw money out of somebody's pocket. The public halls of our cities and villages are in requisition every night in the week for some kind of recreating amusement, show, lecture, or representation.

The theater has always been a seductive form of amusement, and yet Christian moralists, even of a low type, have fought shy of the theater, while the more strict and puritanic have shunned it as the very gate of hell. The Christian opinion of the ancient theaters was any thing but flattering. Cyril called on converts to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomps of this world, stage-plays, and like vanities." Tertullian said those who "renounce the devil and all his works can not go to a stage-play without turning apostates." Augustine, Cyprian, Basil, and Clement of Alexandria, were equally vehement in the denunciation of the stage. Chrysostom "loudly exclaims against such as can listen to a comedy and an evangelical preacher with the same ears."

A few years ago, Dr. Bellows, Unitarian, made a strong plea in behalf of the theater, urging the innocency and positive necessity of amusement; the intrinsic innocency and positive usefulness of the theater as a style of amusement; the duty of Christians to elevate and purify the theater by countenance and patronage, instead of degrading it by

neglect and reprehension. If we were to allow that there is nothing intrinsically wrong in dramatic representations, we must maintain that the Church has failed signally in all efforts to purify and reform the theater. Hannah More tried the experiment of writing religious dramas, founded on scenes in the Old Testament. They were a failure. Johnson denounced the theater. The moral character of actors we need not dwell upon. It is better than it used to be, no doubt, from the presence of women on the stage. The character of the popular drama is another serious objection to the theater. The outspoken vulgarity of Shakespeare's plays was peculiar to the times in which he lived. The drama of the eighteenth century ought to be better than the sixteenth; but it riots in profanity and vulgarity. What is its staple? Every married couple in high life is supposed to be engaged in some vile, adulterous amour; and every girl in low station, as barmaid, milkmaid, or chamber-maid, is fair game for the insulting advances of the young rakes and *roués* of the aristocracy.

In the time of the war, Sheridan's "Rivals" was performed by an amateur company of young gentlemen and ladies in an Eastern city, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. A gentleman, present at the representation told the writer that there were innuendoes uttered in the play that never would have been tolerated in the drawing-room for a moment; such as no young lady ought to listen to; and that her listening to them at all could only be apologized for on the ground that she was ignorant of their meaning. In Goldsmith's play, "She Stoops to Conquer," a virtuous young lady listens, without blushing, to her lover's open avowals of libertinism, and then marries him. Fancy a young woman of any principle hearing such a character of her lover from his own lips, and then making him her husband!

In a timely work, Dr. Buckley has analyzed some scenes of the latest plays of the metropolitan stage, and finds

those of the nineteenth century fully as deficient in decency and decorum as those of the sixteenth or eighteenth.

Dr. Bellows argues that the frequent presence of religious people would purify the theater. All the influence that theaters yield to is outside pressure. The theater of Boston, in the heart of Puritan New England, is more respectable than that of New York, as New York is more respectable than that of New Orleans, and as that of New Orleans is morally superior to that of Havana or Paris. The theaters are money-making, and must have representations that will pay. High tragedy and pure opera are voted a bore by the masses, who insist on vulgar comedy or low farce or trifling burletta, and prefer negro minstrelsy, with its burnt cork, stale jokes, clog-dance, banjo, and bones, to all the tragedies and operas in the world. There are thousands to whom the clown of the circus is the greatest man living, and to whom the climax of pleasurable excitement is to visit a filthy menagerie of half-dead animals in a reeking day in July, and stand for hours giggling at monkeys in caps and jackets riding ponies in a ring. Classes a shade higher find heaven in witnessing the nude ballet of the "Black Crook," "Formosa," "Paraguay," "White Fawn," and other gorgeous displays of nudity that have degraded public taste, and called forth the anathemas of the public press in both hemispheres.

Dr. Vincent, Presbyterian, apologizes for dancing as Dr. Bellows apologizes for theaters. The Church of England classes it among innocent recreations, in which the wives and daughters of even clergymen may partake, though it is not exactly *au fait* for a minister himself to take the floor. It is sometimes apologized for on the ground that it is Biblical. The Bible says, "A time to dance;" but whether by way of approval or disapproval, does not appear. It is said that dancing is mentioned in Scripture as part of religious worship. So it is; and as performed by the Jews would be as unexceptionable as the religious dancing of

the modern Shakers, which lovers of the ball-room would regard as exceedingly stupid and ridiculous. Jewish dancing was usually performed by women, and always by the sexes alone. David "danced before the ark of the Lord with all his might," a style of dancing with which the most rigid Puritan would not find fault, and a style common with the Southern negro worship at this day. The objection to the modern dance is, that it is *not* before the Lord, but is for the mere purpose of selfish amusement, and not an ebullition of religious joy. But, "there is no harm in dancing in the social circle." If dancing had always restricted itself to the social circle, no moralist would have lifted up his voice against it. But, from dancing in the "social circle," young men and women pass to public halls, saloons and hotels, hot suppers, late hours, whole nights of merry-making, and not unfrequently to ruin of health of body, mind, and morals, with a growing distaste for every thing solid, intellectual, and religious. But "dancing is good exercise." A little of it, perhaps; but in the extent to which it is used by pleurists, physiologists urge that dancing is as frequently hurtful as beneficial, by calling into undue play only a certain set of muscles, and from the almost certain over-exercise and fatigue of those muscles. Gymnastics and Calisthenics and even croquet (one of the stupidest of games a *man* ever engaged in), properly used, are better for "exercise" than dancing. But what shall we say of waltzes, schottishes, polkas, round dances? We might parody Byron's celebrated description of battle, and say of a company of waltzers, whirling in close embrace:

"A splendid sight
To him who hath no wife or sister there."

Of amusements usually accounted innocent, there is often an extravagance and an excess that borders on insanity. Fashionable parties join together scores and hundreds who care nothing for each other, and thus create artificial manners and universal hypocrisy.

"What folly," says Herbert Spencer, "underlies our whole system of grand dinners, 'at homes,' and evening parties, assemblages made up of many who never met before, many others who just bow to each other, many others indifferent, and only a few friends, lost in the general mass!" All is artificial, all are disguised, all are masked. The whole thing is condemned by its abettors as folly. It is a "gigantic mistake, an organized disappointment," gotten up to pander to fashion, to foster political connections, or to marry off daughters.

"There needs a Protestantism in social usages." "Pleasure is coy: she will not be caught by him who pursues her." Expense and waste are fearful. Paris expends fifteen thousand dollars and New York twenty-five thousand dollars an evening, on amusements alone.

Amusements are beyond degree hurtful when they become the business rather than the accidents of life. It is vain to erect costly apparatus for generating pleasure. Excitement there may be, but not real pleasure. Pleasure-seekers squander time and money, prove faithless to employers, become dishonest, and often destroy their own prospects and blast their own good name forever. Relaxation is near neighbor to temptation. God has meted out to each one of us a certain measure of that which we call pleasure. It is impossible to increase the quantity. Our only option is whether we will spread it over a large surface and protract the enjoyment through a long life, or whether we will dissipate and consume it in a few short years. In what sized doses will we take it? Shall it be a well-spent fortune, or an estate squandered in a day? Like the pearl of Cleopatra, dissolved in acid, we but put the cup to our lips and swallow a whole fortune in a single draught. Intense desire for gratification ends in intense selfishness. We shudder to think of the tortures inflicted on the contestants of the ancient amphitheater to gratify the caprices of a heartless audience, intent upon nothing but its own enjoyment. Modern audiences have as great

a power of torturing their favorites as those of ancient Rome; yet it seldom occurs to those who are roaring with laughter at the witticisms of the stage, how tiresome and stupid and painful the whole affair often is to the actors themselves. Professional wits are often to be pitied. It was with an aching heart, and under the pressure of a great family bereavement, that Douglas Jerrold sat down to his task, and convulsed the world with laughter over Mrs. Caudle's Lectures. A gentleman in London was complaining to a stranger in a coffee-room of exceedingly low spirits.

"You should go," said the other, "and hear Foote, the comedian; his side-splitting jokes would drive away your melancholy."

"Alas," said the first speaker, "I am Foote himself."

Pleasure flies pleasure-makers, as she flies pleasure-seekers. To both laughter is madness, and mirth foolishness. The insane heartlessness of pleasure-seekers is proverbial. In the presence of awful Sinai, clouds and blackness, thundering and earthquakes, the children of Israel sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play. Nero fiddled in the midst of the fires and agony of burning Rome. Paris danced frantically within ear-shot of the dull thud of the guillotine in 1789. And the nailing down of coffins in every house produced no perceptible check to popular merriment during the terrible cholera season of 1830. In 1846, the writer was a passenger on a lake steamer from Buffalo to Chicago. A knot of gamblers occupied the bar-room saloon and played without cessation night and day, insensible to every thing but the excitement of the game. At Milwaukee a German immigrant fell from the gang-plank, and was drowned between the boat and the wharf. The body was soon brought to the surface and passed through the bar-room of the boat, on its way to the saloon. The table occupied by the gamblers blocked the passage. They neither gave way nor ceased playing nor looked up, and only muttered a few curses, as the

dripping corpse was passed over their heads by kindly hands. Pleasure-hunters are "mad," and it is vain to attempt to reason with the insane.

Though all the rest of the world should go mad, what have Christians to do with trifling? What have they to do with pursuits that insure the absolute death of religious enjoyment? In these days amusement-making is a business. Individuals and companies make their living and accumulate fortunes by amusing their fellow-men. Manufacturing amusement is as regular a business as the manufacture of cottons and broadcloth. There are genuine amusements and counterfeits. What they can not supply in forms of real benefit to mankind, they will make up in cheap and taking substitutes. Counterfeits are all abroad, and humbug, shoddy, are found on every hand. Bogus entertainments are as common as quack medicines, and a man needs all his wits about him to save being imposed on by appearances. Every week something new and astonishing bursts upon the public in frightful capitals,—amusements that make the shinpasters crawl in every boy's pocket.

Christians have need to exercise great discretion in reference to amusements not positively sinful. Example is contagious, and every parent is aware how much self-denial it is necessary to practice on account of children.

There is comedy and tragedy enough in real life, without seeking it on the stage. There are follies enough to laugh at, vices enough to hate, catastrophes enough to pity in every day's experience, without resorting to theaters to have our mirth excited or our sympathies enlisted. Real life is more romantic than romance, more poetic than poetry, more tragic than tragedy, more comic than caricature.

To a philosopher's mind, the world resembles a vast mad-house, whose maniac inmates pride themselves on their own mental soundness, and laugh at the madness of their fellows. It takes fools to mock at folly. The world to-day is as full of madmen and idiots as when every

monarch had his jester, and hourly saw majesty reflected in the fool's cap and bells.

In this age, the people is king, and, like its royal predecessors, is never weary of looking at its own likeness in the clowns of the stage and ring. Verily, this is the monkey-side of humanity!

Thank heaven, it has a better side! When will men learn it? When will philosophy and religion instill into us true views of human life? When will men learn to prefer the solid and staple to the frivolous and flashy? When will the intellectual and spiritual take the place of the sensual?

Life is essentially toiling and anxious, a scene of labor, sadness, and sorrow. Beyond the inculcation of cheerfulness and suitable relaxation from labor, the effort to enliven life with mere amusement is as lugubrious as the effort to enliven a funeral with jokes, or to render a tomb, lined with moldy coffins, a pleasant habitation.

The horrible orgies of the Middle Ages, called the "Dance of Death," were ghastly representations, but not altogether caricatures, of real life. It requires no Scotch second sight or diary of a London physician to convert the beauty and bloom, the floating gauze and feathers, lights, hum, and music, of the ball-room into visions of shrouds and coffins, skeletons, silence, darkness, and death. What time have we, who have so much to do, and so little space to do it in, to play the butterfly, or, worse, to put on masquerade of fashion, and play the fool? Men with serious business on hand are not given to cachinnation. The great Washington seldom laughed. His negro serv-

ant said, "He never showed his teeth; he did all his laughing inside." It is not wrong to laugh; but it is out of place to make laughter a life business. There is not a joke in the whole Bible. Think of Christ amusing his disciples with laughable anecdotes! Think of Paul and Silas diverting the tedium of imprisonment with cards! Think of Peter and John and the holy Marys at a dance! Think of the devout Cornelius in the theater of Cæsarea, laughing at the coarse buffoonery of Aristophanes!

With the Christian, amusement should be the exception, not the rule. Religion has its merriments. In the death-hour, when the world's merriment is at an end, that of the Christian is just begun. The songs which express a Christian's joy through life, are the very songs he sings in the hours of his dissolution.

In heaven, the Christian finds the same pleasure that he enjoyed on earth, mingles in the same society, partakes of the same holy praise, overflows with the same exuberant joy. What would the worldling do in heaven? What would he do without the theaters, cards, balls, races, sensual stimulants, earthly excitements? The world is bright if lightened by the rays of God. All the other lights are false and phosphorescent. Religious joys are lasting. All others are fleeting tinsel and glitter. Job saw the destiny of the wicked:

"They take the timbrel and harp,
And rejoice at the sound of the organ;
They spend their days in wealth,
And in a moment go down to the grave."

The Christian needs not the spectacles of earth; his visions are rapt in the glories of heaven.

EDITOR.

SATURDAY A PREPARATION-DAY.

CHRISTIANITY is a systematic whole, and not a conglomeration of dissimilar and antagonistic principles. With authority it calls the attention of its friends, not only to its generalities, but also to its details. Not only is the Bible to be received as a book of revelations, but every precept therein is to be received as uttered with divine authority. Each divine precept is to be carefully studied, not only as to its meaning, but also as to the manner in which it may be most faithfully obeyed. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," is one of God's plain commands, whose meaning, and the conditions necessary to a faithful obedience, are not, it is to be feared, sufficiently understood by the majority of Christian people. The meaning too often indicated by the life of Christians is, "Remember to keep the holy Sabbath," and in some sense by all Christians it is kept. But that it is to be kept "*holy*," is a meaning that is strange to many; and that, in order to an acceptable compliance with this commandment, a special preparation is necessary, may also be to many a new, strange thought.

To the ancient Hebrews it was neither new nor strange after the lesson of the manna-gathering, and after the punishment of the man who "was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day." To the Jew, the six days of work involved the idea of preparation for the Sabbath, just as the Sabbath of rest involved the idea of preparation for the days of labor that were to follow. The Fourth Commandment is the only one of the Decalogue that is accompanied with instructions as to the manner of its observance. And this is the instruction: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant,

nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

It ought not to be considered strange by any child of God that a special preparation is necessary to a faithful and acceptable observance of the holy Sabbath. That preparation is essential to success in all secular matters is fundamental. Why should it be thought unessential in matters greater than secular? If to rise to positions of honor and trust in this world requires preparation, surely, to rise to positions of honor and of trust in the kingdom of heaven requires nothing less.

The reason why the day preceding the Sabbath is so widely disregarded as a preparation-day may be an underestimate of the value of the Sabbath to all our interests,—social, domestic, intellectual, and moral. National holidays are regarded as having great value, and every body expects to get back, socially or financially, more than was expended in preparing for them. But the Sabbath is the world's holiday, whose faithful observance is attended by promises of richest blessing upon person, property, home, and country. The more holy the day is kept, the richer both the present and the future reward. Or the reason may be an ambition that is so far unsanctified that it will not permit us to relinquish our hold on the world sufficiently long to get ready for an enjoyable Sabbath. Or it may be a selfishness that blinds us to the necessity of taking Sabbath matters into consideration beforehand. Or it may be an indifference, from which we are not aroused, either by personal responsibilities, the Divine command, or the consequences of moral action.

As results, we have, *first*, unenjoyable Sabbaths. We enter upon the day from our shops, our farms, or from a restless Saturday night, to find our perceptions dull, our whole system weary, our brain whirling with the ungoverned thoughts

and cares of the week, so that often we have a positive disrelish for social means of grace, and for gracious privileges. *Second*, the violation of conscience. We place ourselves, apparently, outside of the boundaries of business life, to spend a "good Sabbath;" but on every side, through the piling, cares, responsibilities, duties, work, thrust their ugly heads, and demand attention, and we are forced into the performance of labor which we are ashamed to be seen doing, which we wish had been attended to before, which is inconsistent with religious devotion, which fills us with regrets, with shame, with repentings. *Third*, the neutralizing of expected good. Our approach to God is hindered, our prayers are hollow, and the blessing of the Lord is small and attenuated. These things, together with the thought that the commandment may have been positively and willfully broken, are sufficient to make us weary and sick of religious life, and to separate us from it forever.

The preparation should be both temporal and spiritual. On Saturday, let the Sabbath toilet be performed as far as possible,—such as hair-cutting, shaving, the weekly bath, and boot-blackening; let the Sunday clothes be found, and placed ready for use, and the week-day garments be put away; let missing buttons be replaced, and the rooms that may be used on the Sabbath "put to rights;" let sufficient fuel be prepared for the stoves, and sufficient kindlings also; let sufficient corn and other fodder for the hogs and cattle be brought from the field; let "old Dobbin" be brought from the pasture, if he is to go to church, or will be otherwise needed; put the bell on "old Brindle," if it must be done before Monday; let the church-buggy be put in trim; if baked turkey is essential to Sunday health, put in Saturday stuffing; make two or more visits, if they must be made before Monday; let the Monday letters be written, and Monday plans be laid out; to the fullest possible extent, let the morning and evening as well as mid-day hours of the Sabbath be kept holy.

It will be said that "this is enough to keep one busy the whole of Saturday." Possibly; and it is more becoming for Christians to work thus all day Saturday than all day Sunday. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do *all thy work*."

But the preparation should be spiritual. Let the temporal preparation be made in that spirit of consecration which should characterize the disciples of the Lord Jesus. "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

There would be less desecration of the Sabbath by the irreligious, fewer anti-Sabbath conventions, speeches, and resolutions, if the day were loved more by its friends. Suppose that two-thirds of the entire Church are zealous in the defense of Sabbath laws and privileges; if the other third, like General Grouchy on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, are unwisely separated from their brethren of the main army, to fight a phantom if they fight any thing, to plod through rain and mud to nothing but defeat, the odds are fearfully against us, our strength is terribly weakened. And all the world looks with contempt upon our generalship, or doubly fortifies itself with the assurance that "there will be desertions from their camp to-day, for they do not believe what they teach."

Deep, true love for the Sabbath is not sufficiently manifested by Sabbath-day professions; by a regard for some of its advantages, but not for all; by congratulating those editors and authors who write in its favor; by conforming to the laws of the land and the usages of society with regard to it; nor by offering our latest fashions and softest words and most charming manners upon the altar of its God: but by whole-heartedness in our worship, and by walking humbly with our God. These demand such a preparation as will obviate the necessity of being frequently called out from the presence of the Lord on the Sabbath-day to attend to other matters.

E. M. BATTIS.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ONE of the fantastic demands that annually annoy the English Parliament is the ever-recurring petition for female suffrage. We say fantastic, because it is always thus regarded in England and Germany, however it may be considered by certain classes among us. And although very few men consider this agitation with the least shadow of seriousness, it returns with the persistency of, at least, a good cause. The prominent organs of the English press occasionally pay serious attention to this fantasy, and take a good deal of trouble to prove the inconsistency of the demand; although it is clear to be seen that they do not consider the attainment of this object an actual impossibility in the future. The *Saturday Review* speaks of the matter somewhat as follows: "It is not necessary to investigate whether men and women are intellectual peers. There are doubtless many women who are quite as capable of exercising the right of suffrage as most of the male voters; indeed, a goodly number are more capable than many of them. In any case, it is unreasonable to speak of the inferiority or superiority of either men or women. Women are not to be excluded from public life because they are subordinate to men, but because they have other functions to fill which they can not do satisfactorily if they take such a burden upon them. Therefore the present system is not oppression but protection. The extension of suffrage to women would be a revolution of the most serious kind." The same trouble has crossed the channel into Germany, where there is a very enthusiastic little band that is in favor of female suffrage; and every real or supposed victory on English soil is heralded by them to the world in Germany with triumphant mien and words. These German "emancipationists"

have their organ, which keeps its friends and foes well supplied with all the news afloat that can interest them. But the trouble in Germany is the fact that the contrary parties on this question are extremists on both sides. The female suffragists are quite likely to hobnob with dangerous and inconsistent "isms," and are not unfrequently to be met with in the ranks of the extreme socialists, and are therefore, in general, judged by the company they keep. On the other hand, the enemies of these "reformers" are quite as likely to meet the appeals and arguments of their opponents with jeers and satire. The most recent case of this kind is a handsome picture now being exhibited by a modern artist, in which a woman is at the anvil wielding the heavy sledge on the red-hot iron; for why should the smithy exclude the fair sex from its privileges, or any other of the rights of men in general? But, as a judge between the parties, we decide the point not well taken. Germany is the last place in the world where this argument is valid, because of the fact that there the women engage in the most laborious occupations beside the men, or supplant them entirely. Women can be seen every-where doing the most laborious duty of the fields, and often undertake the severest manual labor simply because it is unskilled. We have seen there many women at toil quite as severe as the sledge; in Southern Germany, they are the hod-carriers to the masons, bearing the brick and mortar up the ladders to the workmen. And this self-same argument has but little weight in England; for are not the mines there frequently filled with girls and women, carrying out the coal in baskets on their backs? A truce, then, to this argument in European countries; it is a

good one only with us, where women are kindly and consistently treated in this respect.

WE notice something of a reaction in the Father-land in regard to the matter of infant-schools and kindergartens. It is feared that they are in too great a measure supplanting the mother, who should be the first teacher of the child. In Solomon's praise of the good housewife, after speaking well of the labor of her hands, and the cunning of her fingers at the spindle, he is careful also to say that she opens her mouth with wisdom, and pious teaching rests upon her tongue. The mother should not only train the child to order, but to labor; and the question arises in the mind of some, whether it would not be better to demand this of all mothers, and, in case of unfitness, whether it would not be more consistent to train the mothers in the desirable art of educating their children in their tender years, than to put the children, during this period, away from them into other hands. And to this end a valuable Manual has just been published, bearing the title, "The Mother as the First Teacher of the Child." This Manual, in a clear and concise style, illustrates the most usual methods of the schools to teach children to observe, speak, read, write, and count. There are, doubtless, numerous cases in which it is impossible for the best of mothers to be the first teachers of their children. But if this is in any way possible, they should not forego the blessing that will spring from this performance of duty. Her children will rise up to bless her, and it will be justly said of her, "Many daughters have shown themselves worthy, but thou hast surpassed them all." The directions of this Manual are based largely on the teachings of Pestalozzi, the great reformer of the century. All our knowledge rests mainly on perception. If we would lay a good foundation for this, the child must be early taught to observe, to use its senses. While it is enough in the second and third year to learn the name of objects, in the following years the attention should be called to the nature of the object itself. Nothing is more injurious to a child than thoughtless seeing and hearing, so that it has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not. And just here skilled and conscientious teachers have the most reason to complain

that the little novice has not been skillfully taught at home. The sum and substance, therefore, of the demands of these friends of the children is, that they shall be taught for a while at home the best way to continue their studies in the school; and if possible, for every reason in the world, the mother should do this for her little pledges.

THE Germans are just now discussing the history and significance of the Christmas-tree. It finds its origin, undoubtedly, in Northern mythology, which deals largely in trees as emblems of life and knowledge. The Christmas-tree is thus a symbol of life in the midst of the apparent vegetable death of Winter; or the evergreen is the symbol of eternal life, where all other vegetation seems dead. The tree is a prophecy of Spring in the deep night of Winter, and is thus symbolical of the religious idea of the tree of life. The custom of the Christmas-tree is comparatively recent even in Germany. In the beginning of the present century it was not much known in Germany, and seemed to rise in significance as a religious reaction against the doctrines of rationalism. It received its first great impulse as a national custom in Protestant Germany of the North, and is even yet not universal in some of the countries of Central Germany. It is nearly always connected with some religious demonstration of the birth of Christ, the most usual of which is the representation of Christ-child in the manger, beside which stand Mary and Joseph, and near them a lamb, an ox, and an ass. During the wars of Napoleon with Germany, the officers of the Prussian army took the custom with them as far as Dantzic in one direction, and brought it with them in the Catholic lands which they frequently occupied. It thus spread to Bohemia and Hungary, although few but native-born Germans indulge in the custom in that country, except it be the Hungarian noble houses, which are often adorned with the tree. Prince Albert brought it with him to England, and Queen Victoria has favored its extension, so that it is now quite common in England. The Duchess of Orleans, a princess of Mecklenburg, brought it to France when she married the heir apparent to the French throne under Louis Philippe, and it thus spread

rapidly among the nobility of that country. The Germans now take it with them everywhere, and as they are to be found all over the world, so is the Christmas-tree quite cosmopolitan. The German North-pole explorers had their Christmas-tree amid the icy solitudes of the Northern Winter, making the tree out of the evergreen *Andromeda*, and thus thinking of the Father-land while frozen in the ice of the distant North. During the Winter of the siege of Paris by German troops, the camps were every-where enlivened by the Christmas-tree; and so it is with the German colony of Athens and St. Petersburg. It is said that quantities of evergreens are sent every year from Germany to New South Wales, where the Germans of the settlements eagerly buy them for the sake of having their favorite symbols from their native forests; whilst the Teutons of "New Germany," in South America, are endeavoring to train a species of native evergreen that much resembles those of their native land. We need hardly say that the Germans of our country have made the tree so great a favorite all over the North and West, that we hardly know any longer whether the custom is ours or theirs; so much for their fidelity to the Father-land!

ONE of the new enterprises for household economy abroad is to be found in the "Housewives' Association," in Berlin, the object of which is to obtain, primarily, the necessaries of the larder at first cost, instead of being loaded with one or two profits. This Association now numbers no less than four thousand families, the heads of which are members, and draw their articles from a central office, in which all supplies for the house and the kitchen, with the exception of bread and meat, may be obtained, in any quantity, at cost. Besides this, the members of this union have a contract with an association of butchers and bakers, whereby these purveyors deliver their wares at a deduction of about ten or twelve per cent. The great power of the Association is seen in the fact that it has broken the stern position of many of the dealers in the ordinary necessaries of life. No less than seven hundred merchants of all sorts have contracted to be purveyors to the Association, at a large deduction from usual prices. In this way the members ob-

tain nearly every thing, from a shoe-string to the richest furniture, at a great discount. Whatever is new in the field of household economy, is sure to be first met with at the "Association," whose members have thus an opportunity to test the best of every thing. A free intelligence office for working people is connected with the union, where, during last year, no less than three thousand seven hundred places were provided for nurses, governesses, seamstresses, child's-maids, cooks, etc. This division is a most praiseworthy enterprise, for it is for members only, and assures to these poor people a great many things at a reasonable rate, and gives them an opportunity to know for whom they are to work before they engage.

A RATHER discreditable story is told by Miss Fanny Kemble, in her published Reminiscences, about the "pious" Empress Eugenie: In her dressing-room she had a collection of dolls of life size, beside which she would study for hours at a time the effects of the various new fashions. In her Summer castle at Biarritz, there was a sort of cupola in her boudoir, in which hung the dresses that she was to wear, so that each individual dress could fall upon her without being crumpled by the most skillful dressmaker. After Louis Napoleon's marriage, a certain Lady C. was very often a guest at the Tuileries, where she soon saw enough to confirm the report that, at a time when her majesty was young and beautiful, her face was little else than a mask loaded with paint even to her eyebrows, which were blackened. The effect of the blue veins on her white forehead was increased by the use of paint. During the absence of the Emperor in 1859, with the French army in Italy, the Empress thus depicted to a lady friend in England her great anxiety about the fate of his majesty: O, what an existence! "I do nothing but tremble and try on new dresses!" And yet this being had the power of exerting a great influence in the affairs of the nation, for her power over Napoleon was very great, and the influence of the Catholic priests over her was notorious. Think of such a woman being regent while Napoleon was fighting the German army, and of her arrogance in expecting the regency after his fall!

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

IN response to a request from a number of Christian ladies, the Woman's Department of the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, have decided to give a portion of their building to the setting forth of the religious and benevolent work of women. The results of woman's work in this department are to be represented by photographs, lithographs, reports, catalogues, tables of statistics, or in any way that shall fairly show how feminine energy has been employed for benevolence and religion. It is designed to report only such benevolent and religious institutions as were originated or are managed by women, the product of their heart and brain. Mrs. Governor Beveridge has charge of the Centennial interests of Illinois, and has appointed the following committee to take the work in hand: Mrs. Hoge, Chicago, is to arrange all items in regard to Sanitary Commission work, Homes of the Friendless, the work of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and Presbyterian Aid and Church-furnishing Societies. Mrs. Fallows, Chicago, will look after the Statistics of Hospitals, Children's Homes, the Foreign Missionary Societies, and the Aid Societies of the Episcopal Church. Miss Mary Evarts, Chicago, is to gather the facts about the Magdalen work of the State, Woman's Boarding-houses that are carried on upon a benevolent basis, Homes for the Aged; also the Foreign Mission work, and the Aid and Home Benevolent Societies of the Baptist Church. Miss F. E. Willard, Chicago, is to find the facts about the Temperance work and Industrial Schools of the State. Mrs. Emily H. Miller, Evanston, is to secure the Statistics of Woman's Benevolent Educational work, and of Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes. Mrs. Blatchford is to secure a representation of the Foreign Mission work of the Congregationalists. Mrs. Willing is to gather the facts about Methodist Foreign Missions and Home Aid Societies, as well as those of the Hebrews, Catholics, Christians, and other denominations not otherwise provided for.

—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees

of the Children's Home, held January 21st, a resolution was passed tendering a vote of thanks to the ladies of the Second Presbyterian Church for their active interest in the Children's Home, and for \$675.55, received from them for the building fund, the proceeds of a fair held at the church.

—In Buffalo, New York, the Friendly Inn, established by Mrs. Kenyon and Mrs. Benson, has been taken under the auspices of the Union, and is proving very successful.

—The Bethel Home Meeting in Chicago is also conducted by ladies, and with an average attendance of one hundred and fifty men. Eight hundred drinking men have signed the pledge, and many have been converted.

—Mrs. Mary Livermore has been made President of the Woman's Temperance Union of Massachusetts. The State Convention met in South Boston, November 30th, Mrs. S. A. Gifford presiding. Mrs. Gifford is one of the ablest temperance workers in New England.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Philadelphia has opened a Home, on North Thirteenth Street, for the reformation of inebriate women. Mrs. Bishop Simpson, Mrs. Dr. Hatfield, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Charles Scott, and Mrs. Harriet French, and other ladies of our denomination, are prominently active in this Union movement.

—In Chicago, there is a continuous revival in the daily temperance prayer-meeting. It is under the care of ladies. They always "lead the meeting;" yet four-fifths of those who attend are men. Nearly one thousand three hundred have signed the pledge, and many of them have entered upon a Christian life.

—Mrs. Henry, of Rockford, Illinois, has care of the woman's temperance work in that city. She claims drunken men as her wards. Taking them out of the hands of the police, she cares for them in the temperance rooms till they are sober; then she brings kindness to bear upon them, till they are induced to sign the pledge.

—At Morenci, Michigan, the Woman's Union have driven out the last liquor-dealer.

—Forty-five State conventions have been held during the past year by temperance women.

—The temperance ladies of New York hold meetings in the Water-street Mission every Sabbath evening.

—Mary Safford Blake writes from Salt Lake City, that twenty-five Mormon girls are studying medicine.

—In Maine, the Government furnishes all liquor for medical and medicinal uses. There is a Woman's Temperance Union in nearly every town in the State.

—Miss Elizabeth H. Doyle, of Providence, has been appointed a member of the female board of visitors to the State penal institutions. Miss Doyle is a sister of Mayor Doyle, and has been a prominent Providence teacher for some years.

—The wealthiest lady in America is the wife of Professor Gammell, of Brown University, Rhode Island. She has an income of nearly a million a year, her father's estate, which she has just inherited, being estimated at fully \$20,000,000.

—The Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Christian Association has begun a good work at its new rooms, at the north-west corner of Ninth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati. It is the work of finding employment for women who want work. The Branch has, in fact, established a sort of employment agency for women.

—"It may encourage others to work, to know that the temperance women of Syracuse are driving a most energetic and steady battle against rum. The evening prayer-meetings at the Temperance Friendly Inn have been well sustained. In the immediate vicinity of the Inn, the saloon trade has fallen off wonderfully. Several saloon men have failed."

—Mrs. Mary A. Johnson died at Indianapolis, Indiana, January 4th. She had long been prominently connected with the temperance work. Years before the Crusade, she gave almost her whole time to the cause. She was possessed of commanding talent, of a noble personal presence, and wielded a

trenchant pen. She was ever ready to sacrifice time, labor, and money in the cause of humanity.

—Professor Tyler has been writing for *Scribner* concerning the young women in Michigan University. He reports them as being proficient, well-behaved, and healthy.

—Miss Alta M. Hulett, the lady lawyer of Chicago, Illinois, is gaining practice, and is said to appear in the courts with ease and confidence, and with an ability decidedly above that of the average lawyer. She is ready in debate, and is never taken by surprise.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Philadelphia opened, during the Winter, a Temperance Coffee-house and Reading-room at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. It is designed especially to meet the needs of the car-drivers of the Seventh Avenue and Broadway Railway lines, and to counteract the evil influence of the many liquor saloons in that locality.

—The ladies of Walnut Hills, Ohio, have recently opened a new Temperance Hall, in which they expect to hold five meetings each week. At the opening services, Mrs. M. Norton read the Scripture lessons, and Mrs. E. Woolman sent up earnest supplication for a blessing upon the new room. "Considerable success has followed the labors of the past few months. The Band of Hope has been gathered, and the steady, faithful visitations of ladies to darkened homes has resulted in much good."

—Mrs. Whitney, an accomplished Christian lady of Newark, New Jersey, has just gone with her husband and family to Japan. She speaks the Japanese language, and is acquainted with minister Mori and many of the nobility, who have arranged for them to live on the government grounds, and a house is being built for them. This is an honor never before extended to foreigners. Mrs. Whitney is to associate with the ladies of rank, that they may learn from her American manners and customs. She is a fine representative. Our country may well be proud of her in this representative position. Mr. Whitney is to take charge of a commercial college.

ART NOTES.

OLYMPIAN DISCOVERIES.

FROM time to time, in these columns, reference has been made to the indifference of our Government to art and archæology, as compared with the Governments of Europe. Nearly three years ago, the suggestion was made to unite the collegiate and educated men of this country into a society for excavations on the sites of old civilizations, for the purpose of founding at some central point a museum of archæology that should aid our scholars, and be a stimulus to our younger students. At that time we invited our professors of Greek—as Van Benschoten, of the Wesleyan; Kistler, of the North-Western; Codrington, of Syracuse, and others—to lead in this enterprise of inaugurating an expedition to Greece. Now comes the inspiring report of Professor Curtius, of the Berlin University, touching the operations of the commission which has been sent out by the German Government to excavate on the site of Olympia. It is most familiar ground to every classical scholar. Every tyro in classical history knows that here, for more than a thousand years, were celebrated the Olympic games, which brought to this spot an assemblage collected from a wider region than could be touched by any other power. The ancient historians agree that these contests, commingling so strangely physical prowess, artistic adornment, and religious sanction, were celebrated with a pomp and splendor entirely unrivaled. Hence on this spot were found richest art collections,—temples, statues, votive offerings, etc.,—that caused Olympia to be second only to Athens in the magnificence of its appointments. The profound Greek historian and archæologist, Professor Ernst Curtius, spent many years in study and travel in Greece preparatory to writing his profound history of the Peloponnesian War. While engaged in these preparatory studies, the subject of art also occupied much of his thought. By diligent examinations of Pausanias, who visited Olympia in the second century of our era, Professor Curtius was convinced that the works that Pausanias describes as still standing in his day might

yet be tolerably preserved beneath the stratum of mud and slime deposited in the bed of the river Alpheios. Under the force of this conviction, he induced the German Government to send the expedition, the report of whose discoveries is producing intensest interest among the learned of all lands. It would seem that, after employing a force of one hundred and twenty-five men for weeks, they have at last reaped abundant reward for all their labors. Among other important objects already discovered, may be mentioned a colossal male *torso*, probably a fragment of the renowned statue of Zeus, that was represented in a sitting posture in the middle of the east gable of the temple, as arbiter of the combatants engaged in the Olympian contests. Should this prove true, and the remaining portions of this statue be discovered, one of the most renowned works of all antiquity will have been brought again to the light. Another statue exhumed is that of the Goddess of Victory (Niké), and seems to be “the first authenticated statue of a Greek sculptor of the fifth century before Christ.” Besides these are others of equal interest, which seem to confirm the accuracy and fidelity of Pausanias as an historian and a close student of art. It would seem that the work has only fairly begun, and expectation is on tiptoe awaiting further report. It is understood that the Germans can not remove any statues (except duplicates) from Greece, but are permitted to take plaster casts of every thing discovered. A moldier accompanies the expedition, and it is probable that the museums of the West will soon be greatly enriched with casts of these most interesting works. Since the very sensible suggestion of Dr. J. P. Newman, that our Government should make an appropriation for archæological purposes, has been received with a sneer even by the *New York Sun*, whose editor is the classic Dana, it is plain that the only way in which we can supply our great need is by generous private aid, and strong combinations of the colleges and learned societies throughout the country in some similar expedition.

—The tendency of modern thought is more and more to *comparative* studies; hence we now have "Comparative Anatomy," "Comparative Philology," "Comparative Theology," "Comparative Religion," etc. Art and archæology manifest a like tendency. The latest work of this kind has just been published by J. W. Bouton, New York, entitled "Monumental Christianity," by John P. Lundy, Presbyter. It is a book that has cost the author more than twenty years of labor, and is peculiar among its kind for introducing the comparison of heathen art representations with those of the early Christians relative to some of the Biblical teachings. The titles of the fourteen chapters will give a fair idea of the topics and range of discussion. They are as follows: I. Utility of Archæology; II. Structure of the Catacombs; III. Monuments and Art Teachings of the Catacombs; IV. *Disciplina Arcana*, the Mysteries; V. God, the Father Almighty; VI. Jesus Christ Divine; VII. The Good Shepherd; VIII. Jesus Christ as Human; IX. Jesus Christ as Sufferer; X. Hades: The Tree of Life; The Mystic Ladder; XI. The Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; XII. The Communion of Saints; XIII. The Forgiveness of Sin; XIV. Resurrection; Life Everlasting. The author, in introducing some specimens of heathen art, has contributed something in religious art to those comparative studies that are certainly greatly enlarging our field of vision, and binding the whole family together into a closer brotherhood, by showing a common origin, common religious and æsthetic impulses, and a common struggle to get back to the loving heart of a common Father. We can commend this book as a stimulus to thought.

—The criticism by the *Nation* of the system of drawing taught by Mr. Walter Smith in the Massachusetts public-schools is awakening much attention and feeling. It is but natural that the friends of Mr. Smith should feel hurt, and come to the rescue of their master. It would not be regarded exceptional if some degree of warmth should be aroused by the controversy. It is a well-known fact that publishers of school-books are largely manufacturers of public opinion of the merits of such books; and it is too

often difficult to get an honest expression of opinion from competent parties. Mr. Smith's drawing course is no exception to this state of things. It is therefore a good service done by the *Nation* to the general public when it exposes the imperfect and artificial system which has been imposed on Massachusetts, and, through her example, on many other States. It must be conceded that the following, at least, is eminently true: "No system of instruction in other than purely mechanical drawing, no system of drawing which contemplates design as an end, is good, unless its prime and constant object be to train the eye and the hand so as to become the skilled instruments of expression; in other words, instruments for the expression of individual thought, feeling, and fancy. Among the first and essential processes of this training is the education of the powers of observation and delineation of natural objects. It is a sufficient condemnation of the Massachusetts system that it practically pays no attention to the careful study and delineation of nature. Not one of the examples selected in the report is of a natural object. . . . Good design for industrial purposes is not likely to be the result of a system from which the study of nature is omitted, and much less any thing that in a proper sense deserves the name of art."

—"Music has its logical aspects, and much music has been written whose merit is chiefly of a logical character. Indeed, all music rests on a strictly mathematical basis. Penetrate beneath the outer garniture of sweet sound, and you shall find yourself confronted by an elaborate system of principles, whose observance is as essential to the musician as the mathematical principles of construction are to the architect. Indeed, from this point of view, music presents many resemblances to architecture. Like Michael Angelo, the Titan of architects, Beethoven, the Titan of musicians, erects his gigantic temples of sound on a basis of truth indestructible as the universe. The unraveling of the mysteries of counterpoint is like learning a new language. The free activity of the spirit in these apparent fetters is far more difficult than the effort of the poet to compress his amplitude of sig-

nificance into the music-box of the sonnet, or, like a new Ganymede, to sit firmly astride the soaring eagle of the ode. It is from the side of these mathematical principles of construction that music addresses the logical understanding. The interest of many compositions depends largely upon the skill of their construction, and in all this interest is a factor in the total interest. Indeed, Euler, the celebrated mathematician is said to have composed, without any knowledge of music, an elaborate fugue, on scientific principles alone; this fugue, although strictly correct, and looking very well on paper, proved ear-splitting in its performance. The interpretation of a composition, from this point of view, if the term interpretation is here at all applicable, means the recognition of the principles of counterpoint employed in its construction, and is therefore mainly for the technical musician. The analogies, however, between the architectonic of music and the architectonic of the soul, between the up-piling of musical temples and the building of that inner temple whose light is the everlasting Spirit of God, are many and important."—*L. J. Block, in Journal of Spec. Philosophy.*

—Rome has of late become the center of a new interest,—an interest connected not alone with antiquity, but with the living, active present. Every new correspondent from this center dwells more on matters of current importance than on historic glories. All agree that the Italian capital is seething with agitation and discussion. A most interesting meeting was recently held in one of the palaces on the Campidoglio, which was attended by over two hundred representatives of provinces, universities, scientific bodies, senators, and deputies. The object was to collect money for the erection of a monument to Alberico Gentili, the first who wrote on the international laws of peace and war. It is a most significant fact that the ashes of this man, who was banished from Italy in the sixteenth century on account of his advocacy of Protestant principles, and died as one of the professors of Oxford University, should now be sought out in their foreign resting-place, to be transferred to that great Pantheon of modern Italy,—the Church of Santa Croce,

at Florence. Here together are now collected monuments to such men as Dante, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo, and others,—all Protestants against slavery and bigotry of mind.

—Sweden is to be represented at the Fine Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition by ninety-six paintings, including works by Waldberg, Count Rossen, Berg, and many other Scandinavian artists with whose names we are not familiar on this side the Atlantic.

—It is reported that the statuary layer of one of the quarries of West Rutland, Vermont, reached and raised during the past Summer, yielded three hundred and thirty-three blocks, whose average value was one thousand dollars each. The average cost of cutting and raising each block from the bed was seventeen dollars.

—In the action brought by Connelly, the sculptor, in the Florentine courts against Healy, for libel, in charging that Connelly did not model his own designs, but hired Italian workmen to do it, Healy was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, and the payment of two hundred dollars' fine. Thus is Connelly exonerated, but the quarrel thus engendered is exceedingly unfortunate.

—We call attention to the fact that D. Appleton & Co. have published a very fine steel line engraving, intended as a gift to subscribers to their *Journal*, representing Dickens sitting in his library at Gadshill. The portrait is said to be an excellent likeness of him in the best period of his life. He is sitting at his desk in a thoughtful mood, and all the surroundings, as it is said, are accurate representations of the scene.

—It is a pleasant conceit that has placed over the grave of Agassiz a granite boulder from the Aar glacier in Switzerland,—the glacier on which he spent so many Summers when collecting materials for his works on glaciers. This block is about four feet high and weighs about two thousand pounds. It was transported from its bed with very great difficulties, and perhaps forms the most unique monument in all the multitudes of costly structures in Mount Auburn, though boulders have been so used elsewhere.

SCIENTIFIC.

MATURITY OF TIMBER-TREES.—A paper in the "Transactions of the Scottish Arbicultural Society," contains the following information with regard to the time required for various kinds of timber-trees to reach maturity: "The oak can never be cut down so profitably when small as when well matured, and having plenty of heart-wood. The timber is seldom of much value until it has reached the age of one hundred years. Ash can be cut down more profitably in its young state than any other of the hard-wood trees. When clean grown, and from thirty to forty years old, it is in great demand for handle-wood, and for agricultural implements. Birch can be used profitably at about forty years old. Horse-chestnut, when grown on good soil and in a sheltered position, can be cut down when it attains large dimensions. Elms (Scotch and English) should never be cut until they are from eighty to one hundred years old. Sycamore, growing in good soil, may be cut down when about one hundred years old."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES IN 1875.—"The year 1875 will ever be a memorable date in the history of geographical discovery. Within the twelvemonth, two of the most important questions of African geography have been settled; and, in the far north, the demonstration of an open water-way between Europe and the countries drained by the great Siberian rivers is perhaps the most important addition to geographical science that could be made in polar regions. For twenty years the source of the Nile has been the goal of the explorer's ambition. The boldest spirits have essayed its discovery, only to be turned back by insuperable obstacles. Its conquest waited for the plucky energy and resistless push of Stanley. Starting from Zanzibar in November, 1874, . . . by dint of resolute marching and fighting, he accomplished in a hundred days what, in the usual course of African travel, would have taken as many weeks, and on February 27th, he caught his first glimpse of the great lake with which hereafter his name will be inseparably connected. Of the ten

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considerable streams which feed the Nyanza, the largest and most important proved to be the Shiniceyn, in all probability the ultimate source of the Nile. In the mean time, Cameron has taken up the unfinished work of Livingstone, and has overcome the obstacles that baffled that veteran explorer, and accomplished the longest journey ever made by any adventurer in that continent. No other explorer ever crossed the continent so near the equator, and none save Stanley ever accomplished so much in so little time. His path lay through the most difficult and dangerous part of Africa, from Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo. The theory of Livingstone has been disproved, and not the Nile, but the Congo, receives the drainage of the great interior basin of the continent. Less significant geographically, but of far greater promise commercially, is Professor Nordenskjöld's discovery of an open passage by sea between Europe and Northern Asia. According to Professor Baers, the valley of the Obi Irtsh and the Yenisei exceed in extent the combined areas watered by the Don, the Dnieper, Dniester, Po, Rhone, Nile, Ebro, and all the other rivers flowing into the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Sea of Marmora. The attainment of the pole would give greater renown to the explorer who should succeed in reaching it; but the consequences to mankind would be insignificant compared with those quite certain to flow from this much-needed water-way to the heart of Asia."—*Scientific American*.

EFFECT OF RAIN ON SEA WAVES.—It is a common saying among sailors that heavy rain falling on the sea stills the motion of the waves; or, as they phrase it, the "rain soon knocks down the sea." Professor Osborne Reynolds, of Owens College, Manchester, has made experiments which demonstrate that the saying is founded on fact; for when drops of water fall on the surface of water, they do not only produce the usual rings, but they drive some of the surface water downward in series of rings which increase in size. To replace the water car-

ried down, some of the under water would have to rise to the surface. "When," says the Professor, "the surface is disturbed by waves, besides the vertical motion, the particles move backward and forward in a horizontal direction, and this motion diminishes as we proceed downward from the surface. Therefore, in this case, the effect of rain-drops will be to convey the motion which belongs to the water at the surface down into the lower water, where it has no effect, so far as its waves are concerned; and hence the rain would diminish the motion at the surface, which is essential to the continuance of the waves, and thus destroy the waves."

RATE OF GROWTH IN CORALS.—An interesting account of the rate of growth of corals is given, in a letter addressed to Professor Dana, by Professor Le Conte, and published in *Silliman's American Journal*. The following portion is of importance: "Professor Agassiz and his party were at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas. Dr. William M. Jones and myself had gone to examine an island about eight or ten miles to the north-west. On returning to Fort Jefferson in a small boat, when about half-way between the two islands, and in the still shoal water on the inside of the line of reefs, to our great surprise the boat suddenly grounded on the close-set prongs of an extensive grove of madrepores. On examining closely the trees of this grove, we found: 1. That the prongs were far more thickly set than is usual in this species; 2. That all the prongs, not only of the same tree, but of all the trees of the whole grove, grow up to nearly the same level, which, at the time examined, was very near the surface; 3. That all the prongs at that level were dead for a distance of one to three inches from the point. The lower limit of death seemed to be a *perfectly horizontal plane*. The dead points rose above it to various distances, not exceeding three inches. We rowed around the margin of this grove for a considerable distance, and found every-where the same phenomenon. I satisfied myself that the whole grove, for hundreds of acres in extent, had been clipped in a similar manner. On subsequent inquiry at Key West, I learned that the mean level of the ocean, owing probably to the prevalence of certain winds, was higher during

one portion of the year than during the other. It became evident, therefore, that during the high water the living points of the madrepores grow upward until the descending water level exposes and kills them down to a certain level. With the rise of the mean level again, new points start upward, to be again clipped at the same level by descending water. The levelness, the thick setting, and the deadness of the points, are all thus completely accounted for. It is the phenomenon of a clipped hedge beneath the sea."

INFLUENCE OF WATER ON CLIMATE.—At the late meeting of the British Association, Professor Hennessy read a paper on the "Influence of the Physical Properties of Water on Climate." The object of the paper was to contradict the opinion formerly expressed by Sir J. Herschel, that "water does not distribute heat in any thing like the same degree as land." According to Professor Hennessy, of all substances largely existing in nature, water is the most favorable to the absorption and distribution of solar heat. A sandy soil, such as that of the Sahara, although capable of exhibiting a very high temperature during the day, becomes cool during the night, and is one of the worst media for storing up the heat derived from sunshine. Water, on the contrary, stores up heat better than almost any other body." An objection was offered by Professor Everett, based on the generally accepted fact that the temperature of the Southern Hemisphere is lower than that of the Northern, despite the greater predominance of water in the former. This Professor Hennessy denied to be the fact.

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CORK.—It is stated in a French journal, *Le Charbon*, that experiments made at Bordeaux with cork, as a substance for developing illuminating gas, have led to such good results that it is proposed to establish a cork gas-house in that city. The waste of cork-cutting shops is distilled in close vessels, and the flame of the resulting gas is more intense and whiter than that of coal-gas. The blue portion of this flame is much less, and the density of the gas much greater, than that of common illuminating gas.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

ACCURACY OF SCRIPTURE.—We read, in Daniel v, 30, that when Darius took Babylon, Belshazzar, the king of it, was in the city, and in "that night was Belshazzar, King of the Chaldeans, slain." Herodotus, the Greek historian, gives an account of the matter which, until of late years, seemed totally irreconcilable with Daniel's narrative. He informs us that the King of Babylon, whose name was Labynetus, was absent when the city was taken; that he sought shelter in Barsippa; that Cyrus attacked him there, took him, stripped him of his regal dignity, but allowed him to retire and to spend the rest of his life in ease in Caramansa. The two statements appear to be contradictory, and that the credit of historic veracity must be denied either to Daniel or to Herodotus. Thus stood the matter, when Sir Henry Rawlinson, the celebrated Oriental scholar, discovered, in his Eastern researches, one of those cylinders, on which historic records used to be written in the cuneiform character by the ancients. Having deciphered the writing on this relic of antiquity, it was discovered that, at the time of the capture of Babylon, referred to by Daniel and Herodotus, there were two kings presiding over the empire, a father and his son; and thus we can understand that Herodotus speaks of the father, who escaped, while Daniel speaks of the son, who was slain. This unsuspected fact not only reconciles the prophet and the historian, but explains an otherwise inexplicable expression in Daniel, where it was promised to the prophet by Belshazzar, that, if he could explain the writing on the wall, he would make him the third ruler in the kingdom. (Daniel v, 16.) Now, why not the second ruler, as Joseph in similar circumstances had been made in Egypt? The cylinder answers the question; there were two kings in Babylon, and therefore the place next to the throne could be only the third rulership in the kingdom. A very short time before the discovery which so triumphantly reconciles the seeming contradiction, which cast a shade of suspicion on Daniel's accuracy, Mr. F. W. Newman had written these words in Kitto's

Cyclopædia, "No hypothesis will reconcile this account with the other;" an instructive lesson this, teaching us to give the sacred writers credit for accuracy, even though we may be unable to explain facts which seem to impeach it.

WHO NAMED THE COLLEGES?—Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the College £779, and a library of over three hundred books. Williams College was named after Col. Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia. Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the College. Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the College, and was President of the Board of Trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

WRONG AND RIGHT USE OF WORDS.—*Aggravate*.—This word should never be employed in reference to persons, as it means merely to add weight to, to make an evil more oppressive; injury is aggravated by insult. It is sometimes improperly used in the sense of *irritate*, as "I was much aggravated by his conduct."

Balance, in the sense of rest, remainder, residue, remnant, is an abomination. Balance is, metaphorically, the difference between two sides of an account,—the amount necessary to make one equal to the other.

Bountiful is applicable only to persons. A giver may be bountiful, but his gift can not; it should be called plentiful or large. "A bountiful slice" is absurd.

Fetch expresses a double motion,—first from and then toward the speaker; it is exactly equivalent to "go and bring," and ought not to be used in the sense of "bring" alone.

Calculate, besides its sectional misuse for *think* or *suppose*, is sometimes, in the participial form calculated, put for *likely* or *apt*: "That nomination is calculated to injure the party." It is *calculated* (designed) to do no such thing, though it may be likely to.

Citizen should not be used except when the possession of political rights is meant to be implied. Newspaper reporters have a bad habit of bringing it out on all occasions, when "person," "man," or "by-stander" would express their meaning much better.

Couple applies to two things which are bound together or united in some way. "A couple of apples" is incorrect; *two* apples is what is meant.

Dirt means filth, and is not synonymous with earth or soil; yet people sometimes speak of a dirt road, or of packing dirt around the roots of trees they are setting. They mean earth.

Execute.—When a murderer is hanged, his *sentence* is executed, the *man* is not. A man can not be executed,—that is, followed out or performed. And we say, a culprit is *hanged*, while pictures are *hung*.

Expect looks always to the future. You can not expect that any thing has happened or is happening, but only that it will happen.

Get means to obtain, not to possess. "He has *got* all the numbers of the newspaper;" "Have you *got* good molasses?" "They have *got* bad manners." Why will people persist in introducing the word in such sentences as these, where it is evidently superfluous?

Help Meet.—An absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife—is too common. The sentence in Genesis is, "I will make him an help meet for him;" that is, a help *fit* for him. There is no such word as help-meet.

Love rules the heart, not the stomach. You *love* your wife, or ought to; but favorite articles of food you *like*.

Observe should not be used for *say*, as in the oft-heard sentence, "What did you *observe*?"

HOW MUCH ROOM IN HEAVEN?—A writer has taken the pains to calculate the size and dimensions of the New Jerusalem, as shown in the Apocalyptic vision of Saint John:

"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs; the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." (Rev. xxi, 16.) He says: "Twelve thousand furlongs is 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubical feet. Now, reserve one-half of the above for the throne of God and court of glory, and one-half of the remainder for streets, and divide the remaining one-fourth; namely, 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room 16 feet square and 16 feet high, and the product is 3,032,184,375,000,000 rooms. Now, suppose that this earth always did, and always will, contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, from creation unto the expiration of 100,000,000 years; that a generation continues thirty-three and a third years, or that 2,700,000,000 persons pass into heaven every one hundred years, and that 1128 such worlds existed, equal in duration, in population, and in contribution to the population of heaven, there would be a room 16 feet square and 16 feet high for each; and 'yet there would be room,'—84,373 rooms unoccupied."

PARCHMENT.—More than 3,000 years ago parchment was manufactured; the original Scriptures were written upon it. The finest, which is in our day known by the name of "vellum," is used to a considerable extent for recording important matters, such as documents to be placed in corner-stones of public buildings, deeds, etc., as it will not readily burn, and is comparatively indestructible. Vellum is made from the skins of very young calves, kids, and lambs, by a process of liming to remove the hair and fatty substances, then carefully stretched on a frame, and, with an instrument called a moon knife, scraped on both sides; the flesh side is then covered with fine chalk and rubbed with pumice-stone, and, after being leveled and dried, is polished with a preparation of gum arabic and white of eggs.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE HOME OF THE EAR-SHELL, AND THE NUTMEG.

DID you ever see one of the beautiful flesh-tinted ear-shells, shaped so very much like the human ear as to seem almost a model? It is a very rare shell, found only on one little island, where a perfect specimen is worth more than a hundred dollars, and very few have traveled so far as our country. Amboyna, the native home of this lovely little shell, is one of the Spice Islands, and has been, for nearly three centuries, under the scepter of Holland. The nutmeg grows here to great perfection, gorgeously tinted tropic flowers dot the fields, and the most beautiful ferns I ever saw, some of them twice the height of a man, dip their feathery fringes into the clear waters of the bay that divides the two peninsulas of which the island is composed. On the coast are extensive factories for storing, selling, and shipping the spices; and behind them, as far as the eye can reach, stretch plantations of nutmeg-trees, whose blossoms and fruit fill the air with fragrance. In form the nutmeg-tree resembles the peach-tree, but the foliage and fruit look like our sugar-pear. When ripe, the *outershell* expands sufficiently to reveal the crimson *mace*, folded over a glossy black shell, which in turn incloses the nutmeg as we see it in commerce. A great variety of beautiful shells are found on the shores of this island; and the Chinese, who are by far the most thrifty portion of the population, drive a brisk trade in shells and corals, shipping to European houses in Singapore and Canton, and amassing fortunes by the traffic. They are also largely engaged in the cultivation and sale of spices, and their plantations are said to be the best on the island. Whatever John Chinaman does, he does well, and, of course, he reaps the reward of his painstaking, persevering labors. Here, on this island, his unflagging industry is so strikingly in contrast with the indolence of the European residents; his neatness and thrift, so unlike the filth and squalor of the Malays; and his patient good-humor under all circumstances, so imperturbable, that a Chinese citizen is not only gen-

erally respected, but a universal favorite. They hold many offices of honor and profit in the island; and, by the annual payment of a trifling poll-tax, they are permitted to have in their own quarter a Chinese police force, inspector-general, and post-captain, with whom alone they have to deal in all affairs among themselves; though the officers report, at stated times, to the local Dutch authorities. It is now about two centuries and a half since the first Chinese emigrants landed in Amboyna; but, though they have intermarried with the Malays of the island, they have invariably reared their children as Chinese. The offspring, no less than the fathers, speak Chinese, wear the Chinese dress, and observe all the religious and national festivals of their paternal ancestors; and, by some strange freak of nature, they seem invariably to inherit the identical high cheek-bones, square foreheads, and oblique eye, that are the birthright of Celestials of unmixed descent.

The entire population of this lovely island is scarcely forty thousand for both peninsulas, and of these some twelve thousand reside within the settlement. Fronting on the most lovely bay in the world stands Fort Victory, its immense walls so completely overshadowing the town that, approaching from the sea-board, it is scarcely visible. From the rear, however, it is replete with rural beauty. It is composed of three perfectly distinct quarters, of which the European is nearest the citadel. In this section the houses are all painted or plastered white, and with their graceful verandas, flower-crowned terraces, and abundant shade-trees, they seem invitingly cool and pretty. To the left is the Malay *Campong*, with bamboo huts, and their low thatched roofs sloping down to a little stream in front, and the rear often hidden by the jungle-growth that is suffered to intrude to the very doors of the cabins, giving them an air of shadowy gloom. Strikingly in contrast is the neat and cheery air of the Chinese quarter, where each house is adorned with painted silk lanterns, and gayly colored screens that freely admit the breeze, while they keep out prying eyes.

Thus the "homes" of the three races perfectly portray the national character of each.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

MARCH.

Ah, here comes young March, thinking, too, I dare say,

"Now I'll have a good time in my own wild way;"
His breath is a breezy nor'wester, and lo,
Here come the clouds flying and strewing their snow.

And March laughs to himself, as he says in his glee,
"They'll get no sweet nonsense, I'll warrant, from me,—

I'll keep up the fashion of snowing and blowing,
And leave it to April to set things a-growing."

He takes up the scepter that Winter laid down;
He mimics his manners and puts on his frown,
Pearl-powders his locks, shouts loud as he goes,
And smiles as he thinks, "There's nobody knows."

Ah, young March, you may bluster as much as you will,

We know all your wild ways, but trust in you still.
You will yet set a tune for the bluebirds to sing,
And braid a green garland in honor of Spring.

You may pile up your drifts as high as the moon,
But you'll tire of the game, jolly fellow, right soon;
For now, while you're frolicking, unseen below,
The crocus is donning her bonnet of snow.

Yes, play at your pranks, and heap up your snows.
But deep down in the mold not a rootlet but knows
It is time to be stirring; and all, wide awake,
Are planning sweet plans for the Spring's dear sake.

The fairies are plying their looms night and day
To weave for the lilies their lovely array,
Coaxing gently the shy little snow-drop up,
And carving the gold for the cowslip's cup.

So marshal your forces and pipe your wild song,
We will laugh with you too, for it will not be long
Till you, good March, will bring us a gift of fine weather,

When you, we, and the bluebirds will all sing together.

LUELLA CLARK.

BOOKS.

WHAT a common thing a book is! Thousands and thousands have been printed, and the cry is "Still they come!" But there was a time when there was no such thing as a book, when all knowledge had to be handed down by word of mouth, or, as it is called, "oral tradition." In those days even writing had not yet been invented, and consequently there was no reading.

When at length writing was invented, the difficulty was what to write on. Some nations, like the ancient Mexicans, wrote their histories on the sides of rocks; others, like the Ninevites, on the walls of their houses, or bricks and tiles and crockery-ware.

But rocks and walls and bricks and vases were not books, and were of little use in the diffusion of knowledge. You had to go to the rock or wall, they would not come to you; and as for bricks and crockery-ware, they were movable but not very portable. It was not convenient to carry about a pocket edition of a work in the shape of a brick, or to learn your lessons off your washing-jug.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and so various expedients were soon resorted to. The leaves of plants, the skins of animals, the bark of trees, all were used by man in the endeavor to communicate his ideas to his fellow-men.

In our modern books, so plentiful and so cheap, all these three expedients of our hard-pushed ancestors have left their trace. The book is still composed of *leaves*, showing its vegetable origin; and the material of those leaves is called *paper*, from the plant papyrus, on the leaves of which the Egyptians wrote. The Romans rolled up a number of skins to write upon, and called it a *volumen*, which is the Latin for a roll, whence we call a book a "volume."

Lastly, our Saxon forefathers used the barks of trees to write on, and especially the bark of the beech-tree. This bark they called "boc," and from that word is derived our present word "book."—*Old Merry.*

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

AMONG the amusements of German life, that bore, the so-called "musical party," is unknown. People who love music come together; they play their trios and quartets; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is no "showing-off" and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the evangelists; and, having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Bishop Lynch, of the Catholic Church, in his sermon at the dedication of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston, in December last, boasted of the marvelous progress of the Church in this country, because of the freedom it has enjoyed here, in contrast with what it possesses in other lands:

"God sometimes gives her a fair field for her labors. So it is in this age and in this country. Ignorance and prejudice she has to encounter, but thank God that here she has a fair field where we may preach her Gospel; where, thank God again, in her own government she is not trammelled by civil power; where she is recognized, and can act according to her own laws.

"This, God has granted to her in these Western lands for now one hundred years; and it has been a lesson to other nations. They have tried to trammel her, and what have they gained? Have they not all fallen from abyss to abyss, often the direct result of antichristian feeling? Here, on the contrary, where the Church has been free, the growth of all things has been like that in the early centuries."

Similar statements were made by Catholic orators on the occasion of the consecration of a cardinal last Spring. The statements were true. The rights of conscience and the largest freedom of opinion are guaranteed alike to the native-born citizen and to the foreigner who may come among us. The Austrian Catholic may build or hire a house for worship; may hold public meetings at pleasure; may print, publish, sell, loan, or give away what publications he may please in reference to his faith; may proselyte, without let or hinderance, whomsoever he can, with no fear of detriment or prejudice to himself or his converts; and hold any place in the Church to which he may be called,—as priest, bishop, or archbishop. This is American freedom; this is what is lauded so abundantly by Catholic orators in this country, as for the best interests of their Church.

How is it in Austria, where the influence

of the Catholic clergy has so long prevailed in the civil Government? What one of all the above rights and privileges, conceded to the Austrian Catholic in the United States, has the American Protestant in Austria? Every restriction which the most subtle ingenuity can devise is thrown in his way. He can enter no pulpit, he can hold no public service to preach the Gospel, he can not even occupy a room for a lecture or a Bible-reading, without official leave from the local authorities, which they are free to withhold; he can not sell or give away a book or tract, or even loan one, without risking the penalties of the law. Yet Romanism in this country boasts of religious freedom! Would it limit freedom to Catholics alone? Is this the "fair play" it so commends? Or has it behaved so badly in Austria, kept the people so ignorant, had a clergy so immoral, so tyrannical, that it is afraid of the light? We ask for Americans in Austria the same privilege which Austrians have in the United States. We ask for fair play, a free field, and we will abide the result. It is to be hoped that the enlightened ministry, now conducting so wisely the policy of the Austrian Government in other respects, will remove these restrictions to the free development of the intellectual and moral life of the people.

WOMAN'S MISSION WORK IN BURMA.—Rev. E. O. Stevens, missionary in Burma, thus writes upon the question, "How may missionary labors be carried on most effectually in behalf of Burmese women?" He says that he speaks of Burmese women especially, for the reason that they are the dominant race; hence whatever is done in their behalf can not but have an influence upon all the tribes from which the Burman race is constantly recruiting itself. He insists that the Christian women in the American Churches may most successfully bring to bear upon Burmese women the enlightening and elevating influences of a pure Christianity: First, "by sustaining mission-schools among them for the education of their daughters;" second, "by making some

provision for the medical treatment of Burmese women, and the nursing of the sick among them and their children;" third, "by furnishing Burmese women with direct instruction in the truths of Christianity." These points are argued at considerable length, and we commend the suggestions to those engaged in "woman's work for woman" in this country. Mr. Stevens's experience on the field is a valuable factor in the discussion of this question.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—The Lucknow *Witness* gives us the following information: "The whole number of Church members in North India is 1,889, a gain over last year of 322. Of this total, 261 are connected with the three English Churches in Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Allahabad; and of the year's increase, nearly fifty were at these places; the remaining 270 were added from the Hindoos and Mohammedans. During the year, 253 adults and 244 infants were baptized. Perhaps the most encouraging item in the figures is an increase of 1,000 children in the Sunday-schools. About 5,500 boys and girls, mostly heathen, are now assembled from Sunday to Sunday for the singing of Christian hymns, and for the receiving of instruction in the Word of God. The number of vernacular schools for boys is 84; for girls, 93; an increase of 35. The number of boys attending these schools is 3,226; of girls, 1,754; an increase of 1,167. Of Anglo-vernacular schools, there are 40, all but three being for boys; and the children in attendance number 3,035, an increase of 259. The total number of parsonages are valued at 1,061,904 rupees.

REVENUE FROM RUM AND TOBACCO.—The annual revenue derived from the duties upon spirits, malt, beer, wine, and tobacco, in Great Britain, amounts to nearly £40,000,000 sterling, or \$200,000,000. On the other hand, Great Britain loses, in consequence of this liquor consumption by her people, ten times as much in wealth, besides entailing crime, pauperism, and suffering without end.

MOHAMMEDANISM DECLINING.—The Khedive of Egypt, by a decree dated September 16th, has abolished the use of the Koran in the administration of the law. New laws (called the "Egyptian Code"), founded

upon the French laws, are to be exclusively used in the administration of justice. Tribunals formed after the manner of other nations were opened January 1st. A native school of laws has been established at Cairo. Previous to this change, the cadis administered the obscure law of the Koran very much at their individual pleasure.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.—A recent *Yokohama Gazette* says that the Japanese of all classes are intensely eager for the spread of education in their country. "Almost daily we read of the opening of new schools, and grants made by private individuals in aid of education." The Mitsu Bishi steamship company has recently established a merchant seamen's school at Tokio, and arrangements of the most liberal kind are made for the instruction and maintenance of the students. This change of public sentiment is truly extraordinary, and the schools which are being thus established will, ere long, work a complete revolution of the empire.

MISSIONS ABROAD.—The latest missionary statistics reported give the following totals of members: Africa, including Madagascar, 130,000; Europe, including Scandinavia and Germany, 53,500; Asia, 120,000; Polynesia, 70,000; America, North and South, 21,500; West Indies, 105,000; total, 500,000.

TRACTS AND BIBLES.—The annual figuring up by the publication societies shows that the American Tract Society has distributed, since 1835, over 40,000,000 of tracts. The Bible Society's receipts for the past year have been nearly \$600,000, and it issued in that time almost 1,000,000 copies of the Bible and Testament. During its existence it has distributed 32,000,000 copies.

CHRISTIAN HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN.—The Montreal Young Women's Christian Association is doing a serviceable work, by providing suitable boarding-houses for young women coming as strangers to the city for employment, introducing them to Churches of their own denomination, and seeing that influences about them are favorable to their temporal, moral, and spiritual welfare. They also have a reading-room and library accessible to Protestant young women, where they are surrounded by the comforts of a home.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SEVERE as the times have been, the Western Agents, Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, have published a goodly number of good and useful books during the last four years. One of the latest is *A Comprehensive History of Methodism*, in one volume, duodecimo, by James Porter, D. D., a well-known author and authority in Methodist history and polity. The first part embraces British Methodism, in two hundred and forty pages. The second part contains over three hundred and fifty pages, and brings American Methodism down to the present time. Bangs's history is too old, and Stevens's too bulky, for general circulation; so Dr. Porter steps in and supplies the want with a volume of moderate size, which would be cheap at two dollars, yet is offered to the public at one dollar and seventy-five cents, in consideration of a confident expectation of a large demand. Dr. Porter was prominent in the early abolition movements of New England; participated in the General Conference of 1844; made stout fight against lay delegation; and was cognizant of all the facts and phases of the Book Room troubles, and gives his own views, in a most catholic spirit, on all these questions and issues.

METHODISM seems not likely to be forgotten for lack of historians and eulogists. New histories, new exhibits of its polity, and new rehearsals of its successes, acquisitions, numerical strength, number of ministers, communicants, presses, schools, colleges, and other temporal and spiritual advantages, are periodically making their appearance. Just on the eve of a General Conference in which important questions of polity are likely to come up, Rev. Dr. J. T. Crane discusses with vigor and ability *Methodism and its Methods* (Nelson & Phillips; Hitchcock & Walden). His views touching the Church, the itinerancy, the episcopacy, and the presiding eldership, are highly worthy of the attention not only of the general reader, but of those who, during the month of May coming, will have all these topics under consideration, in the interest of needed changes, reforms, and modifications.

THE Holy Land is a theme of perennial interest. Any new information from that quarter of the globe is hailed with pleasure, and perused with eagerness bordering on enthusiasm. Bible-readers and Bible-lovers are glad of any aids to interpretation, any thing in the interest of elucidation, any thing in the way of confirmation, of the truth of the holy record. Dr. John P. Newman's *Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh*, published simultaneously by the Harpers and the Methodist Book Concerns, will furnish new light to readers on numerous points of Scriptural inquiry. The Doctor went around the world, and judiciously selects out of his trip the most interesting thousand miles out of the whole twenty-five thousand as the theme for his eloquent pen. Nothing in Europe, nothing in India, China, or the islands of the sea, moved him personally, or would move the mass of readers, like the description of a trip through Western Asia,—the scenes of the creation, flood, divine dispensation, and redemption. Dr. Newman's book is not beyond criticism; but a brief book notice, such as it is customary to give nowadays of every publication that comes out from the press, affords little opportunity for criticism. Indeed, elaborate criticism would be thrown away on the great mass of works that, like newspapers and magazines, are designed to be read for amusement, recreation, or a few grains of information, and then thrown aside, scarcely raising a ripple on the great surface of the literary ocean. This book betrays on every page the sanguine temperament of the author, his brilliant imagination, his almost Romish facility of accepting traditions, his disposition to see the bright side of every thing, and to make the best of every circumstance and situation. Those who travel have the right to tell travelers' tales. Dr. Newman and his "elect lady" (we wish he had found some better title by which to describe his good wife) have done the heroic, and are entitled to the honors, while we stay-at-homes share the benefits without encountering the inconvenience or incurring the dangers. Read in connection with the

treatises of scientific travelers and discoverers, this work will shed light on many points of inquiry, and will be read with unflagging interest from beginning to end.

A NICE tract to put into the hands of the skeptical is Rev. John Bagley's *Confessions of a Converted Infidel*, published by T. L. D. Walford, Richmond, Virginia, and sold by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee.

A CONVENIENT hand-book on an exceedingly important subject is Rev. N. Doane's little work on *Infant Baptism*, a treatise that needs extensive circulation in these days when the important ordinance of infant baptism is extensively ignored and neglected.

ONE of the numerous efforts to make the past live in the youthful mind through the imagination is that of Calvin E. Gardner, in the semi-fiction *Every Inch a King*, a story illustrating the reigns of David and Solomon, Kings of Israel, suggested by Dr. Vincent as a valuable aid to Biblical knowledge, and published by Nelson & Phillips. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

POPULARIZING works for youthful use is a valuable way of disseminating knowledge, especially the condensing from larger works, compressing into smaller compass useful information embodied in immense and expensive volumes. Rev. Z. A. Mudge publishes, through Nelson & Phillips, *North Pole Voyages*, with sketches, facts, and incidents of American efforts to reach the North Pole, from the second Grinnell expedition to that of the *Polaris*. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The Devil's Chain is an extravaganza from the prolific and intense pen of Edward Jenkins, M. P., author of "Ginx's Baby," and "Little Hodge." The chain consists of nine links, and is a series of pictures, rather than a well developed plot and story, of the tragic evils of intemperance. It strikes at the highest classes as well as the lowest, and shows how rum ruins all,—virtuous young man and virtuous young woman, lady in high life, college graduate, clergyman, skilled artisan; and all that government may reap a trifling advantage by way of taxation on the manufacture and sale of the infernal poison. It ends with the wreck of a noble ship

through the agency of this liquid "dynamite." We fear its tragic exhibitions and burning words will make little impression upon the British public. Nothing but a war like that that destroyed slavery will purge the social fabric from the evils of rum. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FRANK VINCENT, JR., is a diligent traveler, an acute observer, and a lively chronicler of what he sees. We read his "Land of the White Elephant," with great pleasure two years ago, and have enjoyed equally well his *Through and Through the Tropics* (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), particularly his descriptions of the Sandwich Islands and Australia. Mr. Vincent has reason to congratulate himself upon the popular favor with which his books are received.

THE Messrs. Harper also send us *Elijah the Prophet*, thirteen lectures on the prophet of Carmel, by Rev. William Taylor, D. D.; *Athenagoras*, the fourth volume of the series of Christian authors, now being published by the liberality of Mr. Benjamin Douglass, at Lafayette College, under the editorship of F. A. March, LL. D.; and *Christmas Stories*, by Charles Dickens, Household Series. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has written, within the last twenty years, many works of value to the English industrial classes, especially "Self Help," and, latterly, *Thrift*. We commend to the perusal of all classes his racily written and richly illustrated chapters—Industry, Habits of Thrift, Improvidence, Means of Saving, Methods of Economy, and a score of other things equally worthy of the attention of the American people, particularly of the so-called "working-classes," just at this juncture, when all classes, especially the poor, are reaping the bitter fruits of extravagance, waste, and thriftlessness. Only a true Christianity, everywhere diffused and practiced, will arrest the tide of recklessness, make men both industrious and economical. It is a great problem to be generous without being profuse, saving without being mean, industrious with due regard to mental and moral cultivation. It is a shame to the nineteenth century, if only one knew how to remedy it,

that highest wealth lies on the background of deepest poverty, highest culture in startling contrast with densest ignorance, vain efforts of grand benevolent operations in immediate contact with giant crime, suffering, poverty, and wickedness. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

DIARY.—*The Indexed Diary* is a unique affair, issued by the Erie Publishing Company, calendared, year, month, and day, for five years, after a most convenient fashion, with some four hundred blank pages for daily record.

EVERY inflationist and every anti-inflationist in the land should read *Currency and Banking*, by Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, England. The perusal of this little manual would tend to dissipate the thick ignorance which prevails, even among politicians, editors, bankers, and commercial men generally, on the great questions of the day. Section 3, of Chapter II, on "Inconvertible Banknotes," seems to have been written for the express benefit of the statesmen and ruling minds of our own Republic. There are only three chapters in the book, and every one of them is full of meaning. They are, "Metallic Currency; Paper Currency; What is a Bank?" Mr. Price indicates the true way out of our financial straits, if our statesmen had the knowledge, the will, and the ability to lead us out. There will be no end to our troubles,—Professor Price thinks,—as long as we suffer from the evils of an inconvertible paper currency. Our only way out is *the resumption, at the earliest possible moment, of specie payments and a metallic currency.* To reach this will entail labor, privation, and suffering on many, if not on all; but to this it must needs come, or business will continue stagnant, trade and manufactures will not move, the country will not prosper, and multitudes will linger in the purlieus of starvation and beggary. If resumption will cure our evils, may the good Lord and our astute politicians send it with all convenient speed! (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) May be ordered through Hitchcock & Walden, Western Methodist Book Concern. Every body who wants a clear idea of the nature and relations of money, business,

currency, and banks, should read this little volume.

A HANDSOME volume of three hundred pages, entitled *Household Elegancies*, comes from Henry T. Williams, New York (Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), edited by Mr. Williams, conjointly with Mrs. C. S. Jones. Its secondary title, "Suggestions in Household Art and Tasteful Home Decorations," fully indicates its scope and design. It treats of Leather, Wax, Cone, Spruce, Seed, Bead, and Spatter Work; also of Papier Maché, Glass Transparencies, Phantom Leaves, and Bouquets. Designs for embroidery upon canvas and card-board are given in great variety. Very few of the suggestions are entirely new, but the illustrations (of which there are nearly three hundred) are so life-like, the descriptions so lucid, and the materials so easily procurable and cheap, that the whole subject of home ornamentation appears to the reader in a new and most attractive light.

Inside the Gates is a sweet little volume on child-heaven, "children safely garnered" (of such is the kingdom of heaven), by Dr. J. H. M'Carty,—a store of comfort for bereaved fathers and mothers. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

FICTION.—From the Harpers, New York, we have received, *Halves*, by James Payn; *Owen Gwynn's Great Work*, by the author of "The Story of Wandering Willie;" *Victor and Vanquished*, by Mary Cecil Hay; and *Off the Roll*, by Katharine King. From D. Appleton & Co., *Geier-Wally: A Tale of the Tyrol*, by Wilhelmine Von Hillern; *The Little Joanna*, by Kamba Thorpe; and *Mrs. Limber's Raffle*; or, A Church Fair and its Victims,—a mild satire on certain doubtful Church enterprises,—all in paper covers. From Dodd & Mead, *The Bertram Family*, by the author of "Chronicles of the Schöenberg-Cotta Family."

NURSERY AND SEED CATALOGUES.—Vick's *Illustrated Floral Guide*, for 1876, Rochester, New York; D. M. Ferry's *Seed Annual*, Detroit, Michigan; Storrs, Harrison & Company's *Spring Catalogues of Nursery Trees, Bedding Plants, Roses, etc.*, Painesville, O; Briggs's *Floral Work*, 1876, Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OBITUARIAL.—In answer to the routine Disciplinary question asked by the presiding bishop at every annual conference, "Have any died?" we have it statistically reported that one hundred and thirty-five itinerant preachers last year finished their course and went to their reward. Brief notices of about one hundred of these are printed in the General Minutes for 1875. It is often said, "Our people die well." In looking over the accounts given of the last hours of these departed ministerial brethren, we may say, without undue boasting, "Our preachers die well." Some went suddenly, some in great pain, some sank into unconsciousness and so passed quietly away; but, in every instance where there were opportunities for testimony to the power of religion to save in the dying hour, it was freely, often triumphantly, given. It refreshes our hearts to look over this precious death-roll. In this fast and fastidious age, religious obituaries are voted a bore, and regarded as stale reading even by Church members. Few styles of reading are more edifying than biography, and obituary is only condensed biography. Religious obituary, like religious biography, is profitable reading, enjoyed by thousands, and useful both to mind and heart. Of course, it takes a good writer to write a good obituary. It does not improve it to stuff it with dates, platitudes, or commonplaces, or the reflections and eloquence of the composer. The experience of the subject is the material out of which an obituary should be made.

Our religious weeklies should be so supported by an ample subscription list that they could afford to do away with broadsides of advertisements (absolutely necessary now to float the paper), and then they could give a column or two to obituary notices, to the profit and pleasure of a large class of readers. The most surprising thing of all is to hear a conference of ministers growling about obituaries in our Church journals! Every one of the hundred and thirty-five preachers that died last year had not only his funeral, but a conference memorial service and a title to notice, varying from a paragraph or two to

one or two columns, in the crowded General Minutes, published at a losing expense by the Church. One would like to know if every one of the nineteen thousand five hundred members that died last year had not just as good a right to notice in our Church papers as the hundred and thirty-five preachers. Methodist laity die at the rate of three hundred to four hundred a week, but they are distributed all over the globe, and are the constituents of fifteen or twenty Church papers, religious weeklies, whose object mainly is to place religious matter before their readers; and what religious matter, the Bible being our guide, is better than religious biography?

Saying, as the Ohio Conference did at its recent session, in an adopted report which it gave a select committee a year to prepare, "no obituaries" in the *Advocate*, which that Conference is pledged to sustain, is equivalent to saying, that, though the laity have a right to die, they have no right to mention after death in a paper created and sustained by their own money.

Last words, words spoken in the presence of death, eternity, and a near God, are a treasured legacy to survivors. Of the poorest and meanest son of Adam, even of the criminal on the gallows, it is eagerly asked, "How did he die?" "What were his dying words?" What wonder, then, that Christians prize the dying testimonies of the saints, and, that there is a wide-spread desire, quite beyond the circle of actual acquaintance, to learn how our departed fellow-mortals wrestled with the grim destroyer! The General Minutes for 1875 satisfy this instinctive desire in reference to a hundred heralds of the cross. It will help us both in living and dying to heed and treasure the utterances of dying officers of the militant host. Let us listen to a few of them. The good Henry Furlong said to his children: "Aim at high attainments in religion, and let your characters shine through your lives. Give my love to the brethren, and tell them I die on the Rock." The veteran Henry Slicer said, "My ministry counts for nothing now; my trust is only in the Mediator." In the

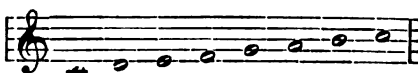
dreams of a sick-bed the voice of the devoted Eddy rang out with the old missionary fervor, "We must, we can, we will conquer! *Forward*, is the word; sing and pray, ETERNITY DAWNS!" Milton Hysore exclaimed, in the midst of a sermon, "Jesus saves me; saves me now!" and fell in the pulpit, never to speak again. J. R. West's last words were, "A band of angels waits to waft my spirit home: halleluiah!" I. D. King said, "My name is King, but I am not crowned yet; I expect soon to get my crown. All is bright and clear, and I shall soon be home!" Robert Kemp, "Now I lie down to sleep in Jesus!" William Grace, "O, the glory that shines around me!" J. A. Little, "These are the happiest moments of my life!" Stephen D. Brown, "I have been preparing for this hour for many years!" E. L. Janes, the Bishop's twin brother, "It is all bright to me; how could I doubt? how could I doubt?" John Trippett, "I have no fear of death; for fifty-four years I have not lost my peace with God." Alonzo Wood's last intelligible words, "Almost to Jesus!" George Jenkins, "Not a cloud overshadows my spiritual skies; all is well." A. A. Farr, "I have tried for a long time to be ready for two things, to preach and to die; I am ready to go home." John Hanlon, "Eternity is near; eternity, eternity! it is sweet to die in Jesus." John S. George, "I never thought I could draw near to death and feel so calm." James M'Millan, "O the preciousness of Jesus!" To his wife he said, "We have been very dear to each other, but Jesus is dearer than all." John Klien, "I am so inexpressibly happy now that I have given all into the hands of God! glorious, all glorious." Daniel De Motte, "All is well! blessed Jesus!" Joseph White, "Come Jesus; take me." John Blanpied, "The Lord is letting me down gently; happy in the Lord." J. W. Yokom, "Hark! I hear them! I see them!" Douglas Reagh went repeating the dying words of John Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." Micah Purkhiser, "The wires are laid and the poles are all up from 'Stony Point' to headquarters!"

Such are the sweet and precious testimonies gleaned from a hasty glance through the biographical notices of a hundred and thirty-five ministers in a single year. What

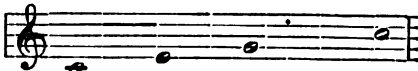
a precious re-enforcement if we could add the choice sayings out of the obituary notices of nearly twenty thousand sainted members! and what a treasury of good things the Church of God would lose, if we should follow the Ohio Conference opinion in the Church papers,—“no obituaries!”

BELLS.—A recent writer calls attention to the fondness of Charles Dickens for bells, particularly for chimes, which are common in all European countries, and becoming increasingly common in this country. Fifty years ago, towers and spires and bells were as obnoxious to Methodists as to Quakers, and to this day few Methodist churches in large cities have bells in their steeples. In the country the bell is a necessity, in the absence of church-clocks and standard time. Romish churches have one bell, or a peal, or full chime, according to ability, and Protestants are rapidly following their example. In every village inland, Sunday morning is ushered in with a chorus of bells, often clanging as discordantly as the creeds of their owners. By a little agreement a half dozen sects, with half a dozen church bells, might have them tuned, as they are cast at the foundry, to certain letters of the musical scale, by which they would give forth harmony, instead of discord, when they are rung in concert.

A friend recently inquired about chimes and their cost. For his information we sent to our old friend and former parishioner, Octavius Jones, Esq., of the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy, New York, and obtained full particulars, a few of which may interest the general reader. And first, the difference between a chime and a peal of bells. The chime follows the musical scale, and eight bells would be required to represent the eight notes of the natural scale.



A peal might be made with three bells,—first, third, and fifth; or with four,—first, third, fifth, and eighth, thus:



The number of bells in a chime varies indefinitely. That in the Metropolitan Method-

ist Church in Washington, made by the Jones Brothers, in 1871, through the efforts of Mrs. John P. Newman, has eleven bells, with a total weight of 13,263 pounds; that in the Michigan-avenue Baptist Church, Chicago, made by the Joneses in 1870 (the largest chime ever made in this country), has seventeen bells, with a total weight of 17,860 pounds.

Out of a number of scales submitted, we select one of nine bells as a specimen:

Bells.	Weight of Bell.	Key.
1.	2465 pounds.	E♭
2.	1610 "	F
3.	1300 "	G
4.	1055 "	A♭
5.	858 "	B♭
6.	725 "	C
7.	639 "	D♭
8.	551 "	D
9.	414 "	E♭

9617 pounds, total weight.

A chime of this style can be furnished for less than five thousand dollars, including all expenses, and is therefore quite in the reach of many a metropolitan or even village church. A rough mode of ascertaining the expense of a bell is to take half its weight as the estimate of what it will cost hung in the steeple. We know a city chime which the whole surrounding community helped to put up. The Church gave a bell or bells by general subscription, the young men gave a bell, the lawyers a bell, the doctors a bell, various mechanical trades each a bell, till the chime was made up. A bell is a beautiful and ever-speaking memento of a departed friend,—a far better monument to a memory than an obelisk in an unfrequented cemetery. When it is cast, a bell can be covered all over with inscriptions, names, and words of love and grateful or affectionate memory. Instead of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars expended in cold and silent marble in a grave-yard, put the memento in a living bell, or in a living peal, or as one of a chime, and you will be reminded, Sunday by Sunday, of the departed, in tones of mingled sadness and joy.

LEAP-YEAR.—This year has three hundred and sixty-six days, and the extra day is Sunday, so that there will be fifty-three Sundays, a fact of which sermon-makers who lay out their work beforehand will do well to take notice.

PART IRON, PART CLAY.—A few months ago we wrote an article with this caption, which is singularly illustrated in the Preface to Castelar's "Life of Lord Byron," by José Roma Leal, of Havana. Byron, he says, "attempts every thing; actions the purest and the most sensual; tastes the most exquisite and the most debased; he desires glory and receives contempt; he feels grandeur, yet rolls in the dust of littleness; he exalts melancholy, yet wastes his life in bacchanalian orgies; he has the most extreme ideas of mental independence, yet submits to the humiliating domination of tyrannical women; cries out against the pride of despotism and privilege, yet is himself remarkable for arrogance; pretends to be above the emptiness of ceremonious customs, yet decks himself with frivolous satins and laces." This Spanish critic regards Byron, vibrating between these extremes, as the type of the present age. To our thinking, he is simply a type of the opposites possible in the character of every human being,—greatness and littleness, so mixed that it depends upon the circumstances in which we form a man's acquaintance, as to whether we regard him as strong or weak, divine or human. Castelar himself says, "Great qualities can not exist if not accompanied by grand defects, for the light of the soul is only made visible by shadows."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Western scenery has become somewhat familiar to our readers by the photographic pictures and the Government reports which have been published; but there are many views which the camera has not reproduced, and Government artists have not seen. Prominent among these is the glimpse we give in our engraving, *Lake Esther*, among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California. It is a good specimen of Bierstadt's style, and Bierstadt excels in painting mountain scenery. He has well mingled sky and cloud, mountain peaks and ridges, tall trees and flashing water, rocks and shadows, until the eye gazes restfully upon one of nature's loveliest landscapes, and almost envies the quiet and security of the reposing deer. Our thanks are due to the owner, R. E. Moore, Esq., of New York, who kindly loaned the picture for engraving. An excellent sketch accompanies the portrait of Thomas T. Tasker. Read it.

MAY.

1876.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

E. WENTWORTH, D. D., EDITOR.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,
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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1876.

MANUAL AGUAS, THE MEXICAN REFORMER.

THE introduction of Protestant Christianity into Mexico is one of the most interesting events in the history of modern missions. When we consider the past religious condition of that country, and then behold the present strength of the evangelical movements there, we irresistibly exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" The working of Divine Providence was visible in the methods employed at the beginning. During our war with Mexico, many of our Protestant soldiers carried with them Bibles in the Spanish language, and distributed them among the people. The leaven thus introduced slowly spread, but in time manifested itself. About the close of the war, in 1847, Miss Melinda Rankin, then residing in Mississippi, learned from the returned officers and soldiers, the sad condition of the Mexicans, and resolved to inaugurate a mission in that afflicted land. In 1852, she went to Brownsville, Texas, and opened a school for the instruction of Mexican children. This was so successful that she determined to establish a seminary to compete with one erected by the Jesuits. Returning to the Eastern States in 1853, she collected sufficient funds to build an edifice, and, in 1854, the seminary was ready for the reception of pupils. It flourished until 1862, when the property was confiscated by the Southern Confederacy. This difficulty caused Miss Rankin to enter Mex-

ico, whither she had sent, in 1860, Bible agents and colporteurs. In 1865, she entered Monterey, purchased a large building, and opened a Protestant seminary. From that important center, the Gospel was disseminated, day-schools multiplied, congregations increased, and soon Northern Mexico was fully occupied. Many were converted from Romanism, and some became missionaries. The history of Miss Rankin's labors in that field is a thrilling one, and will enroll her name among the true heroines of the world.

But not less remarkable was the establishment of Protestant missions in Central Mexico. In January, 1869, Rev. H. C. Riley, D. D., was sent to Mexico City by the same society which sustained Miss Rankin. Dr. Riley was a fine Spanish scholar, and had organized a congregation of native Cuban residents in New York City. Feeling a deep interest in the Mexican field, he was appointed by the American and Foreign Christian Union to labor in the city of the Montezumas. On arriving there, he found about thirty native evangelical Christians, who were in the habit of meeting regularly for worship in secluded places. The Bibles circulated by American soldiers in 1846, and those distributed by the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who, fifteen years later, accompanied the French army of intervention, had

produced these first-fruits. Through the reading of God's Word, a prominent Roman Catholic priest, named Aguilar, was converted, and, for two or three years, nobly ministered to the small evangelical congregation. He endured severe persecution, and died exclaiming, "Pass me the Bible; it has been my light, my guide, my joy." Dr. Riley was warmly welcomed by this faithful little band, and commenced to extend, as rapidly as possible, the native movement of the sainted Aguilar. In fifteen months he was successful in organizing twenty-five evangelical congregations, and in printing and distributing seventy thousand tracts and pamphlets.

In the Winter of 1871, about two years after the arrival of Dr. Riley, the great event occurred which gave to Mexican Protestantism its Luther. At that time, Manuel Aguas was the most eloquent and influential priest in the capital of Mexico, but had been, during many previous months, preparing to abandon Romanism. In a letter, dated April 10, 1871, a few months after his public renunciation of Popery, he addressed Nicolas Ariad, a priest and former friend, who had written to him asking whether he had become a Protestant. "Only three years ago," he replied, "when I was the curate of Atzacapotzalco, I opposed Protestantism with all my powers, and caused some Protestants to go back to the bosom of the Roman Church. I believed then that I was practicing the true religion. About that time there came to my hands some tracts of those I was opposing,—tracts I had to read on account of my position. I read them through, and discovered, to my great sorrow, that although I had received a literary education, and followed to the end a thorough theological training; although I had been professor of philosophy and theology, and imagined that I knew pretty well what was religion, especially every thing concerning Protestantism,—I discovered, I say, that I did not know all the reasons and arguments employed in that camp, whose

members, clinging in good faith to the Holy Scriptures, are brought back to the life of the primitive disciples of Jesus. *And the reason is, that, as Rome prohibits, under penalty of excommunication, to read Protestant books, I had only consulted Romish authors, who generally relate every thing in a wrong way.* Accordingly, I began to study books of all kinds, even rationalistic writings, believing that I could not incur the penalty of excommunication, because, as a pastor, I had to remove the doubts of my fold. In this study, which continues till this day, I have invoked the help of the Holy Ghost through my prayers, since in it was involved nothing less than my salvation. The result was, I became convinced that all the religions of the world can be reduced to three: 1st, the religion of God; 2d, the religion of the priest; 3d, the religion of man. Which of these three religions ought I to adopt in order to be saved? The answer is very clear and simple, because, as truth comes only from God, and error from man, I had no other resource left to me but to put myself under the guidance of the religion of my God."

The entire letter of Aguas is one of the most remarkable documents of the kind ever written. In it the Romish system is carefully reviewed, but not a single unkind word or harsh expression can be found. The whole breathes a sweet, devotional, charitable spirit. Indeed, he had been in the enjoyment of this perfect peace many months before he openly embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. "For a year and a half past I have studied with great care, and have loved the holy Word, and many are the consolations I have received from it; because I became every day more moral, and every body knows that the beginning of true happiness can only be found in morality." After this statement of his gradual conversion, through the reading of the Bible, Aguas thus addressed his former associate in the priesthood: "But, before any thing else, I beg you to believe that I love you in Jesus Christ, and that, whatever I

may say, I hate sin, but not the sinners." The concluding part of the letter is a striking combination of benevolent feeling and manly independence. "In sight of this am I going to deny to you that I am a Protestant,—that is to say, a Christian and a disciple of Christ? Never do I wish to deny my Savior. On the contrary, from next Sunday I commence to preach my crucified Lord, in the old temple called San Jose de Gracia; I wish that my fellow-citizens would go to that Church of true Christians. If it so happens, as I hope in the Lord, that in my country shall be known the holy religion, unmixed with errors, idolatry, ignorance, superstition, or fanaticism, then Jesus will reign in our Republic, we shall have peace and be happy. You tell me that the public has been scandalized by my separation from the Romish Church, and it is but right that I should satisfy it by publishing this letter. Fortunately, the persons who are acquainted with me know that I am an upright man; and I hope that my friends will do me justice by believing that I have not taken this step to attain ignoble ends, but that I have done so through profound conviction, because my God has commanded me to do so, and I have been obliged to obey the Lord. In Rome I was in want of nothing; I was respected, positions were offered me, and, on account of my profession, my rank in the clergy was not the lowest. I give thanks to all my old brothers and friends—the most heart-felt thanks—for so many favors; and if I separate myself from their community, I have already said, 'God has ordered it.' I remain, beloved brother in Jesus Christ, your respected friend, Manual Aguas."

The announcement of his conversion, followed by this famous letter, produced the greatest religious excitement that Mexico ever experienced. For centuries Romanism had ruled that country, and opposition to it was not tolerated. The priesthood remained firm in its allegiance, until Aguilar abandoned it, but, though prominent as a learned man, he was not recognized as a leader. Aguas was held

in high estimation by his fellow-clergy, not only as a zealous Papist, but also as a scholar, having been tutor of philosophy and theology among them, and confessor to several of the dignitaries of the cathedral. Hence, the conversion of this distinguished Dominican friar was the most serious blow that the Papal Church in Mexico had ever received. About the first of May, 1871, Aguas commenced to preach the pure Gospel in the Church of San Jose de Gracia, which Dr. Riley had purchased, repaired, and opened for public worship. The occupancy of this large edifice was characterized by impressive religious services. It was crowded, even to the door, and outside,—the country congregations coming in, in parties of from ten to thirty. Indians, with their wives and children, dressed in their clean white calico suits, were a sight to move the heart of any one interested in the work of God. An English Methodist who was present says: "It was a treat to me to join with some eight hundred of my Mexican brethren and sisters in offering prayer and praise to our common Father; and a more attentive congregation I never saw, either in England or the United States. The singing was congregational, and conducted with much heartiness, so much so as to forcibly remind me of our Methodist congregations in England. When I beheld before me a very little boy fervently singing a beautiful Spanish hymn, I thought what a blessing for these poor little fellows to be brought up in the true faith, instead of kneeling down and repeating prayers to painted wood and tinsel! And when Mr. Aguas was preaching from, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,' explaining the duty of all to do so, and the mode, contrasting that of the Gospel with the ridiculous teaching of Rome, from many a countenance could I see joy beaming forth as the preacher presented Christ as the only surety and way for sinners to obtain the salvation of their souls. It was a thorough Gospel sermon which would not be a discredit to any pulpit in the United States or England."

Another important incident in the ministry of Aguas was the great challenge to a public discussion made by the Rev. Dr. Javier Aguilar Bustemante, a Roman Catholic priest of distinction in the city. The latter publicly, by posters placed on the doors of the cathedrals, churches, etc., invited the former to hold a religious controversy in the church of the ex-convent of San Jose de Gracia, then the principal Protestant church in the capital. This proposal was, by means of similar posters, publicly accepted by Aguas. The time agreed upon was July 2, 1871, at ten o'clock A. M. The subject for discussion, "Is the Roman Church Idolatrous?" The only book to be received as proof, the "Holy Scriptures." The placards were read by multitudes with interest, and the conversation in the streets was, generally speaking, respecting the proposed discussion. As the time drew near, the archbishop prohibited Aguilar from attending, as it was contrary to the law of the Roman Church, except by special permission of the pope. However, the day arrived, and the excitement was intense. It is said that the church was crowded with fifteen hundred people, leaving hundreds in the streets unable to obtain admission. Two elegant platforms, one on each side of the church, near its center, and facing each other, had been erected by the controversialists. On each of these platforms were a couple of chairs and a table, and on one of the tables a copy of the Holy Scriptures. At the appointed hour, the organ and other instruments filled the air with sweet and solemn music, and the Protestant ministers, Aguas and Palacios, ascended one of the platforms. Aguas announced a hymn beginning with the words, "O Savior, precious Jesus." The congregation, standing, sung the hymn, accompanied by the organ and other instruments, a well-harmonized choir of more than one thousand voices. The congregation having resumed their seats, Aguas, standing, spoke as follows:

"God, amidst lightning and thunder, ascends to the summit of Mount Sinai,

while all that majestic mountain trembled, and the children of Israel prostrated themselves with fear at its base. Then, from amidst that fire, those lightnings, that awful and solemn grandeur, the voice of Jehovah is heard speaking to his people, proclaiming his Ten Commandments, those precepts which are and ought to be immutable and eternal, and which are forever binding on all mortals, whatever be their beliefs and opinions, and which no power on earth can lawfully alter, change, or suppress."

He then read the Decalogue, from the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus, and after this announced a hymn of praise to the Triune God. The congregation, with grand, majestic, and thrilling harmony, sung the hymn, standing. Then Aguas, speaking to the immense congregation, said: "Before addressing you, I beseech you to accompany me in prayer to God for his heavenly grace." All the congregation then kneeled. The minister, in an humble posture, and after a moment of respectful silence, offered, with deep earnestness, the following prayer:

"Our Father, fountain of all truth, who art full of majesty and greatness; eternal spring of infinite wisdom, who, of thy goodness, for the great love that thou hast had for us, thy sons, didst cause thy own Son to become incarnate to redeem us; Father, from whose Spirit springs the purest, most comforting light, cast a compassionate look upon us, who worship thee in spirit and in truth, and not in matter and error; make us to know thy true religion that we may follow it with fervor and sincerity; make Mexico, our beloved Father-land, know daily more and more the holy Gospel in all its purity, that we may no longer prostrate ourselves to worship that brute matter, which is unable to listen to our prayers; make us to arise from that idolatry in which we have for so long a time been immersed; make us to love thee with all our soul and heart; and grant that we may also love one another as brothers that we are. These gracious gifts we

beseech of thee in the name of our only Advocate and Intercessor, Jesus Christ."

After this prayer another hymn was sung by the congregation, commencing:

"I put my trust in Jesus, and am saved;
Through his death upon the cross, I will enter
heaven's glory."

The ex-priests, Aguas and Palacios, then delivered addresses: the former, on the Second Commandment, speaking very strongly on the idolatrous practices of the Papal Church; and the latter, on the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, in which he did not fail to express boldly the misdoings and sayings of the Popish system. The treachery and murderous intentions of the priesthood were exhibited on this occasion. Before the time appointed for the discussion arrived, it leaked out that there was a conspiracy to murder Aguas, arranged by one of the priests of the city; and that a number of daggers had been distributed among some of the most abandoned and determined assassins in the community, to kill the pastor and scatter the flock. But God had both the one and the other in his hands, and preserved them. Next door to the church is a barrack, occupied by Federal troops, some of whose officers were in the city. These, knowing what was astir, came to church armed and dressed in plain clothes, forming a circle of defense in front of the platform, determined to protect Aguas at all hazards. Another officer was at a window near the roof, and in immediate communication with the troops, only awaiting a signal from those inside to move in case of any disturbance. The would-be assassins seated themselves as near the platform as possible; but, when they heard the immense number singing the hymns, and saw that they were in the most insignificant minority, and would most likely get the worst of it, they very wisely forebore any attempt at disturbance. The only thing effected was, that a mob in the street shouted, "Death to the Protestants!" "Death to the heretics!" but they soon became tired and went away. The day passed off without any riots;

but it is said that there was greater excitement in the city than at the primary elections for the president of the republic.

On the 3d of December, 1871, the handsome chapel of Balvanera, adjoining the large and elegant ex-convent Church of San Francisco, was opened for public worship. This was one of the principal events of the year, and spread consternation in the Papal camp. The chapel is located on the main street of the city, and was formerly the fashionable resort for Mexicans to worship. The day was an auspicious one, and the room, which accommodates comfortably four hundred persons, was crowded by all classes and of every age of population, while a multitude of people were unable to enter. Aguas preached a powerful sermon on "Gospel Liberty." The congregation was enthusiastic, and joy beamed from their countenances. It was a day of triumph of the Liberal principles contained in the Constitution, and a proof of the impotency of the clerical party in Mexico.

One of the most memorable and touching incidents in the short but brilliant evangelical career of Aguas was the administration of the Lord's-supper, for the first time, in an ex-papal church. He had been preaching preparatory sermons some two weeks previously, so as to give the members of his flock right notions of what that sacrament is, and how it ought to be partaken. Although the Church of San Jose de Gracia, where the ordinance was celebrated, is a good way from the center of the city, yet some four hundred persons partook of the sacred emblems of the broken body and shed blood of Jesus. In the altar stood Aguas, three other ex-priests, and Dr. Riley. It was indeed a sublime spectacle to behold four hundred converted Roman Catholics receiving, not the wafer from the hands of corrupt priests, but the simple bread and wine, as memorials of the Savior's sufferings and love, administered by holy men, once in the darkness, but now rejoicing in the "true light." Aguas, no doubt, experienced peculiar emotions

as he saw, among the communicants before him, many who formerly confessed to him when he was a priest of Rome. With what inexpressible delight did he break the bread and present the cup, saying, in the language of his dear Master, "Do this in remembrance of me!" How tenderly he told those whom he had ignorantly taught, that Jesus was the great High-priest, who only could forgive sins, and whose blood had power to "cleanse from all unrighteousness!" This extraordinary scene was rendered still more impressive by its occurrence in a grand old structure which had been the headquarters of Romish worship for centuries. A Christian traveler, who was present at this service on Sunday morning, December 31, 1871, says: "It was a blessed season, and Christ did not omit to commune with his flock whilst they commemorated his death and passion. A deep, holy feeling pervaded the brethren and sisters, some of whom could not restrain their tears, and sobbed aloud. It was a scene which forcibly brought to mind the words of the poet:

'Lo, God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place.'

And yet it was such as caused one to feel at home at the feast of love spread for the family, and presided over by our elder brother, Christ Jesus."

After his conversion, Aguas devoted all his energies to the cause of Christ. He was literally consumed with zeal. Though possessing a massive physical frame, it was yielding to the influence of age. Then the responsible position he occupied stimulated him to undertake too much work. Dr. Riley had purchased the church of the ex-convent of San Francisco at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars. In this grand building,—the noblest in the city, after the cathedral, and the best situated of any,—Aguas preached at least four times a week to large and deeply interested congregations. The absence of Dr. Riley in the United States, where he was seeking aid for the mission, caused Aguas to

assume the previous daily duties of his co-workers in Mexico in addition to his own. At this time he was frequently preaching as often as twelve times a week. He nobly struggled on, but, crushed by the wear and tear and difficulties of the work, his health began to fail him. Still he worked on. The last time he preached in the ex-Church of San Francisco, where he had so often preached with such glorious, heaven-giving power, he was so ill that friends had to assist him to descend from the pulpit. From that day his health rapidly failed him.

About the 1st of August, 1872, he was prostrated on a sick bed; and, on the 24th of the same month, a friend, writing to New York, said, concerning him: "Our minister, Mr. Aguas, is, I am sorry to say, laid by from an excess of work, under which he has fallen. His state has been critical in the extreme, but I am glad to say a favorable change has taken place, although he is yet in great danger of a relapse, which would be a terrible affair indeed. In the midst of all this sickness, he is firmly rooted in the faith, and is calmly waiting the will of his Heavenly Father. He said to me, 'My dear brother, I would like to live to work for my Savior, but I am content to die whenever he may think fit, as he will do all things well.' Such a spirit I consider to be that of a Christian, and the loss of such a man would be irreparable, so far as we can see at present; but then, as Dr. Clarke said, 'God buries his workmen, but carries on his work;' and so I believe in this case."

On the 4th of October, the same friend addressed Dr. Riley, in New York, saying: "I delivered your message to Mr. Aguas [the text "Looking unto Jesus"], and he was much moved. He said, 'Tell brother Riley that I have thought much on these words during my sickness, and, by so doing, have received great consolation. Also, after more than sixty days in bed, I have now some hopes of my recovery, which I earnestly desire, God willing, so as to be again able to preach

the glorious Gospel of our Savior. I send him my Christian love, and hope that he will pray much for me.'" "I, too," adds this correspondent, "think there is now some hope of his recovery; but two weeks since, I assure you, I considered his end to be very near, in consequence of a relapse, which produced such an extreme prostration as I never before saw, and the person again rally. Not expecting any thing now but death, he wished to partake of the Lord's-supper with the committee and a few other friends; which was done, the elements being delivered by Canal and Rodriguez. I assure you, it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and we were all enabled to say, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'"

The same correspondent wrote on the 15th of October: "I judge it right to let you know the state of our dear brother Aguas. We have this morning had another medical consultation, and the opinion is that he can not live beyond to-morrow morning. We are very much afflicted, but if God calls his servant to rest from his labors, we must praise him for his mercies, and sorrow, but not without hope. I write this at his house, and find that he has lost recollection of me, and of nearly every one. I asked him in his ear if he remembered the precious blood of Jesus? He opened his eyes and said, 'The most precious blood of Jesus,' and then immediately relapsed into his former state. God be praised for the confidence afforded him whilst to all appearance our brother is in the valley and shadow of death."

On the 18th of October, 1872, Manuel Aguas, the great Mexican reformer, fell asleep in Jesus. The writer to whom we are indebted for previous extracts, in his letter of October 23d, says:

"Our brother's death was peaceful in the extreme. Without one struggle he breathed his last, just like a child going to sleep, and his soul flew to his Savior, whom he so much loved. His constant theme, whilst in his senses, was *Jesus*, and his infinite love to sinners.

At times he recognized those around him, up to within twenty-four hours of his death. In one of these moments, I asked him if he now loved the Savior. His answer was, '*Much, very much.*' In another, his wife said to him, 'Manuelito, I do not want you to die.' His answer then was made with great difficulty: 'Whatever Jesus may wish! I am a soldier of Jesus, and am content to do his will, whether it be to die, or to live on and work for him.'"

The funeral of this distinguished man was from the chapel of the Church of San Francisco, which was dressed in simple mourning, but neat. The number of persons who came to see his remains was wonderful,—a continuous stream from one to six o'clock in the afternoon. There must have been thousands. His coffin was plain, having a zinc casket inside. On Sunday morning early, he was placed in the coffin, and at eight o'clock the funeral service was performed. Afterward, Mr. Canal pronounced a short discourse. The brethren then took the corpse and carried it to the hearse. After the hearse came a long line of brethren, walking in pairs; then followed about eighteen carriages. The concourse was very great, and every thing conducted in perfect order and with due respect, not merely on the part of the brethren, but also of the Romanists. At the American cemetery, his remains were received by Mr. Canal, as minister of the Church, and then a procession was formed to the grave, whither he was borne on the shoulders of his brethren. At the grave-side a prayer was offered by Mr. Canal, who also made a few remarks. Then two hymns were sung, after which Celis, Forcada, and Agreda spoke in honor of the deceased. Much moved, and in tears, generally speaking, the brethren paid their last tribute of love and farewell, by throwing in flowers and earth on the coffin.

A Mexican Christian, writing about the death of Aguas, states: "That the countenance of Aguas, after his death, assumed so sweet an expression that he

looked as if he was smiling, while from want of blood his face became so white that he looked like wax; and also, that on the hearse which bore his remains to the grave, an emblem had been placed, representing an open Bible. A person, who had several hearses, asked Aguas what emblem he should place on the hearse to be used at Protestant funerals. Aguas's answer was, 'An open Bible.' His request was remembered, and at his own funeral that was placed on his hearse." From "an open Bible" this sainted man found his way to Jesus; and thousands in Mexico rejoice to-day, through his instrumentality and teaching, in an "open Bible."

It was truly a mysterious providence which raised up such a great leader, and then removed him in less than three years. The infant "Church of Jesus" sustained an irreparable loss by his death. Dr. Riley declares that "the

conversion of Manuel Aguas was, to the Church of Jesus in Mexico, much what the conversion of Saul of old was to the early Christian Church;" and also that the "reformation has now grandly dawned in Spanish America, with bright and glorious light. In Manuel Aguas, Mexico has its Luther. An intelligent English gentleman, residing in Mexico City, said: "Hyacinthe, Döllinger, and Strossmayer have been left in the rear by the presbyter Manuel Aguas, whose sermons can instruct any Protestant congregation. The reformation of the Mexican Church has made greater strides than the reform movement of the Old Catholics in Germany." The conversion, the holy life, and triumphant death, of this celebrated ex-priest, should encourage every member of the Protestant Church to labor more diligently for the conversion of souls in Romish lands.

H. H. FAIRALL.

LADIES' AND PASTORS' CHRISTIAN UNION.

WHAT are the privileges of women, and the consequent duties of men, is one question of the times. It is based upon the assumption that women are deprived of right, and that men are obligated to relieve them. When the assumption is proved true, no doubt the sense of justice in legislators will prompt to corresponding action.

The question is not here considered in its civil or political aspect. There is a phase of it higher and purer; and, certainly, whatever pertains to our well-being and well-doing as Christians is worthy of our best and most prayerful thought. It is undoubtedly true that the vast majority of women have not attained to the usefulness for which Christ intended them. Women have done wonders for the world. The written history of their accomplishments is a bright one, and if

the unwritten history could be added, there would stand out a record that would both amaze and charm the world. In all the great movements of time, man has been signalized and heralded as the accomplisher of all grand results. There has been here and there an exception; as Maria Theresa of Germany, Catherine of Russia, and Mary, Queen of Scots. In the main, woman has not had credit for the actual results of her toil, even in her allotted sphere. John Wesley is the prominent character of Methodist history, and yet is it not probable that he owed his distinction as a man, and his success as a minister, to the prayers and instructions of his pious mother? If so, the character to which we owe devout thanksgiving antedates John Wesley's career. While we hold him, therefore, in sacred regard, our choice veneration

should also center in that loving mother who implanted in his young mind principles of piety and habits of thought which made him the minister and founder that he was. "Much of the work that woman has accomplished has been under the bans and prejudices and superstitions that have reached over from the dark ages; and yet she who, in the Bethlehem manger, gave Jesus to the world, will yet figure prominently in giving the world to Christ."

The Bible is full of references to woman's work. The Old Testament, in various ways, bears testimony to her gifts, graces, and usefulness. The New Testament is clearer still. In our Lord's parables, women are prominently introduced as helpers in religious achievement. One sweeps the house from cellar to garret in search of the lost coin, and, when she finds it, she summons others to assist in celebrating her triumph. Another puts leaven in three measures of meal, and the whole mass is changed by her agency. Others take their lamps and go forth to meet the Bridegroom. In the life of our Lord, also, there are incidents containing important inferential teachings upon this subject. One woman accomplished a result, by prayer, which called forth this testimony: "O woman, great is thy faith." Another accomplished a work in his anointing which the great Master called "good," saying that it should be proclaimed through the ages as her memorial; and this, too, when men protested. Others, by their kindness and manifest purity of character and life, so enlisted his sympathies that the sacred historian testifies that he "loved" them; and, when their brother had died, he called him from a four days' sojourn in the spirit-land, and restored him to his sisters' arms. The woman of Samaria publicly, and perhaps by authority, proclaimed the Savior; and the record is, "Many believed on him for the saying of the woman."

The great apostle to the Gentiles, who is sometimes falsely represented as an opposer of woman's work in the Church,

in his letter to the Romans, commends "Phœbe, a servant of the Church,"—probably a deaconess, and perhaps consecrated to the work by Paul himself. It is Paul who says, in language which unmistakably heralds woman as the peer of man in all religious privileges, "In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In the apostolic Churches, women were allowed not only freedom of association in religious service, but also a voice in the devotions. It is true that Paul laid down some restrictions which he deemed especially necessary in some quarters. There appears to have been such enthusiasm in the matter of woman's work that the bounds of nature's laws and domestic requirements were likely to be overstepped; and hence his kindly admonitions and clear declarations as to what women, in given circumstances, should do, and what they should not do. And what intelligent, candid person pretends to say but that there ought to be distinction between man and woman in some branches of Christian work? Just as woman, by nature and order, is not adapted to warfare and some of the sterner duties of civil life, so there are some branches of Christian work which seem to call for natural endowments not found in woman. But what is true on the one hand, holds good also on the other. There are some branches of Christian work which can be far more successfully prosecuted by women than by men; for instance, the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in some of its features. The independent organization of that Society is perhaps scarcely a necessity, yet it is doing a work to which God has unquestionably called Christian women the world over.

In the early Church, woman's work was considered important. So also in the Eastern Church of a later date. It was especially and prominently so in the Western Church, though always with Paul's supposed instructions. They were never consecrated to any ministerial

function. It is disputed whether they were ordained, but it is certain there were deaconesses, and their duties are recorded. Tertullian says: "Let no woman speak in the Church, nor teach, nor baptize, nor offer the Eucharist, nor arrogate to herself any manly function, lest two should claim the lot of the priestly office." Their duties were, to instruct young students in theology, to take care of the sick and poor, to minister to martyrs and confessors in prison, to assist "at the baptism of women, to exercise a general oversight over the female members of the Church, and this not only in public, but in private, making occasional reports to the Church authorities." This office seems to have been discontinued prior to the twelfth century. Attempts were made to restore it in the Reformation, the non-success of which has been generally regarded as a misfortune.

The Puritans of England, in the sixteenth century, called women to branches of their work. This has been done more or less in both England and America ever since. Societies under various names have been instituted to meet the felt demand for female activities.

In the Roman Catholic Church there are various sisterhoods which call into requisition the intellectual and spiritual endowments of the women. The orders of "Sisters of Charity," "Sisters of Mercy," "Gray Sisters," etc., are well-known.

Enough has now been written to show that woman's work in the Church is not exclusively a modern idea, though for many years, if not centuries, there have been few organizations in Protestant Churches to bring out woman's talent and power.

At the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Whereas*, the Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union is doing valuable service, by systematically employing the women of the Church under the supervision of the regular pastorate, in relig-

ious work in the homes of the people, and especially among the neglected masses who do not come to Church; and,

"*Whereas*, a large proportion of the Church are women, and there is a wide field of usefulness opened up before them in this direction, for which they are eminently fitted; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the prayer of the memorialists be granted, and that the Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union be, and hereby is, recognized as a regularly constituted society of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

At their next ensuing sessions, many annual conferences organized conference societies, and passed resolutions recommending the organization of auxiliary societies in all charges, so that probably in nearly every prominent station throughout the Church, this society is now working.

The spheres of usefulness to which the Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union has called the women of our Church are very numerous. Before referring to them, let it be said that the design is not to rob *home* of its demand for woman's consecration and labor. The saying is just as true to-day as when it was first put on record, that if any provide not for their own, and especially those of their own house, they have denied the faith, and are worse than infidels. It is the curse of the age that "so many wives and mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household, turning their children over to the hired servants," and their husbands also, to strive to do what God never asked of them, nor endowed them by nature for accomplishing. There needs be no prejudice at this point. Any one not blinded with error can not fail to see the manifest evils of such a course. Never in the history of mankind has the home institution been assailed as it is to-day; never was the sacred name of mother held in as light esteem; and every desertion of home, even on the part of good-meaning women, only tends to strengthen the devil's delegates in their efforts to break down domestic life.

Should they accomplish their purpose, then farewell to all Christian good, purity, peace, order, modesty, civility, progress, and decency; farewell to the fond relations of parents, children, brothers, sisters, and kinship in all forms; farewell to the precious memories which crowd the heart concerning early family associations. O! on any other institution rather than home let Ichabod be written. Besides, where can there be found such a sphere of usefulness as here? Many a noble woman, in that far-away world of light, the rest of the saint and the home of the soul, will shine in exalted splendor, who, on earth, was known only as a good mother, an affectionate wife, but who really was the God-anointed queen of the grandest realm over which any human being can rule. The home, therefore, can not and must not be interfered with in any of its duties or privileges.

But there are thousands of women whose time is not all necessarily occupied with home cares. To such, this society opens an inviting field. In every community there are changes occurring almost constantly. Strangers should always have the influence of the Church thrown around them. They should be called upon early, and invited to the worship of the sanctuary. They should be made at once to feel that they have new friends, and that those friends are in the Church. Then there are non-church-going people who can be led to respect the Church, if not to attend service, by a little well-directed attention on the part of Church members. To such work, women are specially adapted. And then the sick need attention. How little man can do at the bedside of the afflicted! His hand is hard and his arm is heavy. His voice is gruff, and his movements awkward. "I remember in some of the hospitals, men could lift the afflicted, but they could not relieve them. It took a woman's hand to administer cordials and smooth the pillow and write the last messages of the dying soldier. How wistfully many a lone soldier looked to the couch of his more fortunate comrade,

beside which kneeled a sister, a wife, a mother, or friend, to minister and relieve." The poor also must be relieved. They must have food for the body, and food for the soul. In the distribution of money and bread and tracts there is work enough in almost every community for a large Church committee. How many waifs of the street might be called into the Sabbath-school if kindly invited, or directed or clothed! Teachers are needed also,—warm-hearted, intelligent, consecrated teachers,—to instruct such as can not be reached by the public Sunday-school or Church service. In all religious services, especially revivals, lady workers are needed. Many need counsel under circumstances which demand a woman's brains and heart. Religious work, in all its departments and features, may be systematically and successfully reached by this organization. Then also, with some modifications of its constitution and by-laws to suit the case and meet the emergency, the temporal affairs of the Church, which are often looked after in a hap-hazard manner, or by "Aid Societies," "Dime Societies," etc., may be attended to most happily by this regular Church Society. Indeed, it is just such an organization as every pastor finds necessary, especially in the larger towns and cities.

The Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union is appropriately, but not artistically, named. If its name were shorter, the brevity would atone for less significance. And would it not be fully as well if the character and aim of the Society were not indicated by its title? Would not pastors advertise it and its workings from the pulpit with all the greater freedom and effectiveness if it were called simply Ladies' Society, or Christian Union?

Possibly on smaller charges, where the work to be accomplished is less difficult and extensive, a less number of committees than the constitution provides for might be sufficient. For instance, let the visiting committee do its own work and also that of the benevolent committee. Let the executive committee do the work

of the finance committee and social committee. This arrangement saves the disadvantage of useless machinery, and also prevents discouragement which might arise from the performance of little or no work on the part of any one committee. There is no charge within the bounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church which has not enough work to keep the two committees, above named, busy; and, of course, in the more responsible fields, all the committees would

find abundance of work to do. It is earnestly hoped that pastors and people every-where will give their attention to the organization and work of this society. If practicable, let all other societies, being local in their character, be merged into this general and regular Church organization, so that in all our charges every-where our work may be done decently and in order, that we may maintain the true character of a *Methodist* Church.

J. H. POTTS.

THE SHRINES OF HOLY LAND.

THE central shrine in the Holy Land is the holy city, JERUSALEM. The city was four miles in circumference in the time of Josephus, but is now only two and a half miles around its walls. One can walk around it in an hour, by keeping close to the walls, or on top of them. It is a collection of houses in groups, sometimes almost in piles, with crooked alleys running between the groups. There are but few streets, properly so-called, in Eastern cities; places or sections are named, the ways leading to, or separating, these sections, are often nameless. A great portion of Jerusalem is not occupied with dwellings.

The tourist, entering the city by the Jaffa gate, passes by the "Tower of David," and will most likely take up his abode at the "Mediterranean Hotel," near the buildings of the English Church Mission, in charge of Bishop Gobat. From the house-top one can obtain a satisfactory view of the city in outline, and Mount Olivet across the gorge of the Kedron.

The Roman Catholics believe that the "Church of the Holy Sepulcher covers Calvary and the tomb of Christ. For fifteen centuries, pilgrimages have been made to this shrine. Grave authorities and historical arguments, together with

unvarying tradition, are brought to bear in favor of this as the true scene of the crucifixion and burial. The very crosses were found, as is believed, by St. Helena, in this place; a rent in the rock is pointed out, also the mortise in which rested the foot of the cross. Inside the church, a little marble chapel stands apart, under the large dome. Entering the anteroom, called the "chapel of the angel," and waiting for a pilgrim or two to pass out, one enters a low doorway, and stands over the tomb, now covered with marble. About forty lamps shed a dim light upon the scene. A priest stands gloomily by, to see that no harm is done, or no relic is taken from the spot. On the night before Easter, the church is so crowded with pilgrims that they are in danger of being trampled to death. For they verily believe, that, at a certain moment, all the lamps being extinguished, fire from heaven descends and relights them, while a priest from within holds a torch to the holy fire, and hands it out through an opening in the wall, where it can be caught by the torches of the excited multitude.

After all, is not the selection of this site a gross mistake? How could Calvary be *in* the city, and yet "*nigh* to

the city?" See John xix, 20; also Hebrews xiii, 13, "without the camp." It is argued that the situation of the city was somewhat different at the time of the crucifixion; but it could not have been extended farther eastward, for the steep valley of Jehoshaphat would prevent, as also the valley of Hinnom would cut off all extension southward; and in other directions the walls must have inclosed no less space than at present to contain the immense population of that day. The Romanists show a singular ignorance, or else defiance of Scripture statements.

A new interest has been imparted to the holy city, by the researches of Captain Warren, under the authority of the British Government. He landed at Joppa, in February, 1867, but, at first, the ignorant Turkish authorities forbade his bringing theodolite and other instruments ashore, fearing they were warlike weapons. When he arrived in Jerusalem, the military pasha forbade his digging near the Mosque of Omar, for, said he, "The rock Sakhra rests on a palm-tree, and the roots of this tree supply the four great rivers of the earth." Captain Warren used that virtue so much required in the East, patience, joining with it a little John Bull persistence, and finally obtained permission to dig a shaft forty feet from the main wall. After getting down some distance, he ran a horizontal shaft right up against the wall. The pasha sent men to see what he was doing; but the Captain took pains to prepare what he called a "mouse-trap" for them. After they were partly down the shaft, he set the gravel and small stones to running down loose upon their heads, and they were glad to ascend and depart. He discovered that the great wall of the mosque extended to the depth of *eighty feet* under ground, and was built of the largest squared stones. He believes that the bottom of the gorge of the Kedron, along the east wall of the Temple courts, was at one time *a hundred and sixty-five feet* below the rock Sakhra.

Imagine this magnificent temple, which some estimate to have cost ninety mil-

ions of dollars, standing on the edge of a precipice deep as Niagara; a wall of solid masonry for its foundation, composed of rocks some of them twenty-eight feet long,—rocks of white magnesian limestone or "Jerusalem marble," cut from under the city; and near the Temple, in the days of Herod, a building called "Stoa Basilica," said to have been almost as high as the tallest steeple in the world, its white walls glistening in the fires of a Syrian sun, and you will have a picture of Oriental splendor now unrivaled perhaps, unless it be by St. Peter's, in Rome, the Duomo of Milan, or the Taj Mahal of India.

Captain Warren discovered that the rock under the Temple was all honey-combed with cisterns, communicating with each other. One of these cisterns, called the "Great Sea," would hold two millions of gallons of water, while all of them together would hold ten millions of gallons. An aqueduct conveyed the water from the Pools of Solomon, south of Bethlehem, to Jerusalem, about eight miles.

In ancient times, the Tyropœan Valley divided Mt. Moriah from Mt. Zion, one hundred and twenty feet higher; but now this valley is mostly filled with stones and *debris*. The explorer discovered a road forty-five feet under ground. As Jerusalem has been captured seventeen times, and has been "trodden under foot of the Gentiles" for eighteen hundred years, no wonder if the real Jerusalem should be from twenty to forty feet below the surface, where now stand the shrines of the city.

The Mosque of Omar is dim and dingy. The American traveler has no difficulty, through his consul, in entering this sacred temple of Islam. The dome is grand and imposing, but nothing else is at all striking unless it be the famous rock Sakhra,—striking enough, but dismal and uncouth. It is about eight feet high and sixty feet in diameter, and seems to have been untouched, at least upon its surface, by any implement of man. There is little doubt that this was

one of the holy places of the temple, if not the floor of the very "Holy of holies;" as it is the reputed "threshing-floor" of Araunah the Jebusite, and the scene of Abraham's altar, on which the lamb was sacrificed. Here are shown three finger-marks of the Angel Gabriel, and the foot-mark left by Mohammed, when he mounted the goat for his famous ride; and, near by, a well, covered with a jasper stone, called the "Well of Spirits." In this stone of jasper are three or four golden or gilded nails. There were originally nineteen; when the last one shall be pulled out, the world shall come to an end. It is difficult to say whether Mohammedans or Romanists can tell the wilder stories.

We are still led along the "Via Dolorosa, and shown the now prostrate pillar against which Christ leaned for support. Pilate's judgment hall, from which the "holy stairway" which Luther ascended, in Rome, is said to have been taken; the arch of "Ecce Homo;" the spot where Veronica wiped the face of Christ and received his image upon the cloth,—all these are devoutly pointed out.

Gethsemane, no doubt *near* the real spot, is inclosed by a stone wall, and planted with flowers and shrubbery. Within the inclosure are several old olive-trees, which may be the descendants of those that overshadowed the kneeling Savior.

On Mount Olivet is a chapel, a small dome-like structure, supposed to mark the place of the ascension. Inside is a stone in which is a mark somewhat resembling a foot-mark, believed by many to be the very spot where the foot of the ascending Christ last pressed the earth. We saw a lady, with a servant carrying a large basket filled with rosaries, crosses, etc., devoutly kneeling before this stone, while the servant poured the contents of the basket out upon the stone, to give them efficacy and virtue. Here again is displayed an utter ignoring of the Gospel narrative; for "He led them out," not up the Mount of Olivet, but "as far as to Bethany."

Over the tomb of David, outside the walls, is a large room, which tradition calls the "upper room" of Pentecost, as also the place where the "Last Supper" was eaten. The "Potter's Field" is in sight of this, and near by is the Pool of Siloam.

Bethany is now a village of hovels. The tomb of Lazarus is still shown, several feet below the present level of the earth, and even the house of Simon, as though he assuredly lived at Bethany.

Bethlehem is beautiful for situation. The church and convent of the Nativity form an imposing architectural pile, as it emerges to view soon after passing Rachel's tomb. The exact spot of the "wondrous birth" is marked with a silver star in the pavement of the church. Lamps of costly material are kept burning around it day and night, for the shrine is in a grotto. Around the star is the inscription: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" Near by, under the same roof, is the "Chapel of the Manger," very small. Then we are shown the chapel of Joseph, where he was warned to flee into Egypt,—for tradition is as exact as superstition is exacting,—and the "Chapel of the Innocents;" an iron-barred window opening into the charnel-house where their very bones are kept! Let us go hence, and seek rather for Bethlehems and shrines of the nativity wherever human hearts are open to welcome "the Christ that is to be!"

Jacob's Well will always be visited with profound interest. The fourth chapter of John, as read aloud over the mouth of this venerable well, has a new charm. Once, a small chapel covered the opening, now it is almost hidden amid stones and soil fallen from the higher ground around it. Here, at least, we are not in doubt as to locality. Jesus rested and talked upon this very spot. A lighted taper, let down, reveals the fact that no water is found below,—nothing but stones thrown down by careless travelers. If there be a place worthy of a shrine, or at least a monument, is it not this, where such gracious and mighty words fell from the lips of

the Son of God? A few hundred dollars would repair Jacob's Well, and protect it against threatening desolation. Would not even Protestantism justify the deed? In our abhorrence of pilgrimages and relics as used by Romanism, may we not forget the duty of cherishing the history and geography that pertain to our holy Christianity?

Bethel and *Shiloh* are hallowed spots. Capernaum and Nazareth are rich in scenes and associations. Even old Da-

mascus has its shrines,—the house of Ananias and the house of Judas, in the street called "Straight," remarkably straight, for an Eastern street, and extending through the city from end to end. Naaman, too, has a "local habitation." But the old city itself, with its orange gardens and fountains, overlooked by historic Lebanon, if not a shrine at which to worship, may well be the goal of our journeyings through Holy Land.

REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

NOTED MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

PART II.

IN writing these sketches of Noted Men of Revolutionary Times, we have no design to give them in order, or as especially connected with leading events of the war, but simply to recall, for the benefit of the rising generation, incidents which now help to show us the characters of those who took part in the stirring times of 1776, and a few of the subsequent years, before peace and prosperity followed as the result of our forefathers' bravery and patriotism.

Of our earliest Presidents, we must all wish to learn something. Those who first held this office were men of marked distinction. A writer says: "The first can never be equalled; because he lived in an age that can never return, and circumstances gave him opportunities for exertion that no man ever had before him or can have after him. George Washington was raised up for the times. He was a warrior of that peculiar cast that such a struggle demanded. He inspired his followers with confidence in his capacity and courage, and the nation with the belief that he was born for their deliverer. His wisdom as a chief-magistrate of the United States was as conspicuous as his military talents. He

was advised by *the speech* of the trusty, but influenced by no man's opinions without sufficient reasons were adduced to support them. The shocks of party never moved him; he was as quiet in the midst of the denunciations of demagogues, and the startling prophecies of the wily, as if all had been peace and sunshine. He contemplated with great care, and acted with unequaled decision. He led men with great sagacity, and selected his officers for their talents and probity. He was seldom wrong in his judgment. He may have committed errors, but never did any foolish act. He was truly the father of his country.

"The second President, John Adams, was a true patriot and a high-spirited man. He entered on his duties with more of the experience of a statesman than his predecessor had done, but was wanting in the prudence of that great man. He was cast, indeed, on evil times, and was easily chafed by outward circumstances. There had begun to be less patriotism, and more management, among politicians than when the Government was first organized. Party spirit had increased, and entered more into the proceedings of Congress than in the

administration of Washington; party spirit raged with violence every-where; the hydra-heads of the French Revolution were reared in every quarter of the country, and the fiendish spirit of anarchy was in them. The political atmosphere was poisoned; and, like the mother of mankind, many of the honest were seduced and overcome by that subtlety which the serpent once possessed, and which has since been so hateful to mankind.

"Mr. Adams breasted the storm with great energy; and if not always with judgment, yet always with sincerity and ability. He never cowed at opposition, nor shrunk from responsibility. One of the evils of his nature was that he had not enough of plausibility to qualify and soften his rigid determinations. He persisted in forming a navy, against all opposition; and the result has proved his foresight. In most instances he put good men in high places, and never tolerated a feeble or bad man because he was with him in politics. Times changed; and those who were once his enemies became his friends."

He returned to private life after administering the government one term, and lived many years, as a sage of whom all men, of all parties, sought to learn the history of past events, and to hear him discourse on matters of government. His space in history is an enviable one.

To give a brief summary of some of the leading events in his life: He was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1735; he graduated at Harvard College in 1755; studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1758; took a leading part in the agitation commenced against the Stamp Act, in 1765; and soon became distinguished as one of the most prominent and intrepid advocates of the popular cause. In 1774, Adams was chosen one of the five delegates from Massachusetts to the Continental Congress, held in Philadelphia, where he played a prominent part in the declaration of Colonial rights. In 1775, he became a member

of the second Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, and was the first to propose General Washington as Commander-in-chief of the army. He advocated and seconded the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, and passed on the 4th of July, 1776. In 1780, he represented the United States in Holland; and in 1782 co-operated with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens, in negotiating a treaty with Great Britain. He was minister at London from May 1785 until the Spring of 1788. In 1789 Adams was elected Vice-President of the United States, and re-elected to the same office in 1792,—Washington's second term.

As Washington declined a nomination for a third term, John Adams was elected to succeed him; and as President was inaugurated at Philadelphia, on the 4th of March, 1797. At the close of his official term, having been defeated for a second term by a majority of eight votes in favor of Jefferson, he retired from public life.

When Mr. Adams was first made a member of the Continental Congress, it was hinted that he, even at *that time*, inclined to a separation of the Colonies from England, and the establishment of an independent Government. On his way to Philadelphia, he was warned by several advisers not to introduce a subject of so delicate a character, until the affairs of the country should wear a different aspect. Whether Mr. Adams heeded this admonition or not, is not fully determined. But in 1776, the affairs of the Colonies, it could no longer be questioned, demanded at least the candid discussion of the question. On the 6th of May of that year, Mr. Adams offered, in committee of the whole, a resolution that the Colonies should form governments independent of the Crown. On the 10th of May, this resolution was adopted, in the following shape: "That it be recommended to all the Colonies, which have not already established governments suited to the exigencies of the their case, to adopt such government as would, in the opinion of the representa-

tives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general."

"This significant vote was soon followed by the direct proposition, which Richard Henry Lee had the honor to submit to Congress, by resolution, on the seventh day of June. The published Journal does not expressly state it, but there is no doubt this resolution was in the same words when originally submitted by General Lee as when finally passed. Having been discussed on Saturday, the 8th, and Monday, the 10th, of June, this resolution was, on the last-mentioned day, postponed for further consideration to the first day of July; and at the same time it was voted, that a committee be appointed to prepare a Declaration, to the effect of the resolution. This committee was elected by ballot on the following day, and consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston.

"It is usual, when committees are elected by ballot, that their members are arranged in order, according to the number of votes which each has received. Mr. Jefferson, therefore, probably received the highest, and Mr. Adams the next highest, number of votes. The difference is said to have been but a single vote."

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, standing thus at the head of the committee, were requested by the members to act as a sub-committee to prepare the draft; and Mr. Jefferson drew up the paper. The original draft, as brought by him from his study, and submitted to the other members of the committee, with the interlineations in the handwriting of Dr. Franklin, and others in that of Mr. Adams, was in Thomas Jefferson's possession at the time of his death. The merit of this paper is Mr. Jefferson's. Some changes were made in it, on the suggestion of other members of the committee, and others by Congress when it was under discussion. But none of these

altered the tone, the frame, the arrangement, or the general character, of the instrument. As a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him clearly and absolutely.

"While Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration itself, John Adams was its great supporter on the floor of Congress. This was the unequivocal testimony of Jefferson. 'John Adams,' said he, on one occasion, 'was our Colossus on the floor; not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent in his public address, he yet came out with power, both of thought and expression, that moved us from our seats;' and at another time he said: 'John Adams was the pillar of its support on the floor of Congress; its ablest advocate and defender against the multifarious assaults which were made against it.'"

On the second day of July, the resolution of independence was adopted, and, on the fourth, the Declaration itself was unanimously agreed to. Language can scarcely describe the transports of Mr. Adams at this time. He has best described them himself, in a letter, written the day following, to his wife: "Yesterday," says he, "the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting Colony, 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I

am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we will not."

We all know how truly these predictions of John Adams have been realized,—what an anniversary the 4th of July has been, and is, to all true patriotic hearts. And when the Centennial Fourth arrives, it will be the crowning Jubilee, resounding from one end of America to the other a glad hosanna, we trust, of our independence, won by the courage, eloquence, and patriotism of the noted men of the past. One of our writers, in speaking of John Adams, says:

"He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of the controversy, and had acquired a decision and a hardihood proportioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone.

"He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. He had tried his powers on the questions which it involved often and in various ways; and had brought to their consideration whatever of argument or illustration the history of his own country, the history of England, or the stores of ancient or legal learning, could furnish. Every grievance enumerated in the long catalogue of the Declaration had been the subject of his discussion, and the object of his remonstrance and reprobation. From 1760, the Colonies, rights of the Colonies, and the wrongs inflicted on the Colonies, had engaged his constant attention; and it has surprised those who have had the opportunity of observing, with what full remembrance, and with what prompt recollection he

could refer, in his extreme old age, to every act of Parliament affecting the Colonies,—distinguishing and stating their respective titles, sections, and provisions; and to all the Colonial memorials, remonstrances, and petitions, with whatever else belonged to the intimate and exact history of the times, from that year to 1775. It was in his own judgment, between those years, that the American people came to a full understanding and thorough knowledge of their rights, and to a fixed resolution of maintaining them; and bearing himself an active part in all important transactions,—the controversy with England being then, in effect, the business of his life,—facts, dates, and particulars made an impression that was never effaced. He was prepared, therefore, by education and discipline, as well as by natural talent and natural temperament, for the part which he was then to act.

"The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It *must exist in the man*, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when

their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, *this is eloquence*; or, rather, it is something greater or higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

"In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress then was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And, surely, fellow-citizens, never, *never were men* called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effect, it appears in still greater magnitude.

"Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empires. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

"Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration. . . .

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opin-

ions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

" 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interests for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

" 'If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by man, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

" 'For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander

of the forces raised or to be raised for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us,—what they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then—why, then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

“If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we *shall not* fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British

king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of the enemies' cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die Colonists, die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. *Be it so!* If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or, at least, the hope of a country, and that a free country.

“But whatever may be our fate, be assured, *be assured*, that this Declaration *will stand*. It may cost treasures, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, I believe, before God, the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart

is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

Such were the glowing words of John Adams before Congress, and not in vain were they uttered. The Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted on the 4th of July, 1776, and Adams himself lived many years afterward to see and rejoice in the wisdom of that movement. As late as 1820, he acted as elector of President and Vice-president, and in the same year, at the advanced age of eighty-five, he was a member of the Commonwealth, called to revise the Constitution. Forty years before, he had been one of those who formed that Constitution; and he had now the pleasure of witnessing that there was little that the people desired to change.

Possessing all his faculties to the end of his long life, with an unabated love of reading and contemplation, in the center of interesting circles of friendship and affection, he was blessed in his retirement with whatever of repose and felicity the condition of man allows. He had also other enjoyments. He saw around him that prosperity and general happiness which had been the object of his public cares and labors. No man ever beheld more clearly, and for a longer time, the great and beneficial effects of the services rendered by himself to his country. That liberty which he so early defended, that independence of which he was so able an advocate and supporter, he saw, we trust, firmly and securely established.

The population of the country thickened around him faster, and extended wider, than his own sanguine predictions had anticipated; and the wealth, respectability, and power of the nation sprang up to a magnitude which it is quite impossible he could have expected to wit-

ness in his day. He lived also to behold those principles of civil freedom which had been developed, established, and practically applied in America, attract attention, command respect, and awaken imitation in other regions of the globe. And well might and well did he exclaim, "Where will the consequences of the American Revolution end?"

If any thing yet remains to fill this cup of happiness, let it be added that he lived to see a great and intelligent people bestow the highest honor in their gift where he had bestowed his own kindest parental affections, and lodged his fondest hopes,—upon his son, John Quincy Adams. Thus honored in life, thus happy at death, he saw the jubilee, and he died; and with the last prayer which trembled on his lips was the fervent supplication for his country, "Independence forever!" One, in speaking of those last moments, thus writes:

"At length the day approached when this eminent patriot was to be summoned to another world; and, as if to render that day forever memorable in the annals of American history, it was the day on which the illustrious Jefferson was himself also to terminate his distinguished earthly career. That day was the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Until within a few days previous, Mr. Adams had exhibited no indications of rapid decline. The morning of the 4th of July, 1826, he was unable to rise from his bed. Neither to himself nor his friends, however, was his dissolution supposed to be so near. He was asked to suggest a toast appropriate to the celebration of the day. His mind seemed to glance back to the hour in which, fifty years before, he had voted for the Declaration of Independence, and, with the spirit with which he *then* raised his hand, he *now* exclaimed, '*Independence forever!*'"

"At four o'clock in the afternoon he expired. Mr. Jefferson had departed a few hours before him. They departed cheered by the benediction of their country, to whom they left the inheritance of their

fame, and the memory of their bright example. If we turn our thoughts to the condition of their country, in the contrast of the first and last days of that half-century, how resplendent and sublime is the transition from gloom to glory!

"Then, glancing through the same lapse of time, in the condition of the individuals, we see the first day marked with the fullness and vigor of youth, in the pledge of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to the cause of freedom and of mankind; and on the last, extended on the bed of death, with but sense and sensibility left to breathe a last aspiration to Heaven of blessing upon their country. 'May we not humbly hope that to them, too, it was a pledge of transition from gloom to glory; and that, while their mortal vestments were sinking into the clod of the valley, their emancipated spirits were ascending to the bosom of their Maker?'"

A touching incident is thus given of the humanity of John Adams. During his Presidency, the Whisky Insurrection took place in Pennsylvania, which, as is well known, created much excitement throughout the country, and a number of persons were arrested on a charge of high treason. Among them was a German by the name of John Fries, who was, after an impartial trial, sentenced to be hung, which sentence received the sanction of President Adams.

Fries was an aged character, and had a family, consisting of a wife and ten children. Some short time previous to the period of his expected execution, his aged companion arrived in the city with

her ten children. When her arrival became generally known, her appearance and her numerous progeny excited general commiseration. The sympathy manifested was such that the voice of Philadelphia was simultaneously in favor of a pardon. Accordingly, a petition was prepared, and signed by thousands; and, through the influence of friends, an audience was solicited of the President, and acquiesced in. Upon advisement, however, it was considered of vital importance to the fate of Fries that his consort, accompanied by her numerous offspring, should present the petition.

A few confidential persons conducted her to the presence of President Adams. As soon as they approached him, the aged matron, with her ten children, knéeled before the President, and in that humble posture sued for the life of her husband and the father of her innocent children. Upon this presentation, the President became so sensibly affected that tears, in great profusion, flowed down his manly cheeks, his utterance was completely choked, and, with streaming eyes, and hands raised toward heaven, he rushed from the room of audience to his closet, and immediately returning, presented Mrs. Fries with a full and free pardon for her husband.

The scene, as represented by those who were present, was the most affecting that conception can paint. A wife with her children prostrate, almost overcome with agonizing despondency, pleading for the life of a husband and parent, was far more eloquent than language can portray.

GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

AT THE CROSSING.

FAINTLY the lamp's pale luster shone
O'er the group that, with stifled breath
And gentle tread, were watching near
The shadowy couch of death.

Death! was it death who had entered there
With the twilight shadows dim?
Ah, the peerless conqueror came not then
As the fearful look for him.

No "King of Terrors," with heavy tread,
Walked in at the muffled door;
We caught no gleam of his garments red,
Or his arrows dipped in gore.

Was the foe transformed to an angel of light
From the land of brightness and bloom,
Sent to guide the lone one through mists of
night,
To the light of her Eden home?

It might be so, for the death-filmed eye
Gleamed with a rapturous ray,
And her words were songs, as the billows
high
Surged over her shining way.

She had naught to say of the valley of gloom,
Nor of billows black and cold;
But she spoke of the land where the lilies
bloom,
And the pavements gleam in gold.

Was it strange? Does the conquering hero
sigh
As he lays his saber down?
And mourn o'er the dangers that throng his
way,
While he journeys to take his crown?

There was one who wept by that bed of
death

As they only weep who lay,
At once, the brightness and bliss of earth
'Neath the valley-clods away.

They had walked toward the light of the
better land,

Through life's day, till the golden sun
Waned in the West, hand clasped in hand,
And hearts that were linked as one.

She met his gaze with an eye whose light
Was caught from the shining throne.

"I am going," she said, "to the mansions
bright,

But thou 'lt tarry not long alone.

I shall wait and watch on the holy plain,
Near the pearly gate, for thee,
Till our severed hands are clasped again,
On the shore of the jasper sea."

The days went onward with solemn tread,
Till the weeks had numbered twain,
When the snowy sails of the Jordan bark,
Were reefed by the shore again.

He stood where a glimmer of amethyst
Through the spray of the waters fell,
Till his form was bathed in the shining
mist;

And we said, "It is wise, it is well!"

It is well, for, O, 't is a dearer land
Where the sinless shall ever be;
And the twain are walking, hand in hand,
By the shore of the jasper sea.

HATTIE A. W. REQUA.

THE CHILD'S GOOD-MORNING.

THE eagle on its rocky height,
He knows the hour of waking,
And waves his pinions in the light,
The midnight dew off-shaking;
And I must shake off sleep and sloth,
Since rosy day is dawning,
And, even as the eagle doth,
Will wish the world good-morning.

The rose-bud in her woven bower
Atwixt the leaves is peeping,
And bares her bosom more and more,
For 't is no hour for sleeping;
Then is it meet that I repose,
When such as these give warning?
I'll look abroad, as doth the rose,
And wish the world good-morning.

FILAMENTS OF THE VISION OF PATMOS.

WE may not essay the interpretation of the wonderful vision, or, rather series of visions, that have engrossed the conjectures and enlisted the learning of commentators and expositors from the first centuries to the present, but we may look at some of the materials out of which the dream-prophecy of Patmos was constructed.

Ordinary dreams are the reproduction of waking thoughts, arranged most fantastically by the riotous imagination while the judgment sleeps. Never yet was pure dream truthfully related. It is simply impossible to recall the fleeting, phantasmic jumble of times, persons, and places that come and go, meet and mingle and disperse, like shadows on the wall, in endless kaleidoscopic inter-multiplication, on the narrow border-land between sleeping and waking. Foolish the effort to relate dreams, and still more foolish the superstitious reverence with which dreams are regarded by some as the foretellers of good fortune or the prognosticators of evil. When we attempt to recall the dream, only the more vivid impressions remain imprinted on the waking memory. On these the reason sits in judgment. We discard every thing incongruous, and, in telling, frame a concatenated and consistent whole out of the shadowy phantasmagoria of light and shade, mirth and sadness, the living mingling with the dead, hopes of the future companioning most heterogeneously with memories of the past, the scenes of yesterday strangely blended with the Spring joys of long-fled youth.

"In broken dreams the image rose,
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now, leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor lost.
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come in dim procession led,—

The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As when they parted yesterday."

Every thing but the stronger lights and the firmer expression fleets away to the domain of good and evil dreams with the coming of the day, that puts all phantoms to flight.

What was the precise character of prophetic vision, we may not now know. The poet-prophets of ancient Israel were dreamers; but the visions of sleep and night, or of day reverie, were committed to paper in the prophet's waking hours. John's Revelation differs in style from John's Gospel and Epistles, and some commentators account for the difference in the different manner in which the message of the Spirit impinged upon the apostle's mental sensorium.

Prophets make prophets as poets make the poets. Homer has supplied imagery to poets of thirty centuries. John dreamed his dream in the symbols and language of his predecessors of the former dispensation. To thirty-two of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, marginal references, more or less direct, are found attached to the record of this new prophet. The words and symbols of the old prophets are largely the vehicles of the thoughts of the apostolic Revealers. How many ordinary readers think of this fact? Familiar as we are, by reading and study, with both Testaments, it is surprising to what an extent we credit John, in our current conceptions, with beautiful and sublime passages that were centuries old when he wrote them down. How got these into his dreams? We have not far to inquire. A fairly educated Jew, he was familiar with every part of his nation's literature; its thoughts and expressions were grained into his mental processes, as the thoughts and expressions of the translated Bible are into the mind and memory of a modern student of its pages. Many of its phrases

were proverbial then, as they are now. As, into English speech and writing, we incorporate, unconsciously, familiar expressions, current idioms, every-day phrases, drawn from the Bible, from Shakespeare, from the classic writers, from the poets and literature of our own and other tongues, so John, all unconsciously, quotes the language, adopts the expressions, imitates the imagery, of patriarchs and prophets, especially those whose poetic power and force made the deepest impression on his own mind. He is not aware that he has expressed himself scores of times in the words of Isaiah, that his symbols are those of Ezekiel, and that his Christian outlook is that of Daniel, Jeremiah, the Psalms, and Zechariah. For sixty years the "beloved disciple" had habitually studied the Old Testament with the eyes of a Christian expositor, and, in all his sermons and expositions, had given to its prophecies a New Testament gloss. Hence it is not surprising that in his inspired dream he saw objects through Old Testament glasses. John the Jew shines out of every page of the Book of Revelation.

Daniel saw in vision "one like unto the Son of man;" John also sees in vision "one like unto the Son of man." "One came with the clouds of heaven," says Daniel; "Behold he cometh with clouds," responds the prophet of Patmos. Zechariah: "And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced." John: "Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him."

John's description of the apparition of Christ has its perfect prototype in Daniel. John: "Countenance as the sun shineth in his strength;" Daniel: "Face as the appearance of lightning." John: "Head and hairs white like wool;" Daniel: "Hairs like the pure wool." John: "Feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace;" Daniel: "Arms and feet like in color to polished brass." John: "Clothed with a white garment down to his feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle;" Daniel: "Clothed in linen, loins girded with fine gold of Ophir."

Other prophets contribute to the portraiture: "Voice as the sound of many waters," writes John; "Voice like the noise of many waters," says Ezekiel. "Out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword," John. "Mouth like a sharp sword," Isaiah.

Revelation: "A throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne;" "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne," Isaiah. "And he that sat was, to look upon, like a jasper and a sardine stone," John. "The likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone," Ezek. "And there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald," John. "As the color of amber. . . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain," Ezekiel.

John's "beasts" (see Wyclif, better translated "living creatures") are, like Ezekiel's, "full of eyes." "The first beast was like a lion [face of a lion]; the second like a calf [face of an ox]; the third, face as a man [face of a man]; the fourth, like a flying eagle" (the face of an eagle).

John's picture: "And the four beasts had each of them six wings. . . . and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Isaiah's: "Above the throne stood the seraphim, and each one had six wings, and they cried one to another, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." John's "book written within and on the back side" is Ezekiel's "roll of a book written within and without."

John saw a white horse, a red horse, a black horse, a pale horse. Zechariah's chariots were yoked to "red horses," "black horses," "white horses," "grizzled and bay horses."

Joel says (prophetically), "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood." John (historically), "The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." Isaiah: "The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll." John: "The heavens departed as a scroll." The beautiful language: "They shall hunger no

more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," is a verbal quotation, almost word for word, from the prophet Isaiah. So, also, is the glorious promise, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" ("from off all faces").

"Idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and wood, which can neither see nor hear, nor walk," is taken from Daniel, and both, doubtless, from the hundred and fifteenth Psalm.

Nehemiah's description of the Deity, which "made heaven and the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein," is quoted bodily, with slight verbal alterations.

"The little book" that was to be "in the mouth sweet as honey," was Ezekiel's roll, in the "mouth as honey for sweetness."

John's vision embraced "two olive-trees and two candlesticks standing before the Lord of the earth;" so also Zechariah, "two olive-trees on the right side of the candlestick," "before the Lord of the whole earth."

In Daniel, "four great beasts came up from the sea, one like a leopard, one like a bear, one like a lion, ten horns, with mouth speaking great things." In Revelation, a beast rises up out of the sea, like unto a leopard, feet of a bear, mouth of a lion, ten horns, mouth speaking great things.

Babylon says, "I sit a queen, and am no widow." Isaiah's Babylon boasted, "I shall be a lady forever; I shall not sit as a widow." Of John's Babylon, it was divinely commanded: "Come out of her, my people, be not partakers of her sin, receive not of her plagues." Jeremiah had similar warning: "Flee out of the midst of Babylon, deliver every man his soul, be not cut off in her iniquity." Isaiah's Babylon practiced a "multitude of sorceries," as Nahum's Nineveh was "mistress of witchcrafts." John says: "By thy sorceries were all nations deceived." At the taking and destruction of Babylon, the kings of the earth bewail and la-

ment, saying: "Alas! alas! that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" So, also, Jeremiah: "At the noise of the taking of Babylon, the earth is moved, and the cry is heard among the nations."

The "tree of life" reappears from the Book of Genesis. The description of its appearance in Paradise is borrowed from Ezekiel. It grows "on either side of the river of the water of life, bears twelve manner of fruits, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

Ezekiel: "By the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meats; . . . it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, and the leaf thereof shall be for medicine" (marginal reading "bruises and sores"). The final threat, "If any man shall add to" or "take from the words of this book," is taken from the Book of Deuteronomy, the words (in part) of Moses, at the conclusion of the giving of the law.

Such are a few of the quotations and imitations from the writings of the Old Testament, scattered all through the Book of Revelation.

Thus far John the Jew, thoroughly permeated with the literature of his nation, from Genesis to Malachi, appropriating its symbols, quoting its expressions, and embodying in it his own thoughts, consciously or unconsciously, at every turn. John the Christian is not less remarkable. John Baptist, the last prophet of the old dispensation, who also stood on the border-line of both, cried, when he saw Jesus on the banks of Jordan, "Behold the Lamb of God,"—a bold, and (to Christian thinking) felicitous personification, nowhere else found in the whole Bible.

The lamb of the Jewish sacrifices typified the Messiah, and Isaiah chanted: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter." Peter counted the blood of Christ to be that of "a lamb slain without blemish and without spot," and similar phrases are to be found in the Old Tes-

tament and New; but John Baptist was the first and only one to venture the phrase, so unique and startling, "Lamb of God." John Evangelist is the only one whose ear caught, and whose pen recorded this phrase in its fullness, "Lamb of God."

In the Book of Revelation, "The Lamb" occurs in eleven of its twenty-two chapters, and is twenty-eight times applied to Christ in the brief treatise.

In Patmos, Christ appears to John in a shroud of fire, as the "Son of man;" when, however, "a door is opened in heaven," the first view is that of the Father; and the song is, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come;" "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

The second scene is that of the sealed book, which no man was able to open. The dreamer wept at the lack of power to unseal the volume; but one of the elders said, "Weep not, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof."

The distressed weeper turned at the word "lion," expecting, perhaps, an apparition of the king of beasts, but, in place of the semblance of the monarch of the tropical forests, his wondering gaze encounters "a lamb,"—"a lamb as it had been slain from the foundation of the world." Myriads of heavenly songsters sang: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;" "Blessing, honor, glory, power, salvation, to our God, which sitteth upon the throne," "and unto the Lamb." The redeemed are called the first-fruits "unto God and the Lamb." These are they "which follow the Lamb." They have overcome Satan "by the blood of the Lamb." They have washed their robes and made them white "in the blood of the Lamb." In the "presence of" "the Lamb," "the Lamb on Mount Zion," "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," the victors over the beast "sing

the song of Moses, the servant of God," and "the song of the Lamb." The wicked, in the day of final judgment, ~~can~~ upon the mountains and rocks to fall upon them and hide them from the most terrible of all wraths, "the wrath of the Lamb." The followers of the beast shall "war with the Lamb," but "the Lamb shall overcome them." The saved are those whose names are written in the "Lamb's book of life." These quotations speak volumes for John's faith in the sacrificial character of Christ, a bloody atonement, and his belief in Christianity as the true Judaism.

The synonym for every thing that was vile and hateful to the Jews was Babylon,—the seat of the plots against their peace, and the ruin of their nationality, the plunderer of the Temple and commonwealth, the seat also of years of captivity, slavery, and every style of oppression.

"The King of Babylon," says Jeremiah, "hath devoured me, crushed me, swallowed me up like a dragon;" but "the time of her harvest shall come." "Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing, without an inhabitant;" "the wild beasts of the desert, with the wild beasts of the islands, shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein, and it shall be no more inhabited forever, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation." "It shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah." Isaiah's fullest prophecy is identical with that of Jeremiah, and is its prototype:

"It shall never more be inhabited;
Nor shall it be dwelt in through all generations,
Nor shall the Arabian pitch his tent there;
Nor shall shepherds make their folds there.
But there shall the wild beasts of the desert lodge,
And owls shall fill their houses;
And ostriches shall dwell there,
And satyrs shall dance there;
Wolves shall howl in their palaces,
And jackals in their pleasant edifices."

—Noyes's Translation.

Babylon, "the glory of the Chaldees' excellency," one of the earliest of cities, dating away back to the eve of the Flood, commenced, with the conquest of Cyrus

(B. C. 538), its era of decay and ruin. If still a city of some consequence in the time of the apostles, it had long ceased to have any political importance to the Jews; and yet the name (like Sodom and Gomorrah) was a synonym for luxury, extravagance, oppression, and sin.

Peter had his Babylon, John had his Babylon. Where was Peter's? Where was John's? We can hardly resist the conviction that it was pagan Rome. "I will tell thee the mystery of the woman," he says expressly, and explains, "The woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." She sits upon a scarlet-colored beast having seven heads, and the "seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." Rome was the seven-hilled city. "The waters where the harlot sitteth are peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues." Beyond these few hints, all is mystery, all is hidden, except where the apostle lifts a corner of the curtain. It was, doubtless, sufficiently intelligible in his times, particularly to Christians, but it is so no more. If John never saw the imperial city with his own eyes, how could he describe her luxuries in such glowing terms? It is easy to tell. Rome reproduced herself in the cities she conquered, as England has reproduced herself, for instance, in Calcutta, a city of palaces, filled with all the luxuries of plethoric British civilization, in mournful contrast with the huts of poverty-ridden heathendom. Jerusalem had a theater and circus in the days of Christ, and ruins of Roman amphitheaters are found to-day in the principal cities of Asia Minor.

In the marts of all the commercial capitals of the gorgeous Orient, the apostle had seen what he so vividly describes,— "the merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass and iron and marble and cinnamon and odors and ointments and frankincense

and wine and oil and fine flour and wheat and beasts and sheep and horses and chariots and slaves and souls of men." What an inventory! Where was all this gorgeous luxury, this Oriental extravagance? The widest and wildest latitude of interpretation has prevailed. Protestants have applied the symbolism to the Church of Rome, and indignant Romanists, in reply, have spelled out from the figures all the heresies of Protestantism. If it meant Rome to the persecuted followers of Jesus in the first century, applied to mankind at large, does it mean any particular city now? Is it not a broad description of the luxury and wickedness of all cities?

The Jews believed in temporal punishment for sin. Judgments overtook Tyre and Nineveh and Babylon for their sins. John never saw Rome, but he knew her as a voluptuous and a godless persecutor of the saints, "drunk with the blood" of the people of God. In John's life-time, what had not Rome done before his eyes! Beheaded John the Baptist to satisfy the lust and cruel caprice of one of her minions, crucified Christ, beheaded James, persecuted and slain Paul, banished John himself, besides destroying Jerusalem, and overwhelming hundreds of thousands of his Jew countrymen in blood and fire and ruin.

The old prophets saw the near and sudden overthrow of ancient Babylon in the surprise effected by Cyrus. What was the sudden ruin of Rome on which the eyes of the later prophecy rested? Was it the sacking and pillage of the city by Alaric in the fifth century? Hardly, for Rome was then a Christian city, Alaric respected the churches; and, besides, the apostle says distinctly, "things that must shortly come to pass." We will not add another to the scores of explanations of this "tortured book."

Every dreaming prophet, disgusted with the lust and luxury and selfish extravagance of the world's great Babels has his visions of Sodoms and Babylons. London is Babylon, and Paris is Sodom, and New York Gomorrah; their gamblers,

their debauchees, their idolaters of fashion, their godlessness-masters and tradesmen, their haters of God and Christianity, the festering wickedness in high and low places, are the material for fire and brimstone and everlasting burnings, for temporal and eternal ruin.

Subtract the good, the Lots and Abrahams, Elijahs and Johns, from these civilized cities, and they would become terrestrial hells, fitted, like Sodom and Gomorrah, for wrath and lightnings and burnings, sulphur and asphaltum. In the present state, evil is perennial, iniquity hydra-headed. We do but destroy one evil to find it succeeded by a brood of others, often greater than the one exterminated. The contest is perpetual and discouraging. The normal order of things is a perpetual fight with vices and sins, and our instinctive impulse and unceasing effort is to cut off abuses and excesses in detail, to destroy sins, one at a time, only to find that they and their congeners spring up again with new life, and compel us to do our work over again; so that, like Sisyphus with his whirling stone, or the daughters of Danaus pouring water into a tub full of holes, our labor is both fruitless and endless. Society gets no better.

Christianity has mitigated the horrors of the wholesale murder styled war, but Christians and Christian nations still pursue the barbarous trade, when their passions are inflamed, with as much blood-thirstiness, gusto, and atrocity, as the Turks of the Middle Ages.

Murders, adulteries, robberies, and all the bolder-fronted iniquities, are rampant in Christian countries, and only suppressed by the strong hand of power. Frauds, chicanery, cheating, and all manner of devices for transferring the proceeds of honest industry, and the real laborer and producer, into the hands of the idle, the vagabond, thriftless, and dishonest, are constantly practiced. Society is externally more decent, but it is as corrupt at heart as when Paul penned his picture of the corruptions of his times in the celebrated first chapter of his Epistle

to the Romans. The meaner vices are banished as far as possible, as well as the more gigantic crimes and iniquities; but each one feels that they are merely driven below the surface, and that society really resembles those cities that lie at the foot of Vesuvius, based on a hollow shell that covers seething caldrons of lava, ready to be rocked and rent and toppled down by earthquakes, or overwhelmed by tempests of destructive gases, or buried beneath devouring cinders and ashes. In the best social state, deadly malarias taint every refreshing breeze, serpents crawl in every parterre of beautiful flowers, tigers lurk in every green thicket, ugly leviathans lie in ambush in every pellucid stream and fountain, every picturesque bush and rock in the landscape hides some devourer.

The brood of hidden and suppressed sins is vastly larger than those that are apparent. Oppressions, deceits, malignities, devilries, frauds, cheateries, violations of human right, have no end in this sin-cursed world; and thoughts of all these things possess the minds of millions who have not the courage or the opportunity to practice them openly.

The world of to-day is a Babel of corruption. Shall corruption have no end? Babylon was, to the Jew, as Sodom and Gomorrah, a nightmare and abomination; Jerusalem, a pride and a glory. The poets of the nation never weary of celebrating the praises of Zion, the "city of David," the "city of the Great King." The later Jerusalem, as touchingly predicted by Christ, had been whelmed in ruin by the legions of all-conquering Rome. John sees a "New Jerusalem," the capital city of the "new heaven and the new earth." The Babylon of the apostle of Patmos, like the capital of ancient Assyria, had been destroyed for its sins.

A new order of things would arise,—the "golden age" of the classic poets, in Scripture terminology, "heaven;" the old, mixed order of terrestrial affairs, is to end; the even-handed conflict of the centuries, evil with good, error with truth,

sin with holiness, despotism with freedom, darkness with light, Ahriman with Ormuzd, is to terminate. Mingling and confusion are to be no more. The elements are to resolve themselves, separate, rebound from each other, follow their natural affinities, and to obey the law of natural repulsion.

Henceforth darkness shall consort with darkness, and light with light. Earth began in Paradise, it shall end in Paradise. Sin, death, and the devil are foreigners, usurpers, intruders here. Evil "principalities and powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places," are to be dethroned, and banished to their original habitat,—chaos, darkness, and eternal night. Satan, who fell like lightning under the with-

ering glance of incarnate Good, will receive his deserts. The fable of Saint George or Saint Michael conquering the dragon is but the reproduction of the scene so vividly described by John, of the angel that descended from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand, who laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, the devil and Satan, and bound him and cast him into the bottomless pit; and both are representations of the final triumph of good over evil, the conquest of sin by holiness, and the final separation of the kingdom of light from the kingdom of darkness. Welcome that New Jerusalem, the "new heaven and the new earth," in which "righteousness" shall have her eternal habitation! EDITOR.

OUR NEXT NEIGHBOR.

WERE our next neighbor our only neighbor, we should certainly account her far away, and feel oppressed by our utter loneliness.

But we always talk relatively. The sun, the glorious source of our light and heat, is ninety-two millions of miles from us; the planet Jupiter is five hundred millions of miles; Neptune, two billion seven hundred million miles; and as regards the stars, Alpha Centauri, one of the brightest in the heavens, and the nearest to the earth, is more than nineteen trillions of miles off, while others are five hundred times as far away. It may well make our poor heads whirl to try to think of these inconceivable distances; and after such giddy wandering into the vast regions of space, it is restful to turn to our own serene, silent satellite, which is but two hundred and thirty-eight thousand miles removed; and we look upon her as a close companion. Indeed, her mere distance would be no obstacle to our paying her many

visits in the course of an ordinary lifetime. If an express train could start from the earth for the sun, and travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, it would take it three hundred and sixty-three years to arrive there; but, if the same train could start for the moon, and proceed at the same rate, it would reach its destination in eight months.

To the naked eye of even the casual observer, the moon presents a most attractive and interesting sight in her regular changes each month, and the clearly defined light and dark features of her face when full. The "man in the moon" has been the wonder and delight of children for generation after generation, while others see in the same outlines the head, arms, and legs of a human being; and in France they say that Judas Iscariot is visibly interred in the moon, as a punishment for his treachery.

As the moon shines only by reflecting the light of the sun, whenever she passes through the shadow of the earth,

she is eclipsed. The ancients learned to calculate when this phenomenon would occur, and Columbus, on his fourth voyage to this country, when the natives of Jamaica were refusing to supply him and his men with food, by means of his foreknowledge of an eclipse, made the islanders wholly obedient to him. Nothing, however, was known about the moon that could not be learned by the unassisted eye, before the time of Galileo, who lived in the seventeenth century, and well deserves the title of the "Christopher Columbus of the skies." This great Tuscan philosopher was the first person who pointed a telescope to the starry heavens, and though, compared with modern instruments, his invention was but a poor spy-glass, he made many wonderful discoveries by it; ascertaining that the moon was not a flat surface, but a planet very much like the earth, and that it had mountains and valleys. Some of Galileo's contemporaries declared that it was wicked to scoop out valleys and mountains in the fair face of the moon; but the philosopher, little daunted by such censure, pursued his investigations, and taught his followers how to measure the mountains on the moon by the shadows they cast.

The moon turns on her axis in the same period of time that she revolves round the earth,—about thirty days,—and for this reason, the same side of her is always turned toward us, whether it is illuminated or not. When the moon is between us and the sun, the illuminated half of her is that side turned away from us, and we can see nothing of her. Then there is said to be a new moon. In the course of a few days, however, as she turns on her axis, and round the earth, we begin to have a portion of our side of her lighted, and see her as a narrow crescent. Gradually, we have more and more of her illuminated, until we have a clear view of a whole hemisphere

"Arrayed in glory, and enthroned in light."

Then she begins to wane, and disappears as a crescent in the east, at the

end of about thirty days. When the new moon is seen as a silver crescent in the western heavens, the rest of her face is distinctly discerned, and the ashy light upon it is earth-shine, or light reflected upon it from our own planet, which at that time is *full earth* to the moon, that is, presents her whole illuminated face to her satellite. At this time, the crescent, which is said to hold the old moon in her arms, or, as the Scotch express it, the "new mune wi' the auld mune in her arms," appears to be part of a larger sphere than the moon; but this is only an optical illusion, owing to the fact that the brightness of the crescent increases her apparent size.

There are two peculiarities which every one observes about the full moon in the horizon. One is the extraordinary dimensions; the other, her occasional red color. The great size of the moon when thus situated is another of those illusions to which our eyes subject us; for, in fact, accurate measurement with an instrument proves that the moon's diameter appears a little less to us when she is in this place than when she is at the zenith. But it is the habit of our eyes to judge of the size of objects by the number of things between them and us; and when the moon is in the horizon, terrestrial objects intervene, while only clear space separates her from us when she is over our heads. This deception about the moon's size is dispelled by looking at her with a tube, or the hands held tube-wise.

The blood-red color which the moon sometimes presents to us in the horizon is caused by the refraction of her light, as it comes through the heaviest part of our atmosphere. So the moon, on some occasions, looks yellow, because her light mingles with the blue of our atmosphere, the color that blends with yellow to form white. And at night, in a gas-lit city, she looks bluish-white, from the effect of contrast.

When the full moon, in August or September, is in the parts of the zodiac called the signs Pisces and Aries, there is as

slight a difference in the time of her rising on two successive nights as is ever known; and the long, bright moonlight is such an accommodation to the husbandman, in the midst of the ingathering of his fruits, that this full moon is termed the Harvest Moon.

A modern telescope clearly shows that the surface of the moon is very wild and rugged, and abounds in rocks, hills, mountains, dales, plains, and tremendous caverns. In ancient times it was fancied that the dark parts of her face consisted of seas, lakes, and bays, and names were given to them, such as the Sea of Rains, the Sea of Clouds, the Sea of Tranquillity, etc. These names are still kept, but astronomers are agreed now that there is no considerable body of water on the moon,—that the dark portions are plains. Some of them are very extensive. The Ocean of Tempests covers a surface of ninety thousand square miles.

The mountains are evidently of volcanic origin. There are ranges of them called, after our earthly mountain chains, the Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenees, the Ural, the Carpathian, the Taurus, the Cordilleras, and the Caucasian range. Many of the mountains are like enormous round walls, inclosing a space fifty miles or more in diameter, and having one high conical mountain in the center. Other mountains are solitary peaks, but usually of circular form. The most prominent mountains are named after distinguished astronomers, as Herschel, Newton, Kepler, Copernicus, etc. Gassendi is the name of a remarkable group of mountains consisting of two enormous ring-ranges. The outer ring incloses an area of twenty-eight hundred miles, and in the center is a curious mountain with eight peaks. Though it would take eighty-one moons to make a body equal in weight to the earth, nine and thirty of the lunar mountains are higher than Mount Blanc. The circular mountain called Newton is about 24,000 feet high, and 7,951 yards deep. Its "excavation is such that neither earth nor sun is ever

visible from a great part of its bottom."

Not only are mountains, rocks, and plains seen on the moon, but toward the close of the last century the astronomer Schröter discovered there long, deep cuts, or furrows, resembling our railroad tracks. Since he called attention to them, nearly one hundred have been discerned, running in all sections, varying in length from ten to one hundred and eighty miles, and in breadth from fifteen hundred to ten thousand feet. Schröter believed that the moon was inhabited, and looked upon these grooves as canals for purposes of commerce; but it is found difficult to conceive of Lunarians so much stronger and more industrious than ourselves, that they could dig trenches, sometimes miles broad, hundreds of yards deep, and one hundred and fifty or more miles long, and then dispose of the material taken out so that no trace of that is discovered. It has been suggested that the grooves are the beds of ancient dried-up rivers, but against this theory are the facts that they are sometimes wider in the middle than at any other part of their course, and sometimes run right up mountains, and both begin and end abruptly. Besides these grooves, very luminous white bands are seen, particularly in the full moon. Sometimes they are isolated, but usually they radiate from a mountain like Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho, etc. Tycho has more than one hundred of them stretching in all directions. These mysterious streaks of light, in some cases twelve or even eighteen miles long, are neither chains of mountains nor long valleys, for they cast no shadows; but astronomers are not yet agreed as to what they may be.

It is believed that the moon, like the earth, was once in a fluid state, and that the action of internal heat has caused a solid crust to form over its sphere. Moreover, owing to the action of inward forces at different times, the volcanoes and mountains have been upheaved, and perhaps a similar cause has produced the long, straight grooves and white bands, which are so brilliant because their

substance is more reflecting than that around them.

It has been said that the moon is a planet similar to the earth, and such she is some respects. Like the earth, she is a round, opaque body, shining only by reflecting the sun's light, and hence she has always one side unilluminated. She revolves on her axis; as the earth rotates round the sun, so the moon rotates round the earth; and her surface is diversified by rocks, mountains, and valleys. In other respects, however, the moon is very unlike this world of ours. She has either no atmosphere, or else one rarer than any vacuum we can by any possibility produce with the best air-pump. It is believed that the sun has an atmosphere; it is considered certain that Venus, Mars, and Mercury each has one; but no one has discerned with certainty the trace of a cloud at the moon. When a star draws near our luminary, if there were an atmosphere, it would become obscured as it entered that atmosphere; but, in fact, the star continues in undiminished brilliancy until the instant it is hidden by the moon. Of course, there can be no twilight nor winds where no air exists.

Now let us consider a lunar day. It is as long as our month. For three hundred and fifty hours of it the sun pours his rays with scorching power, because untempered by any atmosphere like ours, upon the surface of the planet; and then for three hundred and fifty hours she has no light but that of the earth and stars, and is left to a frigidity exceeding that of our Arctic regions. Water, it is argued, could not remain on the moon; for the heat of the first half of a lunar day would cause it to pass off in vapor, and, as we have said, no vapor is detected near our satellite.

We would all like to know whether the queen of the night is inhabited or not. If she is, the Lunarians are very different beings from ourselves; for we could not exist without air or water, and alternately exposed to such terrific heat and excessive cold. But it does not follow that there

are not beings especially organized for such a state of things, though we can not imagine how they are constituted. Had we never seen or heard of fishes, we might suppose that no organized creatures could live under the surface of water,—in the ocean, in lakes and rivers. Astronomers, however, are inclined at the present day to believe that the moon is uninhabited; that she is a "hushed and silent desert," serving only to act periodically as our torch at night; to cultivate, by her soft, tender, witching light, the poetical temperament of man; to enable the mariner to settle where he is on the earth's surface; and to raise our tides. Some of the ablest mathematicians, at certain observatories, make calculations of the moon's motions, which are given regularly in the Nautical Almanac; and the skillful navigator, wherever he may be upon the ocean, can tell his longitude by calculating with his sextant the moon's distance from the principal stars and planets, and then comparing the results with the tables in that Almanac.

The two daily ocean tides are caused by the attraction of the moon, according to the universal law of gravitation. The lunar attraction acts on all the atoms which compose the earth and sea, and so, on the side of our planet toward the moon "the water is pulled from the earth, and on the other side the earth is pulled from the water." The sun also causes tides, but his immense distance renders his power in this respect very inferior to the moon's.

It may be asked if there is reason to hope that we shall ever, in this life, know whether our satellite is the abode of living beings, or not. Our prospects are not bright. The telescope has been brought to a marvelous degree of efficiency, so that, in highly favorable conditions of the atmosphere, we can see the moon as she would look to us if she were only from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles distant. But as the magnifying power of the instrument is increased, the light of the

moon, since it is only reflected light, is diminished; and even could our luminary be brought within forty miles of us, though vast forests, if there are any on her surface, could be distinguished, we could not perceive creatures of the size of the earth's men and animals, nor structures such as men raise, excepting those of very extraordinary size.

About thirty years ago, when Sir John Herschel was making observations at the Cape of Good Hope, some one published a pamphlet, asserting that the great astronomer had discovered on the moon vegetation, animals, and inhabitants. So many persons were hoaxed by this ridiculous story that Arago, a famous astronomer, and intimate friend of Humboldt, was obliged to make a public denial of it before the French Academy of Sciences, much to the disappointment of wonder-loving and credulous folk.

If our satellite has no animated beings, we may ask if God set her in the heavens solely for the benefit of those on this globe. Not necessarily, for she may be going through changes that will eventually fit her for habitation, as our planet did before man was created upon it. But another theory has found favor with scientific men, and that is, that the moon, instead of being a young or incipient world, is a worn-out world. It has been thought possible that oceans once existed on her surface, but have been engulfed as her mass cooled. This conception of the moon may well lead us to exclaim, in the words of another:

"O, fair ethereal ruler of our night!
Companion friendly, cheerful satellite,
Can it be so, that thou, our comfort giving,
Art bound, a girdling corpse, unto the living?"

There is a quaint saying, *The moon eats the clouds*, but it is easily explained. We know that the light of the moon is very valuable to us, although it would take eight hundred thousand full moons to give us as much light as the sun affords. The heavens would have to be covered with them. Nevertheless, considering how great the light of the full moon is, and that our satellite is exposed

for three hundred and fifty hours at a time to the sun's direct rays, it is evident that her surface must send off heat as well as light. Does any of that heat reach the earth? Formerly, scientific men thought it did not, for they could not, by any experiments, detect it; but, in recent times, it has been found that perceptible though faint heat comes to us from the moon. In 1856, a member of a scientific expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe found that the heat of the moon, though the latter was very low at the time, was equal to that given by a wax taper placed fifteen feet distant. The reason that we receive so little heat from our satellite, however, is because her rays have to pass through our atmosphere, and most of them are absorbed. In this way the moon eats the clouds.

We have said that only one and the same half of the moon is ever visible to us,—a statement that requires a little modification. The moon's movements do bring within our sight a small portion of her farther hemisphere; and though some astronomers have thought that side of her might be more like our earth than the visible side, it is reasonable to conjecture that no great difference exists between the two hemispheres.

Within late years, green spots have been observed on the moon, coming into sight and disappearing periodically, as though they were vegetation. And now tidings come, that, at the astronomical observatory maintained by the Russian Government on the highest point but one on the Himalaya range, a brilliant light has been discovered at the moon, that must proceed from some huge burnished substance, acting as a mirror. But there is in Great Britain a standing "Moon Committee," engaged in investigation of the moon, and in making known their discoveries. We may therefore hope and trust that our acquaintance with OUR NEXT NEIGHBOR will continue to increase as we take her along with us in our swift and ceaseless journeyings round and round the sun.

MARY GRANGER CHASE.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER II.

M AND MADAME BASÈRAT, being now permanently located in Rotterdam; made preparation for those whom they fondly expected from France. They were indeed almost without tidings from Caen. Communication was both difficult and perilous, and when a chance message traveled across the seas, brought mayhap by the brave captain of some friendly ship, it was often couched in terms so obscure, that the recipients had great trouble to decipher its meaning.

"Tell my brother that the *Capital* will soon join him in Holland," Jean said to a Norman sailor who was conveying to those States a large cargo of eggs, fruit, and pigs; and it was only after a week of puzzling over the sentence, with great mental effort, that Madame Basèrat at last cried out:

"Michel, Michel, why it means my Cousin Pâris," adding, with excitement, "and he will bring our sisters Suzanne and Marie Madeleine. Thou seest, Michel, that Paris is truly the capital, with only the difference of an accent for my cousin's name."

Michel shrugged his shoulders.

"Why does Jean Basèrat feel himself compelled to speak always in enigmas?" said he. "To avoid compromising the captain, he would answer. But could not one conceal a letter in the heel of his boot," continued M. Basèrat, indignantly, "and not load down the minds of sailors,—above all, when they are not of our religion? But Jean always delighted in these kinds of mysteries."

If indeed Jean Basèrat did take pleasure in the strange complications of life, he ought, at this era in his history, to have been fully satisfied.

In secret was the plan for the departure of the two sisters devised and carried out. Spite of her fifty years, the burden of an extensive commerce, and the fail-

ing health of her husband, older than herself, did the brave mother of this already sundered family pursue, with unwavering courage, the sacrifice which was to separate her from the only two daughters that remained to her. One, the wise, calm, serious Suzanne, who, for a long period, had sustained the duty of commercial correspondent for the house; the other, joyous Marie Madeleine,—witty, resolute, sweet-tempered, and influenced by a more fervently religious experience perhaps than any member of the family besides; who had cheerfully come and braved the persecutions of this domestic life.

This persecution in Normandy attacked all classes, but its chief venom poured itself out on little children. They were kidnaped frequently by strong force, sometimes by adroit cunning. The victims disappeared in convents or in distant monasteries. If their infantile faith resisted the multiplied assaults of the confessors, the loneliness and cruel suffering, then they passed away entirely. None ever heard these baby martyrs spoken of more. If, on the contrary, any were found who consented to keep quiet during the celebration of mass, they were led off in triumph, and signed with the mark of the cross, as converted children of the only true Church.

In vain did the smaller mercantile houses cease to disquiet themselves about their business affairs; in vain did noblemen strive to find places of concealment for their children in their own extensive grounds, from this horrible anguish of the stealing away of their infants; this mortal separation of mothers from their daughters, of fathers from their sons, which agonized the Normans far more than the most cruel torture.

Each day some new departure took place from their beloved country, France,

for each day illusion as to the truth became more impossible. The temple of Caen had fallen, amid the flourish of trumpets, the beat of drums, and cries of fanatic joy. M. de Bosq, the eloquent pastor, who drew around him each succeeding Sunday, for many years, a crowd of reformers from the city, had already reached Rotterdam, where his first care had been to seek out Michel Basèrat and his wife.

"You are all that remain to me, dear friends, of all my once happy flock," said he, in a sad tone.

A part of the congregation of M. de Bosq were preparing to rejoin him in the new home or place of exile. A great offense had penetrated with grief the Church of the good pastor after his departure from Caen. M. Pâris, cousin to Madame Basèrat, harassed by the king's archers, and accused by the New Catholics of having facilitated the flight of the Basèrats, had, so rumor declared, signed his abjuration of the old faith. He had been forewarned that twenty-five soldiers were on their way to his dwelling, to take up their quarters there, and his soul trembled in fear for his wife and his little ones. He knew well by what torments the dragoons had brought about the submission of the Protestants in the South. The ancient province of France, Poitou, began already to be inundated by these *booted missionaries*, as they were called, and not a few had permanently installed themselves there, keeping a threatened saber-thrust above the defenseless heads of the inhabitants. M. Pâris had, indeed, fainted under the trial, making a promise to the Bishop of Bayeux (who had come to Caen to labor for the conversion of heretics), and sealing his apostasy with bitter weeping, that, before Christmas he would commence his duties in the Catholic religion.

Fifteen days after, he presented himself at mass, in the Church of St. Peter, at Caen. Several other Protestants followed his example. They had the good fortune of carrying along with them a minister from the environs of the city,

who asserted to the converts that he would rather effect by good will and kindness what others brought about by compulsion, adding that the Roman creed was not so full of horrors as some would wish them to believe.

"You have been very unfortunate, then, in suffering us to be so long deceived," dryly replied Madame Basèrat, the mother, to whom he had directed his discourse, and then she turned her back toward him, with a feeling of irrepressible indignation.

All the plausible reasonings, however, of the renegade pastor could not bring back peace of mind to the poor unfortunates who had fallen away with him. M. Pâris, in especial, could not sustain the shame of his position, although he only accorded to his persecutors an outward conformity, which had in no wise changed the religious habits of his family. But as M. de Bostaquet said in his memoirs, after a similar apostasy:

"All equally criminals, we can no longer expect that tranquillity of soul which, in other times, constituted our chief joy. God seems to have hidden himself from us, and, while by our ordinary pious exercises, that are made freely and in public, we show forth the signs of the purity of our belief, and of our repentance, this crime is always present to my eyes, and I often accuse myself of having proved so evil an example to my family, and many, many others. I can not witness, without grief, numbers of my little children exposed to become the prey of these demons, whom I believe ready to carry them away from me. I meditate over these things without cessation in my retreat; but the flesh warreth against the spirit, and the fear of abandoning this great family, and the impossibility I foresee in supporting it in a country of strangers, prevents me continually from adopting any plan for relief, although I am blindly seeking a more favorable time, when I may procure money enough for our wants."

M. Pâris had not as yet taken any active part in the new creed, although bitter

were the reproaches of his conscience. He saw constantly unfolding before his eyes the result of flight. All the property of his cousin Michel Basèrat had been confiscated, and every available article sold at auction. The splendid library which he had gathered with so much care and love, the valuable household furniture, even the expensive laces and dresses of his wife, were cried out in the public market-place, and the sums realized from these sales had been "applied to the maintenance of the demoiselles Basèrat, daughters, by dedication, of Monsieur and the lady Jane Hamelin, his wife, who, having abandoned the pretended reformed religion, are at present in the consecrated house of the New Catholics!" They carried the little Catherine every day to mass, and already did the child begin to love the odor of its incense.

In vain, nevertheless, did these human considerations bind more closely M. Pâris to his country, his family, and his business relations. In vain were the proselyters indulgent to his scruples, never seeking to penetrate into his secret convictions. His conscience and his honor spoke with a louder voice to the man than all these humane motives. He lost appetite and sleep; his commercial prosperity, which heretofore had absorbed all his thoughts and all his time, seemed to have no more interest for him; he sat gloomy and sad even in the midst of his own beloved home circle. His wife urged him to leave France. She had never abjured the faith, had refused constantly to be present at the celebration of mass, and only the compliance of her husband had thus far protected from harm.

But another infant was about to be added to a family already numerous, and her situation aggravated the perplexities of her husband. The courageous wife took no account of herself. "Go, my dear, and look after thy business matters," said she; "put them in good shape, gather together the money, and when thou art ready to depart, I shall be ready to follow thee."

He had been for three days on neces-

sary duty at a distant market-place, when an express messenger brought to him this billet:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must tell thee that God has given me strength to bring into this sad world, about two hours ago, a fine large girl, in every way a perfect child. It is two hours after midnight, and my situation will not permit me to say more. Do not disquiet thyself, take good care of thy affairs, and alter nothing of thy resolution. All will yet go well, by the help of our good Lord.

"GILLOME PARIS."

When M. Pâris returned home from the fair, he found his wife pale and feeble, it is true, but moving with her accustomed quiet about the house,—patient, cheerful, her little infant in her arms, and almost rejoicing at the extremity which must now prevent her from sending the child out to nurse. "This one belongs to me, and I shall have the whole care of her till we reach Holland," said she, with a wonderfully satisfied air.

During the absence of her husband, Madame Pâris had, with the assistance of her aunt, Madame Basèrat, prepared every thing for the departure of the entire family. Suzanne and Marie Madeleine Basèrat had returned from Fontenay, and were in negotiation with a captain of the port, who was also engaged in the interests of the house of Basèrat.

M. Pâris, finding matters so advanced, could not draw back, and this necessity, so in agreement with the dictates of conscience, soothed somewhat the remorse, which weighed heavily upon it. He walked to and fro about the city with so satisfied an air, that the Catholics exclaimed, "See how well M. Pâris adapts himself to our religion!" The reformers shrugged their shoulders with contempt, only the more spiritualized resting in hope. "He is ashamed of his apostasy," said they, "and has taken his resolve to retrace his steps toward that God whom he has forsaken." They dared not confide their suspicions to a living soul; and thus the preparations for leaving went on, one could scarcely tell how.

The fugitives had resolved to embark at some distance from Caen, in order to avoid the scrutiny of curious eyes. All was ready. Suzanne and Marie Madeleine kneeled in utter prostration before their old father, crippled and suffering with gout, and thus prevented from accompanying them to the point of departure. "Give us your blessing, my father," said Suzanne; Madeleine in her bitter weeping could not speak. "If you can recover my sisters from the New Catholics," continued Suzanne, turning toward her mother, "tell them that we loved them always, in spite of the affliction of being separated from them." "Embrace the little Catherine and Marian for us," sobbed Madeleine.

The venerable mother listened to these heart-broken moans without an instant's faltering, simply saying, in a calm voice: "You must leave me; and my desolate home will henceforth contain no more daughters to cheer its loneliness; but the time will come when we shall be gathered together in the blessed heaven above."

M. Pâris had already taken his way, with his wife and five children, toward the sea-shore. His abjuration, as we have said, had thus far preserved his family from harm, and now the nest in Holland would henceforth give safe shelter to all the brood.

"If Michel had not been so imprudent," sighed Jean Basèrat, "he, also, might have been able to carry his little daughters along with him."

His father made no response, yet his satisfied expression evidently implied assent to his son's remark; but a stern glance from his mother silenced the complaining Jean.

"'Imprudent!' did you say? Let the word be 'faithful,' instead. Would you have loved your brother better had he yielded up his faith before the mockings of that fanatic monk? Pâris can not be consoled for having fainted and fallen before his great temptation."

Jean Basèrat made no reply. And thus did the fugitives bid farewell to the

dear old house, the cherished furniture, darkened by age, the bright little garden, the spreading trees that lifted their heads above the gateway, and stone inclosure; the whole familiar view, seen as through a misty veil, by the humid eyes of the daughters, who were abandoning parents and country at the voice of conscience and of duty.

Madeleine passed her hand within the arm of her mother, pressing fondly against her, without speaking; and still the face of Madame Basèrat remained quiet and placid, while from her brilliant eyes beamed out the fixed resolve of a heroic soul. She was pacing steadily forward to the separation which she had weighed, prepared, and executed, as a martyr leads the way toward his own torture. And what suffering can equal that of a mother who thus voluntarily separates herself forever from her well-beloved children?

They reached the shore, walking leisurely along the coast, finding M. Pâris already there, the little infant almost hidden under the thick, wide skirts of the mother. The youngest born nestled itself half asleep in her arms, the robust servant maid carrying the next in age, which was scarcely more than a twelve-month old.

The girl had said to her mistress, as Ruth to Naomi, "Where thou goest, will I go, and where thou dwellest, will I dwell;" she had no need to add, "Thy God shall be my God," for the same faith had united them many years,—Gil-lome Pâris, wife of the rich cloth merchant, and Phillis Vasseur, daughter of a lowly peasant.

"Now, behold the way of the world," grumbled Jean Basèrat, at last. "Here we are, and no vessel to be seen, while it should have been in sight long ago, for the sea is rough, and it is quite time for it to be off. If we are not seized upon by some government spy, I shall be surprised."

His mother made no response, perhaps, indeed, did not hear him, for she passed from group to group, touching the

clothes which enveloped the little ones, to assure herself that they were well protected. Then she examined the baskets packed with eatables which the women carried, and adding other sweet morsels, that she drew from her capacious pockets.

Her niece, Gillome, had always been as another daughter to her. The two souls were in perfect accord, and were sustained by the same faithful courage.

"I confide them to your care," said the venerable woman to the young mother, who was about to carry away from France all her treasures. No need was there to designate, with that strong hand, which never trembled, her two daughters. Her niece understood it all without gesture or word. "I will be all to them, that they will permit me to be,—mother or sister," she answered, almost in a whisper. Even in the midst of her anguish, Madame Basèrat could not repress a smile at the prudent reserve of her niece. For it was true that Suzanne had been always more used to command others than claim protection for herself; and Madeleine did not willingly accept advice.

The poor emigrants still anxiously awaited the first appearance of the delaying ship. Meanwhile, an ominous sound made itself heard in the distance; but it proved to be only a company of peasants, who gathered about the fugitives in surprise, yet without any malice in their hearts, trying to divine what so agitated the waiting circle on the shore; and seeking also to recognize, if possible, the faces, bathed in tears, and almost concealed under high coiffures or large hats.

M. Pâris now approached his aunt, and, pressing her hand in his, said, in a stifled voice:

"You will pray for us?"

"And you for us, who must still remain in this cruel servitude," replied the aged woman.

"My prayers will not rise up before the Lord Most High," he murmured, with a gloomy air; and even as he spoke there came a cry from among the women:

"A boat! a boat!"

An open barge was now plainly discernible, and had, in fact, nearly reached the shore.

"It is Martin, the sailing-master," said Jean Basèrat, who knew all the mariners on the coast; "he has espied our dilemma, and wishes to profit by it."

"O, will the captain never, never come?" exclaimed Suzanne, almost in despair. Her brother shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"I believe—no. Some one has, without doubt, made him afraid of the risk."

"Then he ought to be disowned and displaced by his superiors and his sailor companions," replied Suzanne; and the brave girl, educated in the most exact habits of commercial life, turned away with contempt.

Jean Basèrat had not yet concluded his interview with the navigator, when the servant, Phillis, drew near her mistress, and said, in a calm, low voice:

"I am told that a company of mounted men have been seen in the distance, and the horses seem to be advancing toward us."

Just at this instant, M. Pâris cried out:

"We are betrayed! Our foes are indeed close upon us! Let us embark just here without a moment's delay, and trust ourselves to the mercy of God."

Madame Basèrat gazed steadfastly at the open boat,—a veritable nutshell, incapable of enduring a sea voyage, scarcely large enough to contain the party of fugitives at all. Her nephew understood the doubt, and eagerly exclaimed:

"We shall surely, in a few hours, come across some friendly ship, or the captain may meet us almost as soon as we leave the shore."

The poor repentant apostate's soul was filled with a mortal anguish. The remembrance of his human weakness, the remorse of his conscience, the longing to press forward into exile at all risks, filled his soul with racking tumult. His wife drew near him, and, laying her gentle hand on his arm, said only the few decisive words:

"Let us go, my husband."

Marie Madeleine threw her arms about her mother's neck, and, after a long, tearful look into the dry eyes of the other, she said, in a sad, sad voice:

"The soldiers of the Church are upon us, dear mother; if we tarry longer, we shall be to-morrow with the New Catholics,—with our sisters and our nieces. Shall we stay?"

Madame Basèrat disengaged the little hands from their passionate embrace, and, still holding them close clasped within her own, answered solemnly:

"Go, my children, under the care of the Lord, and may his strong arm be round about you for evermore!"

She then gave to her children the last parting embrace, and Jean brought also his conversation with the mariner to an end. Madame Pâris was already seated in the barge, and Phillis still on the shore handing to her one after another of the children. The sound of horses' hoofs now echoed sharply along the road, still at a distance, but evidently on the approach seaward.

M. Pâris sprang into the boat, the sole protector of this company of womanhood and little children, bound on an adventurous voyage, without having recovered the faith so obscured now by the depth of his fall,—the trust which gave such serene and firm assurance to his adored wife, the faith which seemed to illuminate her always expressive face.

Gillome Pâris made a signal of farewell to her aunt, who could now but dimly discern the fugitives through the moist eyes that yet would shed no discouraging tear.

"You will look after my mother sometimes," she cried out; for Gillome had left the good mother in Fontainebleau, the neighboring village to Caen, she being too infirm to follow her daughter into exile. Her last thought had gone back in filial love to the helpless and aged woman, spite of the dangers that surrounded her.

Jean Basèrat, leaning toward the boat, cast in the few remaining packages, when, lifting himself into an upright position,

and turning his face landward, he suddenly cried out in an importunate accent: "Be off! Quick! quick!"

The archers were indeed drawing very near on a swift gallop, and although the coming night had now fallen dark around them, the barge could nevertheless be still distinguished by the party on shore. A vivid flash gleamed over the somber waters, two quick reports from soldiers' arms followed; a faint cry floated across the waves, and reached the ears of those who tarried by the coast, then all was still save the rapid strokes of oars rapidly receding from the shore. The archers, enraged at such signal defeat, remained for a time drawn up in line, gazing after the coveted prey that had escaped their toils.

About an hour previous, a messenger had announced at the chateau that M. Pâris, the great draper of St. John Street, was in readiness to sail with his family to the land of the stranger, in spite of his asserted conversion and his fair promises. The officers ordered out for his arrest had ridden with all speed to the place of rendezvous and embarkation, but arrived too late.

The peasants, still gathered on the coast, regarded the whole scene in evident terror, then gradually dispersed their several ways in silence. Madame Basèrat took the arm of her son.

"Let us hasten home, Jean," she said; "thy father will fear he has lost his all in one day."

The archers watched for a moment the two dark figures as they glided quietly along the road-side; they fired a parting salute in their direction, but the gloaming had grown too dark for a good aim.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," murmured Madame Basèrat. "O, if we could but know from whom that cry came in the boat! It was a child's voice. What will become of Gillome if one of the little ones was struck?" continued she, in a sad, moaning tone.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE. DE WITT.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

A NUTSHELL SERMON.

MAY brings the beautiful apple-blossoms,—the pure, beautiful, fragrant apple-blossoms! They wreath and mantle the brown, angular branches till they are no longer unsightly, but a glory and a wonder. What a paradise for bees, as they drone with drowsy hum amidst the intoxicating sweets, and revel in the soft gauzy beds of perfume! Over the old rail-fences crusted with moss and lichens, the friendly boughs reach half-way across the road, like honest, toil-worn hands stretched out for greeting, and scatter above our heads their largess of ambrosia, or snow, or—manna.

Yes. What is it? Examine a flake,—a single petal. What wonders are crowded into so small a compass! What consummate workmanship, even to the last and slightest detail! The delicate leaf is shaped and folded, as with the very tender touch of a very loving hand, to receive its peerless coloring, that soft milky white, melting into ever so fine a flush of pink, and spattered with rosy spots, like the freckles on some village beauty. Here and there, indeed, a more decided dash or splotch of crimson marks the overlapping of the petals when first the sun smote them with color in the bud before they had unfolded. And this deeper shade has been preserved on their opening back, being thus sheltered from the bleaching influence of the now fierce sun, who would soon drink up what he gave.

See what a fairy cup this corolla is, crowned with an aureola,—golden anthers scattering auriferous dust, and baptized with the wine of the morning,—nectar-like dew. Set upon its downy stem of pale green, it is a goblet for Titania or Queen Mab. Drink! Hail! Waes-hael! Be glad for once with the wine of the gods, which the bees have so long had all to themselves. Think not it is the wind that stoops the branches to our reach; it is a Hebe or a Ganymede who bends the

glowing beaker to our lips. Now do we catch sight of the sweeping garments of Olympus; we are among the awful joys, and hear the dread secrets of the deities. Let us walk with them! Let us rejoice with them! They invite us with the gracious nod.

Ah! their murmurous intonations confound us; their thoughts are ponderous; their glances overpower us. Let us come down, and stand once more beneath the apple-boughs. Yes, these are only apple-blossoms. But what a blessed sight! As they wave their white hands up toward the powdery azure of the heavens, in a sort of holy ecstasy, they seem to exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." These are the white wings of angels, and this is their song.

Sweet as the breath of the blossoms are the thoughts they inspire. Linger awhile here yet, that the sacred influence may be abiding, that this sweet-smelling savor, this incense of oblation, sweeping over the life, may purify it in some sort. It is the Sabbath,—let us not refuse to worship.

Sometimes hope is more beautiful than realization, as these blossoms are lovelier than the fruitage which will succeed them. This we might oftener consider, and take as consolation to our souls, in the days when our desires are not fulfilled. We at least have had the delightful dream, the purple-clothed imagining. And who can say that the fruit would not have been bitter?

This was the sermon that the apple-blossoms preached to me one Sunday at Algonac, shut out by the orchards from the steamboat landing, where the panting monster which had brought us so far on our way still lay wooding;—shut out from even a glimmering view of the adjacent Flats of the St. Clair, where the commerce of the great lakes is continually

passing and repassing in heavily laden argosies, the flags of many nations flying at their peaks;—shut out from the noisy world, but all the closer to the invisible world, the intangible but yet enduring realities.

Many sermons have I heard, some in finely intoned words in ancient cathedrals, from pulpits of carved oak, black with age, and where the stained windows poured out a crimson and gold glory; others in plain village churches, a simpler utterance. Some of them are a dim yet pleasant remembrance; most of them are forgotten, though, doubtless, not unproductive of good. But the sermon of the apple-bosoms is an abiding, fragrant memory. Would I could give it as it was given to me!

Once I thought that sermons came only from pulpits. Now I know it is other-

wise, for I have learned that our Father is always speaking to us. And, O, how grand and glorious are his words, full of love, wisdom, consolation, and hope for us,—such as never man spoke,—words, too, that never deceive, that are full of meaning to the thoughtful, and of instruction to the ignorant! Let us listen to them.

As we walk through the corn-fields, why should we not pluck an ear, remembering what was told us more than eighteen hundred years ago, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath? As we come to the struggling ox in the pit, why should we not know that it is always lawful to do good? As we pass by the vineyards, why should we not look up with a divine thirst for that fruit of the vine of infinite love which we are to drink new in our Father's kingdom?

HENRY GILLMAN.

HOW ORIENTALS ENTERTAIN THEIR GUESTS.

A VERY wonder of wonders, at least to Occidental orbs, is an Oriental feast. Not less unique in regard to the guests invited and the manner of seating them, than in the provision made for their entertainment and the honors conferred at its conclusion; "honors" meaning *presents*, since an Eastern host would be deemed wanting in hospitality, should he allow his guests to depart empty-handed.

The feast made in Joseph's palace for the entertainment of his brothers well illustrates all these points. Before Joseph made himself known to his kinsmen, the command to the steward of his house was: "Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." Seen from the stand-point of Orientals, among whom hospitality to strangers is reckoned a cardinal virtue, there was nothing remarkable in the giving of such a com-

mand, and the steward received it evidently without surprise. Nor would the young men themselves have felt any apprehensions, but for the *money* that in some unknown way had found lodgment in their sacks. This is evident from their eagerness to explain to the steward, and to offer him the "double money" they had brought. But while yet pondering the man's strange reply, "I had your money," a greater wonder arose. They were seated, "the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth or, as Josephus says, "in strict conformity to their seniority, *just as they used to sit at home around their father's board.*" The marvel was not that precedence should be given to the elder above the younger; for on this point all Orientals are extremely punctilious, never failing to seat highest at table those who by seniority of birth, are entitled to rank

first. But how should this strange man know so accurately their respective ages, especially as, being the offspring of different *mothers*, several must have been very near the same age. Yet even this second problem ceased to engage their attention, when, more wonderful still, he who was the youngest of them all was the recipient of the great man's highest favor; for "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." This language reads oddly enough to us, seeming to indicate, either that the hospitality shown to the ten older brothers was insufficient, or that the plate of the younger was inconveniently heaped with five times as much as he could possibly consume. Neither supposition is at all likely to have been true of the princely establishment of the chief minister of the richest and most cultivated nation of the world, as were unquestionably the Egyptians of that period. The real meaning is perfectly obvious, in the light of Oriental usages. First, *there was no table*, strictly speaking; but huge trays, made with a pedestal like our salvers or fruit stands, did duty as such, both then and now. Upon these the food is brought in,—each tray containing ten, twelve, or fifteen dishes; and a tray, with its varied assortment of meats, soup, and vegetables, is placed between each group of two, or at most of three, persons, as they sit or recline on cushions about the apartment, or upon the divan at the upper end. The twain, or trio, help themselves from the tray before them, without attending, in any degree, to the party above or below them; and whenever the host, or any one of his guests, is far above the others in rank, a tray is placed for him "by himself,"—as in Joseph's case. The number of dishes on a tray is proportioned to the rank of those before whom it is placed, or the degree of preference the entertainer desires to manifest toward them. And when the guest is a person of more than ordinary consideration, other dishes are added constantly during the repast,—occasionally tray after tray full, till he is com-

pletely surrounded by all the varied luxuries that can be commanded for the occasion; and from these the great man selects such as may be agreeable to his palate. It is not to be supposed that, at Joseph's feast, Benjamin *ate* five times as much as did his brethren, who were all, doubtless, amply and variously supplied. The honor conferred on the younger brother consisted solely in the greater variety offered for his selection, and in the recognized mark of preference, on the part of the lord of the feast, thus plainly indicated. Nor were these *three independent tables*, as many have supposed, from the words, setting on for "Joseph by himself, and for them [the eleven brethren] by themselves, and for the Egyptians by themselves." The ordinary Oriental usage of setting a tray between every two or three people forms them into distinct groups in the act of eating, since most Orientals make no use of plates, but transfer the food directly from the dishes or bowls to their mouths, except occasionally to rest the detached morsel for a moment upon a thin cake of bread spread before them. In this way, the separation so distinctly marked in Joseph's feast was very readily effected. Joseph, as prime minister of the land, had, appropriately, a tray to himself; and the man whom he meant specially to honor, one to himself also; while, in the distribution of the others into groups, care was taken that no Egyptian should be associated with a Hebrew, to be compelled to partake of the same dishes with him,—as that was an "abomination to the Egyptians." Orientals being extremely punctilious about all points of etiquette, we may imagine Joseph, as Pharaoh's "chief ruler," occupying the highest seat on the divan, or raised dais, at the upper end of the room; the Egyptians sitting along the sides, the officers nearest their lord, and the others lower down; while the Hebrews, ranged according to seniority, sat toward the bottom of the apartment, and Benjamin lowest of all. Joseph's elevated position readily commanded a full view of

the entire company, and enabled him to give a general attention to the comfort of all his guests, and to direct toward Benjamin the special favors that transformed his subordinate position, as the youngest of the group, to one of enviable distinction, as the great man's favorite. This was the more noticeable, after the tacit admission of his youth was made in the assignment of his seat; and we may imagine the surprise of the ten brethren proportionately great.

Always among Orientals, the trays for those in the upper part of the room are better supplied with dishes than those nearer the door,—that is, the viands, as a general rule, are more delicate, costly, and various; though, for all, the provision is abundant as regards quantity. Herodotus alludes to this distinction among the Egyptians. He says: "In their public banquets, twice as much was

set before the king as before any one else." If the mess of a king was only *double*, Benjamin's quintuple allowance was indeed a rare distinction. When, after the feast, raiment came to be distributed among the great man's guests, "Joseph gave to each man changes of raiment, but to Benjamin *five* changes of raiment." In Persia and some other countries, only *one* honorary dress is conferred at a time,—the distinction consisting in the quality and the class of articles of which it is composed. But in Turkey and elsewhere, all dresses of honor are of nearly the same description; and the value of the gift is indicated, as in the case of Benjamin, by the *number* of honorary robes bestowed; few or many being given, according to the rank of the donee, and the degree of favor intended to be indicated by the donor.

FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

THE OLD WORLD AND NEW IN SOCIAL CONTRAST.

SECOND PAPER.

AS might be expected, in an old and thoroughly developed country, society in Europe is far more differentiated than with us. There is none of that simplicity or homogeneity of life which characterizes us, in which all persons, and to an extent all trades, circulate freely. Every body and every thing in Europe is set apart for a peculiar place and work, and is expected to do nothing else.

In the first place, the classes in Europe are more numerous and more distinct than with us, the distinctions having worked their way into the laws and customs of the people. The vast distance between the very high and the very low has all been laid off in regular gradations; each descending step being fixed in the laws and customs, and as definitely placed, with reference to each other, as the successive terraces of a French gar-

den. The nobility, the professional classes, the distinguished in literature and wealth, all have their etiquette, observed by each rank respectively, and between the ranks; and have each well-acknowledged rights and duties, not only in society, but in law and government. And even the lower and common classes subdivide their pettiness, in imitation of the higher classes, and have, on a small scale, their differences of privileges and etiquette. As a result of the politico-social system of Europe, every body claims a rank of some kind. If one is only a street-sweeper, he boasts that he is above the man who sweeps in the sewers; the very beggar draws a distinction between himself and some more unfortunate beggar, in sores. It is one of the great sources of enjoyment in Europe to count how many people are beneath you,

and how many honorable persons are on the same level with yourself. It is customary, on introducing a person, to give his rank, and commonly on barely mentioning him. Such terms as "Esq.," "Sir," and "Mr.," have a real meaning in Europe, and are not, as in this country, applied promiscuously to every body. In Europe, moreover, there are many distinctions unknown to us, including such as "highness," "reverence," "worthiness," "most high and mighty," and "the highest of all," all of which indicate recognized social differences, if not actual political inequalities.

The difference between the classes manifests itself in the general work and deportment of the people, running into great minuteness of detail. Every class has its line of conduct prescribed, with a catalogue of actions which it is proper to do or not do. The higher classes, for example, are, and are expected to be, noble, honorable, and generous. They would not do any thing mean or petty, because it would be too much like the lower classes. If they sin, it is some big sin, involving hundreds of pounds or tens of acres; but they would not cheat you for five cents; still less would they do any thing that betokens social meanness, as black their own boots or brush their clothes (a course which many others pursue that they may be thought honorable). The lower classes, on the other hand, will descend to almost any thing mean, feeling that, with no social recognition, they have no obligations to nobility of conduct.

In the professions, also, which, as we have said, constitute a sort of class in themselves, this differentiation manifests itself in the same degree. In the first place, there are more professions than with us. Besides law, medicine, and theology, there are also the teachers' and the military profession, which last have their courses of studies, schools, and public and social recognition, as well as the others. The artists, also, in most countries, constitute a profession, and also the stagers. The technical part of almost

every occupation has been elevated to a profession; so that there are professors of every thing, with the difference that, whereas in our own country the self-titled professors are generally unlearned quacks, in Europe the professors, of no matter what, are learned and skilled. Many a professor of dancing or cooking has taken as severe a course of training as our most learned lawyers and theologians. In the next place, the professions in Europe have generally definite limits, with acknowledged rights and ranks, both social and legal, which are known and respected, both among themselves and by all others. It is rare that a man claims to be in a profession to which he is not entitled, or to be a nondescript professor of nothing definite. The characteristics of each profession are determined by law, and the qualifications are generally the diploma of a university or school of technics. Learned men in Europe do not generally scatter themselves over so much ground as in this country. A man rarely tries to learn more than a part of a profession, making, if a physician, surgery or lung disease a specialty; or, if a lawyer, real estate or maritime practice his sphere. It is common to see a university professor devoting his whole life to Homer, Greek history, calcareous deposits, or some other very narrow branch of learning or science, in which specialty he becomes very proficient. A professor is always a professor of something; and both he and his friends know exactly what it is.

It is the same in business. Every man in Europe has a distinct business of his own, and does not so frequently as Americans, meddle in every thing. Whereas in our own country, on account of the sparsely settled state of the land, and the undeveloped character of the industries, a man must too often turn his hand to any thing, in Europe there are no "jacks of all trades." Every one keeps to his trade, works it in the old routine way, and is startled at any thing new or out of his line. Europeans are accordingly far less versatile than Americans, but more

stable and decisive in character; not inclined to fly away from one thing to another, nor to be discontented with their employment. A man rarely learns two trades, as with us, and very few are without any trade; so that skilled labor is the rule, and not the exception. The reason that so many Europeans, in coming to this country, can not work in our shops, but must take the position of laborers, is not that they have no trade, but that they have been trained to trades that we have not in this country,—as porcelain or silk manufacturing, or as professional waiters or keepers,—or else because the limits of our trades do not coincide with theirs. But every body in Europe has generally learned to do something well, and he does n't like to do any thing else. Again, the trades, like the professions, in Europe, are generally more limited than with us; the Europeans often making two trades out of one of ours, or, rather, we consolidating two European trades into one. Thus, in Europe, the plasterer's and the mason's trade are separate. A shoemaker rarely makes both men's and women's shoes, and often there is a separate trade for the uppers and the soles. Large manufactures are often only of parts, and not of whole articles of commerce, one manufacturer making his wares for another manufacturer, as in watch-making at Geneva, where no single house makes a whole watch. It is the same with merchants. They rarely, like our corner groceries, deal in every thing. There are, in the large cities, few "dry goods stores;" but one man sells gloves, and gloves alone; another sells cloth; another linen; another butter, or butter and cheese; another wines, etc. Instead of seeing books and stationery in the same store, you see books in one and stationery in another. There are also paper stores as such, where you can get writing-paper, wall-paper, and paper collars, but nothing else. Nor do you commonly see "wholesale and retail" establishments together; but the two form separate branches of business. And it is a common thing, especially in the large cities, to have dif-

ferent stores for different quantities; some shops not selling in the same minute amounts as others are distinctly known to do. The hotel and the restaurant, in Europe, are also separate establishments, a hotel rarely setting a table for its guests, but generally only providing rooms for lodging.

This same differentiation may be seen in matters of household economy. Some of the duties of the wife and family are elevated to the specialty of a trade, and made public instead of private, being put out of the house into shops and fields, and given to men instead of women. Few persons in Europe make their own bread, but buy it from the bakers. Even in the country the baker's wagon goes around, if not daily as in the city, at least at stated intervals, and leaves bread at all the houses, or at convenient stores in every neighborhood. There also public cooks, where families take their viands to have them cooked, or go to purchase food already cooked. It is a common thing to see the joints and fowls turning on the spits as you walk through the streets of Paris; and in London may be seen at a certain hour, when the public ovens are known to be heated, the servants issuing from the surrounding houses with their pans of beef and vegetables ready to be roasted. There are also public cellars, where dozens of families have their goods stored, sometimes each having a bin, and sometimes all delivering up their articles to a keeper, who gives a receipt for them; also public garrets and other places of storage, where each family has a corner for trash and furniture not in use; the common garrets of the large houses of which we have already spoken being generally used for such purposes by the families living therein. There are also public stables, where a man owning a horse, sends it to be kept, instead of attending to it himself, although few persons that ride have turn-outs of their own, but hire the public carriages, which stand for hire on all the street corners. There are also public baths; few houses or even hotels having private ones.

While there are fashionable tailors for the rich, and the best qualities of goods, equaling almost American prices, there are cheap tailors, cheap materials, and cheap suits for the poor; so that a man's wardrobe varies in price from five hundred to five dollars. As you can get any thing however good, you can get any thing however bad, and live as well or as meanly as you choose. It does not actually cost some men three dollars a year to dress. After getting the cheapest articles in all Christendom, they can get something still cheaper from the Jews. It is the same in regard to food and the general cost of living. While nearly all provisions are dearer than with us, being largely imported from our country, they are economized, and furnished on the table at a much lower rate. While the rich have things done up in great luxury, the poor have them done up in great stint and misery. Of the splendor of the tables of the former, we shall speak presently; but among the poor, living as they do on twenty, thirty, or fifty dollars a year, a family makes shifts that we do not dream of. The French peasant's wife, for example, has learned to make a good soup out of hot water and a little bread or meal, or else out of lard and a few vegetables,—the whole meal for a family of six persons not costing more than ten cents. A German makes a favorite repast of dry black bread and beer; and an Italian of a few chestnuts or figs. The poor of all parts of Europe do not generally taste meat more than once a week. Glad to get a little cheese or piece of herring, they often have no substitute whatever for strong food. The Irish, in the interior, make a favorite repast of boiled potatoes and buttermilk. Thousands of dishes are made out of whey, butchers' offal, and the scrapings and gleanings of the market and the wine-presses, which we know nothing of; the smallest quantity of any thing savory being enough to season a whole lump of tasteless matter. An onion, a turnip, or a cabbage-head sometimes transforms bran, chaff, straw, and weeds into edi-

bles, and the brine of meat and fish into soup and sauce. The restaurants, like the family board, are made to accommodate all classes. There are restaurants for the rich, restaurants for the poor, and intermediate restaurants for all others. In some you can get a meal for five cents, including beer or wine, according to the country. A man who has regard to his price, must choose his restaurant as well as his tailor. Sometimes the same restaurant, especially in Bavaria, has several classes of accommodations, one for the rich, and the other for the poor; the former being in-doors, and generally upstairs, and the latter in the court or hall. So likewise with the hotels; a man can get lodging in a European city from three dollars to three cents a day. The hotels are known according to their class, there being three classes that are considered respectable, and a variety of lower classes of resting-places, where they lodge a dozen in a room, amid noise and dirt and vermin. In the villages, in the Thuringian, Saxon, and Bohemian Mountains, a day's sojourn at an inn costs only ten cents, including meals. But you must sleep on straw, and eat potatoes and lard. In the same hotel there is every variety of accommodation and price, and you are expected to bespeak the quality of your guestship in ordering your accommodations. There are large, fine rooms for the wealthy, and small, badly furnished rooms for the poor.

It is the same in traveling. There are fast line, slow lines, and way trains, these last carrying freight as well as passengers. There are also on all roads at least three classes; the first class being slightly more luxurious than ours, the second slightly less so, and the third with uncushioned seats and no carpet or comfortable conveniences at all. In North Germany and Italy, there are on some roads also four classes; the victims in the fourth class being required to stand, often fifty persons in one *coupe*, where they have the appearance of cattle, huddling up and looking out of the solitary window. The entrance to the car is at the side, the

seats running from one side to the other of the car; and each car is divided into several compartments, so that the several classes may be in the same car, and all shut off from each other. On steamboats there are likewise always two classes or more. When there is a third class, the people who patronize it sleep on the floor, wallowing in filth, and contesting their places with cattle and store-boxes. In the omnibuses and street-cars (the latter are very rare), there are also two classes, the passengers of the second class riding on top; so also in the stages, where the second-class passengers ride in a *coupé* in front. There are two classes of coaches and cabs for hire in the streets and at the livery-stables, both classes being vastly cheaper than ours. So it is also with theaters and places of amusements. While there are magnificent theaters, finer than any we have yet attempted in this country, and splendid troupes, there are also cheap ones where the entrance fee is from five to fifteen cents.

In general there are qualities of every thing, to suit the purse and taste of the several classes. If you buy butter, lard, fruit, flour, or meat, you pay for it according to the quality, the various kinds being separated carefully, and sold under the proper brand. You are not as liable to be cheated in Europe as in America, if you pay a good price for what you buy. One can get any quantity as well as any quality and style of an article. It is common for dealers to sell a quarter or an eighth of a pound of butter or meat. Apples and even cherries are sold by the piece as well as by the quart. We once asked a Berlin market-man the price of his apricots by the measure. His reply was, "These are not potatoes, that we sell them by the quart." You can even get half a glass of beer in Berlin. It is more common in Europe to buy "cent's worth" than with us; and some things, as spices, thread, and sweetmeats, are rarely bought in larger quantities by the populace. Coal is sold by the bushel, wood by the bundle, flour by the pound or quart, and

provisions in quantities barely enough for a meal or for a day; so that the family larder is rarely more extensive than an American lunch basket. Matches, soap, and blacking are sold in small quantities, for a cent or less. In short, you see handfuls instead of armfuls, and basketfuls instead of cart-loads. The money is even accommodated to these small purchases, being subdivided far below the value of our cent. Germany has her pfennig, almost one-fourth of our cent; Austria, her kreutzer, less than half a cent; Italy and France, their centime, or one-fifth of a cent; and all these coins are in extensive circulation, and used in single and in small numbers. The Germans very frequently put only a fourth of a cent in the collection box, though if one wants to be a little generous, he puts in three-fourths of a cent (a dreier). We once sent a servant to get a dollar changed in Rome, when, after experiencing great difficulty in getting change for so large an amount, he returned with a paper bag full of coppers,—just five hundred.

Again, this differentiation of European life shows itself in local development, each small section of the country having grown up with peculiar institutions and customs, and become measurably independent and self-sufficient. Every community has learned what is best for it, and what it and its inhabitants are best suited for; so that every square mile has found its level. The nations of Europe are all small, none of them except Russia being larger than one of our good-sized States, and some of them no larger than our counties. Germany is subdivided into principalities and petty kingdoms, which, until the recent union effected by Bismarck, were practically independent nations. Smaller than these, however, are the Hanse towns, or free cities, which have developed into independent states or republics; as Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck, and (until recently) Frankfort-on-the-Main. The cantons of Switzerland are as independent and sovereign as our single States; and

almost every subdivision of Italy has once been a great nation, and has yet its strong individual characteristics. These different states, principalities, cities, cantons, and provinces, have all their peculiar laws, minutely suited in each case to its locality; as sea-board or inland, manufacturing or agricultural, grazing or mining, cold or warm, Catholic or Protestant; and each is immovably fixed in its business or customs, and aggrandized according to its peculiar genius. Each one, moreover, has developed its own language, different as the difference of race, climate, and the customs of the people, and serving as locks and barriers between intermigration and inroads of revolution and reform. Belgium has three languages, corresponding to the three ancient states, and parts of states, of which it is composed; namely, the Flemish, the Brabant, and the French. Switzerland has likewise three, bordering, as it does, on Italy, France, and Germany. Spain has the Aragonian and Castilian varieties of the Romance, besides the Portuguese. Every language, however, has its different dialects, differing in some cases as much as different languages. Thus, in Germany, there is the general difference between the high and the low Dutch. While the educated speak the same language in all parts of Germany, the common people in the interior can not understand those of the sea-coast; or a citizen of Berlin, the country people living three miles away. A Bavarian peasant can not understand a Prussian or Rhenish peasant. In France it is the same. Paris has its language, and every great city its variations; while the Gascons, Bretons, and Alsatians speak each a patois not intelligible to each other, or to an educated Frenchman. In the British Isles, as is well known, there are the three distinct languages of the English, Welsh, and Irish, besides Celtic mixtures in the Highlands. In England, the English, even, is not spoken every-where the same, as in our country; but Yorkshire, Cornwall, Scotland, Ireland, etc., have each

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a peculiar dialect, hardly understandable to each other; with different words, different pronunciations, and different accents and different tones. One of the marvels of our homogeneity of life is, that it fuses all other varieties, making, by our extensive intercourse, and the general circulation of our literature, one language of the English; and Americanizing even Continental emigrants into dropping their language, with their customs and ideas.

The same may be seen in the minor customs of dress and fashion, which in each nation and province are different. There is, perhaps, more difference of costume in twenty miles square in Germany than in the whole of the United States. Instead of one fashion spreading over the whole country, as with us, each community has a distinct well-developed fashion of its own, and is altogether unconcerned about the outside world. These fashions have often been handed down from time immemorial in the community, the style of to-day being based on that of the Carlovingian or Hohenstaufen period. The reason of this difference is largely that there is not so much travel and intercommunication as in the United States, which effects an acquaintance and mixture of styles and tastes, giving rise to a ready spread of new patterns and improvements, and to easy adjustments by the people to them. It is somewhat due, too, to the habit of every person wearing his garments until they are worn out; so that the time never comes when the people are generally ready for a change. It would be as difficult to begin a new season of fashion, as a new generation of men, all at once. In Burgundy the peasants still buckle their pants at the knee. In many parts of France they wear their shirts outside their pants. The Highlanders do not appear to wear pants at all; and some Frenchmen do not wear shirts at all. In Alsace the nurses wear red skirts reaching only to the knee, and low-necked dresses, without sleeves. In Holland the women wear brass horns

about their ears, and sea-shells in their hair. In Belgium, and the Netherlands, the women wear bonnets resembling a coal-scuttle, or dredging scoop. The lassies of Scotland and Switzerland have a costume well known to admirers of the picturesque. Country people largely wear wooden shoes every-where. In Poland and Russia they dress in bear-skins. In some parts of Holland the men have no brims on their hats; while Paddy generally wears somebody else's coat, which is too long for him.

There are the same local developments with regard to food. Besides the national differences,—the Germans, with their sauerkraut, black bread, dumplings, dried peas, and beer; the French, with their wine, roast mutton, garlic stews, soups, and every variety of salads; the Italians, with their macaroni, chestnuts, wine, and oil; and the English, with their roast beef, plum pudding, and ale,—besides these national differences, we say, there are also local differences. The most favorite dish of Leipsic—a mince-meat salad made of chopped herrings and apples—is unknown in its neighbor Dresden. The plum dumplings of Prussia become liver dumplings of Munich. Vienna feeds largely on boiled and fried dough, but always of different kinds from Breslau or Triest. Every city of Germany has a different kind of sausage; Berlin making hers out of raw meat, Mayence out of cooked meat, Frankfort out of liver, and Leipsic out of blood. The Thuringians eat their sausage raw, the Praguers fried, the Viennese boiled, and the Berlinese in sand-

wiches; although, in speaking of sausage, which is a universal German product, we must admit that every city has as many kinds as there are parts of the hog to call them by, including, for variety, the specialties of neighboring cities. It is the same with beer, every city having its own kind, and the others for variety. There is hardly a town in Germany that has not given its name to a species of beer; as, Pilsen beer, Vienna beer, Kulmbach beer, Bavarian beer, and Mannheim beer. In Berlin there are different kinds of beer for different parts of the city; as, Werdersches beer and Tivoli beer. In general there is a difference of food every square mile. You can not travel in Europe and keep to your diet. In crossing a mountain or a stream, you go a hundred miles in custom, though it take you but half an hour. The differences are sometimes of the most opposite and grotesque kinds. The Germans, for example, rot their cheese, while the French mold theirs; so that the former tastes fetid, and the latter bitter. The English taint their meats and fish. The Germans eat theirs raw or smoked; the French, theirs rare or "bleeding." Snails are a delicacy in France, eaten only by the better classes. In England they are sold in the streets, and bought only by the poor. Soles are the most prized fish in the English market; whereas in France they are considered "common." The Germans prefer eels to all other fish, cooking them in beer and other delicate ways; while the English make soup of them, and sell it at the cheap restaurants.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

AUNT MARIA'S SCHOOL-DAYS—A GIRL'S STORY.

AUNT MARIA was spending the day at the Weems's. She was "aunt" to at least half the people she visited, although she had scarcely a relation in the world.

The Weemses were very busy. They generally were; for, with five daughters, there was always something going on. Dress-making was going on now; for Susie Weems was to graduate next week, at the High School, and, as this was to be done in a "simple white dress," such of the family as could use a needle, and Miss Snip, the dress-maker, were all hard at work on this same simple garment. Yards upon yards of tarlatan, and oceans of ruffling, went to its making up; and, as the young lady who was to wear it was quite a small personage, she might not be inaptly compared, in this foamy attire, to Venus Aphrodite just rising from the sea.

Aunt Maria was always a welcome visitor, she entered so heartily into whatever was going on, scolded so delightfully, and talked as fast as her needle flew. Even Miss Snip now looked pleasantly expectant, as, having dashed off her bonnet and shawl, she produced her thimble in the most business-like manner, and fell into the ranks at once. She was such splendid help at sewing, and could always be depended on for a good story.

"And now," said Aunt Maria, as she dispatched some ruffling as though she had been a sewing-machine, "why, in the name of all that is senseless, must Susie graduate in a white dress?"

"That is the rule," replied Mrs. Weems. "I suppose because it is so simple and appropriate."

"A white dress in March 'simple and appropriate!'" laughed Aunt Maria. "That sounds like a *man*, my dear. Members of the male persuasion have had misty ideas upon the subject of white dresses from time immemorial, based, I suppose, upon the everlasting white 'gown' in the novels of a hundred years

ago, that never seemed to get soiled, or inconvenience its wearer in any way. That was before my time, though, for you know I have only lived *half* of a century, at the worst. What do you expect this simple attire to cost?"

"Well," said Mrs. Weems, reflectively, "there are white gloves and slippers, you know, sash, hair-ribbons, flowers, and carriage,—for it is in the evening. There will not be much left, I am afraid, of forty dollars."

Aunt Maria was speechless, except to ejaculate, "And all for a chit like that to announce to the world that she has finished studying her lessons!"

"But that is n't the end of it," said Susie. "I shall wear the dress a good deal when I am invited out; and next year I am to have a position to teach, at four hundred dollars salary. Won't I dress grandly *then*?"

"Darling, I am growing old," sang Aunt Maria, "I feel like a fossil remain when I hear of such doings. Dear me! how well I remember our half-yearly 'examinations,' and the stir they made. But we never wore white dresses, graduates or no graduates. If it was in the Spring, our best dress for that Summer was hurried up, that it might be ready for examination-day; if in the Fall, our best Winter dress was worn."

"Do tell us about it, Aunt Maria!" chimed the girls. "It is so nice to hear you talk."

"Well," replied the visitor, as her fingers flew along the work, "you must remember that I am looking back at least thirty-five years, for I attended my last examination when I was only fifteen or sixteen. Girls did n't go to school then so long as they do now. We lived in a village that was only about twelve or fifteen miles from a large city; and, besides the girls' school, there was a large boys' academy there. These were both boarding as well as day schools; and the

examinations were grand affairs to us, because parents and visitors from the city were always present. I remember what airs some of these people gave themselves among 'the aborigines,' as they called us. The Fall examination was the most important one, because this was followed by the boys' exhibition, when they spoke pieces; and the larger ones even acted little scenes, to our great delight and admiration, and often to the intense amusement of the city visitors.

"With us girls, the grand preliminary to the august ceremony of examination was a two or three days' putting up of hair in papers; for *crimping* was unknown then, and two rows of stiff-looking curls 'all round' were the regulation style. I remember how our envy was excited once by the soft, natural look of one girl's ringlets; and we learned afterward, that her mother, who was a very clever woman, had pinned them up in silk. But then *her* hair curled easily, and did not require the amount of *soap-ing* that some of our hair did. Mine was always as straight as an Indian's.

"The school-room always looked 'qucer' during the last week, for a huge temporary platform, gorgeously covered with drugget, was erected across one end of it; and the hammering and pounding of that week seem to ring in my ears now. Upon this platform we sat in solemn rows on the fateful day; each class in succession being ordered to the front, and examined by teacher and trustees,—the latter of whom were objects of great awe to us; and one man, who never said any thing, struck terror to my heart by the sheer force of having but one eye, and a gold-headed cane.

"If a girl 'missed' at examination, she was supposed to be disgraced forever; but I have since had reason to think that the formidable trustees were more anxious to conceal their own ignorance than to sound the depths of our knowledge. Most of us escaped disgrace, and some even came off with flying colors.

"What we particularly dreaded was mathematics, for those dreadful academy

boys were sure to be in the back part of the room, watching, with hungry eyes, for mistakes on the blackboard; and the very consciousness of this made us falter over things we knew quite well. One of us (I won't say *who*) once went on covering the board with meaningless figures, after she had been thrown off her equilibrium by the fear of failure, and quite lost the thread of those dreadful pluses and minuses. And the teacher, after a question or two and a surprised stare, was moved, by her appealing look, not to expose her; and the trustees nodded approval as the figures thickened, and one whispered audibly, 'A *remarkable* girl!' and people generally seemed to think she had covered herself with glory, as, with flaming cheeks, the remarkable girl retired to a back seat. But the derisive 'snicker' of the academy boys was painfully audible to her strained ears.

"The Fall examination and exhibition came in the early part of October; and it was sure to be a warm, Summery day, the kind that invariably makes people cry out 'Indian Summer!' and the air would be scented with dying leaves, gorgeously painted for death, like some hardened worldling, and we *shuffled* among them as we walked; the village street would be quite alive with people, and there was a general holiday aspect over all things. Barbadoes—it had been named by an old West Indian—was really a pretty place, with abundance of trees; and the boys' academy was off the main street, with plenty of ground about it.

"The exhibition was always held in the afternoon, so that city visitors could return to their homes; but the shutters were closed, and the school-room sparsely settled by lamps, whose special mission seemed to be not to make the scene too dazzling. They fulfilled it admirably; and we watched the performers through a sort of misty twilight. Every one wore their best things, and it was a grand opportunity to study the fashions, both from the city people and from those among us who had lately returned from a visit to the headquarters of wealth and taste.

"A preliminary flourish to the real business of the occasion was usually made by two or three frightened-looking little boys, who always seemed to come on the stage with one foot and go back with the other, and who gazed wildly over the crowd for the familiar faces of fathers, mothers, big sisters, and Aunt Janes, who had suffered martyrdom for the last month in drilling their 'pieces' into their unwilling heads, for the pleasure of hearing them inform five hundred people that

'John Gilpin was a credit
Of citizen and renown;'

'The knell tolls the curfew of coming day;'

or,

'The Assyrian came down like a fold of the wolf.'

Twitching nervously at their trousers the while, the poor little fellows were as red as boiled lobsters with the effort to remember what they never knew; and were sometimes mercifully prompted, and at other times mercifully removed. I forgot to say that, on their first appearance, they always made a bow like that perpetrated by a jumping-jack on pulling the string. A certain little Johnny Soper had a tremendous pair of ears, that seemed to stand out horizontally from his head, and, most unfortunately, he began, in a shrill, piping voice, with the request,

'Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears.'

to the undisguised merriment of some city wits behind me, a supercilious young man and his lady-love, who fairly wore the subject threadbare as they tossed it between them like a ball.

"Real swords were allowed when they were needed; and shall I ever forget the ring and clash of that one drawn so gal-

lantly by King James, as he flung himself with royal grace against the post provided for the occasion, and thundered to the Scottish chieftain:

'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I'

Even the city people applauded; and my pulse was beating high with pride and enthusiasm. It is thirty-five years ago, girls, and 'King James' was my first love. He died in Mexico, under Scott. And that is about all there is of the exhibition."

Aunt Maria stitched harder than ever; and Miss Snip whispered her opinion that "her discourse was beautiful." The shadow cast by the memory of "King James" was only temporary, however; and Aunt Maria was soon talking and laughing merrily again. The dress was satisfactorily accomplished, and the family verdict upon the graduate on that eventful evening was, "lovely."

So, also, thought several other people; and Miss Susie Weems acquitted herself nobly. It was a beautiful scene: with the flowers and lights and music, and sweet-looking, white-robed girls, standing so hopefully on the threshold of life. Who among them would be true to herself and her duties?

"Susie, my dear," whispered Aunt Maria, as she kissed her good-night, "do'n't you go to teaching *only* for four hundred dollars a year, but for the good you can do yourself and others. You will have to give an account for such an opportunity."

And Susie, with her cheeks brilliantly flushed by the compliments she had received, and eyes sparkling with excitement, promised to remember.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

UNSEEN ANGELS.

THERE are graceful forms around us,
 Passing swiftly from our sight;
 And the unseen wings are rustling,
 Ere they plume themselves for flight;
 Eyes whose holy fires are kindled
 At no flame of mortal birth;
 Lips whose utterances are tuneful
 With a music not of earth;

Pale hands working, never weary,
 Patient hearts of sterling gold;
 Calm white brows, so still and placid,
 That we rashly term them cold;
 Drooping shoulders carrying meekly
 Daily cross of heaviest weight;
 Daily, like the Master, giving
 Deeds of love for causeless hate.

And they walk unknown among us,
 Oft through paths of toil and pain,
 Keeping still the pure robes round them,
 All unsoiled by earthly stain;

Yet we let them pass unheeded,
 With no word of help or praise,
 Only conscious of their brightness
 As they vanish from our gaze.

Only see the radiant white wings,
 As they soar into the skies;
 Learn too late that we have harbored
 Heaven's own angels in disguise.
 Then, in bitter, vain contrition,
 Our own sightlessness condemn,
 Own, with tears, we were not worthy
 To have kissed their garment's hem.

O! for clearer, truer vision,
 O! for loving hands to clasp
 In our own those hands celestial,
 Ere they vanish from our grasp!
 O! to catch the falling mantle,
 As they wing their flight above,
 Catch with it their patient spirit,
 And their meek, unwearied love.

REBECCA SCOTT.

A HYMN OF FAITH.

STAY with us, Lord. Ah, do not go;
 Thou seest the evening hath sunk low;
 Thy Word, O Lord, the endless light,
 Let it not vanish in the night.

In the turmoil of these last days,
 Give us to understand thy ways,
 And so thy sacrament and Word
 Keep pure unto the last, O Lord.

Let us in good and still repose
 Our earthly life bring to a close;
 And when its sun sets in thy sea
 Then fall asleep right blessedly.

Lord Jesus, help; thy Church uphold;
 Presumptuous we, bad, slothful, cold,
 Give to thy Word good-speeding grace,
 That it resound in every place.

Only by thy good Word us guard,
 And Satan's lies and murder ward;
 Grace, Savior! To thy Church impart
 Unity, patience, peace, and heart.

Ah, God! all things are going wrong;
 On earth is no persistence long;
 Dreamers of lies and many a sect
 Crowd in, thy kingdom to infect.

The haughty spirits, Lord, frustrate,
 Who lift them up with pride so great,
 Forever bringing something new
 Thy law of wisdom to undo.

The work or praise of ours is none,
 But thine, Lord Jesus Christ, alone;
 Therefore by them, Lord, ever stand,
 Who lift their eyes unto thy hand.

For in thy Word our hearts are bold;
 It is thy Church's right stronghold.
 Dear Lord, O, keep us in this mood,—
 To follow nothing else as good.

Grant us to live in thee alone,
 And in thy Word go ever on,
 Till from the vale of grief we rise
 To thee, Lord, in heavenly skies.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

"MAN abhors the east wind; for its blowing pierces his very breast," such is the purport of a song among the "heimin," or common people.

It is very evident that the fathers of this race were not led in their musical instincts by a Mozart or a Beethoven. One would rather hear the east wind wailing to the surf-accompaniment that thunders against the rocky coast on our right, than to subject himself to a prolonged *stance* with the spirits of Japanese melody. How those minor strains rise and fall and swell into a sweetly nasal *crescendo*! How the singer's head jerks, as though internal springs had snapped, in giving the final delicate intonation, resembling an Indian "*ugh!*"

Pass along some bridge or sunny corner on a fine day, and your eyes will be delighted, and your ears edified. There are half-grown lasses and tiny girls sunning their respective baby brothers and sisters, whose forlorn little heads peer out from the depths of the wadded coats on the back of their elders. This is for the delectation of your eyes. The hard-hearted Oriental "Bye Baby Bunting," which they sing, swaying to and fro, is a gentle reminiscence for the ears of you who have lost your early cradle memories. The translation is a free one, but is very classical, as are all the sweet strains of "Mother Goose:"

"Sleep, sleep, my little baby,
(Will you cry? Will you cry?)
When your father comes at evening,
Something very good and sweet
He will bring his child to eat.
(Will you cry? Will you cry?)
If you give no heed to me,
I will throw you in the sea;
Now, will you cry?"

A song very popular with "common folk" not long ago, freely rendered, runs as follows:

"A distant ship just seen from shore
Is beautiful to sight,
But the sailor hears the billows roar,
And suffers with affright;

And thus an evil woman, seen
Afair, may be most fair,
While in her heart are felt the pangs
Of anguish and despair."

The songs of the Samurai class, or gentry, are of very different caliber. From translations this is not so apparent. One must know the language to appreciate the style of expression.

There is a little wild-flower whose golden petals welcome the early Spring sunshine, in honor of which many a strain has been awakened. The natives call it "Fukujuso," a word meaning "happiness," long-life plant. It is a kind of woodland prophet; for if its rustic smile beam sunnily, then will all varieties of grain flourish, and the season bloom with prosperity; but woe to the year if it frown and droop its tiny head! As a sample of the higher class of melodies, I give the following little waif extolling it:

"Fukujuso, blissful flower,
Bursting forth in Spring-time hour,
Right and wrong, the false and true,
Well thou openest to view,
Though thou smile with none to see;
And if man but nurture thee,
Radiant shall thy blooming be."

We, who congratulate ourselves that our eyes are shaped in the only proper way, are blind to the meaning hidden under these words; but, a clear-eyed Japanese would discern in them a parable something like this:

"The little wild-wood flower, Fukujuso, has capabilities. It will blossom unfriended and alone; but, if tenderly cherished, grows into real beauty and grace. Thus is it with the nature of man: left to itself, it may bloom for a while with beauty of paltry worth, or perhaps droop under untoward influences; but carefully nurture it, cherish it with love and sympathy,—the sun and dew of heaven,—and it will expand into marvelous loveliness."

But even the charms of music fail to dispel the low, gray clouds, haunting earth these Autumn days, when there is

scarce a hint of color in the leaden landscape. Look at the mountain behind, with its withered shrubs. It seems as though some magician's mystic fire had scared it, and, smoldering away, left only here and there, a glowing ember to relieve the ashy gloom. Yet stay, there is a trail of crimson on yonder moss-grown wall. Some mountain-vine has clambered over its dull front, and willfully gathered a brightness in the general desolation. My eyes take joyful refuge in it. On those distant hills lie already fallen snow,—pure, white thoughts, descended from heaven into this darker, lower world. The long Winter draws on apace.

Let us beguile the hours with "Proverbial Philosophy,"—not *Tupper's*. In those sententious bits of wisdom known as proverbs, one may often trace an identity of thought, though their authors are widely separated by physical and mental barriers. For instance, if, like a certain man, you should build a house on sand foundations, and finally great should be "the fall thereof," a kind-hearted neighbor would remark, by the way, that you were "penny wise and pound foolish;" but your almond-eyed friend over here would say, "Grudging one *momme*, unmindful of a hundred." The value of one *momme* is about one-sixtieth of a dollar, let me remark; so that even a hundred would not be occasion of much care to a mercantile speculator.

You, my good brother, who seldom see the sun because of small clouds, and in whose walks through a "wilderness world" each "mole-hill" of difficulty becomes "a mountain," bethink you that your Asiatic brethren are laughing in their sleeves, as they cry, "Dust heaped up becomes a mountain."

But, if you *are* resolved to sit down by the way-side, to bemoan your fate, reflecting that "misfortunes never come singly," and crying, *Heu me miserum!* no doubt they will cease to smile, and will murmur, sympathizingly, "Ah, yes, we know,—'The bee stung a crying face.'"

They might, also, if so minded, give

you a little sage counsel for future use, to the effect that you would better not go and "*buy trouble* at the market,"—only an echo to the words of some motherly soul, at home, who bids you cease to "*borrow trouble*." The departed philosopher who was guilty of that forlorn couplet, "Early to bed, early to rise," etc., has another saying somewhat *wiser*, when we consider the fickleness of the weather, "When the sun shines, take your great-coat with you." His thought finds a parallel in the Eastern mind, "Before you have fallen down, carry a cane." There are some pithy, common sayings, for which I do not remember an equivalent in our own tongue. Such, for instance, as, "The falcon hides her claws," the purport of which is, that the shrewd falcon, concealing her powers, is like unto a wise man, yea, even unto a doctor of divinity, who modestly veils his "much learning" from sight.

You, my sisters, who delight (as what mortal does not?) in the precious "last word," receive to your edification this hint from Oriental wisdom: "With a crying child, and one's lord, it is no use to contend." One perilous piece of home philosophy, "When you are in Rome," etc., finds its complement here, in the saying, "When you go to a place, obey its customs." As regards this proverb, a test time is approaching.

The Old Year's sands are dropping swiftly, *swiftly*, and the blithe New Year looks over his shoulder, anxious to give his poor shaky arm such a jostle as shall send the hour-glass and its contents spinning anywhere and every-where. Now, the all-important question is: Shall we conform to the usages of this sunrise land, or meekly tread in the steps of our forefathers, in celebrating the advent of 1876?

Soon the Japanese house-holder will don his holiday robes, and, with goodly supply of beans, proceed to sow these through the length and breadth of his domicile. This ceremony lightens the tedium of New-Year's eve, and has a blessed object in view, which is nothing

more or less than the expulsion of all evil spirits that may be lurking in odd corners. Evil spirits *have* such a faculty for hiding in out-of-the-way nooks, you know. Friends, shall *we*, therefore, scatter abroad our beans? It seems like reckless extravagance.

In lieu of roast turkey and mince-pies, our neighbors will delight themselves with zoni and mochi. Shall we, too, take to ourselves chopsticks, and feast upon these dainties? An enlightened

public, in forming its decision, must be made aware that zoni is a mystic compound of fish and vegetables, while mochi is a glutinous kind of rice-cake. He who can not partake of these New-Year's delicacies must be poor, indeed. We await the decision of Christian jurymen, for whom all manner of holiday rarities are every year in waiting. When we are in *this* "country," *must* we therefore "obey" its customs?

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

THE mythology of the Maori, or natives of New Zealand, is embodied in a number of legends, all of them interesting, and many of them noted for their beauty and deep meaning. The significance of myths is often hidden from sight under a mass of rubbish that has accumulated since man's conception of his origin and the life around him were first clothed in language, and it requires the insight and the erudition of a Max Müller to penetrate the *débris*, and gain their real significance. But in the mythology of the New Zealanders the charm of a fairy tale is united with a clear and expressive meaning. According to their traditions, men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. Rangi and Papa (heaven and earth) were the sources from which all things originated. Darkness rested upon all things in the beginning, for Rangi and Papa still claved together, and the children they had begotten were hidden between them. The vast space of time that darkness prevailed was divided into cycles, each of which was called a Po. At last the beings who had been begotten by Heaven and Earth, worn out by the continued darkness, consulted among themselves, saying: "Let us now deter-

mine what we should do with Rangi and Papa; whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart." Then spoke Tu-matauenga (fierce man), the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth, "It is well, let us slay them." Then spake Tane-mahuta, the father of forests and all things that inhabit them, or that are constructed from trees: "Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the heaven stand far above us, and the earth lie under our feet. Let the sky become as a stranger to us, but the earth remain close to us as our nursing mother." The brothers all consented to this proposal, with the exception of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the father of winds and storms; and he, fearing that his kingdom was about to be overthrown, grieved greatly at the thought of his parents being torn apart. Five of the brothers willingly consented to the separation of their parents, but one of them would not agree to it. At length their plans are agreed upon, and Rongo-ma-tane, the god and father of cultivated food of man, rises up that he may rend apart the heaven and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Next, Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up that he may rend apart the heaven and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Next, Haumia-tikitiki,

the god and father of the food of man that grows without cultivation, makes the attempt, but he is unsuccessful, as also is Tu-matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-mahuta, the god and father of forests and of birds and of insects, and he struggles with his parents; in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms. Lo, he pauses; his head is now planted firmly on his mother, the earth; his feet he raises up and rests against his father, the sky; he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangi and Papa, and with cries and groans of woe they shriek aloud: "Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to rend us apart?" But Tane-mahuta pauses not, he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the earth; far, far above him he thrusts up the sky. Then there arose in the breast of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god and father of winds and storms, a fierce desire to wage war with his brothers because they had rent apart their common parents. He had refused to consent, from the first; it was his brothers alone that wished for the separation. The god of hurricanes and storms dreads also that the world should become too fair and beautiful; so he rises, follows his father to the realms above, and hurries to the sheltered hollows in the boundless skies. There he hides and clings, and, nestling in this place of rest, he consults long with his parent; and as the vast Heaven listens to the suggestions of Tawhiri-ma-tea, thoughts and plans are formed in his breasts, and Tawhiri also understands what he should do. Then by himself and the vast Heaven are begotten his numerous brood, and they rapidly increase and grow. Tawhiri dispatches one of these to the westward, and one to the southward, and one to the eastward, and one to the northward, and he gives names to his progeny, the mighty winds. He next sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds,

clouds which precede hurrtcanes, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all quarters and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder-storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these, Tawhiri himself sweeps wildly on. Alas! alas! then rages the fierce hurricane, and when Tane-mahuta and his gigantic forests stand unconscious and unsuspecting, the blast of Tawhiri's breath smites them, the gigantic trees are snapped off right in the middle and dashed to the earth, with boughs and branches torn and scattered. From the forests and their inhabitants, Tawhiri next sweeps down upon the seas, and lashes the ocean in his wrath. Tangaroa, the god of ocean and all that dwell therein, flies affrighted through his seas; but, before he fled, his children consulted together how they might secure their safety,—for Tangaroa had begotten two children, Ika-tere, the father of fish, and Tu-te-wehwehi, the father of reptiles. Tu-te-wehwehi and his party cried aloud, "Let us fly inland," but Ika-tere and his party cried, "Let us fly to the sea." So they escaped in two parties; the reptiles hid themselves ashore, the fish rushed to the sea. Ika-tere warned the land party, saying, "The fate of you and your race will be, that, when they catch you, before you are cooked, they will singe off your scales over a lighted wisp of dry ferns." But Tu-te-wehwehi replied, "The future fate of your race will be, that, when they serve out little baskets of cooked vegetable food to each person, you will be laid on top to give relish to it." Tangaroa, enraged at some of his children deserting him, and being sheltered by the god of the forests on dry land, has ever since waged war against his brother Tane-mahuta, who, in return, has waged war against him. Tane supplied the offspring of his brother with canoes and fish-hooks made from his trees, and with nets made from his fibrous plants, that they may destroy the offspring of Tangaroa; while he, in return, destroys the offspring of Tane, overwhelming canoes, swallowing up the lands, trees, and houses that are

swept off by the floods, and ever wastes away, with his lapping waves, the shores that confine him, that the giants of the forests may be washed down and swept into his mighty ocean, that he may swallow up the insects, young birds, and animals that inhabit them.

Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god of winds and storms, next rushed on to attack his brothers, Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki, the gods and progenitors of cultivated and uncultivated food; but Papa, to save these for her other children, caught them up and hid them in a place of safety, and so well were they concealed by their mother, Earth, that Tawhiri sought for them in vain. Tawhiri, having thus vanquished all his other brothers, next rushed against Tu-matauenga; he exerted all his force against him, but he could neither shake nor prevail against him. The god of forests had been broken and torn, the god of fishes had fled to the sea, and the gods of food had been hidden; but man still stood erect and unshaken.

Tu-matauenga, or Fierce-man, having thus successfully resisted the god of storms, now thought how he could turn upon his brothers and slay them because they had not assisted him, or fought bravely when Tawhiri-ma-tea had attacked them to avenge the separation of their parents. By way of injuring Tane, the god of forests, he resolved to kill his numerous progeny, who were rapidly increasing and might prove hostile to him. So he collected leaves of the whanake-tree, and twisted them into nooses and hung them up in the forest, and snared the children of Tane,—the birds and animals.

Then he determined to take revenge on his brother Tangaroa; so he sought for his offspring, and found them leaping or swimming in the water. Then he cut many leaves from the flax plant, and netted nets with the flax, and dragged them and hauled the children of Tangaroa ashore. After that he determined also to be revenged upon his brothers Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki. He soon found them by their peculiar

leaves, and he scraped into shape a wooden hoe, and plaited a basket, and dug in the earth and pulled up all kinds of plants with edible roots; and the plants that were dug up withered in the sun.

Thus Fierce-man devoured his brothers and consumed them. Four of his brothers were entirely deposed by him, and became his food; but the fifth—Tawhiri, the god of storms—he could not vanquish, or make common by eating him for food; so this elder brother ever attacks him in storms and hurricanes, endeavoring to destroy him alike by sea and land.

Now, the meaning of the names of the children of Heaven and Earth are as follows: Tangaroa signifies fish of every kind; Rongo-ma-tane signifies the sweet potato, and all other vegetables cultivated for food; Haumia-tikitiki signifies fern-root, and all kinds of food which grow wild; Tane-mahuta signifies forests, the birds and insects which inhabit them, and all things fashioned from wood; Tawhiri-ma-tea signifies winds and storms; and Tu-matauenga signifies man. The New Zealanders had prayers and incantations to each of these gods; and to Rangi, or the vast heaven, for fair weather, and to Papa, or earth, that she might produce all things abundantly.

The bursting forth of the wrathful fury of Tawhiri-ma-tea against his brothers was the cause of the disappearance of a great part of dry land,—during that time a great part of mother earth was submerged. The names of these beings of ancient days, who submerged so large a portion of the earth, were Terrible-rain, Long-continued-rain, Fierce-hail-storms; and their progeny were Mist, Heavy-dew, and Light-dew. These together covered the earth, so that only a small portion of dry land projected above the sea. From that time, clear light increased upon the earth, and the beings which were hidden between Rangi and Papa, before they were separated, now multiplied upon the earth. Up to this time the vast heaven has ever remained separated from his spouse, the earth. Yet their mutual love

still continues,—the soft, warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call them mists; and the vast heaven, as he mourns

through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men, seeing these, call them dew-drops.

L. M. COFFIN.

SCENES IN SCOTLAND.

THE HAPPIEST MAN.

IT is a great thing to be really happy in this world of sorrow and sin, and yet, doubtless, there are many who are happy, very happy perhaps. But to be one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in all Scotland is an experience one well might covet. But who is he, and where does he live, and what is his name? Some one may suppose it is the duke or the earl or the lord, possessed of vast estates and marvelous incomes, whose home is a palace, and whose servants are numbered by scores, and whose well-satisfied soul scarcely desires even the heaven of the saints. Such people may possibly be happy, and quite as likely they are not, and never will be.

Walking out one day with a friend, to view the palace and the park of the Duke of Hamilton, our way led us across a high stone bridge. On the opposite side of the bridge from that on which we were walking, we noticed a poorly clad blind man, with his dog at his feet. The man was leaning against the battlement of the bridge, and had a few little articles for sale. We remarked the cheerful expression of his face as he stood there, holding out his scanty stock of goods to attract the attention of those who were passing. On returning shortly after by the same way, we took occasion to pass the bridge on the same side where he was standing. His faithful dog was still by his side, a beautiful spaniel, black as night, which looked up to us with an intelligent, half-anxious glance, as we spoke to his master, and introduced a conver-

sation by asking him what sort of a dog he had. When asked how long he had owned him, he replied: "For six years, ever since I have been blind;" and then ensued the following conversation:

"How did you lose your sight?"

"By a premature explosion of powder in blasting, and it was the saddest day of all my life."

"Can you see at all?"

"No, not the least."

"But can you see heaven?" There was an expression of surprise flashed over his face, as though the question were unusual for that place, and then he turned his countenance upward, as though he were looking away to the far-off land, while a smile of surpassing sweetness lighted up his features, and, trembling with joyful emotion, he reached out his hand to grasp the hand of the stranger who had asked the question, as he replied:

"O, yes, my brother, I can see heaven all the time."

It was an unnecessary question, but we asked him:

"Are you happy?" and he replied:

"Yes, I am very, very happy, for Christ is all and in all to me."

And so we left him, never to see him till we meet him, as we hope we may, at the gathering of the saints of God in the land where there are no sorrows.

BANNOCKBURN.

Bannockburn is a name which kindles the enthusiasm of every genuine Scotchman; and living men speak of this bat-

tle and its results with as much interest as though they had been participants in its bloody strife, and yet it was fought more than five hundred years ago. It is a pleasant walk that leads from Stirling to Bannockburn, all the pleasanter, perhaps, because it is not long, for it is less than three miles from Stirling Castle. It is well worth one's while to visit a few of the celebrated battle-fields of this contentious world, and stand upon the same soil, and beneath the same sun, as the men of other days, who for some great cause were ready to pour out their blood like water, and to give life itself for the triumph of the principles they had adopted. The Scotchmen of those old times wished to be free, and independent of English domination, and Bruce proved himself a man in whom they could trust; and so they ventured to try their strength with their haughty and imperious foes. Stirling Castle was held by the English and besieged by the Scotch, and Edward II, with a hundred thousand of the best and bravest of his English subjects, marched to the relief of the besieged garrison. But to succeed in this he must defeat Bruce, with his thirty thousand men, who were between him and the castle.

We take our stand on the very spot where Bruce planted his standard on the day of battle. It is the summit of a smooth, gently rising hill. There was ample time, and Bruce had carefully selected his ground, and waited the attack of the English. From this point we command a full view of all the country round about, and the castle is the most prominent object of all. The Scotch line of battle runs along the hill to the left, then away to the right, across an intervening valley, and holds another smaller hill as its extreme right position. The right wing of Bruce's army is commanded by his brother Edward; the center is led by Rudolph, Earl of Murray; the left is under the command of Walter, the High Steward of Scotland; Bruce himself is in the rear of the center with a small reserve. The English are commanded by Edward, the king, and

under him were the bravest and best of the aristocracy of his realm. On they come with waving banners and glittering helmets, and burnished shields and waving lances. And now the battle commences, not with the sound of shot and the roar of cannon, but rather with the shout of brave men, and the intruding of many steeds, and the clashing of arms and the clangor of armor, and all the wild tumult of the fierce charge which expects the personal encounter of man with man, and the death grapple of foe with foe. But the valiant English, in their headlong rush, meet with unexpected difficulties. A deep, treacherous, and almost impassable bog confronts them, and even the narrow strip of solid ground that leads to the position held by the Scotch is filled with pits, carefully concealed, into which men and horses are promiscuously tumbled. Their order was broken; the vast mass of men was thrown into inextricable confusion, and then came the onset of the thirty thousand Scots, every man of them striking for home and native land; and the result was that the English were totally and ignominiously defeated; and when the sun went down on that beautiful June evening, thirty thousand dead and dying Englishmen were stretched upon the battle-field of Bannockburn. Each Scotchman had killed his man, and Scotland had achieved her independence, and made a new Thermopylæ. It does not seem, as we listen to the singing of the birds in the hedge-rows, and the cry of the lambs in the green fields close at hand, that these pleasant hill-sides were once strewn with thirty thousand of England's dead, brave men, who followed their imbecile leader because they believed in the delusion that their kings are God-appointed to rule over their fellow-men whether they have wisdom or not. And alas, alas! how long it takes men to learn a better lesson; and how long the day delays when the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks!

W. F. MALLALIEU.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

IT is not our business just now to ferret out the plagiarist, and hold him up to public view, but it is our plan to show what most of the grand and noble ideas found in our widely expanded literature can be traced back through all the ages of culture to the first heaven-inspired record of human thought.

Indeed, how can there be any thing new when the human passions, love, jealousy, envy, anger, pride, avarice, generosity, and revenge, have remained the same since the time of Adam?

The first poets, who sang the rhymes of the universe, were moved by the same impulses as those who blend for us to-day the harmony of the ages. Five hundred years ago, Chaucer said:

"Out of the olde fields, as men saithe,
Cometh all this new corn fro year to year;
And out of the olde books, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

Some critics contend that a writer must not speak of things of which other writers have spoken; but that can not be until old things are done away and there is a new heaven and a new earth.

To be sure, men are born with faculties; but they owe their development to a thousand influences of the great world, from which they appropriate to themselves what they can, and what is suitable to them. We are all collective beings; it matters not how we are situated, we must learn from those who have gone before us, and from those who are with us.

It would be an endless task, however, for literary geniuses to tell whence they receive their inspiration. They devour books with a Roman zeal, and cling to every good thought they pick up in their readings with an unfading memory. Goethe says: "We might as well question the strong man about the oxen, sheep, and swine which he has eaten, and which have given him strength, as to try to trace out the sources whence a cele-

brated man obtained his cultivation." Emerson says: "Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." Literature is full of stock ideas and illustrations, which act upon the productive mind like leaven, only the whole lump does not always come out leaven. What was once history or poetry becomes romance, old legends and romances are revived in modern plays. Hesiod's "Theogony" suggested Milton's "Paradise Lost;" Job inspired the prologue of Goethe's "Faust," while Goethe's "Mignon" is woven into a romance by Walter Scott. Byron's "Deformed Transformed," is a continuation of Goethe's "Mephistopheles," while "Mephistopheles" sings a song from Shakespeare.

Cicero said, "Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tamquam faciem honesti vides; quæ si cerneretur, mirabiles amores, ut ait Plato, excitaret sapientiæ." "You may perceive, my son Marcus, the very form, and as it were, the features of moral uprightness, which, if it could be seen, would, as Plato hath it, excite a wonderful love of wisdom." Pollok expands thus:

"I saw a form of excellence, a form
Of beauty without spot, that naught could see
And not admire—admire and not adore.
And from its own essential beams it gave
Light to itself, that made gloom more dark;
And every eye in that infernal pit
Beheld it still; and from its face—how fair!
O, how exceeding fair!—forever sought,
But ever vainly sought, to turn away.
That image, as I guess, was virtue; for
Naught else hath God given countenance so fair."

This beautiful thought has been used by many other writers, sometimes applied to virtue, sometimes to truth, sometimes to culture, discipline, liberty, etc. Whether the conception originated with Plato, or was borrowed from some older author, we know not, but, whatever its origin, what is it but a faint reflection of

the glorious incarnation of the Son of God, who came to bring life and immortality to light, and to draw all men to himself!

The only originality we can claim is original sin. But there is one spark divine planted in every depraved human breast, which seizes hold of knowledge and wisdom, as they amble upon the boundary of forgetfulness, and draws them forth from the brink into this sin-benighted world again.

This world is too old, too many sages have lived and left records of their lives, for us to discover or express much that is new. Five hundred years before Christ, Pythagoras possessed the true idea of the solar system, which was revived by Copernicus, and established by Newton. He formed the musical scale and chord, and constructed stringed instruments. He also advanced the theory of the harmony of the spheres. Goethe says that even his theory of colors is not entirely new, for Plato and Leonardo da Vinci expressed the same thing in a detached form.

The field of invention was traveled before the nineteenth century. M. Fournier has shown that the magnetic telegraph was invented more than two centuries ago. Photography has been traced back of the present century, and is found to have been even more perfect than ours,—a photography reproducing color as well as form. Malleable glass, that ingenuity is now fishing up, was made by the ancients.

Prof. G. P. Marsh says: "The press, which has done so much to reveal man to man, and to promote the reciprocal action of each upon his fellow, has established new sympathies between even the mysterious abysses of our wonderful and fearful being, and thus contributed to bring about a oneness of character, which unmistakably manifests itself in oneness of thought and oneness of speech."

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more,"

said Young; while John Brown said,

"'T is a mighty big thing for a man to do the *best* he can."

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

said Dryden; and Wordsworth said,

"The child is father of the man."

"Variety alone gives joy;

The sweetest meats the soonest cloy,"

said Prior.

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor,"

said Cowper.

"All is not gold that doth golden seem,"

said Spenser.

"All is not gold that glisters,"

said Shakespeare. History but repeats itself.

The life and spirit of the Grecian republics influenced Rome; their combined influence had an important bearing upon the modern republics of Italy, Germany, and America. Every Fourth of July orator, and member of Congress, has to speak of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platea; of the banishment of the Tarquins, the plebeian and patrician contests, and the struggle against a finally triumphant Cæsarism; of Tell and Gessler; of Bannockburn; and the resistance of the Netherlands to the despotism of Philip; of Leonidas and Epaminondas; of Brutus and Horatius; of Arnold Winkelried; of Wallace and Bruce; and of William the Silent; of Demosthenes and Pericles; of Cicero and Cato.

Herodotus, the father of history, read his immortal work before the assembled people of Greece, at the national Olympic celebration. This grand scene inspired the then youthful Thucydides to become an historian.

These examples have induced many men to write excellent histories; Xenophon, Livy, Cæsar, Tacitus, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley; but no one has surpassed the wonderful production of Thucydides.

It has been said, "We are the heirs of the ages." But the wealth of wisdom and experience, the treasures of art, science, and literature, that have been ac-

cumulated for six thousand years, impose upon us no peculiar responsibilities and conditions of action.

The career of the son of a millionaire can not be, ought not to be, the same as that of him who must win a fortune before he can use it.

Why is it that some men continue to grow as long as they live, their minds expanding continually, until, at an advanced age, they produce, as the ripened fruit of years of reading and reflection, those classic works that are destined to live? What is the secret of the genesis of the "*Æneid*," "*Paradise Lost*," "*Novum Organum*," "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*?"

To a talent for composition possessed by their authors in common with multitudes of others who sleep "to fortune and to fame unknown," was added a willingness to work, and a receptivity of mind that enabled them to appropriate and use ideas gleaned from all accessible sources.

Nearly all children are capable of receiving new thoughts from others. Those who possess any considerable share of natural talent ply their elders with a multitude of eager questionings before reaching that point where learning to read opens to them the gate to all human knowledge and thought. But, on coming to maturity, the corroding cares of life, indolence, or even a pride and self-reliance, growing out of a complacent comparison of their own powers and acquirements with those of their less fortunate fellows, cause them to cease acquiring from others; they cease to grow, and no rich results fulfill the brilliant promises of their youth.

He who would enter the kingdom of literature must, like him who enters the kingdom of heaven, become as a little child. He must be willing to receive constantly, if he would constantly give forth. No man is so ignorant but that some valuable thought may be gained from him.

A wide-spreading, vigorous tree stands in a fertile field. For ages that rich soil has been in preparation. The primitive rock has been broken, crushed, ground up by glacier, river, and wave; an older, and perhaps less perfect vegetation has used the materials for its purposes and passed away, leaving an enriched soil, ready for a new and better growth than was before possible. But if that tree is to continue to grow, sending its branches out wider and wider, and up higher and higher, and yielding a still more abundant fruitage, all the cells of all its root-lets must continue to imbibe the choicest material within their reach, and all its leaves must open their stomata to receive the nutrient carbonic dioxide from all the breezes that stir its foliage.

He who would do valuable literary work at the present day must have a rare genius, indeed, but it must be a genius for hard work. With untiring industry, he must read, ponder, and assimilate. He must gather the best results of all the best writers, and combine them into new and beautiful forms, appropriate to the circumstances and conditions under which he is placed.

"Great thoughts from their silent tombs,
Burn, and rekindle the dead blooms
Of win'try worlds; in them we live;
All else is cold or fugitive;
By them we light the inmost shrine,
And wait the coming year divine."

M. J. WHIPPLE.

THE PARENTS OF MADAME DE STAEL.

PART I.

THE tourist in Switzerland, passing, on Lake Leman, from Lausanne to Geneva, sees on the north-western shore a small village, all the habitations of which seem clinging to a central, stately structure. The hamlet is Coppet, the parent edifice is the Chateau de Necker, the home of the parents of Madame de Staël, and for many years her own refuge from the persecutions of Napoleon. As the steamer approaches the pier, all eyes, of educated foreigners at least, are averted from the sublimer scenery of the opposite shore to gaze upon the memorable sight. Guide-books are eagerly consulted, and it is seldom that groups of travelers do not leave the boat to pay their homage at the shrine of the genius of the noted minister of Louis XVI, and of the greatest woman in literary history.

Colonnades of ancient oaks, horse-chestnuts, and sycamores, extend from the landing up to the castle. The latter is sufficiently spacious, but presents an aspect more of comfort and good taste than of magnificence. Its court-yard, formed on three sides by the building, on the fourth by a lofty grilled fence with ample gates, is adorned with flower-beds, and flowering vines climb its angles to the roof. From its open or northern side extends far away a simple picture of landscape beauty, designed more by nature than art, a combined "English garden" and park, with sward, clumps of flowering shrubs, and grand old trees; a crystal brook (flowing down from the Jura) on one side; a fish-pond in the center; and graveled walks, with stone seats, winding under the foliage.

The interior of the mansion still retains intact not a few mementos of its celebrated master and his more celebrated daughter, objects of eager interest to innumerable pilgrims,—the studio, with its library-cases, writing-desk, and

pictures; the bedroom of the authoress with its ancient furniture and tapestried hangings; a saloon with works of art. Scattered through these apartments are busts and portraits of Necker and his wife; of Madame de Staël; of Rocco, her youthful lover and second husband; of Augustus Schlegel, and other literary friends.

West of the chateau lies the family cemetery, entirely shut in from the sight of the visitor by high walls and a dense copse of trees and entangled shrubs and vines. In its center stands a small chapel, beneath which sleep Necker, Madame Necker, and their daughter, with her children and grandchildren,—four generations of the family of Necker. It is a somber enclosure, but the nightingales love to sing in its deep shades; and the vine-clad Juras on the one side, the gleaming lake and the snow-crowned Alps on the other, frame about it a picture of exceeding beauty, befitting the memory of such tenants.

Madame de Staël was, unquestionably, one of the principal figures in the history of French literature and society, if not, indeed, of French politics, during the era of the first Revolution and the first Napoleon. Coppet, like Voltaire's neighboring Ferney in the preceding period, was a sort of European court, a gathering place of literary and political notabilities; and the great tyrant of the day was as jealous of the pen of its chatelaine as of the scepter of any royal court. She combined the heart of a woman with the intellect of a man. Her "Corinne" is the ideal of womanhood endued with genius; while her "Allemagne" is, says Sir James Mackintosh, "the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman." Mackintosh gave her precedence of all other women who have won a name in authorship. Her name, if not her genius, is familiar to us

all; but not so her parents, though her father was, perhaps, the most prominent, if not the most able, statesman of Europe, the idol of France in the decade preceding the Revolution; and her mother was probably the best educated woman of her times, and a leader of the highest society of Paris. Both were recognized as examples of Christian character, in an age when Christianity seemed to be expiring. We propose, in this paper, to make our readers better acquainted with them, allowing their better known daughter to stand somewhat aside in her well-recognized fame.

Her father, James Necker, was born in Geneva, in 1732, and was educated according to the strict *régime* established there by Calvin. His own father was a native of Pomerania, but early became a citizen of Geneva, and distinguished himself as professor of law in the city academy, or university, and as author of several elaborate publications. Another son, Louis Necker, became professor of mathematics in the same institution, was later a banker at Paris and Marseilles, but finally returned to his native city, and devoted the remainder of his life to physical and mathematical studies; he also attained some rank as an author. A son of this brother (James Necker) was some time professor of botany in the academy, and a city magistrate, but is better known as the husband of the accomplished daughter of the naturalist De Saussure, Madame Necker de Saussure, the authoress of an able work on education, which was crowned by the French Academy, and one of the dearest friends and best biographers of her cousin, Madame de Staël.

Charles Frederick Necker founded, then, the Genevan family, with good Teutonic blood,* and the best education of the times, invigorated rather than marred by the Lacedæmonian rigor of the contemporary Genevan life,—a rigor which survived, with but slight relaxation,

the first, if not the second, quarter of the eighteenth century. The Neckers were nearly all eminent for their intellectual culture, their moral character, and their success in life. But James, the father of Madame de Staël, gave historical distinction to the family,—a distinction immeasurably enhanced by the genius of his only child. Though his domestic and academic training had predisposed him to literary and philosophic studies, including theology,—the dominant intellectual tendency of his native city,—his parents early destined him to mercantile life, and sent him, when about fifteen years old, to Paris, where he passed his novitiate in the banking-house of Vernet, his uncle. It is said that "the clerk soon became master," by his brilliant superiority in all the problems of the business. Entering, as partner, the banking-house of Thelusion, he quickly secured it extraordinary prosperity and reputation. He devoted twenty years to the making of his fortune, and then consecrated his attention to more general and public interests. A syndic of the old East India Company, whose mostly aristocratic members had but small capacities, and less disposition, to manage its affairs, he had so conducted them as to attain an almost unrivaled fame for financial skill, and an immense increase of his own wealth. The republic of Geneva was proud of the ability and integrity of her son, and appointed him her resident minister at the court of Versailles, where his talents were highly appreciated, especially by the Duc de Choiseul.

He not only became one of the ablest financiers of the age, but had cultivated literature. The collected works of his pen fill fifteen volumes, and are characterized by profound reflection and vigorous though somewhat peculiar style. His first publications were "Memoirs," relating to the affairs of the Indian Company. His "Eloge de Colbert" commanded much attention, and was crowned by the French Academy. His treatise "Sur la Législation et le Commerce des Grains" produced a sensation remarkable

*The family genealogy has been traced further back, to an Anglo-Irish origin; its blood was, in this case, Anglo-Saxon, the best Teutonic element.

for so dry a subject, and led to his elevation to the royal cabinet. His "*Compte Rendu au Roi*" threw all France into agitation, and effectively helped to bring on the Revolution. Eighty thousand copies were quickly scattered, six thousand on the day of its publication. His "*Importance des Opinions Religieuses*," is an able though cautious rebuke of the antichristian tendencies of his age; and though somewhat vague in its theology, it is an admirable defense of the highest ethics of Christianity. Buffon sent from his death-bed his emphatic thanks to the author. It was the last book read by the great naturalist, and his letter was the last that he wrote, or rather dictated.

"The book of Necker," says Sainte-Beuve, "had the honor to draw from this great mind the last words in which he recognized the Supreme Being and immortality." The fragments of his manuscripts, published by his daughter, show much insight and subtlety in his judgment of character, and prove, says his ablest critic, Sainte-Beuve, that "Necker, as moralist, is a writer very acute, very piquant, and too much forgotten." He had evidently been a student, though he was no imitator, of Rochefoucauld and Vauvenarques. His little essay on "*Le Bonheur des Sots*" is not unworthy of La Bruyère; it amused his generation, and showed that, beneath his habitual gravity, there was a living source of humor. His "*Cours de Morale Religieuse*," is another proof of his profound interest in religion, at a time when it seemed to be losing entirely its hold on the mind of Europe. Necker's religious writings preceded those of the author of the "*Génie du Christianisme*," and he ranks by the side of Chateaubriand in the reaction in favor of Christianity, which followed the disastrous skepticism of the Revolution. Sainte-Beuve admits that his religious works are characterized by a perfect sincerity, an unction, a sensibility profound and persuasive, which pervades his style, and often replaces metaphysics by touching moral sentiments.

When Necker's superior qualities, es-

pecially his financial ability and integrity, led to his call to the cabinet of Louis XVI, it was hoped that he might rescue the sinking state from the overwhelming financial difficulties, which at last wrecked it in the Revolution, and from which no power on earth could rescue it. His policy of retrenchment and rigid integrity, as well as his Protestantism, arrayed against him hosts of courtly and official enemies. He was repeatedly displaced and recalled, amidst the enthusiastic sympathies of the people, who, on his dismissal, closed the theaters, and bore his bust, draped in black, through the streets; and on his return drew his carriage in triumph, and made all Paris jubilant.

In person, Necker was as remarkable as in character. "His features," says his wife, in a literary portrait of him, "resemble those of no one else; the form of his face is extraordinary." A high forehead, a chin of unusual length, vivid brown eyes, full of tenderness, sometimes of melancholy, and arched by elevated brows, gave him an expression "quite original." His statue, at Coppet, by Canova, expresses both grace and grandeur of both soul and body.

Such was the father of Madame de Staël. His style of both thought and language, relieved of peculiar defects, and endowed with richer vigor and elegance, reappears in her own writings. Her intellectual legitimacy is indisputable. Her mother was hardly less remarkable than her father, for qualities rare in those days among her sex. Susanna Curchod was the daughter of a humble but learned Swiss pastor of Grassy, a hamlet of the Jura mountains, looking down upon Lake Lemman. Hardly could a retreat be found better fitted by its rural tranquillity, its beautiful scenery, or its unsophisticated society, for the training of a precocious child, and here her father conferred upon her as complete an education as fell to the lot of any woman in Europe. She was taught thoroughly the classic and the modern languages, and became a proficient in all

the departments of learning usually pursued by men destined to the career of science or literature. Gibbon, the historian, who resided at Lausanne, not many miles from Grassy, tells us that the reports of her accomplishments and beauty were such as befitted only a "prodigy."

With the characteristic good sense and economical forethought of the Swiss, her father knew that she could possess no better provision for life than a well furnished and well disciplined mind. Gibbon assures us that she was polished in manners as well as mind, and that "her wit and beauty were the theme of universal applause." She was not without worthy suitors; but her father chose, meanwhile, to qualify her for the office of teacher, or governess, assured that, if she should never need to have recourse to it for a livelihood, her thorough preparation for it would not the less fit her for her own household, however opulent it might be. In preparing her to be a teacher, he fitted her to preside in the highest circles of Parisian life, to command the admiring homage of the Parisian "philosophers," to stand superior in intellect, as in character, to the courtly women of Versailles, and, above all, to give to France, in the person of her own well-trained child, the most accomplished female intellect of the age.

Gibbon's admiration of her was not exaggerated, as her later history proves. The story of his love and its disappointment is well known, but is worth repeating, as not only characteristic of himself, but as well characterizing Mademoiselle Curchod. It is a curiosity, both of style and sentiment. The Latinized dignity of his language contrasts oddly enough with the subject. No other writer ever wrote in this wise of love. "I hesitate," he says, "from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand, by this passion,

the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice, and, though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortunes were humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Grassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and the languages; and in her short visits to some of her relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and I loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom, she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Grassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but, on my return to

England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that, without his consent, I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Grassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but, in her lowest distress, she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and the good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and, in the capital of taste and luxury, she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy." Gibbon never married; it is doubtful that he was ever again in love; but he maintained throughout his life a friendship, full of delicacy and esteem, for Madame Necker and her husband; he frequented their home in Paris, and corresponded with them. He was especially proud of Madame Necker's appreciation of his great work.

Madame Necker de Saussure describes her as endowed with firmness of character, strength of intellect, and a great capacity for labor; as not only educated to an extraordinary degree in both literature and science, but as especially having that "spirit of method" which "serves for the acquisition of all things." With masculine and brilliant faculties, and personal charms, she combined the high-

est moral qualities. Her religious principles were never shaken by the skepticism and licensed immorality which prevailed around her in Parisian life. The lessons of the humble mountain parsonage of Grassy remained ever vivid in her soul, sanctifying her life, and consoling her death. Her "*Reflexions sur le Divorce*" is an example of luminous reasoning and elegant style. It is a plea for the sacredness of marriage, against the loose opinions regarding it which characterized the era of the Revolution. Its last chapter, on the mutual succors and consolations of the aged, in married life, is pathetically eloquent; she wrote from her own experience, and, as she says, to lead others to desire and to attain a happiness which she herself enjoyed. Her "*Mélanges*," published after her death, are replete with practical good sense, with acute and epigrammatic observations on almost every subject that she touches, and with a moral force strangely in contrast with the tendencies of opinion about her. Necker said of her, that, to render her perfectly amiable, she only needed some fault to pardon in herself. Her greatest fault was her moral vigor; the forbearance which she needed not herself, she was slow to accord to feeble characters. "She could captivate," says Madame Necker de Saussure, "when she wished; she freely gave praise where it was merited; her blue eyes were soft and caressing; and there was in her physiognomy an expression of extreme purity, of candor, which made, with her large and rather regular features, a contrast quite fascinating."

Such was the woman whom Necker chose for his wife while flushed with his rising fortunes and fame, and when she was struggling alone in the world with poverty and labor. After the death of her mother, she continued some time to teach, in Geneva, when a young widow of beauty, wealth, and society, Madame de Vermeuou, took her to Paris, to instruct her son in Latin. Necker had been paying his addresses to this lady, and had solicited her hand in marriage, but she

declined his overture, hoping for one more eligible, or, at least, more aristocratic; during her absence, his fortunes and reputation had so much advanced that she now returned to accept him; but, struck by the superior qualities of Mademoiselle Curchod, he transferred his attentions and affections to the orphan teacher.

"He chose her," says one of her late biographers, "only for her virtues and her charms. He discovered in her an enthusiasm for fame which gave, perhaps, the first impulse to the still higher

career in which he was afterward distinguished." They were married in 1764; he was aged thirty-two years, she twenty-five. So says one authority, "*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*;" but another, "*Histoire des Salons de Paris, par la Duchesse D'Abrantes*," says Madame de Vermeuou promoted their marriage. This writer adds, that "Madame Necker was from this moment always a guardian angel" to Necker. The son of Madame de Staël, in a biographical sketch of Necker, confirms our statement of the case. ABEL STEVENS.

ART IN WASHINGTON.

SINCE I visited the Corcoran Art Gallery in the Spring, quite a number of paintings have been hung upon the walls,—some purchased, and others accepted for exhibition. The large painting, by S. F. B. Morse, of a "Session of Congress in the Old Hall of Representatives," is hung in the south-east room. This a large and very fine picture, and of great interest since the changes in the capital. Many of the figures are portraits of the greatest men of the time, which makes the historic value of the painting great, while, when it is remembered that the picture was painted when Morse was only a poor, struggling artist, the interest still deepens. Morse was contemporary with Sully, and was, for years, very poor, earning his living by teaching; yet when he died the father of the electric telegraph, the entire world joined to do him honor.

Thomas Moran has a large painting in this gallery of one of the grand scenes in the far West, for depicting which he is now famous. It is a mountain gorge, with its variegated cliffs upon either side, thousands of feet in height, while between, comes dashing down the rushing, seething torrent, seen far away in the fine perspective view.

Mr. Kauffman's "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca" is also in this eastern gallery, having been hung in the Winter or Spring; and I am glad to see, besides, one of the allegorical paintings, for which he seems to have a peculiar talent. It is "Minnehaha, Laughing Water," and is a most beautiful conception. The fall is given as seen from its foot by moonlight; and standing in the spray is the fair "Spirit of the Water,"—a beautiful Indian girl, with a form of exquisite loveliness. She seems, in the shadowy light, to be herself a portion of the cascade, the spray and falling water clothing her as with a garment. Upon her forehead gleams a star, and her face is lifted toward the tender moon, as if in mute adoration. To the right of the fall and from the foreground rises a grand old pine-tree, looking black against the water and the sky, while at its feet the glow-worm flashes out his tiny light. This is a most poetic picture.

Among other American paintings received since the formal opening of this gallery are several of extraordinary beauty, among which may be named Boughton's "Heir Presumptive," a Colonial scene; Hart's "Coming to the Ford;" Durand's "Edge of the Forest;"

and a landscape by Bierstadt. These are all exceedingly beautiful and truly American; and, consulting my own taste, I altogether prefer American landscapes, and always confess to a feeling of wonder when I hear it said by foreigners that the Americans have as yet no distinct school of art. It is true that we have no school of saints and Madonnas, or of mythological art; but Sully has given us faces as lovely as the Madonnas of old, while our landscapes are unrivaled, and purely American.

For specimens of humorous character, we have Leslie's "Lost, Found;" the "Politician of Podunk," by Liverseege; "The Raffle" and the "Tough Yarn," by Mount (the original of the latter being in the Corcoran Gallery), and many others of later date.

The portrait bust of Pulaski, the Polish patriot, by Dmochowski, of which so much has been said and written of late, stands, temporarily, in the Bronze room of this Gallery. It is of heroic size, and of most exquisite workmanship. It is also declared, by the surviving friends of the celebrated hero, to be a most admirable likeness, and the only one in marble extant. The uniform is highly ornamented with small, round buttons, standing closely together, and with loops of cord, all most beautifully and delicately wrought. It was contracted for by Congress, and executed by Dmochowski, in 1857, but the contract has since been repudiated by the same power, on account of the heavy burdens of State. It was recommended, however, that one thousand dollars be paid the representatives of the sculptor, for the disappointment of their hopes, and the labor bestowed upon the work. When we consider that the block of marble cost five hundred dollars, and that the artist wrought more than a year upon his work, we will naturally come to the conclusion that "republics are not overwhelmingly grateful." But even this was a *mirage* to the expectant heir of the statue. No appropriation being ever made wherewith to pay the stipulated sum, he is still unrecompensed

by a single dollar for the labor and talent of his relative. The bust, as fine a piece of work as any in the Capitol, stood in the depths of the crypt for years, but it has recently been taken out, cleaned, and set up where it will at last meet the appreciative eye of thousands. Dr. Kalusowski, the executor of the estate, gave bonds in one thousand dollars upon assuming the responsibility of the same, and has, after awaiting for years the action of Congress, or the patriotic response of the country, at last offered the bust for sale by auction for one thousand dollars, but could not sell it. This old man, who has waited sixteen years for some acknowledgment of the services of his ancestor, is, with his children, the only legal representative of Pulaski in this country, and while the heirs of other foreign patriots of the Revolution have received large grants of land and other favors from the Government, these have received nothing.

Speaking of busts, that by the sculptor Jones of Chief-justice Chase, now in the Capitol, was visited by Mrs. Senator Sprague, on her recent visit to Washington, who pronounced herself entirely satisfied with it in every respect. Mr. Jones will keep a studio open here the ensuing Winter.

Among other new gems of art received at the Corcoran Gallery during the Summer is a magnificent case of *fac-simile* silver and gold vessels and shields of mediæval origin, the originals of which are nearly all in the South Kensington Museum, London, a few being from other public and private collections. The list is long, composing eighty-one pieces. I will only mention a few of the most superb samples. These imitations are perfect, some of the gilding being very heavy, and all dents and imperfections in the original being copied. A grand cup and cover, three feet four and a half inches in height, of copper-gilt, the original being of silver-gilt in Gratz, Styria; German, sixteenth century. A salver, illustrating the siege of Tunis by Charles V, 1535; original in the Louvre, Paris.

The spiked shield of Francis II, silvered-oxydized, sixteenth century; original in Museum of Artillery, Paris. Shrine or cover of St. Patrick's bell, Irish; eleventh century. This is in copper-gilt, and set with jewels,—carbuncles, emeralds, and topaz. The iron bell inclosed in the original is said to be of the fourth century. Next follow many celebrated tankards and cups of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, all of the most beautiful designs and workmanship. A small shield by Benvenuto Cellini is exquisite, and looking over the collection we find other works by the same celebrated artist. A tazza with classical figures, the original, in the Louvre, is exquisitely beautiful, as are also two other cups by Cellini. An inkstand, or perfume-burner, with statuette of Hannibal, is very fine; fifteenth century. An incense-holder, the original of rock-crystal, mounted in silver-gilt, is Spanish, about 1440 or 1550. It is inscribed with, *Oratio mea dirigatur sicut incensum*. A tankard and cover of the seventeenth century is German; original in carved ivory and silver, by Bernard Strauss. On the top is a man slaying a centaur, and below is a Bacchanalian group. A Russian goblet of the seventeenth century displays medallions of the seasons of beautiful design. A pax, for communicating the kiss of peace, is Spanish, 1540. It represents the Virgin giving a vestment to St. Ildefonso. A helmet of Francis II, silvered-oxydized, bears date 1545; original in Museum of Artillery, Paris. Two Italian head-pieces of the sixteenth century are also from the above museum. In the first, marine genii are holding a warrior's head, the body being formed by the crest. The second represents David and Goliath. A bas-relief after Donatello represents the entombment of Christ; Italian, fifteenth century; the original in Vienna. There are bowls with covers from the Arab, with Damascene figures; an Arab salver with Morisco chasings; and various other salvers, tazzas, and cups of Arabian, Italian, Spanish, and Venetian origin; and a

Milton shield of modern date (1867), by M. Morel Ladenil, bronzed and silvered-oxydized, and which represents beautifully a number of scenes from "Paradise Lost." In the center Raphael recounts to Adam and Eve the defeat of the rebel angels, as seen on the sides. Below is Michael subduing Satan, Sin, and Death. One exquisite plate I have passed by which is exceedingly beautiful. The border is of silver, the central scene, representing Adam and Eve in Eden, being of gold, the latter in high relief.

I have described but a few of these gems, and in a brief manner; but it may give some idea of the great richness of the collection. One is reminded of the days of Haroun-Al-Raschid and the wonderful lamp of Aladdin; and, sweeping with a thought to the continent we live on, we think of the old Incas and of Montezuma, who ate from vessels of pure gold, furnished newly every day.

Dr. Horatio Stone, the celebrated sculptor, died a few months ago in Carrara, Italy, where he had just completed the statue of Colonel and Senator Baker, the small model of which, in the Congressional Library, has won so much praise. It was a fitting work with which to crown his life. It will soon be placed in Statue Hall in the Capitol. Some of the finest works in the Capitol are by this sculptor; his Alexander Hamilton and John Hancock being pronounced by many the very best works in the building. Among his other works are busts of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; of Senator Benton, Colonel M'Comb, Edwin M. Stanton, Fred. P. Stanton, Professor Morse, Chief-justice Taney, General Houston, of Texas, and other portrait busts and medallions. His ideal works comprise "Corinne at Rome," "Beatrice unveiling to Dante," "Faith," in the cathedral at Williamsburg; a monumental group in marble, in memory of the wife of Ex-Senator Foster, of Norwich, Connecticut, consisting of six figures; and the two magnificent vases with allegorical figures, "Ecce Homo," and the "Progress of

Science in America." Dr. Stone was entirely devoted to his art, and wrote fine essays upon his favorite theme. But he was exceedingly modest, and diffident almost to awkwardness, when called upon to speak in public. The last year of his life, before going to Italy, was passed in California. Previous to that, he had spent several Winters in Washington, mingling in the art and literary

circles at the capital. Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, who possesses one of the most valuable galleries of paintings in Washington, owns his original marble bust of "Moses," and the large vase of "Ecce Homo." But the cunning hand and the brain filled with genius are silent and cold in death, and America has lost another great sculptor.

MARY E. NEALY.

AN ENSIGN OF ROYALTY.

AS every thing connected with the Centennial Exhibition, to be held in Philadelphia, July, 1876, is becoming of more and more interest as the time approaches for the great event, I am tempted to give some account of one of the valuable articles which, it is said, is to be sent there.

It has been stated by the press that "King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is to send his feather cloak to the Centennial." It is further stated:

"This article represents more labor than any other thing likely to be on exhibition there. Its manufacture was commenced over a hundred years ago, under the auspices of some of the ancestors of Kamehameha, the first king of the island; and upward of fifty years were required for its completion.

"It is made of the feathers of a peculiar species of bird, each bird furnishing only two feathers, one from under each wing. In size, the cloak is a little over a square yard. It used to be worn by the king on state occasions, but of late years it serves merely to adorn the reception-room of the palace."

The above item, going the rounds of the press, rather surprised me, for I had but recently heard it stated by a friend direct from the Sandwich Islands, who had spent some time there, and had in possession, as a mark of favor, two of these rare feathers, that the cloak com-

posed of them, and which had taken so *many years* to fabricate, was *buried* with the last king.

Supposing it, like the crown jewels and other insignia of royalty, to be the only one in existence, I could not reconcile the conflicting accounts in reference to said cloak, and at once wrote for exact information in regard to it. The reply given was so interesting that I venture to publish it. My friend writes:

"In Jarves's 'History of the Sandwich Islands,' I find an account of the cloak, which I think is quite reliable. 'The feather war cloak of Kamehameha I (the first and greatest of the Hawaiian kings), occupied nine generations of kings in its fabrication. The length is four feet, with a spread at the bottom of nearly twelve feet. The groundwork is a fine netting. To this the feathers, which are exceedingly small and delicate, being less than one inch in length, are attached. The feathers overlap so as to form a smooth surface, while around the border they are reversed.

"The birds, from which these feathers are obtained, are found in the mountainous parts of the islands, and are caught by means of an adhesive substance smeared upon long poles. Alighting upon these, the hunter easily secures them, and plucks from under the wings the two precious golden feathers that are so much coveted.

"If the labor expended upon this cloak could be estimated, its nominal worth would be found equal to that of the most costly gems in the regalia of Europe. Those of other chiefs, being alternate with red and yellow rhomboidal figures or lines, relieved with sections of dark purple, or glossy black feathers, were less costly and beautiful.

"A smaller kind, manufactured of the same material, was worn by those whose rank did not entitle them to a larger garment."

"Now, how is the account I have given of the far-famed cloak of feathers being 'buried with the last king,' to be reconciled with the report that King Kalakaua is to send his cloak to the Centennial? By the quotation from Jarves, you see several mantles were made. There were two only, however, made entirely of yellow feathers. One of these belonged to Lunalilo, was his personal property. He was descended from the highest of the royal line of Hawaiian chiefs, and was the last of the Kamehameha dynasty. When his body was raised from the feather cloak, on which it had rested in state, his father (Lunalilo took his rank from his mother) ordered that the body should be wrapped in the precious robe before being deposited in the coffin, saying: 'He is the last of our family; it belongs to him.' The natives turned pale at the command, for it was burying a treasure that could not be replaced; for it is said a million of birds were caught to furnish the material of which it was made. One reason, I presume why the father objected to the cloak's going into the hands of others was, that Lunalilo was not treated well when a prince, before his accession to the throne. One or two of the kings gave him no office, and treated him with little respect, though really he was of much better blood than they.

"At present, the mantle—the second and smaller one belonging to the crown—

is used only for ceremony, being laid on the chair of the king when he appears in Parliament, and upon the coffin of a royal person. To my eye it appears like a rich yellow plush. These feathers are also made into wreaths, which are worn around the neck, or on the head. I can not say whether the birds are still caught for their feathers or not. Doubtless, they are not, for I presume the art of weaving them into netting may, with other things, be among the lost arts. Then, too, I can not see what object they would now have in undertaking work of this kind. They are, it is true, the insignia of Hawaiian royalty, but the cloak is not worn as in older times."

From this account of one who was present at the burial of Lunalilo, it is evident that the cloak King Kalakaua proposed, when in this country, to send to the Centennial, is the *smaller* one belonging to the crown, and not the one, as stated in the press item as having taken so long to make. This, too, corresponds with the size given, as a little over a square yard. A photograph, probably taken from a portrait of Kamehameha I, now lies before me. In this the king wears the long cloak, his insignia of royalty. It is loosely fastened at the throat, and falls over the shoulders like a circular cape. Down each side in front, and probably all around, as a border, the feathers are represented reversed, herring-bone fashion. This agrees with Jarves's description of "four feet in length, with a spread at the bottom of nearly twelve feet," etc.

King Kamehameha I, father of his country, was born 1763, died May, 1819. He was succeeded by two sons, as King Kamehameha II and III; then by two grandsons, as Kamehameha IV and V. Then came Lunalilo, who died February 5, 1874, after a reign of but one year; and with him disappeared the most precious and costly cloak.

JOSIE KEEN.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE reign of abject Catholicism on the Continent of Europe is receiving a severe blow in countries where it has until lately found its strongest and most bigoted support. The busy and thriving little land of Belgium is a queer compound of ignorance and intelligence, and presents the strangest political and religious contrasts. The priests of Belgium have the strongest hold on a portion of the population, and can mold and fashion them as does the potter the clay; while another and very large portion has broken away from their control, and utterly abhors and despises them. As a proof of the former assertion, we would remind our readers that it was in Belgium that the girl Louise Lateau lived for years without food, and on whose hands and feet the blood-marks of the cross would appear every Friday about the time of day that our Savior was crucified! And in support of our latter position, we quote the fact, that when the ignorant peasantry would march into the city shrines, headed by bands of chanting priests, on some special pilgrimage, the populace of these centers would sometimes attack and even stone them. These excesses were, of course, soon quelled by the authorities, and both sides have been brought to their senses by the suppression of these processions on the one hand, and the assemblages of the ruder portions of the populace on the other.

But the work of investigation into the real effects of Catholicism on the welfare of a country is going on still in higher and more influential quarters. A well-known Belgian professor, in one of the schools, has just published a tract which is a curiosity and a surprise in that ultra-Catholic land. It lays down, as a proposition, that the liberty and prosperity of states are much more favored by Protestantism than by Catholicism. The

latter undermines the prosperity of all lands in which it attains to power, and suppresses free speech to that extent that even the Professor Laveleye dares not say all that he thinks regarding the deliverance of Catholic nations from this bondage. But he appeals eloquently and decidedly for a return to the original and genuine Gospel; and declares that all liberals in politics, and indifferent persons in regard to the matter of religion,—in short, all who would protest against this tyranny,—should become Protestants. And what is peculiar about the matter, this champion is no Protestant himself,—he is simply an abjurer of Catholicism from what he practically knows and sees of it. But he seems to know that the purest Protestantism approaches more nearly to the freest investigation, and is the most ready to relegate men to the control of their own consciences. For Protestantism has no auricular confession; and it does not consider celibacy and idleness more sacred than marriage and work. If two millions of Catholics in the rural districts of Belgium would leave their Church, he argues that all the large cities would in a short time desert the cause of Rome. The larger cities of Belgium are all rich, and in them the splendor of the churches is displayed with the greatest pomp. But what, for instance, would Brussels become for the idle and pampered priests, if all the liberal families in it were to resolve to return to the pure evangelical religion and the Protestant Church? But it is not possible for all persons to pass suddenly from a clerical abyss to the mountain of pure religious light, on which the dogmas disappear;—the car of progress makes its way, not by rapid leaps but by slow steps. If intelligent teachers, like Laveleye, could make the people comprehend that to become

Protestant does not mean to abjure religious faith, but simply the most absurd of religious absurdities, then might some progress be hoped for. He thinks it were better to become Protestants outright than to enter the ranks of the so-called "Old" or reformed Catholics. Because Protestantism is nothing new; it is not an experiment; it counts its adherents by millions; it enjoys respect, and is a power on which one can lean with a certainty of support. He closes his tract by saying to his people: "Consider my proposition, and you will find that they were no blockheads who became Protestants before you." And we say that thousands of his people will soon do this, or become freethinkers.

THE guild of musical composers and performers in the Old World, and especially in Germany, are making public appeals to the intelligent and artistic ladies of the land to assist them in cultivating a purer and nobler taste in the matter of musical composition and performances. They assert that they could do much more for pure art if the mothers of the country would assist them in keeping their daughters free from a spirit of frivolity in music, which is quite as demoralizing to the mind as frivolity in literature. The function of true art is to find a friendly reception in the breast, and awaken an echo for the nobler elements of man's nature, but by no means to degrade the soul and fire the passions. And herein lies the power of woman in popular music; she can, if she will, frown down dilettanteism and sickly sentimentalism. Without the steady custom of their tireless throats and fingers,—as the appeal runs,—musical novelties would find a poor market, and soon disappear from the counters of the dealers. And not only this, the concerts and the drawing-rooms of the country would present a very different programme for their visitors, if women would only will it. Women form the majority of the hearers on these occasions, if not a majority of the performers; and it thus depends on them to give the tone to musical productions, and to lead them into the path of moral elevators, rather than that of social depressors, or simply cultivators of the frivolous or the amorous. The noble masters, like Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin,

Schumann, etc., are being neglected in order to make room for a class of innovators whose forte is simply the violence of passion. And in this connection the petitioners also call the attention of ladies to the growing rudeness of the concert-room at public and even private entertainments. There is a great deal of objectionable clapping and hissing in the concert-hall. Genuine and well-deserved applause is appropriate and fitting; but it very frequently degenerates into a noisy demonstration, which is at least rude, if not actually ill-mannered. Hired clappers, on special occasions, with the direct intent to make capital for favorites, have made their way far beyond the precincts of the theater, and a great many innocent people allow themselves to be led on by these to a false appreciation of certain performers. Many of these persons make it a study to obtain places near ladies of social position, and, by special attention, lure them into indiscretions in this line that they would not commit if left to their own instincts. And another custom that the best artists of Europe ask the ladies of the elegant world to assist them in abolishing is the vile one of demanding a repetition of favorite pieces; they declare it to be unjust and unkind,—unjust, because asking more than they pay for; unkind, because it forces the artist to over-exertion.

AND again: a great cry is being raised, by the philanthropists and scientists of Europe, against the barbarity of the fashion that is condemning some species of the feathered tribe to extinction to satisfy the demands of a vain and frivolous fashion. A famous naturalist by the name of Russ, who edits a periodical entitled the *Feathered Tribe*, is energetically raising his voice against this outrage on the birds to satisfy the eccentricity of a horde of thoughtless women. Think of the necessity of stepping into the arena to defend the innocent and beautiful birds against the women! He declares that this wholesale extinction of the birds, for the gratification of foolish vanity, is carried on in an extensive manner right in Berlin, where he himself has been witness of the revolting war of annihilation against these lovely children of the air, and it is an organized and profitable business. There are several large

firms in that city devoted exclusively to the barbarous trade. Go into such an establishment and see how, daily, several thousand of these little birds are brought in from all directions, dried, fastened on wires, with glass beads in place of their extracted and bright little eyes, in order in a few days to be displayed on the hat of a fine lady who would go into a nervous fit if the operation of killing and preparing the bird were performed, as it should be, before her eyes. See how the poor throttled favorites of nature lie by hundreds and hundreds, of the same species and size, on the long tables, in order by dozens to be given to the working girls, who are to draw apart their cramped claws, spread out their wings, and make them look natural, and give to the head a cunning inclination, by means of the bent wire inside of it. See and count the number of young girls that make their living at this revolting business! One will find that the English bird-dealers are innocent tyros beside these enterprising manufacturers of Berlin. Go into the workshops, and you will find that many of the most delicate and exquisite kinds from Brazil have been so much in demand that they are said to be nearly exterminated, so that money can now hardly procure them. And when Brazil ceased to send forth its feathered gems, then the forests of Europe were laid under contribution; so that the finch, the lark, the robin, the thrush, and whatever of beautiful now flies, sings, or twitters in the forest, must fall victims to this insane and cruel mania. And why must these ornaments of the forest fall, each one of which suffers a cruel death? Simply because of the fashion of our ladies,—a fashion as barbarous as any that could be conceived! Our women, who never become tired of imitating any puppet-show, so that it is only new, bear the guilt of this barbarity, and daily vaunt it in our eyes. Is this womanly? Does it comport with woman's tender and compassionate nature? To the honor of women, let them crush out this barbarous fashion.

THE festivities of Christmas are beginning to be as disastrous to the woods as are the above fashions to their feathered occupants. The demand for trees is so great that the poetical side of the matter is about to step

into the background in presence of the colossal devastation going on annually in the woods in the neighborhood of large cities. A peculiar class of poachers has sprung into existence, that now enter the forest, not to destroy game, but to denude it of its evergreens. For many miles around Berlin it is now necessary to set regular guards to protect them against outrage; and, even with this great care, damage to the amount of many thousands of dollars was perpetrated previous to the last holidays. The pine, spruce, and fir woods present a sorry spectacle after Christmas, unless closely watched and protected. This year the devastation has been greater than ever, because of the heavy snow-fall in the country facilitating transportation, and the attraction of a higher price than ever in the market-places. For a few days before Christmas, all the stations near Berlin were overwhelmed by loads of trees brought for transportation to the city. And it is observed that this theft of Christmas-trees seems to be encouraged by many very respectable farmers near the forests, who hire their teams to the poachers to bring their booty to the rail. These the authorities know, and a very extensive series of arrests has placed many of the offenders in the hands of the criminal courts, much to their chagrin and disgust. But this seems not to be the only demoralization in the Christmas-tree business in Germany. For the last few years, extravagance and display have been so rife that a great many of the newly rich of the shoddy circles of the Father-land have thought it the thing to improve on the evergreen from nature, and have therefore brought into their magnificent *salons* artificial trees of such value that none but the wealthiest or most reckless could think of having them. The imitation must, of course, be a perfect deception, which, of itself, would cause it to cost a pretty sum. Then the wax tapers are no longer to be fastened on the tree by wires or needles, but the entire artificial tree must consist of tubes, at the end of which gas-flames burst forth. One well-known banker disdained to adorn his tree with the usual festoons of cut and variegated paper, and gilded and silvered nuts and apples, but in their place he used garlands and festoons made of golden ducats, and dollars hung on silken and satin ribbons.

With him the gold and silver must be genuine,—they were his gods,—the tree was artificial. But it is doubtful whether the same gentleman will do this thing a second time. This foolish and bombastic display

is having its legitimate effects; the entire country is beginning to suffer from the effects of extravagance, and the result is everywhere there, as in our own country, the fear of a "great crash."

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

We have received from a correspondent the following note, dated at Hazlan, Iowa, February 26, 1876:

"MR. EDITOR,—In the 'Editor's Repository' for March, in the paragraph 'Woman's Record at Home,' written doubtless by the 'editor Yankee of Yankees,' the work of many noble women' is mentioned; but those elect ladies are all domiciled in Ohio, or 'deown east.' Is our Yankee editor unacquainted with the fact that we have in this central region of our goodly country a share of working women, such as Mrs. Mary C. Ninde and Mrs. Lucy Prescott, who are doing a grand work in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and also in spreading Scriptural holiness by public ministrations of which even Mrs. Van Cott would not be ashamed? If our Yankee editor is unacquainted with our Western women and their work, we trust the Agents will send him West to become acquainted with the doings of its elect ladies, so that he will not ignore them when next he writes of 'Woman's Work at Home.'

"Yours truly, C. A."

We shall certainly be obliged to our correspondents if they will send us such news as is suitable for the department, as it is impossible for us to be ubiquitous and so gather the items ourselves.

—The Laramie (Wyoming) *Sentinel* says: "We never had a term of court here held in a decent and comfortable place, with its proceedings marked throughout by decency and decorum, and divested of every thing pertaining to levity and blackguardism, till our ladies were summoned to attend and participate in it. We never had a grand jury here who boldly and unflinchingly took hold to investigate offenses against de-

cency and morality, and hunt out and bring offenders to punishment, till we had a grand jury composed largely of ladies. We had had several terms of court, but had scarcely been able to convict or punish a single criminal for any crime, however heinous, through the medium of those courts, till we got juries composed largely of women. We did not have a single election here without drunkenness, rowdyism, quarreling, fighting and bloodshed, until our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters were permitted to accompany us to the polls."

—Charlotte Saunders Cushman, the distinguished actress and dramatist, died at Boston, Friday, February 18th, aged sixty. Miss Cushman was accomplished in music, art, literature, and the drama, and illustrated the possibility that a public life upon the stage is consistent with the purity, gentility, and nobility of her sex. She adorned every position with dignity, grace, and culture, and, amidst the brilliant successes which her talents won, she was never led astray by the temptations and flattery which have allured so many from the paths of morality. Possessing great gifts of mind and person, she used them for the good of her race, through her influence in the profession which she adorned; and her energy and enthusiasm, which won for her success and fortune, are well worthy of imitation by her sex, and of study by all."

—Susan B. Anthony is severe. She says, in a recent letter: "I could n't go five miles out of town, when I was in Missouri, without meeting a flock of grasshoppers that would make a better bench of judges than the present Supreme Court of the United States."

—The latest discovery at Pompeii is that of the figure of a woman lighting a fire in the cook stove, while her husband is asleep in bed.

—Julia K. Southerland has been appointed Commissioner of Deeds by the Governor of California, the first instance of a woman having been appointed to that office.

—The late Mrs. Cornelia Loring, of Boston, left five thousand dollars to the New England hospital for women and children, and two thousand dollars to the Boston Children's Aid Society.

—Colfax has faith in a woman's ability to keep a secret. He says: "Out of 60,000 women who have belonged to the Daughters of Rebekah, he had never known one to break faith; and he protested against the miserable, worn-out, stereotyped theory of the world, that a woman can not keep a secret."

—The Attorney-General of New Jersey has decided that women can not legally hold the office of jailer in that State. They can still enjoy, we presume, the compensating advantage of being jailed, in case they deserve it, as well as have the supreme pleasure, if they have property, of paying taxes to help support the inmates of jails.

—At the annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Nebraska, held lately at Omaha, an amendment to the canons of the Church was proposed, "admitting female members to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by male members." After discussion its further consideration was postponed for one year.

—A Catholic priest in Battle Creek, Michigan, having refused to officiate at the funeral of a poor Irish woman, on the ground that the friends could not pay the assessment, the eldest daughter stood at the head of her mother's coffin, read the Catholic service in a broken voice before the few sympathizing neighbors who had come in, and, at the conclusion, burst into tears.

—Miss Sarah Isham, the only daughter of the late Ephraim Isham, who was formerly one of Hartford's leading merchants, died at Hartford, Connecticut, aged eighty-four. Miss Isham inherited from her father

about \$125,000, and, by careful investments and good management, she has amassed a fortune which is estimated at from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

—In Minnesota, at the late election, a large majority was given for a constitutional amendment, providing that any woman of twenty-one years of age and older may vote at any election for officers of schools, or on any measure relating to schools, or may be eligible to any office pertaining to the management of schools.

—Women in Illinois can become notaries. A recent act of the Legislature provides that any woman who is a citizen of the United States, over twenty-one years of age, and has resided within the State for a year, may be appointed a notary public upon petition of fifty legal voters of the town in which she resides. Before beginning her duties, the female notary has to give a bond in one thousand dollars for her correct performance.

—Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who died in May, 1874, left a portion of his estate, valued at over \$1,000,000, for the education and maintenance of female orphans of railway employes, whose fathers were killed while in the discharge of their duties. There are claims against the estate which, if allowed, will prevent the carrying into effect the desire of the testator.

—From the *Churchman* we learn that in the State of New York it is proposed to establish an institution for the benefit of infirm and invalid teachers, under the name of the "Teachers' Rest." The locality is not mentioned where the first essay is to be made, further than it is a beautiful region, where living is cheap, and that it will accommodate twelve ladies. It is designed, primarily, for teachers worn out by long labor in their profession; but is also intended to give a temporary shelter for those out of employment, or needing relaxation. As women of culture and refinement will naturally shrink from applying for admission to a public charity, a rate of board will be charged to all, but this charge may be reduced or remitted, according to the circumstances of the applicant.

ART NOTES.

It is proposed to hold a grand exhibition of the most famous pictures of Rubens, at Antwerp, next year, in the celebration of the centenary of this master.

— Italy has sent about four hundred tons of goods to be exhibited at Philadelphia. Among these are found many exquisite works of art which will constitute one of the chief centers of attraction.

— The celebrated series of decorative paintings in the new Opera-house at Paris, by M. Baudry, are already badly damaged by the smoke and heat of the gas. The Minister of Fine Art proposes to appropriate \$5,000 annually to the restoration and reproduction of the paintings.

— Some months since, we mentioned the fact that a most skillful deception had been practiced upon the authorities of the Berlin Museum. It now is discovered that the collection of Moabite antiquities, which were purchased some years ago, at a cost of some \$24,000, and which were supposed to be over two thousand years old, are spurious.

— The new Rathhaus of Munich is to add glory to that already gorgeous capital. How poor do we feel, artistically, when we contrast American cities of about equal population, as Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburg, etc., with the Bavarian capital! Now it is announced that Professor Von Piloty, Bavaria's most noted painter, has been commissioned to paint a fresco for the grand hall of the Rathhaus, into which he intends to introduce, in one group, the portraits of three hundred of the most distinguished citizens of this artistic center.

— The work of founding art associations in our chief cities goes bravely on. The one at Detroit has held its first exhibition, which is said to have been a great success. Most of the Western cities have shown much spirit in art matters. Specially, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and San Francisco have done nobly in this matter, and the efforts are becoming more and more evident in the public buildings, and adornments of the public parks and grounds.

— The Swedish wood-carver, Oestergren, is said to be preparing a chess-board for exhibition in Philadelphia, the pieces of which are symbolical of the struggle between Ultramontanism and the modern spirit in Germany. On one side of the board appear the Emperor William and the Empress Augusta as king and queen, Prince Bismarck and the Minister Falk as bishops; the knights as Prussian Uhlans, and the pawns as soldiers and recruits. On the other side stands Pius IX as king, with an abbess as queen, holding the waxen taper, well-nigh burned out; the bishops are cardinals; the knights are monks, riding on asses, and the pawns monks on foot. It is said to be an exquisite piece of workmanship, as well as a novel conception.

— The journals are awaking to the importance of fostering art culture among our workmen. One good effect of the Centennial is already observable, even before the Exposition is formally thrown open to the public; namely, the discovery that our people are not the hard utilitarians of which we have heard from the days of Poor Richard's Almanac, but rather are willing to pay, and do pay, enormous sums for objects of beauty and works of art. Let us look at some figures which have been prepared and spread out before the public. "For the three months ending September 30, 1875, we imported \$1,749,655 worth of fancy goods, such as Vienna trinkets, Swiss carvings, etc.; \$310,429 worth of paintings, statuary, and photographic pictures; and to this should be added \$181,665 worth of jewelry and precious metal work. In the year 1875, we imported fancy goods worth \$6,005,940, nearly threefold the value of the similar imports of 1865. France sends us \$63,000,000 worth of articles, most of which find their way to the stores of jewelers, the China-dealers, and the picture-sellers. Italy sends us \$9,000,000 worth of art work. Now, considering this only as a question of political economy, an unanswerable argument can be made in favor of fostering, by all possible means, art culture among the work-

men of America. The balance of trade is largely, fearfully against us just in this department of consumption. For example, during one quarter of 1875, we imported \$2,241,759 worth of articles specially valuable for their beauty, and exported of the same only \$155,636. France and Italy, the countries which most largely supply us with articles to which taste and beauty have given special value, can show a balance of \$20,000,000 against us, even when we count in all the staples which we furnish them. We are tributary to the Old World for just these artistic products which Americans will purchase in such enormous quantities. Our people will continue to do this; and, notwithstanding all the cries against gewgaws and trinkets, this innate love of the beautiful will be gratified in some way, and by works of foreign countries, if America will not meet this demand by educating her own artisans. Dealers are quick to discern the tastes of their customers, and clearly understand that carpets, wall-paper, crockery, and glass-ware,—not to mention the thousand items of personal apparel and adornment,—must be beautiful as well as of good material, in order to secure a steady sale. Utilitarians may laugh at the folly, but people will continue to pay for mere beauty, and they will have it. It would be well if we as a people could be taught the lesson that a common sense political economy demands,—that we put our artisans on a footing with those of France, Germany, and Italy, if we would not, in the future, pay to these countries tribute of all our surplus gold.

—To the uninitiated, a visit to the show and auction rooms of books and bric-a-brac in a great capital like London, is an occasion of genuine surprise. The costliness and variety of articles exhibited; the numerous libraries of rare and richly bound books; the exquisite porcelain; the gorgeous tapestries; the unique bronzes; the classic marbles; the paintings of most renowned masters; and all these, day by day, week by week, and even month by month, passing into other hands under the ever-repeated “going, going once, twice, three times, and gone.” At times we are oppressed with painful visions of the financial ruin of even ducal houses,—whose collected treasures and inheritance have been

ruthlessly torn from their palatial surroundings, and have found their way to the vulgarity of the auction-room, to satisfy an unjust creditor, or save the house from social and financial disgrace. At other visits, while a library of rich art works is announced as coldly as would be a broken pickaxe at a country auction, we begin to picture the years of painstaking in making the collection, the sacrifice of this man of taste, and the hard lot of the family when the proprietor has fallen, that compels them to turn his brain and heart into the meat that perisheth. Doubtless, the reasons for these sales, that are suggested to an ordinary outsider, are in many instances the real ones; but if we are to believe the statements of Major H. B. Hall, in his “Bric-a-brac Hunter; or, Chapters of China-mania,” these sometimes are induced on the principle recognized by Schelling: “If God had placed in my left hand all possible knowledge, and in my right hand the power to gain all knowledge, I would open my left hand and let the treasure fly, that I might experience the joy of again acquiring it.” Many a relic-hunter has been led to place his treasures in the market in order to repeat his chase in other fields, and experience the pleasure and excitement attending a new pursuit. To spend valuable leisure on collections of bric-a-brac may not satisfy the sensitive conscience, yet the amount of history, skill, knowledge of industrial art, and ingenuity of the collector, represented by these articles, is vastly more than the average visitor is wont to suppose. We can not but deplore, however, the taste that supplants the works of genuine art by these conceits drawn from the four quarters of heaven, which are oftentimes barbaric in origin and grotesque in form. These may all have their place in museums of industrial art or archæology; but their educating power in the fine arts is next to nothing. Only by keeping before the mind models of high excellence, a power of nice discrimination and purity of taste can be secured.

—There is a movement on foot to found a traveling art scholarship by the Harvard Art Club. This promises well for art in this country. When every chief center of population and influence in the United States will imitate this good example, much good

will certainly result. The plan is this: The holder of the scholarship shall visit a place or places determined by the club which founds it,—which places shall generally be centers of ancient culture. Here investigations and study shall be faithfully prosecuted; an accurate and extensive journal shall be kept, and as many works of art as possible shall be gathered or secured by other means. The journal, and all works obtained, shall be the property of the Club,—these to revert to Harvard University in case of the dissolution of the Club, provided the University shall provide rooms for them.

— Every good book which can be placed in the hands of the people is a silent missionary to purify and ennoble. So every book that may be suggestive of better and

more chaste household arrangement and decoration should be gladly welcomed. A fair work of this class is Elliott's "Book of American Interiors." The illustrations are of actual interiors,—chiefly of two rooms which ought to be most thoroughly studied of any in the house; namely, the dining-room and the library. Many excellent suggestions can be found in this work, which will be of service to those who contemplate building or repairs. We only regret that so few plans are adapted to men of limited means. Many of these have cultivated taste, and would gladly welcome any aid that would make home more attractive. There is still a wide field in decoration and plans coming within the reach of the middle classes, which we hope may be occupied at an early day.

SCIENTIFIC.

EFFECT OF BORAX ON FERMENTATION.— In the discussion on Fermentation, which took place last year in Paris, Mons. Dumas, Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, pointed out the remarkable effect of borax on fermentation, and suggested that a study of the phenomenon would lead to highly important consequences. Professor Schnetzler has taken up the subject, and, in the *Bulletin* of the Vaudois Society of Natural History, at Lausanne, has published a few results which are well worthy of attention. Spores and vegetable cells, plunged into a solution of borax, go through certain strange movements and are then killed. Cells in movement in a living plant are at once arrested in their action. The *Oidium Tuckeri*, the fungus from which vines have so greatly suffered, dies in a solution of borax. Perhaps a concentrated solution would be useful in extirpating poisonous fungi from places where they grow. Rotifera, and other small creatures, and the spawn of frogs, are speedily killed by introducing a small quantity of borax into the water in which they had been living. These observations, says Professor Schnetzler, demon-

strate that borax puts an end to the properties by which the life of vegetable and animal protoplasm is manifested. If fermentation is a chemical phenomenon brought about by the life of the leaven, then borax would necessarily act against fermentation. A further series of experiments followed. Grapes, in a solution of borax, were put into a bottle, and closely corked. There was no sign of fermentation after long keeping; but the grapes, though well preserved, were not eatable. Thirty centimetres of milk, with one gramme of borax, were bottled for some months, and did not turn sour, retained, in fact, the scent of new milk. One pound of beef was shut up (not hermetically sealed) in a tin box, in concentrated solution of borax. The liquid became red, then brown, and gave out a disagreeable scent, but the meat did not putrefy. It was kept more than a year, through the heat of two Summers (the liquor having been renewed three times), and turned yellowish in color; but still no putrefaction appeared. The meat, we are told, was as soft and tender as fresh meat, and kept well when out of the liquid. The ex-

periments were carried on in different ways, with a view to bring out all the phenomena, and arrive at trustworthy results. Professor Schnetzler thinks that the peculiar odor of meat which has been kept some time in a solution of borax proceeds from the decomposition of matter produced by metamorphosis of the substances which compose the muscular fiber. And, without seeking to attach too much importance to the experiments, he considers that they indicate a way for the preservation of meat, of fruits, of anatomical preparations, whether animal or vegetable. Hitherto, alcohol has been made use of for that purpose, but henceforth a solution of borax may take its place. And, further, it would be interesting if, in some hospitals, the effect of the solution on certain wounds were made a subject of experiment.

THE AURORAL LIGHT.—Groneman, whose theory of the nature and origin of the auroral light has attracted considerable attention of late years, has published a short article, giving new confirmations of its truth. According to him, the cause of the well-known peculiar geographical distribution of the aurora borealis in an oval belt, lying between the parallels of 50° and 70° , can be explained by two considerations: First, the position of the earth's axis in connection with the daily variation of the aurora, or with the elongations of the orbits of the cosmic dust, to which the aurora owes its existence. Second, the encounter between the earth and this ring of dust, and the consequent slow distribution of the dust in different latitudes. Groneman appears inclined to believe in the actual existence of periodical auroras, one of which may possibly recur annually, on the 4th of February,—an idea that was apparently first thrown out by Arago, and which is quite in accordance with Groneman's theory of the origin and nature of the aurora.

DEVELOPMENT IN BEES.—The relation of bees to flowers is discussed by Herman Muller, in a paper translated in *Nature*. He calls attention to the interesting facts presented by various groups of *Hymenoptera*, in which occur a series of forms presenting more and more complex life relations, accompanied by higher and higher mental

organization. The consideration of these gradations is calculated to throw much light on the question, "How has the honey-bee acquired its remarkable instincts?"—a question which the study of that species alone would, in his opinion, do little to solve, but on which the habits and organization of the lower group throw much light. Dr. Muller, after giving the evolutionary history of the sting of the wasp, tracing it up from the ovipositor of the ichneumon-fly and sand-fly, thinks that the various acts by which the solitary wasps protect their young must have, at first, been arrived at with a consciousness of the object to be effected, but that they have gradually become instinctive, and are now unconsciously inherited from generation to generation. "Still it is," he observes, "impossible to watch a wasp at work without feeling, that, with these inherited customs, or so-called instincts, much individual effort also comes into play."

FORMATION OF SUGAR IN FRUITS.—The question of the formation of sugar in fruits has been studied by Mercadante, in investigations on the plum. It appeared that in the first period of development, while the fruit, like the leaves, takes up carbonic acid and gives off oxygen, the sugar was, in presence of malic acid, formed from gummy substances, sugar and acid increasing simultaneously. In the second or ripening stage, in which oxygen is absorbed and carbonic acid given off, acidity of the fruit diminished, while the sugar increased, in consequence of a conversion of malic acid into sugar.

KOUMISS.—The foreign medical journals are giving considerable prominence to the discussion of the utility of koumiss as a remedy for that, to all intents, incurable disease, consumption. It is to this peculiar preparation that the Tartars attribute their total immunity from the disease; and that this immunity has long since been traced to koumiss by Russian physicians is proved in the fact that the latter as frequently send consumptives to regions where koumiss is in constant use as the physicians in this country send their patients to Florida or the Bahamas. The Tartars, above all other people, excel in its manufacture. The material is an alcoholic liquor produced by the fer-

mentation of mare's milk. A certain quantity of the latter is placed in a wooden vessel, and one-sixth of its amount in water is added. A similar amount of cow's milk is then poured in, and then the receptacle is covered with a thick cloth, and either buried in the earth, or subjected to a moderate heat, for twenty-four hours. The mixture becomes sour, and thick clots form on its surface, but these last are again incorporated by brisk stirring, which is continued until the liquid becomes homogeneous. Another twenty-four hours' repose follows; the liquid is transferred to a higher and narrower vessel, and the stirring and beating operation is repeated. It is then ready for use, although the stirring has to be done over again every time the contents of the vessel are drawn upon after any period of rest. The taste is agreeable, and of a kind of acid sweet. A dose of something less than a quart is intoxicating even to persons habituated to its use. It appears to act on the faculties of nutrition like alcohol and raw meat; that is, it moderates the consumptive action of the disease, and causes the patient to gain in weight.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY.—It is related in Russian journals that, during the recent military survey of the Steppes, east of the Caspian Sea, the soldiers discovered the ruins of an ancient city, the existence of which has been utterly unknown in modern times. Judging from the ruins, the city must have had a large and fixed population. Several arabesque minarets are still well preserved, and bear evidence of the skill of their builders. Remains of extensive aqueducts were also found, some of them still flowing with good drinking-water. A number of inscriptions were copied by the officers of the expedition, and brought to St. Petersburg. According to a tradition of the Turcomans, the country was once very fruitful, and was watered by means of canals.

HABITS OF HERMIT CRABS.—In the *American Journal of Science* for October, Mr. A. Agassiz records some observations on the hermit crab. He raised a number of these animals from a very early stage in their life until they reached the condition in which they required the protection of a shell. A number of shells, some empty, others occu-

pied by living mollusks, were now placed in the glass dish with the young crabs. The empty shells were at once taken possession of. The crabs which were not so fortunate as to obtain possession of an untenanted shell remained riding about upon the mouth of their future dwelling; and on the death of the tenant, which generally occurred soon after in captivity, commenced at once to tear out the animal, and, having eaten him, proceeded at once to take his place within the shell. The question arises, How did the crab acquire the faculty of performing this act? Not by imitation, in this instance at least. Possibly by inheritance. Mr. Agassiz, however, is inclined to regard the act as purely mechanical, rendered necessary by the condition of the young hermit crab. "When the molt has taken place which brings them to the stage at which they need a shell, we find important changes in the two hind pairs of feet, now changed to shorter feet, capable of propelling the crab in and out of the shell; we find, also, that all the abdominal appendages except those of the last joint are lost. But the great distinction between this stage and the one preceding it is the curling of the abdomen; its rings are now quite indistinct, and the test covering is reduced to a mere film, so that the whole abdomen becomes, of course, very sensitive. It is therefore natural that the young crab should seek some shelter for this exposed portion of his body; and, from what I have observed, any cavity will answer the purpose; one of the young crabs having established himself most comfortably in the anterior part of the cast skin of a small isopod, which seemed to satisfy him as well as a shell, there being several empty shells at his disposal."

A MONSTER TELESCOPE.—A large telescope is now in course of construction for the new observatory in Vienna. This is the largest yet attempted, and is being made at Dublin. The length will be thirty-two feet, the object-glass will have an aperture of over twenty-six inches; and the great base casting, weighing eight tons, will form a chamber twelve feet long, eight high, and four and half wide. The tube will be of steel, and all the axes will have their friction relieved by anti-friction apparatus.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

MEANING OF THE WORD "METHODIST."—In a late number of the *British Quarterly Review* there is an interesting article on "Wesley and Wesleyanism," wherein the writer preserves this precious bit of criticism, bearing upon the origin of the "Methodist" name: "We ourselves happened once, in a parish church in Huntingdonshire, to be listening to a clergyman, notorious alike by his private character and vehement intolerance, who was entertaining his audience on a week evening by a discourse from the text in Ephesians iv, 14: 'Whereby they lie in wait to deceive.' He said to his people: 'Now, you do not know Greek; I know Greek, and I am going to tell you what this text really says, They lie in wait to make you Methodists; the word used here is *methodeian*; that is really the word used, and that is really what Paul said, "They lie in wait to make you Methodists." A Methodist means a deceiver,—one who deludes, cheats, and beguiles.' The Grecian scholar was a little at fault in his text allusion, for he proceeded to quote that other passage of the apostle, 'We are not ignorant of his devices,' and seemed to be under the impression that 'device' was the same word as that on which he had expended his criticism. 'Now,' said he, 'you may be ignorant, because you do not understand Greek; but *we* are not ignorant of his devices, that is, of his *methods*; his deceivers, that is, his *Methodists*.' It was a piece of the richest criticism we ever remember to have heard in any pulpit."

HORSE-WORDS FROM THE ROMMANY.—I believe that to Mr. Borrow is due the discovery that the word jockey is of gypsy origin, and derived from *chuckni*, which means a whip. For nothing is more clearly established than that the jockey-whip was the original term in which this word first made its appearance, and that the *chuckni* was a peculiar form of whip, very long and heavy, first used by the gypsies. "Jockeyism," says Mr. Borrow, "properly means *the management of a whip*"; and the word jockey is neither more nor less than the term, slightly modified, by which they designate the for-

midable whips which they usually carry, and which are at present in general use among horse-traffickers, under the title of jockey-whips." In Hungary and Germany, the word occurs as *tschuckini*, or *chookni*, and *tschupni*.

Many of my readers are doubtless familiar with the word *to tool* as applied to managing the reins and driving horses. "To tool the horses down the road" is indeed rather a fine word of its class, being as much used in certain clubs as in stables, and often denotes stylish and gentlemanly driving. And the term is without the slightest modification, either of pronunciation or meaning, directly and simply gypsy, and is used by gypsies in the same way. It has, however, in Rommany, as a primitive meaning, to hold or to take. Thus I have heard of a feeble old fellow that "he could not tool himself together,"—for which last word, by the way, *kellenus* might have been more correctly substituted.—*Leland's English Gypsies*.

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.—It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be accomplished if a man has reached the age of thirty or forty years. Nine-tenths of our clever men have actually exhibited more vigor of intellect at fifty years of age than at forty. Franklin was forty when he began, in real earnest, the study of natural philosophy. The principal of one of the most flourishing colleges in America was a farm-servant until past the age when most students have completed their collegiate education. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Greek was the first foreign language which Cato, the celebrated Roman censor, acquired, and he did so in his old age. Alfieri, whose writing has caused a revolution in the dramatic literature of Italy, was left without a father in his infancy, and wasted his early years. John Ogilby, the author of poetical translations from Virgil and Homer, began the study of Latin when about forty years of age, and Greek in his forty-fourth. Boccaccio, one of the most illustrious writers that ever

appeared in Italy, suffered nearly half of his life to pass without improvement. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, learned German at forty, in order that he might read Niebuhr in the original, and Dr. Samuel Johnson studied Dutch after he was sixty. Mrs. Somerville was near eighty when she revised her scientific treatises, and Michael Angelo was long past the prime of life when he superintended the architecture of St. Peter's, at Rome. Dandolo was ninety when he laid siege to Constantinople and recovered it to the Latin empire.

ANTIQUITY OF UMBRELLAS. — Umbrellas and parasols, be it remembered, are as old as the sun and rain. Though of modern introduction in this country, they were well known in the olden time. In the East, the umbrella has been in use from time immemorial, though chiefly by the great; and proud is the Oriental despot who can style himself "Brother of the sun and moon, and lord of the umbrella." Assyrian monarchs stood beneath its shade while receiving homage from the vanquished foes; and Lycian princes sat under such shelter while directing the siege of a hostile city, as the reliefs recently brought from the ruins of Nineveh and the coast of Lycia, and now in the British Museum, satisfactorily attest. The proudest trophy of the Gallic wars in Africa was the umbrella of Abd-el-Kader, till he himself shared its fate, though he was soon avenged by his victor being compelled to abandon his in a far more ignoble manner.

Umbrellas preserved the complexion of the "fair-cheeked" Helen, and sheltered many a fair one of Greece and Rome from Phœbus's gaze, as we learn from ancient vases, bas-reliefs, and paintings. They were borne by the men, as well as by the maids of Athens, in the days of Pericles; the Roman gallants were wont to hold them over the heads of their mistresses. In this tomb (at Chiusi) we have proof—the first proof—that they were used in Etruria also. Yet, though an umbrella often shaded the rich cheek of Cleopatra, and softened the glow of Aspasia's charms, in London, in the center of modern civilization, not a century since, Jonas Hanway was ridiculed for carrying one through the streets.

TENNYSON'S OVER-NICETY.—A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, speaking of Tennyson's habit of retouching his poems after their first publication, says: "I note that the 'Morte d'Arthur' has undergone many changes since its first appearance. There are few among the poet's readers, probably, who do not regret the substitution of one quite commonplace line for its poetical forerunner. In the early rendering we were told that,

'The day
Was slowly westering to his bower.'

In the late rendering the poet writes,

'The day
Was sloping toward his Western bower!'

"Westerling might surely have been allowed to stand. But this is only one instance out of many. His aptest illustration may be found in 'Sea Dreams,' in which one of the finest couplets has been, in this same carping vein, reduced to the region of commonplace. Mr. Tennyson is his own unkindest critic; and, unhappily, no man can dispute his right to meddle with some of the loveliest verse in the language. This is the passage in its two forms. The first is surprising and bold; the second cautious and afraid. First rendering—

'It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first and third, which are a riper fruit.'

Second rendering—

'Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first and third, which are a riper fruit?'

"The laureate may possibly ask himself these questions some day, and may recur to his old readings."

A POPULAR POLITICAL PHRASE. — Mr. Calhoun has the credit of having originated the phrase, a "wise and masterly inactivity," which has become so common in conversation upon political topics. It belongs, however, like many of the other current political epigrams, to John Randolph, of Roanoke. He used it in 1827, as leader of the opposition party in the House of Representatives. The phrase appears repeatedly in his published political speeches. But even with Mr. Randolph, it was not original, as the idea had been often used before him. It has been traced back to the prophecy of Isaiah (chap. xxx, 7), "Their strength is to sit still."

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BROKEN KNIFE.

GRIEF came one day to Willie and to the knife. His hatchet had made a ragged gash in the blade, and its beauty was gone forever. There it lay, quivering and silent, as if filled with dread and apprehension. If it had dreamed of years of active service, years of labor and reward, that dream was gone forever. If it had been ambitious to glide through life with exacting routine, and win applause by sturdy endurance, that ambition dropped out of existence; and that, too, not by its own weakness or failure, but by the cruel blow of another.

Four years before, six glittering knives were laid in the hand of a young and happy wife. All those years the six had fought life's battle side by side, and after each conflict had nestled together in the tidy box. But misfortune had come and brought its sad consequence,—the torn edge was evaded and shunned, it was neglected and slighted. Life was darkened by one sad stroke. The friends and companions in prosperity, in adversity became as strangers. And it was sad. The other knives went and came as of yore; were solaced by joy and mirth, and kissed by rosy lips. They shone upon snowy linen, and clung to red-cheeked apples. They danced in foamy suds, and came to rest bright, warm, and happy. But these joys came not to the broken one, lying in silence,—wounded, cast down.

There came a day when the dishes were flying in and out, and voices were merry and footsteps were light. On such a day a firm hand grasped the broken knife, and brought it forth into warmth and sunlight. It found itself rasping over cold iron, with unearthly gratings and etchings, till the kitchen whirled round and round, the windows smashed pell-mell into the doors, and all the crazy inmates seemed standing on their heads. Suddenly its terrible discipline ceased, the kitchen settled into order, and the inmates into sanity. Then it tasted the cabbage, the potatoes, the meat; touched the butter, and severed the bread, and lay at last amid delicious pies and delicate pastry: and toil was joy, and labor was rest. When again

the knives lay side by side in their accustomed place, they kissed each other as in times of old. And the happy day was spent without reproach.

So the busy days hurried past till Christmas came, calm, clear, and crisp. But a dread premonition seemed to settle upon the fine steel blades. There they lay, pale and cold. The embroidered paper was undisturbed, and its tidy folds seemed to them like a dismal winding-sheet, and the bells, so merry in the street, seemed a funeral knell. The sixth was even more merry than ever, and glanced in and out of the cupboard, when the door was opened, a score or more of times.

The table was spread, the guests assembled, and from the festal board came the clink of *silver* knives. The five heard it, and *they were sad*. And the host, with joyful voice, cried, "Bring me the little knife, the carver is always dull," and it unconsciously glided to the feast, amid china and silver and joy. It dared not so much as look into the faces of the many guests; but Willie was there, and a little blue-eyed maid sat near by. But its reputation was established, and ever after it lay by the master's plate.

But much was yet to come, and none but a knife of truest steel could bear such honors with such humility. The silver-wedding party thronged the parlor, the chamber, the hall, and again the table was filled with merry guests. Willie was there, and by his side the blue-eyed maid,—maid now no more, but happy bride. And the little knife had borne such great responsibility that it lay on the table bewildered. It had pressed the golden butter, and touched the dainty pies, and plunged into the depths of mysterious cakes, and now was startled by being clasped in the warm, soft hand of the bride. And she said, "Is this the knife you broke so long ago? It will be dear to me indeed." And it was glad.

Thus often an affliction, bravely borne, is the magic key unlocking untold stores of happiness and joy.

MRS. N. C. POTTER.

SOME FACTS ABOUT OLD STORIES.

It is curious how many of the stories which are told of well-known and popular historical characters, and some of which are generally received as undoubted facts, are proved, upon research, to be merely scraps of much more ancient fiction, which have come, in course of time, to be attached to the personages in question.

The story of William Tell and the apple is familiar to every school-boy, and it would seem to belong to a man and to a period of which we have such complete information that its authenticity could scarcely be called in question. Yet, in the old Norse tales of Volund, or Velint, we find an episode which so closely resembles it that there can be no doubt of its being the original from which the Tell story is derived. Velint and his younger brother Egil, who is famous for his skill in archery, are at the court of King Midung, in Jutland; and the king commands that Egil shall show his skill by shooting an apple from the head of his son, a child of three years old. He performs the feat; but the king notices that he has taken two arrows from his quiver, and demands the reason. Egil answers, "These arrows were for thee, if I had hit the child." The exact age of this story is not known, but it certainly dates many centuries earlier than the time of Tell.

Another equally well-known story is that of the slaughter of the dog Gillert by Llewellyn. This has been so far localized that even the grave of the dog is shown, at a place to which it has given name, near the foot of Snowdon. Yet in the old collection of stories called "The Seven Wise Masters," which was translated into English from the Latin, and into the Latin from the Hebrew, and into the Hebrew from the Sanskrit, relation is made of a lord who had an only son, an infant, and a hound which he loves greatly. The nurse goes into the room in which is the child's cradle, and sees it overturned and the dog covered with blood, and, rushing out, she tells her master that the dog has killed and devoured his son. The father draws his sword and stabs the hound; but, when the cradle is removed, the child is found to be beneath it safe and sound, and near to it a dead serpent is discovered, which the dog had killed in defense of the

child. This, with the substitution of the wolf for the serpent, is precisely the story of Gillert; and we may see from it, that the circumstances, if they ever happened at all, must have happened, not in Wales, five or six centuries ago, but in India, at least a thousand years earlier.

THE FIRST FINGER-RING.

AN amusing fable is told of the origin of the finger-ring. When Jove released Prometheus from the bonds by which he had been confined, he condemned him, as a sort of penance, to wear upon his finger, as a ring, a link of the iron chain that had bound him to the Caucasian rock, in which was set a fragment of that rock itself. There is every reason to believe that this use of the engraved stone began with the Greeks, and from them was copied by their servile imitators, the Romans. It is every way a convenient and a natural one; and our grandfathers' custom of wearing their seals at the fob, as it was called, or hanging from the side-pocket, was a recurrence to old Assyrian usages, which did not long hold its ground.

JENNIE'S PIGEONS.

O WHAT is the matter
With our little pet?
There are tears in her eyes,
And her cheeks are all wet.

She has two pretty pigeons,
With cunning pink toes,
And smooth, glossy feathers
As white as the snows.

They've come for their breakfast,
They like to be fed;
And Jennie has brought them
Some nice bits of bread.

She scatters the crumbs
On the green by the door,
And laughs as they pick up
The bountiful store.

Look! round the house stealing
Comes sly Pussy Gray,
And roguishly frightens
The pigeons away.

The mischievous kitten
Is only in fun;
She has not a thought
Of the wrong she has done.

But dear little Jennie
Has no heart for play,
Because her white pigeons
Are hungry to-day.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN NEW YORK.

It is too early to pronounce upon the success or failure of the so-called "Moody and Sankey meetings." Success ought to be measured by the number of souls brought to abandon the evil and to pursue the good, to turn from the lower and baser life to the higher. And even this test is one that must receive the seal of time. It is not the number led to desire and embrace a better life, which must be taken into the account, but the number who persist in the purpose and endeavor.

Many argue that it is better for the seed to spring where there is not much depth of earth, and where the sun may wither it away, than for it never to spring at all. It is better for the angel to trouble the pool, even if the poor sinner only drag his infirmity to its brink, and gaze longingly upon the place of healing.

Many, who might refuse to enter now, may come again when their hurts are sorer and their strength is more nearly gone. Even short pauses in careers of sin are better than continual and hurried hastening toward destruction. If it prove that only a few evenings in a Winter are redeemed from saloons and grog-shops and the street, this is better than no break at all. Good impulses, be they stirred never so feebly and briefly, are better than the deadly sleep of indifference. So be the good done never so little, it is better than that it should not be done at all. Whether the amount of good accomplished is at all in proportion to the expenditure of strength and effort and money, remains for time to prove. We must measure results by the harvests the Churches shall gather months from now; by the number whose turning from evil ways is real; whose sorrow for a wasted life is deep; whose comprehension of God's scheme for lifting and saving men is intelligent; and whose submission to the divine Teacher and Master is genuine. That the work will not be wanting in this sort of testimony to its abiding effect on character, one can hardly fail to be assured. The eagerness with which the multitudes come to be taught, now that curiosity has had ample opportu-

nity for gratification, must be taken as an evidence of desire to know the *truth*.

So far the men and women of New York have not failed to avail themselves of every opportunity and every facility. The evening audiences always fill the rooms, and the number of hearers is only limited by the number of seats. The attention is very profound, and the frequent response of ready tears shows that hearts are filled and softened. On Monday night, at some touching story told in his tenderest manner, suddenly, all over the house, at once came forth the white kerchiefs. They fluttered a moment or two and were then put out of sight, but the effect was very peculiar and striking.

Mr. Moody endeavored, during the first few days, to devote special effort to the rousing and quickening of Christians; but, from the very first, the number of those who asked prayer for friends, or rose to indicate their own desire to be taught a better life, has been so great as to press home the conviction that the work of helping the wicked to be good could not wait for a preliminary work of helping the good to be better.

At a meeting of the organization of the woman's prayer-service, over fifty women signified their desire to become Christians; and at the inauguration of the men's meeting, which follows nightly the regular service, and to which men throng in thousands, two hundred men rose at the first invitation.

The inquiry-rooms are filled after every service, and the organized bands of Christian workers, who, at these meetings, assist Messrs. Moody and Sankey in talking with the troubled ones, find abundant occupation. No one whose heart has in it any place for human sympathy could fail to be touched with the sorrows that are thus often unconsciously revealed. Surely the whole world "groaneth and travaileth in *pain* until now." The hearts are so sore and burdened; the lives are so full of care, often full of bitter unkindness and poverty, and all the cruel heart-aches that follow in the wake of wrong-doing, that it seems as if they would come for a refuge from trouble, if not for a refuge from sin. But the two sad things

seem inseparable. Untold with the pitiful heart-breaking story of *sorrow* is found, almost invariably, the consciousness that God, *obeyed* and *loved*, would have made life all so different. Those who come are so tired of sin and its results, so hungry for rest, that it must be a joy indeed to be able to point them to a sure refuge on the bosom of One who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."

It is not often a *new* burden that they bring. They come now because the help seems near,—because, as Mr. Sankey sings, "Jesus of Nazareth *passeth* by," and the people hasten with their lameness and their leprosy and their infirmities, and lay them at his feet, longing for his forgiving look and the healing touch of his hand.

Mothers, in real contrition, tell of anguish over sinful children, and of their own conviction that, had they, as mothers, been prayerful and tender, their precious boys might never have been lost. Young men, who have already squandered some of early manhood's best years, bowed by a sense of waste and loss and shame, eagerly reach out for the hand that is to help them into nobler existence. And the helping hand of Christ is never wanting. Already many have gone out, led by it into a new and living way. Young girls, stirred to the heart by a sense that life means purpose and work and reality, instead of fashion, frivolity, and self-indulgence, take their places among the Marys at Jesus' feet, and go forth to join the bands of mission and Sunday-school workers and laborers for God's little children. The poor, especially, feel that they have the Gospel preached to *them*, and many of them are found in every throng of eager listeners.

At the Sunday meetings for women three-fourths were of the class who work during the days of the week; and the men's meetings, held at nine every night, show great numbers of men whose faces and dress give evidence of little leisure and small means. Surely, in the workshops of those who toil, and in the homes for which labor provides, are needed the presence and inspiration of the unseen Friend, the burden-bearer, whose countenance can make light in all the dark places of the earth. Not less do the homes of the rich, who are unfitted by luxury and indolence to "endure hardness," and to

whom an entirely different class of temptations appeal, need to hear the voice now ringing in earnest tones through our city, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto God."

If one could gather, from day to day, the stories of the inner life of individuals as it reveals itself in the voluntary opening to the gaze of the pitying Christ, and to the gaze of some one of his followers who lives near enough to him to be able to share his feeling for their infirmities, it would make a volume of such pathetic realities as no romance unfolds. It would show how deep-seated is the hunger, how intense the longing, at the bottom of human hearts, for freedom from the slavery of evil habits and sin, and for the consciousness of pardon and love, and tender nearness to Christ. Of course, there are multitudes utterly untouched; but those who speak out of hearts bowed and broken show what lies hidden in many a heart not yet ready to give back answer to him who "stands at the door and knocks."

Mr. Moody's sermons are quite fully reported in the daily papers, but one needs to listen to him to get at all at the secret of his power, and, even then, many go away wondering how he ever holds in silence such mighty throngs of people, for neither manner nor matter of his sermons has even the element of novelty. He abounds in familiar illustrations, and tells many anecdotes and stories, but they are almost all of a class to which we have long been accustomed in Sunday-school addresses and temperance lectures. He pours them out, one crowding on another, with a few vigorous words of old-fashioned Methodist exhortation between. His countenance, unembarrassed by deep or lofty thought, grows ruddy under the exertion of speaking. His movements have more energy than grace, and one naturally wonders what it is that chains and moves and stirs the people so. But one answer, so far, has come to all this questioning,—an answer the truth of which is recognized even by those who try to cavil and criticise and condemn. This man is as thoroughly imbued with the truth of the things he teaches as was ever John the Baptist, or St. Paul. He preaches that which he *knows*. That the curse of sin is in the world, blighting hearts

and lives, and destroying every fair and pure creation, is to him an awful reality. Men are perishing,—not in the leaves of a Bible, not in books and sermons and theories, but in homes, in the streets, all about him,—so near that he can speak to them,—can touch them,—can reach out his hand and try to save them. And, believing this, he *can not* fold his hands and take his ease; he can not be silent with sinners in sound of his voice. He *loves* men and *longs* to help them, and *means* to help them, and they feel it; and when he stretches forth his hand, they grasp and cling to it; and when he lifts up his voice in warning or entreaty, they hear him, and answer with tears and confessions and prayers. And He who loved the world in just that way for a whole lifetime, and proved that love by dying for us, honors it in his servant, and blesses it just in proportion as it is inspired and imbued by the true spirit of mastery which is always the true spirit of love. Why do we marvel at this when God is love, and when all ages and experiences prove that the power to

which the world's heart has always responded, has been the power of love? And so it is that the Spirit of the Lord is upon him to preach the Gospel to the poor.

On Sunday last he preached from this text, at three P. M. to women, and at eight P. M. to men. The congregation was not divided because any thing would be said to one sex that would not be equally applicable to the other, but in order to secure a greater number of listeners, and prevent the people who came at one hour coming again on the same day.

Probably, so great a gathering of women was never seen in New York before. It was a wonderful sight, those six thousand eager faces; and he certainly had an opportunity to send the truth into many homes and hearts that day. Mr. Sankey sang for them the favorite "Ninety and Nine," which he had not sung before in New York; and Mr. Moody told them he had for them the Gospel of "good tidings of great joy," the "good news" to all who will receive it.

M. L. D.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HONORABLE S. S. COX is a literateur, as well as legislator, ex-editor, and popular lecturer. His latest effort, *Why we Laugh*, is a singular medley of philosophy and illustration, not very methodically put together, often rambling, and sometimes incoherent and irrelevant. He expends pages in showing that members of Parliament and Congress are but grown-up children,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

The only portion of his book which makes the laugh come is where he quotes at length from professional, national, constitutional humorists and wits. Congressional wit and humor, as a general rule, is stale stuff to any body but Congressmen. Descriptions of wit and tales about humorous sallies are exceedingly pointless, dry, and uninteresting. Nine-tenths of the witticisms uttered derive their pungency and flavor from their sur-

roundings,—from the man, the occasion, the subject, the manner. Humor plays with a lambent flame over all genial society. Playful badinage runs around many a family table, fun at the expense now of this member and now of that. Ridicule is a powerful weapon in society for the promotion of morality, order, and decency. Jokes, nicknames, playful allusions to infirmities of person, speech, or action, abound in every grade of society. In school, some peculiarity evokes a laugh, and every one wears, all his life, the ludicrous epithets that the peculiarity called into existence. Mr. Cox shows marvelous memory and singular appreciation of the jolly side of humanity, particularly the legislative. He has not escaped sobriquet and thrust. The S. S. converted into "Sunset;" and Butler's withering response, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, of the negro "shoo fly," will

be long remembered. Mr. Cox's book would be as readable as one of Molière's Comedies, if, instead of descriptions of bonmots and retorts, he could have made its pages pictures of men and their humors. He might have spared chapters of philosophizing, moralizing, and apology, some of it singularly out of place; for instance, his rhetorical description of Jordan as an apology for the profanation of the name Jordan in a silly negro ballad. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THAT prince of American statisticians, David A. Wells, has endeavored to put figures into romance, in *Robinson Crusoe's Money*,—a pamphlet that discusses the usual politico-economic problems relating to money, its nature, its uses, its perversions. Savages, like the African negroes, know nothing but simple barter. As production increases, men discover and use media of exchange. Chapter VI treats of "Gold and how Men Came to Use it;" Chapter VIII, under what circumstances the islanders "came to use currency in the place of money." He discusses also the effects of war on the finances of a nation, and other subjects relevant to the times. The volume is a full presentation, in a lucid and popular form, of the hard money side of the finance problem that is now agitating the nation. Mr. Wells is a thorough believer, with all scientific political economists, in gold as a standard, basis, and representative of values; a conscientious opponent of the doctrines and theories of currency and credit that have lately sprung into existence in most unexpected quarters, by enlisting such distinguished advocates as Congressman Kelly, Wendell Phillips, and B. F. Butler, and others, whose drift appears to be that specie is useless, if not pernicious, as a medium of exchange. Butler deems gold "the machinery and relic of old despotisms." Money is henceforth to be "neither gold nor silver, but something set up in the imagination, to be regulated by public opinion." Wendell Phillips says, "Currency in civilized and commercial nations must rest on credit, and consist of paper." The times cry out for relief, and yet some are prophesying still further depression, bankruptcy, and ruin. The question is one of the hour, and Mr. Wells's book will aid in

its solution. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co.)

SCOTLAND has had several Moodys; though, restricting itself to literal psalmody, and repudiating Gospel songs, Sankeys are impossible. Duncan Matheson, whose "Life and Labors" are volumed by Rev. John M'Pherson, was the counterpart of the great American revivalist. Born in 1824, converted in 1846, he began, at the age of twenty-three, what his biographer calls his "evangelical apprenticeship," by visiting the sick and distributing tracts. The Duchess of Gordon employed him as a domestic missionary, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year. The record of his labors for the next twenty years is intensely interesting,—in his native land, in the Crimean War, nursing the sick and wounded, exhorting, preaching, distributing tracts, and in all ways striving to advance the spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures, and the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

French Principia, Part II (Harper & Brothers, New York), is a Reading Book designed by its compiler, Rev. Dr. Brette, to be used in conjunction with *French Principia*, Part I. It contains extracts on a diversity of subjects from the best French writers, each extract being followed by explanatory notes and questions on syntactical rules. Appended is an etymological vocabulary, complete enough to be ordinarily used as a dictionary. It would be valuable for school use did it not, in the exceeding fineness of its print, seem to conspire with the daily newspaper in the endeavor to ruin the eyesight of the generation. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Enoch Arden, by Alfred Tennyson, a beautiful pocket edition of this gem of the British laureate; and *A Day's Pleasure*, by William D. Howells, in the same attractive style. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; George E. Stevens, & Co., Cincinnati.)

Barnes's Notes, revised edition, on the general epistles James, Peter, John, and Jude. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE LOVE OF MONEY is the root of all evil,"—a sweeping declaration, but not more sweeping than true. It is often misquoted, made to read, "*Money* is the root of all evil," a huge mistake. Scarcely any material thing plays so important and useful a part in the social economy as money. Without it, we should at once plunge back to barbarism. With it, as an agent, we feed and clothe ourselves, shelter our families, educate and elevate society, promote benevolences, and support the Church, with its affiliated interests and institutions. It is natural that an instrument of so much good to the human race should be kindly regarded for its own sake as well as loved and coveted for the advantages it confers. The strength of the acquisitive passion may be inferred from the fact that it required for a counteractive a special precept of the Decalogue. "Thou shalt not covet," heads a long list of precepts and hortations by the sacred writers, including the warnings of our Savior himself, in reference to the prevalence of worldliness and selfish desire and gratification. Passion for money leads to thefts, robberies, cheating, forgery, and all manner of swindlings; all the forms of force and fraud put in operation by individuals and nations to possess themselves of the effects of others. While they have coveted money, and the delights and luxuries which money will purchase, many Christians and Christian ministers "have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." The young clerk who robbed his employer's till; the young man who uttered forged checks; the cashier who squandered the funds committed to his trust, and covered up his tracks with false entries for a season; the adventurer who entered the seductive paths and corners of stock speculations; the city politician who created gigantic systems of swindle, and legalized them by buying voters and corrupting legislators and judges; the government official who perverted his high office to mercenary purposes, and supported a woman's extravagance by taking bribes,—all these have "fallen into temptation and a snare, and

into many foolish and hurtful lusts,"—the passion for display, fine houses, fine horses, fine carpets, fine plate, fine dresses, fine dinners, luxurious elegancies: all too dearly purchased by the ultimate sacrifice of position, life-long reputation, honor, liberty, and the exchange of name, fame, and country, for prison or exile. Surely such "are doomed to destruction and perdition." What a slaughter of fair reputations followed the exposure of the whisky frauds! What a set of scattered skulkers are the members of the once prosperous Tammany ring! What suspicions cluster about every man that has had any thing to do with recommendation, sale, or purchase of bogus mines, lucrative offices, post traderships, cadetships, congressional page-ships, and other ingenious stealings, filchings from a deceived people or the treasury of burdened tax-payers! Bad is it for men of the world when caught in frauds and compelled to eat the bitter fruit of their doings. Worse is it when the blow falls on the Christian ranks, and the cause of God is brought into ill-repute by the results of covetousness in minister or member. "Thou, O man of God, *flee these things.*" Tamper not with them, "*resist the devil,*" but fly from vice. From secret vices fly to society, from social sins fly to privacy. Forego the pleasure of any company or influence that leads to sin, and, as a better alternative, "follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness,"—virtues that insure safety, purity, and prosperity here, and the approbation of God and life eternal hereafter.

HUMOR.—Hon. S. S. Cox has written a book on the philosophy of mirth and merry-making, which we have noticed in the columns devoted to Contemporary Literature. It is as difficult to describe humor and witty sallies, retorts, rejoinders, repartees, and *jeu d'esprits*, as it is to describe oratory or music. Mr. Cox's illustrations of his theme are largely drawn from the Congressional arena. What a rich fund of anecdote, wit, humor, badinage, burlesque, and every form of mirth provocative, from the ludicrous to the

ridiculous, could be gathered from the conference floor, if any one would be at the trouble of gathering them up. Conferences used to be as sedate, silent, courteous, and attentive as the Sabbath service or the Supreme Court. They are getting to be as jolly and uproarious and fond of roaring fun and stormy applause as Parliament or the national assembly, in spite of the efforts of some of the episcopal officers to reduce them to school-room order and old-style dignity and stillness.

SCRAPS AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.—Rev. G. E. Strobbridge sends the following valuable suggestions:

A friend whose advice has always a real specific gravity said once to the writer, "Carry with you all the time a small pair of scissors, with which to cut out whatever of value you may find floating through the newspapers."

"But what shall I do with my scraps?" is a question which means too often much perplexity. The answer is ready—"Make a scrap-book." But, aside from the tiresome task of pasting, what is a scrap-book worth without an index? And then, if the scrap is desired for insertion in a sermon, essay, or lecture, the pen must traverse it and copy it in. I have found and proved a more excellent way. Provide yourself with long envelopes. On the end write A—a, A—e, A—i, A—o, A—u, B—a, B—e, B—i, and so on, after the manner of Todd's "Index Rerum." A—u and A—y might be on the same envelope; so B—u and B—y. Y with all the vowels might be one envelope; so Z, and perhaps Q and J, one envelope each. Then, again, according to a man's occupations, he will need, it may be, separate envelopes for some words. Thus, as a minister, I have accumulated so much on Christ that I had to take them out of the envelope marked C—i, and put them in an envelope marked "Christ." I have also given separate envelopes to "Sabbath," "Providence," "Benevolence," and to each of the benevolent causes of the Church—"Missionary," "Freedmen," "Church Extension," etc.

The principle on which these combinations A—a, A—e, etc., are used, has been already hinted. The capital represents the first letter, and the vowel the first vowel, of the title of the scrap. For example, a scrap

on "Avarice" would go into the envelope marked A—a; on "Animal," into A—i; on "Beauty," into B—e; on "Influence," into I—u, etc.

Some of the advantages are, there is no pasting, no indexing; the envelope is both index and scrap-book. There is no copying; you only take the scrap out of its envelope, and paste or pin it into its place in the manuscript or skeleton. Another advantage is, it delivers admirably from the risk of repetition; the scrap, once used, is out of the envelope, and hidden in some sermon or other production. With this method there is, again, hardly any need of a commonplace book; for all such extracts and items may be written out and put at once into their proper envelope, and then without further writing transferred to their places in the manuscript.

We may also by this plan, without the use of an "Index Rerum," preserve whatever we read. After this manner: Take a strip of waste paper for a book-mark. As you read, jot down the topic of any fact, argument, or illustration, you may wish to keep, and the name, volume, and page of the work where it is found. When the paper is full, cut these indices apart, and distribute to their proper envelopes. Here, again, is protection against repetition; for when the extract is used, the slip on which its index was made can be destroyed.

For filing these envelopes ordinary pigeon-holes serve well, putting from four to eight envelopes in a hole. A brother minister, who has adopted this plan, tells me he has had a box made with pigeon-holes, so that, the envelopes standing vertically, by running over the tops, he can strike more readily the envelope wanted.

So well do I like this method of preserving what is serviceable in my reading of newspapers and books, that I would be glad now to have back, for a better use, the time already spent in working up a commonplace book, filling almost full an "Index Rerum," and making three scrap-books.

OUR ENGRAVINGS this month need no special introduction to our readers. Observe how skillfully the artist has mingled his lights and shades, and how all the parts of each picture harmonize with each other.

JUNE,

1876.

THE LADIES' Repository.

E. WENTWORTH, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1876.

THE OLD WORLD AND NEW IN SOCIAL CONTRAST.

THIRD PAPER.

AS might be expected in an old country, there is not that radical changing, and extremes of variation, which characterize a land yet in the fluctuations of its first settlement. Things, having found their level, are at rest; and the peoples, occupations, and customs, which have been proved best for each community and variety of circumstances, have taken root. Every thing, accordingly, has an air of permanence, and stands, as it were, on a tried foundation.

In the first place, the families of Europe are generally established, many of them fixed in the institutions of the country, anchored to great and inalienable estates, and castled around with palaces and titles, so that they can never pass from history, or lose their identity in the wanderings of the individuals. Family pride and traditions, family politics and religion, family tastes and occupations, are transmitted with the family names and inheritance; and succeeding generations are bound up by interest and necessity to follow their ancestral fortunes. Often the greatest inheritance left to a man is his family, and his greatest weight his family connections. The man is not so much an individual as in this country, his personal characteristics being more rounded off by his social position. It is very rarely that you find a person a Whig

whose family traditions are Tory; or a man a Catholic whose family is historically Protestant. The great houses of Bourbon, Orleans, Brera, and Borgia, have all their traditional policy of state and Church, which can not be changed without endangering the power of the family. Every family has also its old mansion or central homestead, held by its representative head, and known far and wide to the kith and kin, with its heirlooms, its heraldry, and its relics out of the olden time. In short, the family is a fixture in Europe; and there are old families in a sense that there are not in this country.

There are not as many religious denominations in Europe as with us; and, although this may seem an exception to the general greater differentiation of Europe, it is, on the other hand, evidence of a higher development. The Europeans have long since gone through all our splits and denomination-forming; and, having found how many and what Churches are necessary for the real wants of the people, they have re-combined and re-consolidated into such Churches as they now have, which, with their liberality and latitude of faith and practice, are amply sufficient for all differences of opinion and character. Our varieties of denominations, moreover, are derived

from Europe, and not a differentiation of our own. The Methodists and the Episcopalians came from England; the Presbyterians from Scotland; the Lutherans from Germany; the Reformed from Germany and Holland; the Catholics from Ireland and the southern European countries; and the smaller denominations from like ones in the Old World which have since been absorbed, or died out from their undemanded needlessness. If we have now more denominations than Europe, it is because we have not yet dispensed with the useless ones,—a result which the present tendency to union will, in time, bring about. A Frenchman recently remarked to me that America has one soup and many religions, whereas France has many soups and one religion, intimating that the longer experience of France proves that the people have need of more kinds of soup than of religion.

In general, there is far less interest taken in religion in Europe than in America. Religion in Europe is dead by being customary. The people by nations are Gospel-hardened. The state, by its protection, has killed both religion and the religious sense. Religion is therefore considered a state affair, and public; not individual and private, as with us. The people, considering that its interests are cared for by the rulers, devoutly let it alone. Being generally suspected, too, as only an appliance of kings and aristocratic rulers, to keep the people in subjection, it is looked upon as a monarchical instrument, which the rulers themselves do not believe in; so that the liberals of Europe, and especially the socialists and republicans, are generally professed enemies of Church and priests. And because religion is not a popular thing, it inspires in Europe none of the voluntary enterprises so common in this country, where the individual often runs to bigotry in his zeal. The people of Europe leave every thing to be looked after by the priests, and when they get away from church have nothing more to do with it, until they go to the regular service again. There are no mite societies, sociables,

fairs, singing circles, or other entertainments, such as we get up, among whom the Church is a social institution, and, being our own, is used for our own purposes of instruction and amusement. There are no Sunday-schools or missionary societies in Europe; no temperance or reform meetings; no young men's Christian associations; no women's aid societies; in short, none of the side shows connected with the great moral performances of the regular service. In England alone is there any thing like Sunday-schools, and there they are cold, dead, and powerless, with no parlor-like Sunday-school room, playing fountains, lively songs, or sprightly pictorials. The Americans are the only people that have taken religion into their own hands; for when, in Europe, the Church went into the control of priests and officials, religion followed it there. The state of Europe to-day is a standing proof that if the people have no active management in the Church, they will have no interest. If religion is to be lay, the Church must be lay. In short, the people, as in America, must own the Church; not the Church, as in Europe, own the people.

The religion of each person in Europe has been determined from time immemorial, and his status in the Church handed down with his citizenship, allegiance, and property titles. The convictions and preferences of the individual are here, as in other matters, of less importance than the social and state demands. States and towns are now Protestant or Catholic according as they were left so by the Reformation, or the wars which followed it. The settling of the people's religion was then a matter of treaty. And the people, to this day, practically keep the treaty. As the northern states were then made Protestant, and the southern Catholic, they have so remained, the people going with the state, just as they used to in England when the religion changed back and forward during the reigns of Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth. In some of the cities of central Europe, along the border of

the division line, there is presented the novel spectacle of Catholic and Protestant towns in juxtaposition, just as they were left by the Peace of Westphalia. A man is born in a certain religion, and it is necessary for him to go through certain legal forms to change it. A man is baptized, vaccinated, and confirmed as part of the same civil regulations in regard to children, reminding one of the times of Constantine and Charlemagne, when whole armies, on being captured, were forcibly baptized. In short, religion is so much a state affair, and accustomed to be thought of in connection with wars, treaties, and civil enactments, that the people have little or no idea of personal or individual supremacy in the matter.

Religion does not generally affect the morality of the people as it does here. Religion not being their own, they do not feel the same responsibility in upholding it by their conduct and example, just as they do not by their work and contributions. The Church members are no better than others, and do not profess to be. And, conversely, the non-Church members are not bad, nor the unconverted thought of as sinners. There is no social difference recognized in the morality of the two classes, just as there is practically no difference to recognize. European morality is more uniform than ours, and not monopolized by one class. There are no professionally good people recognized, no saints or moral characters as such; and, on the other hand, there are no bad folks as such, or professional "sinners," who feel privileged to be bad until they formally become Christians, or Church members. All consider themselves Christians, and all are, in a sense, Church members. The distinction in Europe is not between Christians and non-Christians, nor between members and non-members, but rather between communicants and non-communicants. All are baptized, and all are instructed in the catechism and in the outward acts of piety; and, so far, all are Christians. But the people do not always unite religion and morality; so that

they do not specially expect morality of the religious, or immorality of the irreligious.

Wherein the Europeans are moral, it is generally from other causes than religion; the Germans being impelled to morality by a constitutional kindliness or general good-will, the French by politeness, the Italians by good taste, and the English and Scotch by a natural conscience or strong conviction. These furnish some kinds of morality in a high degree; the Germans being more kind, the French more honorable, the Italians more faultlessly appropriate, and the English more commercially just, than we. As a consequence of these respective grounds of morality, however, the Germans are not punctiliously moral when they see that no evil will likely result from immorality, as in occasional licentiousness or dissipation; the Frenchman will not scruple to commit a polite or honorable crime, like seduction or dueling; an Italian will indulge in almost any crime, if it can be done gracefully, and without any body knowing it; and an Englishman or Scotchman will be unfeelingly hard and exigent toward debtors and technical offenders.

In general, there are several points in which European morals, especially in the northern countries, are superior to ours. The Europeans, as a general thing, are less inclined to lawlessness and violence than we. They do not fly into a passion or avenge an injury so soon, nor could they be carried to a tumult or insurrection as easily as we. There is no point on which we, for the safety of our government, have more need of caution than on this, especially in the South, and in the new communities of the West. The Europeans, with the exception of the Irish, will not quarrel as soon as we: the northern nations, because they have not the necessary ill-will; the French and Italians, because it would be too impolite and inelegant; and the Spanish and other southerners, because they are afraid. Again the Europeans, when they do fight, are not as brutal as we. The

English and Irish fight with their fists and by kicks, instead of with knives and pistols; and a bloody nose or black eye, instead of a mortal wound or permanent scar, is the only result. The Germans generally fight only with words, using very strong guttural invective when aroused. The French, Italians, and Spaniards politely invite you to a duel, fighting of any kind being too inelegant for them. Again, Europeans are less given to public defalcation than we. The public moneys are more secured, and the trusts better defined and systematized; so that it is harder to steal from the public treasury than with us. Europeans, moreover, go upon the principle of giving their legislators, or some of them, so much that they, having all they want, will have no occasion to defraud the government. Thus the lords and nobility of every country are enriched with almost half the land; so that they have no need of enriching themselves with such paltry sums as could be stolen from a government. If we gave half of our nation to our Congressmen, they would likewise be willing to deal honestly with the rest. In private matters, too, the same spirit prevails. There is in Europe not so much bold swindling as with us, and chiefly because money is harder to get hold of for dishonest purposes (just as it is for honest purposes). A man without a good character and good financial backing will not be trusted, and so can not get such tempting opportunities for fraud. If people risk their money out of their hands, they take good securities for it. There is, accordingly, less bankruptcy and composition of credits than with us. Europeans, again, are generally safer in confidential capacities than we, as servants and employé's. So deeply is the sense of faithfulness grounded in the servile classes that one will rarely betray his master or allow another to do so; herein being like the faithful slaves of the South before the war. They conscientiously discharge their duty, and have learned what we have not, namely, to work hard for others; for if an Amer-

ican works hard it must be for himself. In short, Europeans have become reconciled to working in under and subordinate capacities; whereas the average American can be satisfied only at the head of a thing, or as the principal personage. The Europeans are also more friendly, obliging, and polite than we. For of all peoples the Americans are the most selfishly independent, feeling that every body is taking care of himself, and so does not need their solicitude. In Europe, you can not ask a polite favor but that it will be granted, and over-granted.

In the schools they have attained a far higher development than we. There is nothing in the United States like the great universities of Germany, Paris, or Oxford, with their libraries, laboratories, and cabinets of every science. Most of these universities have been standing for many centuries, and have gathered around them facilities for study that are not to be found in the collections of a century. The Prussian public-school system, and general organization of the nation for education, with means of enforcing the laws on the subject, is also a gigantic development unknown in the New World, although the denominational schools of England, and of Europe generally, are far in arrear of our free secular system. The private schools and kindergartens of Germany are much more thorough and systematic than ours. In short, education has been brought to a rigid science and art in Europe, both as to the grade of schools and the methods of instruction. They make better scholars in Europe than we, though they have not so many medium or poor scholars; for though the exceptional few are learned above us, and though the facilities for their aggrandizement in knowledge are superior to ours, yet the European systems do not take hold of the whole people like ours, and make such a great number of well informed persons. While Europe has men more learned than we, we have a greater number of learned men. Our women, moreover, are more learned than European women;

the higher education of females being the rule here, but the exception in Europe. In the architecture of the Old World, moreover, which more than any thing else, perhaps, displays the splendor of a country, there is much more elaborateness and richness than with us. The great buildings across the water are none of them as plain as our representative buildings; we having no structures at all, unless it be the Capitol at Washington, that can compare with the great structures of Europe, such as the cathedrals of St. Peters, Cologne, and Amiens, and the palaces of the Louvre, the Casserta, and the Vatican. The best architect is generally employed for their buildings, and the job not let out to the lowest bidder. And men of taste generally judge of the plans, and not a building committee ignorant of the principles of art. And when they build in Europe, they commonly lay the foundation of the structure in the same greatness in which it is to be completed, and do not, as in this country, commence on the inferior plan, and then heap up cost and work according as they get subsequent appropriations, thereby putting a costlier building on a poorer plan, without getting the worth of their money in architectural merit. And also when the Europeans build, they do not undertake to finish at once, but work for years, and often for centuries, on the same building, so that when it is finished it is wonderfully grand, and in the meanwhile all its parts are beautiful. By our American custom of hurrying every thing to its immediate completion, we never commence any thing that can not be completed in a few years, and so never get any very great or very noble structures under way. Again, the taste of Europe is, in general, better than that of America. Europeans can enjoy fine painting, sculpture, and architecture, more than we, evidently because they see more of it; as they can also fine music and theatrical performances. It is not necessary for the European artists to pander to bad taste, or get up flashy buildings or entertainments in order for

popular success. The taste of the French especially is well developed, and may be seen even in their shop windows, where a common grocery store presents as grand an appearance as our finest drug or jewelry stores. The taste of Europe, like its great structures, has, of course, grown up through long ages, and clustered around the great works of art, which have remained to them as a sort of permanent standard to connect the different generations in taste, and keep up a oneness of æsthetic development through history. In these and several other respects, therefore, Europe shows a higher development than America, it being in all cases where the succeeding ages have been successful in building up one on top of another; whereas, when there has been no such continuity, but a broken life and constant recommencement of history or changing from the old foundations, they have advanced no farther than we. For while Europe has the advantage of more generations of building than we, we have shown that we can do as much in one generation as she.

One great difference between Europe and America is, that Europe is what time has left her, she having grown up from small beginnings; whereas America, by commencing after Europe was measurably developed, started out with the best of every thing to begin on. Europe can now improve only as she builds on an old and inferior foundation, laid in the infancy of the race, or sweeps it away for a new one; whereas we can build up at once any ideal we may have, without the radical work of first tearing down. Europe has a history, and must go against her tradition and precedents if she attempts any thing very new; whereas we, without history, are free to choose always the best, and to change at any stage, if we have made a mistake. Europe, therefore, to improve must generally do it by way of reform, or revolution; we need not. Where Europe has continued to develop through all her history, she has now the advantage of us; but in many respects her institutions and customs stopped

growing in the early ages, when they were yet small, and, becoming fixed and established in their stunted condition, they are of no more value now than any other mushroom growth of one generation, though they have the roots and abidingness of centuries, like the trees of the Hercynian forest, which went all to stump. Not only old customs, however, but also old ideas and prejudices, hang like an incubus around the growth of progress,—ideas of government, of ranks and conditions, of state and Church connection, of religious and scientific antagonism, and in general of the old ways of doing things. It is hard to get a new practical idea into the European mind. The people are accustomed to think of every thing as running in the old ruts, the institutions of the Old World being fixed factors in all their thoughts and ideals. Still less are they able to adopt new projects and methods. While the best of every thing is eagerly seized in America as soon as discovered or invented, because we have nothing to give up for it, in Europe it goes begging for a trial, because the people have something else that will do. Though half of Europe is convinced to-day of the superiority of our political, religious, and social institutions, they are not willing to adopt them, because their own are too firmly fixed to be uprooted without endangering the foundations of civilization. The same may be seen in the old implements and tools of agriculture and the arts. The people of central Europe still use wooden plows, and cultivate much of their land with hoes and spades. They cut their grain with cradles and sickles, and glean it with rakes, and sometimes with their fingers. They often use chain and lever pumps after the old style, and their stove and kitchen utensils are extremely antiquated and behind the times. Their live stock is generally of the old inferior

kinds, the horses and cows being small and of low breeds. Rarely, except in England, and among a few amateur stock-raisers of the nobility, is there much interest manifested in having the best of every thing. The chickens are little larger than pigeons, and the fish with which the rivers are stocked, instead of being the best kinds, are the original natives. The fruit-trees are mostly of ungrafted varieties, and the vegetables small and inferior. And so, in general, Europe is in marked contrast with America in holding on to what it has always had, while America, in commencing anew, adopts the best that can be found in any part of the world. Our youth, therefore, has often a richness and luxuriousness which can not be found in Europe's age.

As to whether we will yet have to go over Europe's experience, and grow old in the same manner as she, becoming in our institutions and life like her, we think it by no means probable. We started with an advanced state of the sciences, with railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, and republican ideas; so that we have no need of the infantile contrivances of early Europe, or of retracing any history that was outlived before our time. Ours is not an example of a state growing up from the commencement of civilization through all the graduated steps to enlightenment, but of a state starting from the high table-land of modern civilization, mounting, like Alps upon Alps, over the summits of others, with our foundation on their line of highest altitude. We have no occasion for prehistoric legends and romances, for knight-errantry and crusades, for feudal estates and castles, for religious tortures and inquisitions, or for titled monarchy and aristocracy. The world is going away from such things, as from stage-coaches and wooden plows, and we are going with the ages.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

HUMAN LIMITATIONS.

MAN'S physical limitations are multiple. He has not the strength of the elephant, nor the fleetness of the antelope; he can not soar with the eagle, nor swim with the dolphin; he can not burrow with the badger, nor hibernate with the bear; he can not suspend respiration like the frog, nor walk the ceiling, in defiance of gravitation, like the house-fly. He never touches his normal standard. The forces of nature struggle toward the type of perfection, but never reach it. At every stage of life the type is superior to the actual development. Physical strength, beauty, and intellect never attain perfection. Nature wars with nature, and compressing forces are ever warring with those of development and expansion. Man in society, like a house in a city, is cramped for standing room. City houses grow upward when they can not spread laterally, so man expands in those directions in which he is least cramped by the forces around him. The tree that on the open plain spreads out a rich rotundity of foliage to the air and light, in the dense forest struggles upward to claim its share of the sun and dews and rains and air that give life and sparkle to the heavenward surface of the leafy ocean.

The Indian banyan sends, annually, fresh shoots from its limbs downward to the earth to take root and become new trees, new centers of life and verdure. In the course of years a single trunk generates a forest, in whose shades grateful multitudes shelter themselves from the fires of the tropical sun. In China, the banyan exhibits the same tendencies, but the seasons have a touch of Winter, and the banyan is limited to a single tree; yet I knew a hoary banyan whom fortune had planted on the summit of an overhanging precipice, who, with a forethought worthy of the architect of a suspension-bridge, had shot a hundred limbs down the face of the rocks, and anchored him-

self so firmly in their craggy channels that the typhoons of a century had been unable to tear him from his moorings.

Another majestic specimen of the same noble tree, that stood in an open valley, had strengthened himself against the prevailing winds, and resisted successfully the frantic wrestlings of the storms of a hundred seasons. His strong roots were projected firmly and far into the solid ground on the side from which his trials were wont to come; but one unlucky year, nature took a freak to send a violent tornado down the valley in the opposite direction, and the brave old tree went over, his bright green foliage and grand limbs crushed and mingled with the dust, and his mighty roots heaved upward to the sky, reminding us of poor humanity grown old in resisting vigorously besetments from a well-known source, but suddenly hurled to the ground when Satan has sent a tempest of temptation from some unlooked for and less strongly guarded quarter.

Soul is finite, but imagination opens a window into the boundless. It is only a window, it shows us infinity; it is itself finite. The power of thought infinitely transcends the power of expressing thought. The pencil power of Zeuxis, Guido, Raffaele, Leonardo, and Buonarrotti is limited; what limit to their conceptions of unlimned grace and grandeur? There is limit to the vocal scores, and almost superhuman instrumentation, of the mighty writers of song,—Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Rossini; what limit to their unwritten revelings in strains of Æolian sweetness and archangelic powers? With a wealth of architectural conception second only to that lavished by Divinity on solar systems, man's execution is limited to pyramids, that dwindle to mole-hills beside his own mountains; monoliths that shrink to pipe-stems beside the gigantic tree-growths of California,

or the stalactites of nature's cavern-temples; to Gothic shafts whose strength is no match for the strength of the oak, and arches whose lightness and beauty are outrivaled by vistas of branching elms.

How nearly boundless are man's poetic conceptions! How insignificant are the vehicles for their expression! The mightiest numbers of the lyre are the tiny rills that struggle to the surface through natural crevices or artesian borings, while beneath lie the well-springs, and ceaseless flow of unfathomed currents, of unuttered and unutterable thought. Homers and Miltons are the hierophants of the temple of song; their grandest lines are the faint reflections of its inner glories.

In the useful arts as well as in æsthetics, man's conceptions outvie his powers of execution. Weak himself, it is his high prerogative to make the powers of nature subservient to his wish. He can not create power, he can only garner it, and give direction to force and motion. By heat he generates steam, imprisons it, conducts it upon pistons, connects piston-rods with wheels; and forthwith steamers walk the waters, and locomotives rival the storm-wind in velocity. Yet how poor are man's achievements compared with the demands of mind! Nature's meanest workmanship shames our best productions. In animal structure, she employs the lever power which works to greatest disadvantage, and yet compacts muscles about it that perform miracles of strength and fleetness. The albatross distances the clipper ship, and the pigeon outstrips the unharnessed locomotive. The church organ aspires to emulate the voices of nature, from the chirping of the insect to the roar of thunder; but its serried ranks and platoons of whistles fail to compass the variety, sweetness, and strength of melody that nature compresses into a single larynx.

The steam-engine is a miracle of mechanism, yet we can not look upon its imposing array of boilers, pipes, piston-rods, valves, balance-wheels, governors, walking-beams, and wheels, and compare

them with the compactness, liteness, strength, swiftness, and varied motion of the animal frame, without pitying the poverty of human resources, and the littleness of human invention. Man *thinks* better machines, but he can not get his thoughts into wood and iron. He can not combine power and velocity as the divine Mechanist has done with frail muscle and brittle bone.

Modern photography is wonderful, but its best effects are caricatures of real life. Its best views are stony, sepulchral, frozen, dead. If, in the future, photography shall achieve color as well as form and shadow, life will still be wanting; the play of light and shadow will be absent from the landscape, varied expression from the features, and motion and roar from vivid imprints of cataracts and oceans.

Continents are being checkered with iron pathways, and earth girdled with telegraph wires, yet there are limits to the power of steam, the capacities of machines, the velocity of light, and the speed of lightning. Man learns these limits by millions of experiments and millions of failures. He finds out the possible by testing the impossible, stumbles on the real in pursuit of the fanciful. There are limits to invention, but no limits to expectation. Who tunnels the Thames, the Alps, the Straits of Dover, would tunnel the globe! Who scales the Himalayas (home of snows), would climb to the moon; who circumgirds the earth with wires, would telegraph Venus and Neptune; who seizes and imprisons electricities, would have chain-lightnings for steeds, and the scintillations of Vulcan-forged thunderbolts for friction-matches. We emulate Dædalus and Ixion; aspire to guide the steeds of Apollo though our daring should fire the heavens!

The limitations of philosophic inquiry are painfully evident. Auguste Comte is an illustration of how much easier criticism is than invention, how much easier it is to pull down existing systems than to erect any thing better in their stead.

Finite mind sees only one side of a subject, presses every thing into the service of a pet hypothesis, and ignores every thing that makes against a favorite system. Herbert Spencer thinks it strange that the French philosopher should have committed the "mistake of imposing upon the external world a scientific arrangement which obviously springs from a limitation of human consciousness." It would have been stranger if M. Comte had burst the limiting barriers, and successfully solved problems that have puzzled the highest intellects from the days of the patriarchs. Comte himself is the author of a vivid picture of the limitation of psychological inquiry. "After two thousand years of psychological pursuit," he says, "no one proposition is established to the satisfaction of its followers. They are divided into a multitude of schools, disputing about the very elements of their doctrine." Mental philosophers may, by and by, compass the possible by defining the domains of the impossible; may be able to tell us what mind is, by clearly pointing out what it is not. As astronomy grew out of astrology, and chemistry out of the absurdities of alchemy, so a true history of mind may one day be evolved from the mazes of psychological speculation. Worlds of light and beauty may yet break into regular orbits from the nebulous fire-mists of metaphysics.

Politics presents something practical and consumes a vast amount of human study. Yet how patent to the lightest observation are limitations here. The science of government oscillates between absolutism and individual freedom. At one age and in one country, and over one style of mind, absolutism reigns supreme; in another age, with another people, democracy is the rage, democracy carried to the verge of individualism. The makers of the American Constitution sought to frame a republic, a government which should harmonize absolutism and individual freedom,—in which the bones of monarchy, the solid skeleton of authority and will, should be clothed with

the muscle of democracy. Blind politicians have sought to eliminate the monarchic element (as essential, in its place, as the democratic), and have developed muscle at the expense of bone, till bone has become wasted and brittle, and muscle itself weak and flabby. It seems impossible to fix the golden mean of sufficient flexibility and sufficient power. Written constitutions are schedules of human limitations. Law-makers find it difficult to weave meshes so fine that little fish will not glide through, or so strong that big fish will not break them. To reach all cases of human dereliction, the Ten Commandments need to be multiplied by a hundred, and constitutional provisions need piles of amendments; and new constitution-builders, instructed by the past, seek to make written requirements as minute as the Blue Laws of Connecticut, or as itemized as the directories of the ceremonial dispensation.

Theology is a labyrinth of limitations. Centuries of inquiry have not yet taught mankind the limits of inquiry. By only a few of the human race are the foundations of theology yet clearly discovered. The Christian claims them for his inspired books, the deist for nature, the Romanist for time-honored traditions. Different nations have different religious ideas,—polytheism, monotheism, pantheism. There are Vedas, Shasters, Korans, and Sacred Scriptures; Brahmins, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Christians. The range taken by theological opinion is probably the widest of which the human mind is capable. The whole ground has been dialectic for centuries. There is no "new divinity." Faith and philosophy divide the world, as they have divided it from the beginning, and seem no nearer reconciliation than in the earliest times. "The conflict of ages" is perennial. It was by no means settled by the marriage of the Pythagorean doctrine of pre-existence with the doctrine of original sin. Interpretation divides the Jewish and Christian world to-day, as in the days of the rabbins and the fathers. Prosy authors of "Essays and Reviews,"

ciphering Colensos, sanguine scientists, and nettled theologians, fail of their objects. Half the world tends to rationalism, transcendentalism, atheism; the other half, to superstition, spiritualism, fetichism, demonology. Few strike the mean propounded by the Nazarene Jesus. The two Newmans bound the entire inquiry; their history is a photograph of the race. Cradled in the same nursery, "regenerated" at the same baptismal font, honoring the Lares of the same hearth-stone, alumni of the same venerable foster-mother, their theologies alone take opposite directions. The more they study, the more they diverge, till they reach antipodal poles. The "Phases of Faith" are a hundred and eighty degrees from "Tract Number Ninety." One of the brothers votes Christ out of Christianity; the other crawls on his hands and knees to Rome to kiss the venerable toe of Pius IX.

The phases of infidelity are as numerous as phases of faith. There are as many sects of atheists as of orthodox Christians. Sects spawn out of doubtful interpretations of single words in languages that have been a thousand years dead, and infidelities multiply on the conflicting meanings of terms in living and defunct philosophies. Strauss and Paley test the limits of the credibility of the Gospel narratives and Pauline epistles in totally opposite directions. Theological hair-splitting has combined with the voluntary system to fill the land with sects whose tenets range through all grades, from the sharp, rationalistic, cold, inquisitive, skeptical individualism of New England, and wire-drawn Puritanism, to the unquestioning, stationary, soul-blinding, mind-fettering superstitions of Rome. Have superstition and speculation no limits? Is the religion of the gentle Jesus an ideal that the world is never destined to see realized? Must the human soul hover ever, like Noah's dove, over the wild wastes of controversy, and never find rest for the sole of its foot, or even an olive leaf to pluck in token that the shining waves have shrunk back to their cavern homes and left the

world to revive and bloom as the garden of God?

Shall Christianity be pruned of ex-crescent growths by loving hands, stimulated to new life by the daring utterances of apostolic reformers, or shall it be laid bare to the very bones by the dissecting knives of Straussians, hung up among withered specimens, in the museums of the positive philosophers? Shall pure Christianity bear sway, or shall the brood of creeds raise their heads and hiss and shriek till they stun the ears of the honest inquirer, like the hiss and shriek of a hundred locomotives? "Have nothing to do with any of the creeds," shouts the flinty individualist, Theodore Parker; and his living echoes, "Make your own creed out of the best parts of all others." Like Shakespeare's witches around the seething caldron, let each fling something from a different quarter of the globe into the stew,—a little Brahminism, a little Buddhism, a little Mohammedanism, a little Christianity. All have some good in them,—choose for yourself, select and combine,—make your own religion! Convert and save yourself!

Come to Rome and quiet, says Cardinal M'Closkey, give up vain inquiry and foolish liberty of opinion, soothe excited speculation with the jingle of chimes and the lullaby of choral antiphonals and sleep, and dream again the child-dream of the Middle Ages!

Environed by limitations, the inquiring soul chafes like the tethered steed. It tries to break away from its environments to revel in the flowery fields of untrammelled thought and fruitful inquiry. But limited indeed is the amount of knowledge which man may attain of God and men, and of the ways of God to man. A barren waste, truly, theological-metaphysics, fit amusement for learned leisure, cunning syllogism, and pedantic logic. The abstractions of the Middle Ages are left by this practical age of ours to scholars, ascetic recluses, to half-enlightened Orientals, whose dreams have not been broken by the shriek of the steam whistle, while the

world gives itself to the practical. "You British," said a Brahmin to an Englishman, "know nothing of theology or metaphysics. You are the mechanics and artisans of the world."

If man's capacity for forgetting was not equal to his power for inventing, each generation might build upon the experiences of its progenitors, and the world become thus constantly wiser and better. Reactionary forces are ever at work; and even now symptoms of rising barbarism in morals, and the resuscitation of defunct superstitions in religion, threaten catastrophe and ruin to Protestantism and civil liberty, with their free presses, free schools, free Bible, and spiritual religion.

Poor prisoned humanity! Ever striving to burst the barriers, to free itself from limitations,—with how little success! The chickens of the wild turkey, though hatched by a domestic fowl, will not brook confinement. The instincts of their wild, free nature rebel against restraint; they beat out their brains against the bars of the coop, refusing to be tamed, and destroying themselves in the vain effort after freedom. So the soul beats against the bars of its prison, wearying itself with efforts to break away from confinement.

Our views of man, in his limitations, would be sufficiently discouraging if we did not feel that race-life compensates for the waste of the individual, that the aggregate is better than the individual parts and periods, and, above all, that the life to come promises to make up for the deficiencies and constraints of this.

Conscious of individual poverty, we turn to race achievements and the wealth of the ages. When the eye traverses those ages, much of the territory over which it sweeps is barren sand, but sands glittering here and there with gold. Over it hang threatening masses of cloud, but the edges are fringed with silver. The resources of the human soul are exhaustless, but it will take an eternity to develop them. The day approaches when dams and barriers shall be swept away; when the finite, as a full river,

shall flow broad and deep to unite itself with the infinite. Under our present limitation, neither the individual nor the race will reach the millennial perfection so glowingly depicted by sanguine essayists. Having discovered the limitations of humanity under old politics, old metaphysics, old theologies, they fancy that they have opened a door for the escape of the society of the future from present and past thralldom into the freedom and felicity of the boundless. Their visions are the visions of enthusiasts. Shrouded in the webs of strength and complexity, man will not burst his chrysalis till he emerges into a higher state of being. Let us study the extent of our capacity.

Life is neither fruitless work nor aimless play. When we witness its wastes and misdirections, its mistakes and follies, repeated from age to age, we are tempted to believe that life has no real object, that man is put here to amuse himself, that, like the lower animals, his highest duties are to eat, sleep, and play. His sports may have a certain dignity, but are nevertheless sports. Business, science, government, religious rites, what are all these but so many forms of play,—cob-house structures which one set of men build up for another set to pull down?

This is a poor view of life. It has a brighter side. It has its limitations, and some of these we may never overpass; yet the useful labor of life is hopefully expended in extending in new and fertile directions the area of thought, the area of action, the area of knowledge, the area of progress. The limitations of life warn every man to make the most of it. It may be brief, but glorious. We may fall at the beginning of the struggle; but we should remember that Warren is as immortal as Washington, that Ellsworth's fame will go down with Lincoln's in the history of the second American Revolution. The dying wail of the author of the "History of Civilization," heard from the hot plains of Syrian Damascus, "My book! my book! what will become of my book?" struck the heart of the liter-

ary world with sympathetic anguish. Yet the two introductory volumes—the portico of the promised building—will keep alive the memory of Thomas Henry Buckle.

In this age we live fast. Long and busy lives are crowded into short time. Americans are finding out the limits of the voluntary system, extending the area of human freedom, teaching the value of self-reliance, and the power of culture. It may be ours to solve some of those great problems of life and mind that have baffled the ages,—points in political economy unsolved from Adam Smith to Ruskin, points in theology only mystified by Schleiermacher and Olshausen, points in philosophy never reached

by Aristotle or Plato, *Dés Cartes*, Locke, Kant, or Fichte. Mind may assert dominion over matter to an extent undreamed of by the mechanics of to-day. It will still be a limited dominion. Interpretation may be established on its true basis, and science and faith may pay their united devotions at the shrine of harmony. From the limited present we rise to the unlimited future; from this brief life to the unending life to come. Finite eyes will behold the universe spread with bows of infinite glory; finite ears will drink infinite harmonies; finite spirits ascend, beyond all power of thought, to the home of the ages, traverse the gray infinite, and scan, with awe, the hoary years of God. EDITOR.

FLAT-BOATING ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

A HAZY, happy Indian Summer day, in the Autumn of 1873. A dingy, dismal little town of Southern Illinois, whose houses overhung the Ohio, and whose only sensations were the daily arrival of the mail-packet. A bulky, box-shaped flat-boat, floating on the placid bosom of the river. A hasty embarkation, with guns and dogs and fishing-tackle and traveling bags; a waving of handkerchiefs to a bevy of pretty girls on shore; a splashing of oars and lines and pike-poles, and we were afloat on the waters of the Ohio, bound for a long float on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and for a range through their forests and fishing grounds, and the cotton and sugar plantations of the sunny South.

We had been hunting and fishing and bathing along the Ohio and its tributaries for a hundred miles, tramping through the bottom lands, terrorizing the squirrels and ducks that chanced in reach of our guns, or dropping an occasional hook in the populous streams, with which the country abounded, until an occasional

dash of colder weather had warned us that a determined movement southward was necessary in order to secure uninterrupted enjoyment of the Autumnal affluence in which we had so long lingered and dreamed. We had lounged into this little town of Metropolis, a week or more previous to the morning above alluded to, with the intention of taking the first New Orleans packet that put in an appearance, and, bidding adieu to wintry prospects, make for the land of sunshine and cotton-fields. With that singular perverseness, however, for which steamboats are noted, every New Orleans packet had steadily kept the channel on the opposite side the river, and, in spite of every signal, consisting of the most horrifying shouts and agonizing waving of handkerchiefs, had steadily pushed forward without effecting a landing.

The time between boats had been passed in visiting points of interest in the vicinity, and listening to stories of the time when Metropolis was the headquarters of an organized band of horse-thieves,

counterfeiters, and river gamblers, who terrorized and victimized the whole surrounding country, until the inhabitants rose *en masse*, and besieged them in their fortified camp, till they were forced to surrender. The resident of Metropolis who is not able to tell you some story of this important event, may be set down as an impostor of the first quality. Among the reminiscences of the palmy days of the outlaw rendezvous is that of a counterfeiter whose mother was unable to pay her rent, amounting to fifty dollars; having but a single five-dollar bill in her possession. Her dutiful son, the story goes, kindly took the bill, and, by a few hours' work, added another character, transforming it into a fifty, with which the happy mother paid her rent, and rested from her anxieties, no doubt proud and happy in the blessing of a son so ingenious and convenient in the time of necessity.

In our visit to the old fort above town, where the Union soldiers mounted a pair of steamboat pipes on wheels during the war, and thus kept boats from ascending the river to Paducah for some days, until the ruse was discovered, and where, also, tradition has it, a pot of gold pieces was buried by some wealthy wanderer and never recovered, we chanced upon a huge, flat-bottomed, box-shaped, flat-boat, whose owner, with that imperturbable equanimity which only years of floating can give, had pulled his craft ashore, and moored her under the high bank upon which the fort was built, and was calmly waiting the wind to "lay," in order that he might resume his float down the river, with his load of provisions for the Southern market. The novel appearance of the boat attracted the attention of one of our number, and in a few minutes, by invitation of the "captain," who was calmly smoking his pipe "on deck," we were aboard the ponderous floater.

"How far down do you go?" asked a member of the party.

"Don't know," was the reply. "A right smart piece, I reckon. You see there's so many boats nowadays that

you've got to go down a heap furdur to sell out. Then I got a late start this year. Heap of 'em went out on t'other rise, and are selling out this side o' Memphis now."

"Then you go down often in this way?"

"Hain't missed but two Falls fortwenty-five years;" and the old man filled his pipe anew, and settled back for another smoke.

There was a sort of fascination about floating from the colder regions of the North into the sunshine and Summer of the South, of giving one's self into the hands of the swift, silent current, and gliding, without effort or apparent motive power, through hundreds of miles of wilderness. There was a brief consultation between the four members of our party, a raid on the captain for passage on his boat, an exchange of a roll of greenbacks, and we were "booked" for a flat-boat trip to the South.

"I never done such a thing before," said the old man, apologetically, as he carefully deposited the roll in his greasy wallet; "but I reckon I can stand it if you 'uns can."

The next morning the boat dropped down to the landing in front of town, and within a few minutes we were on board, the boat pushed off into the current, and the dingy, rickety old town quietly but swiftly gliding by us up stream.

The sensation on board a large flat-boat on the bosom of a mighty river, made more mighty by the torrents of water flowing in from every hill-side, where the recent rains have fallen in torrents, is a peculiar one. You seem entirely at rest upon the broad sheet of water, isolated from every thing about you, and apparently stationary, a fixture, and your only companions the floating logs and pieces of timber, which the "rise" has gathered from along the bank and whirled into the middle of the stream. Occasionally a piece of timber, a part of some wrecked flat-boat, is encountered, and awakens some unpleasant suggestions; but, generally speaking, the sense of the inexperienced on board a large

flat-boat, in pleasant weather, is one of quiet and security, which the facts in the case fail to warrant. The farms and forests, and towns and turnpikes, glide quietly past you, the pilot or oarsmen occasionally give a few sweeps of the oars to keep the boat in the channel, and at night you land, perhaps twenty, perhaps thirty, miles below where last you touched *terra firma*, without seeming effort, and scarcely able to realize the distance you have passed over. Only when you encounter some fixed object in the middle of the stream, and pass within a few feet of it, are you brought to realize the swiftness with which you are being whirled along. The roots or branches of the floating trees frequently become embedded in the sand at the bottom of the stream, and the body, supported by the water, projects above the surface. In encountering these "snags," the force of the current, and the rapidity with which you are really moving, is made apparent. The water rushes by and around them with a terrific roar, which, on a still day, you hear half a mile away; and, as you reach it, and your boat is pulled aside, the snag rushes, fairly flies, past you up the stream, before you have time to look at it, and the sullen roar of the waters gradually lessens, and dies out in the dim distance.

You can scarcely realize that the snag is stationary, and that you are yourself being borne along at the rapid, rushing rate with which it darted past you and disappeared up stream. Yet such is the case; and, had the boat been allowed to strike it, the fact would have been too uncomfortably apparent. We were furnished a most striking instance of this fact on the second day out from Metropolis. Some twenty-five or thirty miles below that point is what is known as the "Grand Chain" a row or chain of rocks extending across the river, and presenting a considerable obstruction to navigation. The river pilots, who have passed them scores of times in each year, however, generally manage to avoid them, from a familiarity with their location. Sometimes, though,

in a time of high water when the rocks are submerged, and the landmarks along shore are concealed by a heavy fog, the most experienced pilots lose their reckoning, and are unable to tell the precise spot where the dangerous sharp-pointed rock lies, concealed by the water. This had been the case on the previous night, and on one of the most formidable rocks of the Grand Chain, as we approached it, lay the steamer *Henry Probasco*, broken in two "amidships," the front and rear of her lower decks covered with water, and her passengers and crew waiting the arrival of a steamer to take them off. She had run on to the concealed rock in the darkness and fog of the night, and, striking midway, sprung a leak and broken down.

All unconscious of this fact, and trusting to the skill of our pilot, and the lightness of our boat, to pass by or over the rocks of the Chain, we had floated on through the dense fog, until within a few hundred yards of the steamer, before discovering her. Suddenly, however, her tall pipes loomed up through the fog, and in another moment her outline was faintly discernible, and it was evident that we were fast bearing down toward her with the current, and that there was danger of our frail boat being crushed and swept under by the force of the swift, rapidly rushing waters. Our pilot, the first to catch sight of the boat, comprehended the situation in a moment. Hastily shouting to the men to man the oars, he sprang to the rudder, and commenced the desperate effort to change the course of the unwieldy craft. The oarsmen, with the accelerated zeal which personal danger brings, seized the oars, and a struggle with the awfully swift current ensued. It was, however, brief, and, as a few moments showed, was unavailing. The steamer, with its broadside lifted high out of the water, seemed to be fairly rushing toward us, while we, a mere speck upon the boiling, eddying stream, were utterly powerless to avoid it. There was a sickening sensation of extreme danger, a hurried order for every body to prepare for the shock, and to take

such care for himself as opportunity might offer, a shouting and rushing to our rescue by the crew on board the boat, and we were hurled, fairly flung, against the side of the steamer, while the water boiled and foamed around our boat, sucking her partially under the side of the steamer. However, the captain, who had seen our danger, ordered his crew to our aid; and, by their united strength, our craft was rescued and "eased off," before the remorseless current had swept her entirely under. Fortunately, there was no serious damage, other than a breaking of the upper timbers of our boat, and "staving in" of the side of the cabin. The escape was a very narrow one, and had the accident occurred on the Mississippi, where the current is much swifter, we must evidently have been swept under by the force of the current.

From moving steamers, there is little or no danger to flat-boatmen. The laws governing river navigation are such, that all boats, rafts, barges, etc., without steam, and depending upon the force of the current, must be given the channel; and the largest steamboat that traverses the Mississippi is obliged to turn aside to give the right of way to the smallest, most insignificant flat-boat afloat. Sometimes they take delight in seeing how little they can turn aside, and how heavy waves from their huge wheels they can throw around the luckless "floaters," but they invariably give them sufficient room to pass; and although it is frequently accompanied by an oath, or a shout of contempt or derision, it answers every purpose, and the flat-boatman chuckles over his legal authority, and calmly waves his hat to the boat's chambermaid or laundress, who is always lounging outside, ready for any thing to break in on the monotony of steamboat life.

The remainder of our course on the Ohio was unmarked by any thing of special interest, and two days more put us fairly into the Mississippi, with its doubly swift current, its doubly muddy waters, its doubly dangerous and unapproachable banks, and its more than doubly in-

creased number of flat-boats. No one who has not been on, or lived in sight of, the Mississippi, can form an adequate opinion of the number of flat-boats, and craft of this order, afloat at certain seasons of the year. There are produce and picture boats, fishing and family crafts, hay boats and grain barges, show boats and cabbage peddlers, traveling tin shops and floating chicken-coops, and wood boats, and crockery boats, and floating cabbage-crates, and potato boats; and crafts loaded with staves and hoop-poles, hides and hunters, and corn and cabbages, and furniture and factory goods; and, in short, every thing that could possibly be imagined to be available in picking up the funds of the cotton-growers along shore, or of bringing a reasonable price at Memphis or Vicksburg or New Orleans. On a still clear day in October, when the water is high, and the weather is good for floating, the attentive observer upon the bank may count from one hundred to two hundred boats passing in a single day. A large proportion of these are "produce" boats, laden with corn, oats, potatoes, cabbages, apples, butter, eggs, etc., taken perhaps from the farm on the Ohio or Upper Mississippi, and floated down by the producer himself, or else purchased along shore by the professional flat-boatmen, on the prospects of trade profits. Many of these sell out at the smaller towns along the river, usually commencing a hundred miles or more above Memphis, where the cotton region commences, and disposing of such quantities and at such rates as suits the convenience of purchasers. The line which indicates the beginning of the cotton region also indicates the limit of the section in which corn, hay, potatoes, cabbages, apples, or, in fact, any thing except cotton and tobacco, are grown, and the consequence is, that below that line all these articles find ready sale at reasonable rates.

One of the most exciting events of the Fall season, in small towns, is the landing of a cabbage boat. The huge box-shaped affair, filled with cabbages num-

bering hundreds of thousands, floats down in front of the town, runs out a line and is made fast to the shore, displays a few heads of cabbage on deck as a sign, and, in half an hour, the whole town is alive with excitement. Every one who can obtain the requisite fifteen cents—for no flat-boatman of any dignity would sell a cabbage for less than fifteen cents—makes for the boat; and for a couple of hours there is a constant stream of purchasers flowing to and from the boat, carrying away from one to three heads of cabbage each. The number purchased, in spite of the scarcity, rarely exceeds three, or at furthest a half a dozen, for such is the improvident disposition of the average resident of the cotton region, that to purchase any of the necessities of life for more than a week in advance would be considered an unheard of and unpardonable extravagance.

Grain and hay boats sell out in somewhat larger quantities, the purchasers being the heavy planters, who buy for their renters, and sell to them on time, taking a mortgage upon their coming crops.

Another peculiar feature of the flat-boating season is the large number of "trading" and "gallery" boats; the former loaded with dry goods, notions, groceries, confectioneries, and liquors, and the latter fitted up for the taking of cheap photographs, "tin-types," and other pictures. The trading-boats stop at the cotton plantations and settlements along shore, and find ready sale for their wares; and the picture boats find plenty of customers at the smaller towns during the Winter season, when the cotton is marketed and money plenty. They are patronized by the colored population as well as the whites, and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays they count their profits frequently by hundreds of dollars. Many of these boats are comfortably and even handsomely fitted up, the "artists" being in many instances accompanied by their families, and making the "river business" a constant and regular pursuit.

Of these hundreds of boats going down the river in the Fall of the year, but a

small proportion reach New Orleans, most of the owners selling out their loads before reaching that point, and disposing of their crafts at any price that may happen to offer. The boats are usually pulled up on the bank by the purchasers, and knocked to pieces, and the lumber used for cotton sheds, or other purposes on the plantations. During the Winter and Spring, a rough flat-boat that cost a couple of hundred dollars to construct, can be readily purchased, at almost any point below Memphis, for twenty-five or thirty dollars; and the owners think themselves well off if they obtain for their empty floaters a sufficient sum to pay their fare by steamboat to their homes up the river.

From Cairo to Memphis, a float of nearly two weeks, is usually sufficient to wear off the novelty of flat-boating to those only in search of novelty, and in our case it proved entirely sufficient. The trip was unmarked by any event of special interest. At the Chalk Bluffs, below Columbus, Kentucky, we were caught in the eddy, the terror of flat-boatmen in that region, but, after being whirled round a few times, managed to escape without much delay. At Island No. 10, the locality so widely noted during the war, we were detained a day by unfavorable winds, and were enabled to visit the noted points, a description of which would now be entirely devoid of interest. Nothing remains more than some mounds of earth, and the broken timbers and jagged stumps; and even these, as is every thing else in reach of the current of the Mississippi, are rapidly being washed into the river by the cutting away of the bank. The banks here are remarkably high, and not only was our landing difficult, but our boat was momentarily in danger from the immense masses of earth constantly falling from the sandy banks above us. Floating, however, during high winds, is extremely dangerous, as the action of the wind on the boat makes it unmanageable and liable to be driven, by the combined force of the wind and current, into uncomfortable corners.

A short distance below New Madrid, noted many years ago as the scene of the most violent earthquake shock ever known in this country, we were treated to a little of the uncomfortable side of flat-boating. It had been a very warm day, but closed with signs of storm. We had landed on a point where the river, after a long south-easterly flow, sweeps first to a southerly, and then a more westerly, course. During the night, the weather suddenly changed, and a keen north-wester burst upon us, breaking our boat from her moorings, and sweeping us across the river toward the opposite bank. In ten minutes we had reached the opposite shore, and our boat was thrown among a collection of snags, logs, and floating drift, and held fast at the mercy of the waves, which every moment broke against the side, tossing us about as if a mere log of wood. At times the waves broke over the top of the cabin, deluging the whole party, who were gathered there in momentary anticipation of going to the bottom together. Fortunately, the storm was of brief duration; and, by tying our craft fast to the snags by which we were surrounded, we were enabled to keep our boat from again gaining the middle of the stream until morning dawned. Frequently these storms are exceedingly destructive to flat-boats, and after severe gales the river banks are strewn with cabbages, apples, grain, and produce of every description,—the contents of boats driven ashore, and beaten to pieces by the waves, which roll with astonishing velocity and force.

At Osceola, Arkansas, the scene of the negro war of 1872, our captain ran out his line, and lay over for a day, disposing of part of his produce. The town has been partially rebuilt, since its demolition to furnish materials for Fort Pillow during the war, but the remembrances of that occasion are extremely vivid in the mind of the average Osceolian, and the bitterness occasioned thereby has not yet entirely died out. Here we fell in with a company of floaters, consisting of a monster furniture boat, loaded with the

cheaper grades of kitchen and other household furniture,—manufactured at Cincinnati, and floated down the entire distance, to be sold out at towns along the river,—a gallery boat, a traveling tin-ware man, a trading boat, and a "family" boat, in which a North Missourian was making his way with his family to Mississippi, on a visit to his brother, whom he said he "had n't seen since afore the war." Our captain, accepting the invitation to "lash boats" with them, pulled out on the following day with the others; and, after reaching the middle of the stream, the whole company of boats were lashed together, two abreast, thus securing greater safety, if not equal sobriety. This plan is frequently followed by boats traveling in company and likely to stop at the same points, and presents numerous advantages, both social and labor-saving.

The remainder of our trip was not marked by any event of special importance, except that the stock of venison laid in at Osceola disappeared with surprising rapidity, and the return to bacon came all too soon for the majority of our party. During the day we floated in the middle of the stream, occasionally varying the monotony by a skiff ride toward some sand-bar, and a shot at the flocks of wild geese enjoying the sunshine, and making ready to take flight at the sight of a human being. At night our floating house was tied up to some sturdy tree upon the steep, crumbling bank, and we fell asleep with the sullen rush of the waters constantly sounding in our ears, varied by the occasional rumble and splashing caused by a huge mass of earth, or some tree undermined by the current, falling into the river to be swept downward toward the gulf. Occasionally, when the wind was contrary, blowing up stream or toward the shore with such force as to prevent floating with safety, we remained ashore all day. These occasions were improved by a ramble in the woods, admiring the stately cypress-trees, shooting at the squirrels and wild hogs, which abound in the un-

inhabited sections, and gathering pecans, which grow here in abundance, and are, when gathered, much superior to those that are usually found in the Northern markets.

The ordinary flat-boatman pays but little heed to these sports, and usually divides his time between the care of his boat and a social game of cards with some companion. Generally speaking, they are a quiet and by no means bad-hearted class of men, associating but little outside their own circles, and rarely indulging in the frays or drinking bouts for which they, as a class, were formerly noted. This is partially accounted for by the restraint which the law now imposes upon them, even in the wilds of

Mississippi, and partially by the fact that a large proportion of the class is made up of farmers and men with families from quiet country homes in the north, who are trying to realize a good profit upon their products, or turn an honest penny by means of the river traffic, and to then return to their homes and home associations. Generally speaking, the flat-boatman of the Mississippi is a hard-working, warm-hearted, kindly individual, who, with his life in his hands, braves all kinds of danger and privation upon the river, while doing his share in life's duties, and wishing, as our captain, whom we left at Memphis, expressed it, "the best o' luck to all them as pays as they go."

O. P. AUSTIN.

OLD TIMES IN NORTHERN NEW YORK.

I HAVE spoken, in a late number of this magazine, of the change written upon nearly every locality surrounding the old historic region of Lake Champlain, and, in especial, where stood the *once* antiquated town of Plattsburg. And yet it is not *all* change, as in our rapidly growing Western life. On revisiting it, a few years ago, I found the quiet street leading to the ancient grave-yard, whose sunken mounds and moss-covered or mildewed head-stones attest well its antiquity, and which lies in solemn contrast side by side with the more modernly adorned cemetery-grounds, nearly the same as when the writer made oft-repeated pilgrimages thither, in holiday times, as a little child.

On the eastern side of the river, also, where once the fugitive citizens were banded together to resist an expected foe, the years, in many places, appear to have been at a stand-still. From the steam-boat landing, up through the main thoroughfare leading westward to the river-crossing, the street is as pleasantly fa-

miliar as when we trudged along the dusty walks, with sachels and dinner-baskets, on our way to school. Only now and then a usurper makes its appearance, and fills up some narrow space that in the past remembrance was only a vacant lot. As we thus pass onward from the pier, and not many squares removed from it westerly, there stood, in the earlier times of which I speak, what seemed to my young eyes, even then, a weather-beaten mansion, yet large, quaint, and comely, strongly built, whose fair-sized, old-fashioned, and dimly lit rooms contained that substantial style of furniture which is warranted to look respectably dingy for a couple of generations at least. Over the small front porch, the honeysuckle and other trailing vines clustered in undying beauty, where bees hummed all day long around it, and the grass-plot was dotted by white and red clover. The house was set amid large, wide-spreading trees, that cast a dim, tender shadow over the edifice, built so many years before. It still occupies

its old corner on the street, renewing its youth by careful tending, year by year, and overlooks, from its slight elevation, the fast growing metropolis, as once it did the little village.

The old cannon-balls and lighter bullets of war times still rest harmlessly in the outer sides and inner walls of the building, not as inglorious wounds, but rusty yet honorable souvenirs of victories that were fairly won. From the large garden in the rear, you catch glimpses of the beautiful harbor, with the line of blue water stretching out to the broader lake. Even in a state of decay, it will ever recall to the heart of its friends the gentle, delicate spirits who once made the dim old mansion bright with the sweetness and serenity of life. It was the homestead of a renowned veteran of the Revolutionary army, and a member of Washington's staff in the field, Major-General Benjamin Mooers. He was a man exceedingly devout, strong, vigorous, faithful, and while of reserved dignity, was yet of undeviating courtesy, and a truly refined gentleman. Indeed, my memory can not recall one whose rigid integrity, uniform patriotism, sound understanding, and strong will were so amazingly developed. Strangers and travelers were here treated in the most free, plentiful, and hospitable manner, although with the utmost simplicity and freedom from ostentation. Nothing ever induced him to step aside from his austere rule of action, whether in social or religious life. Late hours he abhorred, and would none of them for himself or household, saying to his guests occasionally, with the full meaning, if not the exact words, that Martha Washington did to hers: "The General retires at nine o'clock, and I always precede him."

Benjamin Mooers had just completed his eighteenth year when he was made a commissioned officer in the army of the Continental Congress, during our Revolutionary struggle, and continued thus to serve until the close of the war. While we can only touch casually on the various points of interest in his camp-life

of 1777 and the succeeding years, we must be permitted to dilate somewhat at large on two of the most thrilling events in his patriotic career.

Among the State archives in the city of Troy, New York, have lately been found the military order books of General Mooers, which are of interest, comprising, as they do, so many important entries from the headquarters of the army. The first is dated November 22, 1777, and relates to a General Court-martial. Other extracts are as follows:

"The Commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of rawhides. The commissary of hides and the major-general of the day is to judge the essays, and assign the reward to the best artist."

"Information having been given that divers of the late sutlers, and some of the inhabitants, have opened tippling-houses within and adjacent to the encampment, by which the design of banishment of sutlers from the army is in a great measure frustrated, the D. Q. M. general is required forthwith to make diligent inquiry and examination for discovering such houses and suppressing them, and to assure all who are driving that pernicious trade, that, if continued any longer, their liquors shall be seized, and they expelled from the neighborhood of the army, on pain of severest punishment if they return."

"By a General Court-martial, held the 24th inst. (November), of which Colonel Graydon was President, Major Ross, charged with leaving his arms on the field, in the action of the 4th October, near Germantown, was tried, and acquitted with the highest honor. The Commander-in-chief approved the court's judgment. Major Ross is relieved from his arrest."

"The officers commanding regiments are to see that their men's arms are in the best order possible; and of the loaded ones, such as can be drawn, are to be drawn, and the others discharged the first fair day at eleven o'clock in the

forenoon; but, to prevent the waste of lead, the men of each regiment or brigade are to discharge their pieces into a bank of earth, from which the lead may be taken."

"On the 25th of November, inst., the Honorable Continental Congress passed the following resolve; namely:

"Resolved, that General Washington be directed to publish in general orders that Congress will speedily take into consideration the merits of such officers as have distinguished themselves by their intrepidity, and attention to the health and discipline of their men, and adopt such regulations as shall tend to introduce order and good discipline into the army, and to render the situation of officers and soldiers, with respect to clothing and other necessities, more eligible than has hitherto been.

"Forasmuch as it is the indispensable duty of all men to adore the superintending providence of Almighty God, to acknowledge with gratitude their obligation to him for benefits received, and to implore such further obligations as they stand in need of; and it having pleased him, in his abundant mercy, not only to continue to us the innumerable bounties of his common Providence, but also to smile upon us in the prosecution of a just and necessary war, for the defense of our inalienable rights and liberties,—it is therefore recommended by Congress that Thursday, the 18th of December next, be set apart for solemn thanksgiving and praise; that, at one time and with one voice, the good people may express the grateful feelings of their hearts, and consecrate themselves to the service of their Divine Benefactor; and that, together with their sincere acknowledgments and offerings, they join the penitent confession of their sins, and supplications for such further blessings as they stand in need of."

"The chaplains will properly notice this recommendation, that the day of thanksgiving may be duly observed in the army, agreeable to the intentions of Congress."

There is, indeed, scarcely a stirring episode of these eventful years to our country that this young stripling, from the age of eighteen to twenty-four, did not bear a conspicuous part, and which constitutes his memoranda a veritable history of the times.

We find him at Ticonderoga, where the "Declaration of Independence" was first announced in general order, and publicly read to the army; at Saratoga, under the command of General Gates, where he witnessed the surrender of General Burgoyne; then at Fort Chambly, where he was charged with written orders, to take "some prisoners" and return to quarters, but, by verbal orders, to discharge the hazardous duty of a spy, obtaining for his general important information for the interest of his country. "Which duty," says a friend, "he performed, to the great hazard of his life, and the entire satisfaction of his commander."

We see him accompanying Lord Sterling's expedition on the ice, to Staten Island, until finally assigned to a detachment that formed the life-guard of General Washington.

In the Spring of 1780, he was ordered to superintend the building of a hospital, but soon after commanded to join his regiment at King's Ferry, where the treason of Arnold, and the capture of Major André was immediately announced.

From West Point, in that year, the army made its way southerly, embarking in Catteaux, upon the Chesapeake, descending and then ascending the James River to headquarters, from whence the army marched upon the siege of Yorktown,—a grand skirmish that resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis. In this memorable and eventful battle, young Mooers and his associates fought in the trenches, stormed and took a redoubt, and to use his own forcible language, "After the battle, and when we arrived in camp, I found on my pantaloons, about my legs, the blood and brains of my slaughtered comrades." For which he, and his corps of one hundred men,

were complimented in general orders by his commandant, and by General Washington. At Valley Forge, in 1782, nothing discouraged, nothing disturbed him. If he had only bread to eat, it was just as well; if only meat, it made no difference. As Headly pertinently writes:

"What passed there, for three sad months, history will never tell us. It was written with the pen of suffering on individual hearts, but never found outward expression. We only know that cold, suffering, starvation, were there; snow piled around heroic victims, and clothes falling away in rags from their backs; and, as if Heaven itself loved to augment their misery, the cold setting in with a bitterness unknown before.

"No more parades, no more drills, not men enough to perform camp duty. Sickness and rags shut them up in foul hovels. The dreary days were only varied as the dreary snow piled deeper round their huts, or the piercing cold increased, or food grew less. Sometimes, indeed, the dreary monotony of the scene was broken, often several times a day, by a platoon of men, bearing, with reversed arms, a comrade to his grave beneath the snow, playing the mournful tune of 'Roslyn Castle,' as they marched slowly, heavily forward. Occasionally, a naked soldier would borrow a blanket to flit to a neighboring hut, and then would flit back again, and crawl, like a frightened wild animal, out of sight.

"Along these snowy paths went Washington, sometimes with the young Marquis Lafayette by his side, with his heart breaking at the sights and sounds that met him at every step. In this bleak home did Washington's wife join him, ready to share with her husband his privations, and, if possible, lessen his cares, through the long Winter."

Blessed, indeed, must have been that bright, Spring day when a horseman rode into camp with the tidings that France had recognized our independence, and formed an alliance with us; that ships, troops, and money were on the way to our relief. No wonder that "sol-

diers forgot their nakedness, and shook their rags like banners in the air. The army had left New Jersey on the 11th of December, reaching Valley Forge on the 14th; the soldiers, many of them, barefooted, "leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of ground they had traveled."

One more vivid tableau of relentless war we must present, to which young Mooers was not only a witness, but, as one of General Washington's life-guards, stood among the band of five hundred that was formed in hollow square, round the gibbet on which Major André was hung. Oft-repeated as this somber romance has been for a century, the world never seems to weary in reviewing the character of this unfortunate victim of misplaced heroism.

"Personally as beautiful as Raffaele," says one, "he was accomplished and learned,—a thorough soldier, in his orderly room, in the camp, and in the field. Thus brave, wise, and good, trusted and respected by his chiefs, beloved by his comrades, idolized by the private men, he really possessed all that could make life happy and desirable."

Sent by Sir George Clinton on a secret errand to our arch-traitor, Benedict Arnold, he was caught within the American lines, in a disguised habit, and with papers of a terribly compromising nature concealed within his boots. He was tried by court-martial. The case against him was clear; to all intents and purposes, he was a spy; and to the fate of a spy he was condemned. In the stern refusal of General Washington to grant the prayer of the condemned, that he be shot like a soldier, rather than hung like a malefactor, the sympathy of thousands have gone over to the brave young martyr. No doubt, Washington would gladly have taken the wretch Arnold in his place, but the American coward had skulked away into some unknown abyss, leaving the Generalissimo of the Continental forces only his hard duty to perform toward those Tories who had dubbed him rebel, and whose hired minions received pay

for their insults and abuse toward America. No death scene was ever more pathetic than that of André. No State convict ever received more princely attention than did this young Englishman during his imprisonment; his meals being sent to him with the most scrupulous nicety, direct from Washington's own table,—breakfasting heartily, it is said, on the last day. Not a fear disturbed the young soldier on that fatal 2d of October, 1780. Dressing himself in the full uniform of his rank, only laying aside his sash, spurs, and sword, he placed his hat carelessly on the table, and said cheerfully to the officers appointed to lead him forth, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you." Let an eyewitness describe the closing acts of this wretched drama:

"On an eminence, in the open field, at twelve o'clock, on a hot Autumn noon, in the presence of an immense concourse of military and civilians, he was hanged. Though his face was of deadly pallor, its features were tranquil and calm; his beauty shone forth with marvelous sweetness, and his manner was as graceful as if he was leading the way to a ball-room, rather than to a grave. The lofty gallows, and the shallow grave just beneath it, were within a half-mile of Washington's headquarters. No soldier of the American army would perform the duty of hangman, and it was finally accepted by an English Tory, one Strickland."

As the graphic description goes on, at half-past eleven we can hear the dead-march, as it begins its funeral dirge. We can see the boyish André walking, arm in arm, between two subalterns, each of whom carried a drawn sword in his disengaged hand. Almost every field-officer in the American army, with General Greene at their head, led the procession on horseback, and another crowd of officers followed on foot. It was, indeed, a season of darkest gloom and melancholy to see the victim ascend the hill-side, ascend the gallows, nervous and almost choked with emotion; his servant following him, and bursting, ev-

ery now and then, into loud weeping and lamentations, while his young master would turn aside to comfort him; the last hand-shaking with the American officers, in whose custody he had been; the leaping with elastic bound in the baggage-wagon placed underneath the gallows, his hat thrown aside, untying his cravat, opening his shirt-collar, and snatching the rope from the clumsy hangman, adjusting it round his neck; the binding a handkerchief over his eyes; the final drop-scene, when thousands were observed in tears, and "many weeping bitterly aloud," among whom was Lafayette. Thus ended this most refined, dignified, and pathetic tragedy, which must ever stand out in graceful contrast to the coarse, ribald, almost savage execution, by British hands and English hearts, of our own gentle and Christian soldier, Captain Nathan Hale, under similar circumstances.

In the Fall of 1782, the regiment to which young Mooers belonged was ordered to quarters at Plimpton Plains, where they remained through the Winter. During the month of June in the year 1875, it moved to New Windsor, and joined the army under General Washington, at which place the regiment was wholly furloughed and disbanded; and as General Mooers adds, "with a small pittance of pay, in what was called final settlement certificates, in value worth only one-eighth of a dollar,—or from 2s. to 2s. 6d. on the pound. These we were obliged to take,—or nothing!"

General Mooers subsequently became a frontier land-holder, a colonizer,—a kind of patron, indeed,—on the wild but lovely spot in Northern New York where this chapter commences. His dwelling maintained the illusion of former stately days, where were dispensed the most grand and generous hospitalities by his elegant and most Christian wife,—a sister, I believe, of Chancellor Kent, of New York.

From this charmed domestic circle, nearly thirty years afterward, at the first alarm of war, he again buckled on his

armor, and went forth well equipped, either for continued life, or a soldier's death. As Major-General of the State militia, he co-operated with vigor and a truly loyal heart with Generals Wool and Macomb, in the attack of the British forces on Plattsburg and its vicinity, and, returning unscathed from the perils of mortal conflict, once more took possession of the quiet and beautiful home which he had erected on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Among my earliest remembrances is the antiquated portrait—a life-size standing figure—of the venerable man, clad in his showy uniform of blue and buff, high-topped military boots, the full regalia, indeed, of an American major-general; and so vivid is the impression that, from that long-ago period to this day, I have never read a stirring romance, wherein looms out some old baronial hall or feudal castle, with its gallery of time-faded pictures, that the large, imposing figure of our own patriotic General does not beam out among the grim old knights of former centuries as one of the best among them all.

At the New York table of a late Martha Washington reception in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was exhibited a sword, the property of Mr. Mooers, a grandson of the war veteran, which was "presented to Major-General Benjamin Mooers by His Excellency Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, pursuant to resolutions of the Senate and Assembly of the State, expressive of the sense enter-

tained of his conduct during the battle of Plattsburg." The sword has a solid gold handle, with the coat of arms of the United States; and also engraved on the scabbard is a scene representing the battle. A gold plate bears the name of the recipient, and in every respect it constitutes, to his descendants, a most finished and elegant memorial of a noble patriot and Christian gentleman.

General Mooers lived long enough to see the small hamlet to which he came as a young pioneer, stretch itself out to stalwart proportions, upon whose fertile farms and solid homesteads peace and abundance were inscribed in every direction. He lived long enough to build up, by his generous contributions, schools for the young, and, by dint of moneyed gifts and the influence of a most devoutly Christian example, a church for all. He lived long enough to see three generations of a posterity that idolized him clustering around his genial fireside, where were found such domestic harmony and quietness as only those can know who have passed through the din and turmoil of war, and have been made familiar with nearly every phase of self-renunciation.

Thus, blessing and being blessed, General Mooers died in February, 1838, having filled up his threescore years and ten, and his dust mingles with that of other consecrated heroes of our national history, who lie buried in the antiquated and still rural portions of the grave-yard at Plattsburg. E. S. MARTIN.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOME.

A BLITHE little bird floated over the sea,
And varied the songs it sang unto me,
While lo! it had caught on its snowy wings
Twin, purple pansies—once radiant things,
That garnered the glow of the sun in their hearts,
And wooed the south zephyr with subtilest arts;
And yet in their royalty tarnished and pale
They weave me a vision, they tell me a tale.

The sapphire above me is changing to gray,
And afar on the waters I'm looking away,
With a thought for the home-land over its waves,
For loves still a-blossom, for low-lying graves,
For loyal and living, for loyal and dead,
The watchers below, and the watchers o'erhead.

And down in my dream of the distant and dear,
My flowers are blooming,—the scentless and sere.
A garden where violets laugh at the snow,
Where daisies and daffodils lovingly grow,
Smiles up to my eyes, and I catch the low words
In the murmurous chirping of new-mated birds.

There the larkspur is smiling—a knight in his pride—
On the bright little pink, all a-blush at his side,
And velvety marigolds stare in dismay
At poor "ragged robin," who begs by the way;
While the rose drops a blessing, dewy and sweet,
On meek mignonnette, pouring balm at her feet.

The brightness and bloom stealing up to the wall
Of the old-fashioned house,—I can gaze on it all,
For the vision of fancy is glowing and clear;
Her eyes are undimmed by the mist of a tear.
And again o'er the porch to the wide-open door,
With its welcoming form, I hasten once more.

Now gray-coated Fido leaps up from his place,
With a shaggy caress for my unwilling face,
While cometh a greeting, in breaths of perfume,
From beauty that buds in the sunshiny room;
And Grandmother's eyes, as the smile glimmers through,
Are like her own violets starry with dew.

The years they will come, and the years they will go,
Keeping their secrets of rapture or woe;
The waves of the rivers will silvery run,
Or sullenly frown on the face of the sun;
The flowers will blossom, the flowers will die,
When a snow-angel comes from the shadowy sky.

The years they will come, and the years they will go,
And the violet eyes will be sheltered, I know,
'Neath close-shutting lids; and the heart will not beat,
Though lily-bells chime at her head and her feet,
And truant young robins sing soft as they tread
The emerald fringes that curtain her bed.

The years they will come, and the years they will go,—
They ebb as the tides of eternity flow.
I list the loud music of surges that roar,
And catch the white glitter of sands on the shore
Of a far-away land, blooming out of the sea,
Where eyes full of welcome will smile unto me.
Poor children, a-weary, at last we shall come
To a mansion eternal,—to "Grandmother's Home."

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

THE PARENTS OF MADAME DE STAEL.

PART II.

NOTWITHSTANDING Necker's rare financial genius, he had, from his youth, aspirations above the pursuits of gain. These pursuits were, indeed, at times quite irksome to him. He early gave himself to literary composition, and his youthful essays, mostly poetic and dramatic, are said to have been marked by much vigor and spirit, but he had the good sense not to publish them. Disliking the monotony of the banking-house, he, nevertheless, gave his chief energy to the completion of his fortune, and his fame as a financier, hoping that thereby he might at last find open before him a career more befitting his better ambition. His wife shared this ambition, for she could fully appreciate his competence for his highest aims. Soon after their marriage she opened her house for the periodical reception of the leaders of opinion, of society, and of literature, proud to have her husband known and tested among such men. She became the presiding genius of one of the most influential "salons," at a period when the Parisian "salon" was still a center of power, political, social, and literary; when Madame Geaffrin's circle shone with the most brilliant minds of the metropolis; when the Marquise du Deffand was reigning imperially, in her parties, on the Rue Saint Dominique, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had just begun her revolt from the tyranny of the blind old Marquise, and set up her rival salon, drawing away with her, by the fascination of her versatile accomplishments and her sophic enthusiasm, the *savants* of the city, under the auspices of D'Alembert. The company of Madame Necker's mansion soon included many of the most noted philosophers and litterateurs of the day,—Buffon, Marmontel, Thomas, Saint Lambert, Duclos, Diderot, Laharpe, D'Alembert, Grimm, Raynal, Delille, Marrallet, Gibbon,—not to mention a

host of marshals, dukes, marquises, and counts. Madame du Deffand herself frequented the salon of her new rival, and has left, in her letters to Horace Walpole, not a few favorable allusions to it. Still later, as the great Revolution approached, the celebrated Madame Roland attracted around her an equally famous *coterie*. She became, tacitly, the rival of Madame Necker, representing the revolutionary party, while Madame Necker represented conservative reform opinions, and, says the Duchesse D'Abrantes, "the defense of religious ideas." The contrasts of these two remarkable women, at this critical period, are among the anomalies of the Revolution. They were both highly educated, both were of unimpeachable domestic virtue at a time when it may, perhaps, be soberly affirmed that no other women in similar positions in Parisian society were so; both were devotedly patriotic; both had more than patriotism, they were philanthropists; both were in ardent sympathy with every thing that concerned the welfare of their fellow-creatures; their writings show that they were both of similar, if not equal, mental capacity; but they were opposed to each other, not only in political, but in religious opinions. Madame Necker was a conscientious Christian; Madame Roland as conscientiously abjured Christianity for the "Philosophy" of the times. The one died a Christian in the circle of her family; the other died a skeptic, but a heroine martyr, on the scaffold. We may, perhaps, venture to say that they were the two noblest feminine characters of their epoch, notwithstanding their irreconcilable contrasts. It would be singularly interesting to trace, and, if possible, solve, the problem of these contrasts, but we have not room for the attempt here.

Necker's position as Minister of the

Republic of Geneva gave him access to the courtly circles of Versailles. The salon of his wife, his success as financier, his relations to the court, and, especially, the moral elevation of his character, rendered him one of the most conspicuous personages of the capital. It was in this period of his increasing fortunes and fame that his celebrated daughter was born. It would be an agreeable task to gather up the intimations which the contemporary literary biographies and other records give of her early education, and appearances in the "salon" of the mansion; but we are dealing now not so much with her history as with that of her less known parents. Suffice it to say that at twelve years of age she began to excite curious interest, in these learned gatherings, by her precocious genius. She was full of vivacity and frankness, says her cousin Madame Necker de Saussure. She was a brunette, but her face was brilliantly animated, and her great black eyes fairly blazed with intelligence and sentiment. The veteran *savants* who frequented the house took delight in her fresh and spirited conversation. When not more than fifteen years old she wrote essays which Grimm thought worthy to be sent to his royal correspondents, as the productions of an intellectual prodigy. Even at an earlier age (at twelve years), she composed and acted, at home, with her young companions, little dramas which astonished critical spectators by their ability. Marmontel, whose "philosophy" could not well brook the religion of her parents, and who could never fully appreciate the mother, was fascinated by the intellectual daughter, and, on witnessing one of these dramatic performances, "burst into tears." Her education was first under the direction of her mother; but Madame Necker treated her with the rigor and thoroughness which had been so successful in her own training, and the health of the child broke down under it when she was but fourteen years old. Necker himself had the principal charge of her education afterward; and thence, prob-

ably, arose the idolatrous affection for him which, culminating in the elegiac pathos, the almost lyrical enthusiasm, of her biographical introduction to his posthumous "Manuscripts," is as unique in literature as the maternal passion which is immortalized in the "Sévigné Letters." Never did a child love a father more intensely; never, probably, has a father been prouder of his child, and seldom has a parent had better reasons to be so.

Necker was called to the government in 1776. He had reached, then, the opportunity of a more public and more effective life, which had been the mark of his ambition and of that of his high-minded wife. But both were struck with a painful hesitancy at the moment. The country was financially ruined. Necker was looked upon as its only possible savior. But could it be saved? Might not the prosperous, the happy domestic life which now rendered their home one of the best in France, be wrecked in the catastrophe which seemed to be impending over the nation, especially as they were Protestants, and a Protestant in the royal cabinet was then an unheard of anomaly. Madame Necker, it is said, wept when he informed her of his appointment. "If you desire me to refuse it," he said, "I will do so." After a pause, she lifted her head and replied, that it might be God's will he should accept it and attempt the public good which the opportunity might enable him to accomplish. "Attempt it, and I will try to glean in your footsteps." She was soon at work in the city and national charities, for these came under the economical reforms which Necker contemplated. She inspected the hospitals, then in a wretched condition. With her own money she established, in 1778, a new one as a normal example, a model for all others, and it afterward bore her name as a commemorative monument.

Necker's stringent reforms in the public finances raised up enemies all round him. His position in the court was barely tolerable; he had but a qualified title as minister, and was not admitted to the

royal council, for his Protestantism was in his way. He saw that he could not have the power necessary for his reforms, unless he were in full office and in the council. Full powers were offered him if he would abjure his Protestant faith. He refused to do so. When his wife learned the fact, she hastened to meet him, fell upon his neck, and wept tears of joy. He retired from office with the maledictions of the nobility, but with the benedictions of the suffering people. He had effectually, though not permanently, relieved the national finances. He had cut off a great number of sinecures and useless pensions, and reduced salaries, and hence the hostile rage of the higher classes against him. He would accept no compensation for his services; he gave no office to his kindred or personal friends; he advanced two millions of his own money as a loan to the Government, which was never repaid during his life, and had to be wrung from Napoleon by his daughter. He was twice recalled to office, in spite of party hostility. We have already alluded to his "*Compte Rendu au Roi*;" in that famous work he gave a complete account to the king of the financial condition of the country. It was a bomb-shell thrown into the court, and the explosion that followed resounded through all the realm and over all Europe. No such report on the administration of the finances had ever been made. The country had been kept in ignorance of this, one of its most vital interests. Its kings themselves had been habitually deceived regarding it. The nation was reeling on the very verge of hopeless bankruptcy. The Revolution was inevitable, though few then perceived either its proximity or its terrible significance. The people were maddened at learning how their debauched rulers had been wasting for years their now exhausted resources. Necker's "*Compte Rendu*" showed that twenty-five millions of francs were yearly thrown away on useless or licentious gratifications and pensions; that the tax collectors received more than one-fifth of all the revenue; and that nearly all the

national institutions of charity and penal reform were mismanaged, the hospitals, asylums, prisons, etc. He proudly alluded, in this document, to his wife's good work in hospital reform. She had seldom gone to the court, though she received some of the court ladies at her "salon;" the depravity which still lingered, from the regency and reign of Louis XV, about the royal precincts, was a sufficient reason to keep her away, though Louis XVI had solicited her presence, and Necker had only mentioned her feeble health as the reason of her absence. She appeared now, in her beneficent reforms, like himself, as the true friend of the people amidst the immense crew of courtly and official predators on the public resources. The courtiers were outraged. What right had this untitled foreigner, this Protestant heretic, to invade their luxurious places and abridge their revenues? What a national disgrace that this "Swiss school-mistress," for so they called his wife, should be able to hold up her learned head, prominent above the aristocratic, free-living ladies of the court,—of the old noble families of France! Poor, decorated, depraved minions of power! they knew not what they were doing; they knew not that they were refusing the only help which could mitigate their coming fate,—the fate which was soon to sweep them from the soil of their country, and shake to its foundations the whole civil and ecclesiastical world of Europe.

Necker, scornfully dismissed, was recalled; and, this time invested with full powers and title, he entered the council without a compromise of his Protestantism. Again he was dismissed, again recalled, and again dismissed. At his dismissal in 1789, the last before his final retirement from office, the capital was astounded; an insurrection broke out the very next day. On the following day the National Assembly voted that he bore with him its esteem and regrets; on the next, down went the walls of the Bastille before the enraged and invincible people;

on the following day the trembling court recalled the Swiss heretic. But though he returned, it was too late; the hurricane of the Revolution was rising, and its murmurs were in all the air.

At his last recall, the funds advanced thirty per cent in twenty-four hours. We have alluded to the popular enthusiasm with which he was greeted and escorted back to Paris. There is a letter in the famous Grimm correspondence, which details the splendid ovation, "the most beautiful spectacle," says the writer, "that I have ever seen." A host of cavalry, infantry, and citizens marched out to meet him and conduct him to the city hall. "It was one of those triumphal marches that we read of in ancient history." Several carriages bore Necker and his family and friends, troops before, troops behind, all carrying bouquets, and branches of laurel. "The drums beat, the bands played; the flag of the overthrown Bastille, the banners of the city guards and of the districts, were displayed in the procession." They marched singing, and throwing flowers in the air. All the streets were crowded, all the windows thronged with applauding women. "Live the great minister! God preserve him!" resounded every-where. "It was one continual acclamation, a universal intoxication." At the city hall, Lafayette, his ardent friend, and Bailly, the city Mayor, received him and conducted him into the grand hall, the wife of Lafayette accompanying thither Madame Necker and Madame de Stael. Congratulatory speeches were made, and the great throng wept like children under Necker's words. For an hour and a half he was detained in the excited assembly, and meanwhile a countless multitude thronged the neighboring streets, and greeted him, when he appeared at the window, with the wildest acclamations. "They wept; and this man appeared to them a god." Yes, such is popular enthusiasm; and like the multitude which cried, one day, "Hosanna in the highest!" to the God-man, and, on another, "Crucify him!" this fickle people were soon to curse the man

whom they now hailed as their only political savior. Again the innumerable host, cavalry, infantry, citizens, with flowers, laurel branches, flags, and music, take up their march and conduct him onward, for he goes, with his family in his cortege, to resume, amidst the mortified courtiers, his high functions at Versailles. The Assembly vote as he passes, that "the day on which this minister, so dear, so necessary, has been restored to France, shall be a *fiat* day," and declare an "amnesty to its enemies." This very clemency, at which Necker gratefully wept, provoked, in a few hours, the furious resentment of the people; for it liberated prisoners for whose blood they thirsted. France was morally as well as financially ruined, and the atrocious horrors of the Revolution became irrepressible.

We can not discuss here the final administration of Necker. That he was inadequate to the exigency of the crisis, needs not be denied; for where on earth could a man be found adequate to it? There was now no practicable salvation for France. It required the confiscation of the estates of her expatriated nobles, the appropriation of the Church property, and, finally, the spoliation of all Europe, by the armies of Napoleon, to restore her finances. If Necker was not a great statesman, he was at least a great financier; and he did, indisputably, what no other man in France could have done to save the nation. But it was, we repeat, too late. His enemies were too mighty for him. Some of the revolutionary leaders, particularly Mirabeau (whose character he justly despised, but whose talents he did not appreciate), turned against him. The popular enthusiasm subsided, or, rather, became demoniacal for slaughter at home, and war abroad. Necker's admirable wife saw, better than he, the coming catastrophe. They had tasted the bitter fruits of ambition; he had, as Gibbon wrote, attained the most conspicuous position in Europe. She now urged him to retire. "Let us quit Paris," she said; "let us return to Coppet; there we shall yet have beautiful

days and sweet hours to consecrate to each other." He had the good sense to follow her advice. The same year which witnessed his last recall to power, saw him fleeing before the storm to his native country. Twice was his carriage arrested on the highway by the mob, which was now ready to sacrifice him, among the hecatombs of victims whose blood was about to drench the whole land. He reached, at last, the frontier; and the remainder of his life was spent in his beautiful Swiss retreat, where he wrote numerous works, and rejoiced in the ever increasing fame of his daughter, whom Napoleon himself soon recognized as a sort of rival in the attention of Europe. "He often told me," she writes, "that my letters and conversation were all that kept up his connection with the world. His active and penetrating mind excited me to think, for the sake of the pleasure of talking with him. If I observed, it was to communicate my impressions to him. If I listened, it was to repeat to him." In her excursions to Paris or elsewhere, she wrote incessantly to him. It was the labor and felicity of her daily life. He burned these letters from a fear that, if discovered by the Government, they might compromise her. Madame Necker de Saussure regrets their loss, and says they excelled any of her published productions; they were full of anecdotes, brilliant passages, and profound reflections.

In 1794, Madame Necker died, almost in view of the picturesque scenes of her nativity. What a career had she passed through since she went forth into the world from her sequestered mountain home of Grassy! She early saw the vanity of the ambition which had led her husband into so much distinction and so much suffering, and the hopelessness, at such a crisis, of the plans of reform and beneficence which had seemed to justify their joint aspirations. She prompted his resignation in 1781, because she could not endure the distress which the public calumnies against him occasioned her. They shattered her health for life. When, in his second ad-

ministration, he was exiled for a few days (July, 1789), she tried to deter him from accepting his recall. She instinctively apprehended the coming earthquake; and in the magnificent ovation of his return, and throughout his ensuing administration, down to the hour of his final retirement (1790), "she had," says one of her biographers, "but a single thought,—the fear of the danger which menaced him." In matters of duty, she could brave any peril to herself, or even to him that she so passionately loved, but for any other consideration she could not consent that a life inexpressibly dear to her should be exposed. Her anxiety for him deepened into a species of terror, and it was an infinite relief to her to retreat to the quiet of her native country, to enjoy there the affections of her home, to languish through a few years of declining health, and sleep at last in the perpetual rest of the family cemetery. Her husband mitigated the sorrows of his bereavement by publishing five volumes of "*Mélanges*," fragments from her manuscripts. In his Preface to the first volume, he says that "her faculties ranged over an indefinite space, but her principles were immovable. With daily progress in knowledge, she preserved an innocence of heart which prolonged her moral youth, and shed an extreme grace over her person." "Singular contrast!" he exclaims; "she witnessed all the developments of selfishness, the displays of vanity, the collisions of the passions, but never would believe in perfidious designs or malicious ruses. This mixture of intellectual penetration and generous confidence formed a combination which was unique and full of charms. After passing much of her life in the society of men of letters, at a time when 'Philosophy' was most reckless, it is remarkable that her religious opinions never underwent the slightest change. She had no bigotry in this respect; her reverence for God was great, noble, elevated, always worthy, if any thing can be, of the worship of the sovereign Master of the world. This reverence, mingled with

a holy charity, had a character which I believe to be infinitely rare. In the extreme anguish of her last sufferings she always turned her thoughts gratefully back on the blessings she had received, and lifted her hands in thanksgiving to God. I never witnessed a piety more simple, or more suitable to give a just idea of the relations of a virtuous and sensible heart to its Creator."

"Yes, thou seest me," she said to her daughter, "on the limit which separates time from eternity; I place my hand on the one and on the other, and attest, by both, the existence of God and the blessedness of virtue." Her charities were superabundant, both in Paris and in her rural retirement. "If she is not in paradise," remarked a poor peasant woman to her mourning husband, "then we are all lost." Thomas, almost the only *litterateur* of her salon who shared her moral sentiments, said, "Her soul was a religious sanctuary to which few could have access without being moved to tenderness and reverence." All contemporary accounts of the family agree in representing its domestic concord and happiness as perfect. To the end the relations of the wife and husband were regulated by a perfect love. Necker's allusions to her are passionately affectionate. She wrote a literary "portrait" of him, which fills more than thirty pages in her published writings, and every page glows with the ardor of her daughter's "Corinne." He was more than a human being to her fond admiration; she imagined in him something almost divine. Though it has sometimes been said that her daughter was too much absorbed by her affection for her father to do full justice to her mother, and she did undoubtedly entertain a sympathy less intense toward the latter than toward the former, yet she always venerated her mother, and deeply mourned her death. "The more I see of life," she remarked, "the better do I understand my mother, and the more does my heart feel the need of her."

When Madame Necker perceived that her last sickness was mortal, she wrote

letters to her husband, to be read after her death. They are full of pathetic tenderness and religious trust. "Thou weepest, dear one of my heart;" she says, "thou fearest that she whose existence was united, at all points, with thine own, lives no more for thee. Thou art wrong; that God who joined our hearts, and who has crowned us with blessings, has not annihilated my being. While I write this letter, a secret sentiment, or instinct, which has never deceived me, sheds an inexpressible calm through my soul. I believe my spirit will still watch over thy fate, and that in the bosom of God I shall still enjoy thy tenderness for me." She proceeds to give him directions about his subsequent life: not to give up its active pursuits, not to indulge enervating grief over his bereavement and his official misfortunes. "Employ still the talents which God has given thee, for his glory and the good of humanity; seek in sweet and sublime occupations relief to thy sorrows. Address to me thy works, I will still be thy judge, thy tender judge."

Madame de Staël has recorded the devotion of Necker to his dying wife. No language, she says, can give any adequate idea of it. "Exhausted by frequent wakefulness, she slept often in the day-time, resting her head on his arm. I have seen him remain immovable entire hours, standing in the same position, for fear of awakening her by the least movement. The cares that he lavished upon her were full of tenderness and emotion, animated by the love that pure hearts preserve through sufferings and years. Absent from her during a few hours of sleep, he inquired on his return, of her women, if she had asked for him. She could no longer speak, but made an effort to say, 'Yes, y:s.' She whispered to him, 'We shall see each other in heaven.'"

"She looked heavenward," says the distinguished minister, "in a manner most affecting, listening while I prayed; then raised, in dying, the finger of her left hand which wore the ring I had given

her, to remind me of the pledge engraved upon it,—‘He will love me forever.’”

“What calm,” he continues, “what beauty at this death-bed! What resignation to the will of God! During her sufferings, she opposed to all expressions of pity for her the thirty years of happiness she had received from God.” These mournful pages of Necker fairly sob with emotion. “Alas!” he exclaims, “I have no more this companion, who attended me in the pilgrimage of life. O my God, let her virtues serve to protect me near thee. My beloved, if thou canst, help me, that, being purified, I may be judged worthy of a second companionship with thee!” His daughter entered the death-chamber soon after her decease. The open window showed some of the most magnificent views of the Alps, illuminated by the brightness of the morning. “Her soul, perhaps, is soaring yonder,” said Necker, pointing to a light cloud which was passing over their heads; and he was silent. Alluding to his reflections on her death, written immediately after the event, Madame de Staël says: “I have not seen, in any history, any romance, a perfection of tenderness that can be compared to this. These pages reveal a love that is divine, agitated like that which is human, full of delicacy and passion, full of remorse, without having committed a fault.”

Necker himself died at Coppet, in 1804. His daughter was absent in Germany, but, on receiving the sad news, she hastened, heart-broken, to her desolate home. She had received, as usual at her departures, his adieu from a window of the castle, which commanded a view of the tomb of her mother,—the waiting tomb of her father. The avenue was also in sight from this window, and for a distance she says, “I could see the farewell waving of his white handkerchief.” She returned to weep over him in the tomb.

Her agony is described as frightful and convulsive; for never child loved more than she. She found relief in writing the sketch of his “Character and Private Life,” which is prefixed to his “Manuscripts,”—that palpitating tribute of grief and affection, that heart-touching lament, which her friend, Benjamin Constant says, is “the best revelation of her own character; for her whole mind and heart are there displayed. The delicacy of her perceptions, the astonishing variety of her thought, the ardor of her eloquence, the weight of her judgment, the reality of her enthusiasm, her love of liberty and justice, her passionate sensibility, the melancholy which often marked even her purely literary writings,—all these are consecrated here to express a single feeling, to call forth the sympathy of others in a single sentiment. Nowhere else has she treated a subject with all the resources of her intellect, all the depths of her feeling, and without being diverted by a single thought of a less absorbing nature.”

Necker died blessing the children of his absent daughter. Placing his hand upon his heart, he invoked also a blessing upon their mother, repeating many times, with all the force of his soul, “She has loved me much, she has loved me much.” His last words were, “Great God, receive thy servant, hastening down to death.” His character has been sufficiently illustrated in this sketch, and we need add no more. A great and good man, one of the few who have not been corrupted by opulence or power, he sleeps by the side of his almost equally remarkable wife in the cemetery of the chateau at Coppet, and there also rests with them their renowned child. A scene as sacred as beautiful. Few tombs in all the world inclose nobler dust, or suggest worthier lessons.

ABEL STEVENS.

INCIDENTS OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE romance of railroading is over and gone. Pullman and Wagner have risen to distinction upon its destruction. The fortune-favored traveler no longer jostles against his "poor but respectable" neighbor; and no longer seeks an opportunity to display his selfishness, by appropriating to his own use a seat capable of accommodating two individuals, the while others are standing. In this progressive age, he enters a drawing-room car, takes his luxurious chair, and, with plenty of elbow-room, renders himself oblivious to all around him. At way stations, in rural districts, he is conscious of being squinted at as a man of ease and wealth by bashful maidens loitering on the platform, and of being set down as a nabob by the masculines there assembled. He finds the palace-car conductor nauseatingly obsequious, and his sable attendant ready to anticipate the least want. Peanuts, popped-corn, and prize-candy, have given place to Sambo with ices, bananas, cakes, and occasionally bottles of foaming liquids which have neither the air nor color of soda water. If the said fortune-honored traveler have the misfortune to be a lone woman, and has occasion to leave her chair in order to re-check baggage or procure tickets, she finds the Pullman conductor at her elbow, proffering unasked-for advice or assistance, as though she were a babe in leading-strings. Does a repulse offend him! O, no! He merely withdraws to a safe watching distance, with the mildly uttered but severe remark: "Ah! you've traveled before!" In the palmy days of Southern slavery, if a Northerner wished to impress upon the negroes that he was somebody at home, and not "poo' whi' folks," it was necessary that he should never wait upon himself, should offer a gratuity for every service rendered, and should be rather sparing of affability; so, in these days, if a traveler wishes to establish with the chief functionary of the palace-car the reputa-

tion of being a millionaire, he must be chary of his good-breeding the while he is liberal with his currency.

In the ordinary car of olden time, the book of human nature is ever spread open to the observer, and he that rides may read. Many leaves of this book have been unfolded to the gaze of the writer, and their contents committed to paper may serve to entertain others. A train leaving Fort Wayne at midnight, bears many voyagers disappointed at not being able to find sleeping accommodations. They crowd into the common car, and every seat is soon claimed where there is the shadow of a vacancy, or of a welcome extended. On one, an individual lies at full length, with feet hanging into the aisle, who heeds neither stares nor hints. In the dim light there is seen no reason why he can not accept a seat-mate, and at length a gentleman suggests to him that there are persons standing, one of whom might sit with him. The man stirs not, but a rough voice across the car responds:

"Let him alone,—he is handcuffed!"

A silence follows. What sort of criminal have we here? What will he do next? are questions that arise to every lip. The silence is broken by a voice of authority, which says, "Take Bill in the seat with you."

The speaker was a gentleman wrapped in a heavy cloak, who sat directly in front of the owner of the rough voice, to whom the order was addressed. Thereupon the handcuffed person exchanges, and is roughly crowded to the inner cushion by the man whom he addresses as "Sergeant." As he moves, he says: "Gentlemen, I will not only change seats, but I will exchange situations with any one who would like to do so, and throw in the handcuffs to boot;" but a joke would not take under such circumstances.

A lady is the seat-mate of the gentleman with the cloak, and in front of her,

with seat reversed, sits a man clad in the national blue. The neighborhood of the handcuffs is not particularly agreeable to the lady, and she appeals to the conductor to find her a place with more congenial surroundings. He immediately requests the man in uniform to sit with the gentleman in the cloak.

"I can not," was the reply. "I have to watch that fellow to see that he does not escape."

Pleasant thought for the lady, that an attempt to get away might bring a pistol-shot in direct proximity to her head!

"The closer you sit to him," said the conductor, "the better your chance of hindering his escape."

The man demurs, and falls back upon the fact that he is an officer of the United States Army, and is on duty.

"I command here," answered the conductor, "and you must exchange seats with this lady."

Again the gentleman in the cloak rings out an order, and again is he instantly obeyed. Morning dawns, and reveals the condition of the quartet (when the cloak is removed) to be major, lieutenant, sergeant, and prisoner; the latter, having been court-martialed at some Western army station, was being conducted by the others to Fort Delaware for imprisonment. After having arranged his toilet as best he could at ice-can, the lieutenant places their breakfast upon the seat which the lady had vacated as soon as another could be found. The major is served by the lieutenant, and eats in solitary grandeur; then the lieutenant takes his turn, the sergeant following; and the prisoner, un-handcuffed for the time, feasts upon what is left of the rations borne with them.

The old adage of "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire" was fully exemplified in the case of the lady referred to; for no sooner had she seated herself in better quarters than another quartet appeared directly behind her. These were a man and his wife, with a babe and a seven-year old girl, who all crowded into one seat.

The conductor asks for tickets. The

man shows two, whereupon the following colloquy ensues:

"How old is that little girl?"

"Seven."

"Then you must pay half-fare for her."

"Can 't do it!"

"You must."

"I have n't any money."

"Then I shall put her off at the next station."

"Put her off, then, if you want to, but you put me and my wife off too."

"I will give you till I go to the end of the train to make up your mind whether you will pay or not."

Returning, the conductor mildly asks if he is ready to pay the half-fare?

"No! shall not do it, never have paid a cent for her yet, and you have no business to ask it."

"It is made my duty by the company."

"Well, I know my rights, and I shall not do it; besides, as I told you, I have n't any money."

"Very well, then, off she goes at the next station."

The train approaches the next point. Again the fare is demanded. We stop.

"I will give you another chance; will you pay?"

"I will not."

Out goes the conductor, returning with three men. He attempts to seize the child. The mother clasps her tightly in her arms. They cling to each other as for life. The child screams, "Mamma, do n't let him take me!" The woman, who is a Southern clay-eater, with her head enveloped in a huge sun-bonnet, now pours forth a volley of oaths that makes one's heart stand still. The father holds the babe, and exhorts his wife to be put off with the girl, so that they can make some money out of the company, for putting off a passenger with a ticket. The brakemen stand passively by, there being no place for them to be of service, but they urge the man to pay up. The conductor pulls in vain. He can not separate the twain. The time for starting passes by, and still the train waits, held at bay by a woman's arm. Officials

and passengers are becoming uneasy, when the sallow, lantern-jawed, ill-favored, would-be defrauder coolly says, "Well, rather than have a fuss about the matter, I reckon I'd better pay."

Out comes a roll of bills and the eighty cents are paid, with the vengeful threat, that, "having some friends of influence connected with the company, that conductor will find himself turned off the road before night."

The train moves on, and at the very next station the four get off, showing an intention to prolong the discussion till the end of their journey, so that they need not have to pay for the child at all. Parting with the conductor at night-fall of the same day, we congratulated him on being still retained in office, notwithstanding his having offended the dignity of one of Uncle Sam's officials, and called down upon himself the wrath of one who said to a sympathizing bystander: "He never would have tried to get it out of me, if I had n't been a poor man; but I'd let him know that I'm as good as any of the aristocracy."

An evening ride upon the New York Central introduces to notice an anxious-faced, poorly dressed woman, accompanied by two men, the business of one of whom it seemed to be to watch the other. When the train starts, the watcher leaves, and the woman, coaxing the other into the inner seat, acts as vigilance committee. The man sits a moment, then rises and places himself upon the back of the seat, ejaculating:

"There he is! Do n't you see him? O, he is after me!"

Then turning to the wondering passengers, he apologetically says:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you must excuse me, but there is a mouse about here. O, but he's in my shoe!"

Off comes the shoe, and well it is shaken; next follows the stocking, which is turned; but the imaginary mouse is nowhere to be seen. In a moment he again exclaims:

"See, there he jumps! there he jumps! he is in my sleeve!"

The coat is removed and hung upon the rack, with the injunction to the mouse to stay in the sleeve. In a short time, however, he is fancied to have jumped on the floor, and to be trying to make the ascent of his pants' leg. The man rolls it cautiously up, but finds nothing. All this while the poor woman is trying to calm him by assuring him that no mouse is there. He wonders at her blindness, and we marvel at her patience. Poor woman! tied by the laws of God and of man to one whose appetite binds him to one of the most degrading of vices, and upon whom the demon of *delirium tremens* is doing its horrid work. Who shall say that, in a future state of existence, this long-suffering wife shall not be classed among the noble army of martyrs? At Utica, she manages to get him from the train, and they are lost to sight in the retreating crowd.

A journey westward brings us to Niagara on a fine June morning, so fine that the driver remarked that there was seldom such a day seen in the vicinity of the Falls,—a remark which he had doubtless made to hundreds of other people, whether the weather was fair or not. At the station the army of hack-drivers was so importunate that we resolved to walk to the hotel, and thus spite the whole impudent crew. Breakfasting at the Cascade House, we are sorry that we did not eat table, waiter, and all, when the bill of one dollar and a half is presented to us for partaking of that meal; and we wonder, and the wonder still increases, what would have been the charge for a dinner. Taking a carriage, and falling upon an intelligent driver, we visited all the notable places upon the American side, and finally drove across the suspension bridge to see what views her Majesty's part of the river could afford us. We had been forewarned of the tricks with which the Old England Yankees were wont to outwit the New England ones, and were prepared for invitations from "drummers" to visit the "free" museum, out of which no traveler escapes without paying for every footfall

and every unwary glance, for invitations to free parlors, free views from the windows and balconies, and so on, *ad infinitum*, all freely offered, but all so many snares craftily laid to entrap the unsuspecting victim; for, when once in, there was no retreat save through the open mouth of the visitor's purse. Fortified with the answer of the fly to the spider's wily invitation,

"I've heard what's in your parlor,
And I do not care to see,"

we heeded no solicitation, not even when it came through the honeyed tones of a photographer, who, with camera in hand, came out to the carriage to crave a sitting.

"Have your picture taken, ma'am?"

"I do not care for it."

"Well, but have it taken sitting in the carriage, overlooking the Falls; a great many ladies do it, I assure you, ma'am."

"I do not wish it."

"But your friends at home, ma'am, would prize a picture of the Falls, with you sitting in the carriage looking at them."

"I do not think, sir, that my picture would add any thing to the beauty of the Falls."

This answer settled the question at once. The importunate fellow slunk back to his rooms, convinced, doubtless, that there were people in the world that knew their own business better than he did.

N. C. WENTWORTH.

THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

IN an age of spiritual darkness, when the belief of the supernatural began to degenerate, and find expression in forms of idolatry, that appealed only to the senses, to establish a barrier to its progress, a wanderer from the land of Ur had become the recipient of a new revelation.

Abraham, for it is of him we speak, was the most illustrious character of his day, and stands pre-eminent among the patriarchs of ancient times. He is illustrious whether considered in his private or public relations. He was the progenitor of a great nation, and received and deserved the titles of "the father of the faithful," and "the friend of God."

It is an interesting fact that demoralization never culminates suddenly. With individuals this is the case,—no man becomes completely lost to virtue at once; the nobler sentiments of human nature linger at its shrine: so it is with a people; the downward or godless tendency may be general, but total irreligion is not universally sudden. There will be found some

one, if no more, holding on to some remnant of the faith which is supplanted in the hearts of the multitude, and which flickers in his own. It was this spark in Abraham's soul that God kindled; under whose guiding power he became "a burning and shining light."

His faith seemed to have no misgivings; he asked no greater evidence than that which was found in the simple challenge to believe, and he believed with a fixed and steady habit. Demonstration is not necessary as a condition to the exercise of faith, nor is it admissible in relation to its higher forms, as will appear by the words of the Savior to Thomas: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Many of the truths of revelation can not be proved or explained by argument; they do not come by observation, nor are they reached in the way of ratiocination. In the department of religion, the only evidence that faith requires is, "is the matter from God; has it the divine sanc-

tion?" Convinced of this, it is satisfied; however encumbered with difficulties or shrouded in mystery.

There are two particulars in the patriarch's life that demonstrate his faith; namely, leaving his home, and offering his son; both these are predicative of the apostle's statement, "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." In each case a messenger came from God; accepting it as such, constitutes faith. The first was to elicit, the second to test, his faith. Faith always has reference to some fact or proposition not within the purview of sense; not within the limits of knowledge or analysis, but which lies beyond the sphere of things tangible; yet

"The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,"

when apprehended by faith, may find exponents in all the phenomena of matter and of mind; hence, "The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

In the first instance, God appeared to Abraham, and directed him "to leave his country and kindred, and go to a land that he would give him." Abraham had no experience in the service of the true God, nor had he any data respecting the place that was to be his new home; but he began his journey, accepting the promise and word of God. He left his father's house and went out at God's bidding, not knowing whither. Faith emboldens, prompts activity, and secures progress and success. Abraham first went from Ur to Haran, and afterward journeyed from Haran to Canaan. By so doing, he showed that he was a "stranger and pilgrim in the earth," declaring, for the instruction of all future generations, that he sought "a better country, even a heavenly."

Faith is not blind, but clear-sighted and rational; it credits the divine word, acquiesces in the divine purposes, and relies upon the divine protection. It perceives the truth, the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of God. "He believed God" is the simple record of

Abraham's faith. God's all-sufficiency operates in harmony with his truth and wisdom, and the authority that demands moral rectitude guarantees protection and blessedness to obedience. The patriarch's faith assured him that he would be safe and happy under the divine guidance. He took God at his word, and the country to which he journeyed became the land of promise, and type of the celestial Canaan. As he believed there was such a place as the earthly Canaan, having not seen it, so he believed in the unseen heavenly Canaan,—"the rest that remaineth to the people of God." Hence the apostle's definition, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And so it is written, "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterward receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Faith identifies itself with all things visible and invisible; it scents and sees the flowery fields of the celestial country, passes the bounds of time and space, and expatiates on the unseen glories of eternity.

In the second instance: Abraham's readiness to offer in sacrifice his only son Isaac at the command of God. Abraham was a married man; Sarah, the wife of his youth, was the fairest of women; but the joy of parentage was denied them; it was their lot to be childless. God made great promises to his Hebrew *protégé*,—promised him a numerous posterity, and gave him a son in his old age, as a pledge of its fulfillment. This son was dearer to Abraham than his own life. And when he had reached the prime of early manhood,—whose hand in marriage the queens of earth might covet,—the doting father was required, by the divine command, without a qualifying word to soften its sternness, to

slay his son, and make him a burnt-offering. God had several times before appeared to Abraham, hence he was not startled when he heard the divine call; and he gave to it a ready response and said, "Behold I am here;" as much as to say, "I am waiting to do thy bidding, O Lord." The patriarch no doubt anticipated a renewal of former promises, respecting the greatness of his descendants, and must have been surprised when directed to go and offer up his son, his only son. But he made no remonstrance and evinced no hesitation. He was convinced that God could not do any wrong, he was satisfied that he had not misunderstood the divine command, and, mysterious as it was, it was his part to obey. Here we repeat, it is in the realm of the unseen, and in things mysterious that faith finds its sphere. God has his way in the storm as in the calm; he speaks in the rattling thunder as in the "still small voice." The translation of Elijah in a chariot of fire, and the exit of Stephen under a volley of stones, are alike in keeping with the purposes of God, and plain enough to the interpretation of faith. A parent's love may comprehend the situation. Abraham must have had a great fondness for Isaac; he was the son of his old age. Young parents are fond of their children, how they caress their first-born! Aged parents show this over again toward their children's children. The memories of the past come up, and grandchildren are endeared by double ties. In complying with the strange command to offer up his son, according to all human calculations the patriarch's fondest hopes would be blasted. It is natural to desire posterity; kings hope thereby to establish and perpetuate their dynasties, and to bear their names and honors to future generations.

Hard as was the task, Abraham undertook to perform it. He took his son and two servants, and went to the place of sacrifice. It was three days' journey to Mount Moriah. During this period we may imagine the patriarch's thoughts must have been intense and peculiar; but in

no wise did he charge God with folly, or discredit the divine goodness and power. Reflection had ample sway; the act was no sudden spasm or fanatic impulse; it was the result of thoughtful and devout deliberation. It is a sublime spectacle to see an individual meet danger with dignified composure,—the soldier leading his charge to certain death; the sailor waiting in the ship's prow the doom he can not avert. History tells us that when the barbarians invaded Rome, the Senate was in session, and, instead of vacating their seats and escaping for life, they remained at their posts, and faced their country's foes. Paul going to Rome, Luther visiting Worms, Columbus defying the mutiny,—these are noble examples of heroism; but history affords no grander scene than that of Abraham offering his son Isaac. The journey prosecuted, the spot reached, the altar erected, preparations are all finished; at this juncture, Isaac inquires, "My father, behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Mark the answer, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." By what other term than *faith* can this be called? May we not suppose that all this while the mind of Abraham was pervaded with wondrous thoughts, and that his feelings were throbbing with mingled hopes and fears? Gentle reader have n't you been so situated as to experience similar emotions? Have n't you at one moment shuddered with apprehension, and then exulted in hope? Culprits have been thus held as the hour of execution approached, and watching friends have experienced it at the couch of sickness.

When all was ready, the sight was imposing! See the patriarch! does his bosom heave? do tears moisten his furrowed cheek? does an expression of sadness, yet of hopeful resignation, rest upon his brow? The crisis arrives; he takes hold of Isaac, his grasp is firm and gentle; he kisses his darling boy, then binds him and lays him on the altar; he reaches for the knife,—the blade gleams in the daylight; he lifts his arm and is about

to strike, but a voice arrests him, saying, "Do the lad no harm; go to the thicket and take a ram, and offer it instead of thy son." O, what a relief, what a deliverance! Thy son is spared and lives to learn the story of thy faith, and to bless thee, O Abraham!

When God called Abraham to leave his country, he promised not only to give him the land of Canaan, but to make of him a great nation, and that "in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed." When the son of promise was required as a sacrifice, affairs were strangely complicated. It was this aspect of the subject that put Abraham in the situation, "in hope to believe against hope." In this he displayed a faith of the highest type,—

"A faith that never shrinks, though press'd by every foe."

Duty is sometimes a painful necessity. It is said that Washington wept when he signed the death-warrant of Major André. David waged war against his rebel son, and, O, how he loved Absalom, and lamented his fate! The hopes of Abraham were bound up in the life of Isaac. To have put him to death would seem like the work of doom, yet faith made him equal to the emergencies of the hour!

Up to the very moment of deliverance there seemed to be no way of relief; yet the patriarch's faith never faltered. Although there was no visible power to avert the blow, his faith was unmoved,—he could have said, in the language of his peer of another generation, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

In contemplating the trial of Abraham's faith, we cherish the purest sympathy; how sad and anxious we become while the fate of Isaac is in suspense, and how overjoyed when we find him rescued and unhurt! In our solicitude for the son's safety, we almost forget our admiration of the father's high fidelity. The obedience of faith, such as marked the conduct of Abraham, is the noblest chivalry of a created mind. It honors God and dignifies man. It maintains truth and righteousness in the world, and keeps the

order of the universe in harmony with the everlasting throne. Such faith has a noble compensation. When the grief and anxiety of the patriarch were at their height, God interposed, and a great joy inundated his soul; he was blessed with an utterable paternal tenderness; and a speechless sense of rectitude, gratitude, and peace invested his being. A new epoch was inaugurated in the life of Abraham; his example became the model for all ages, and his faith the *ideal* of all dispensations. God will honor those who honor him. The fame of Abraham has become universal: various tribes of heathen claim him as their founder; he is revered by the followers of Mahomet; the Samaritans and the Jews alike regard him as their great ancestral head. And God has made the name of Abraham illustrious by connecting it so intimately with the history of revealed religion and the glories of redemption. He was the progenitor of the Jewish nation, and what nation can compare with that of the chosen people? As long as they shall have a place in the world's history, Abraham will be foremost in their annals; and, although the Jews are now offcast and dispersed, they will yet realize a magnificent destiny. They will become Christianized, and, in the chronicles of their "new departure," the name of Abraham will stand honored and renowned. By God's appointment, the name of Abraham is found among the holy and high-born of earth, whose names will survive the records of time, and be found written in the archives of eternity. Abraham is already associated with the celestial world; the spirits of the just repose in his bosom; and the faithful of all ages will sit down with him in the kingdom of God. It was the faith of Abraham that distinguished him above his contemporaries, and that has given grandeur to his character. It is one of the attractive and peculiar features of sacred history that God has made it the vehicle of revealing his will. Scenes and episodes where individuals, families, and nations are brought before us in forms so familiar,

that the parts they perform fail to startle, while they engross and delight us,—thus it is with the history of Abraham, “the friend of God,” who was for the most part like other men. Hence the natural and the supernatural blend together in a programme, the net-work of which is woven, not only by “the divinity that shapes our ends,” but by the ever present spirit of the living God. In this way

earthly things become the exponent of the heavenly, and the problems of life have faith for their interpreter. The faith of Abraham was the faith of Paul, of Luther, and of Wesley; it is the legacy of the ages, the talisman of all mysteries, the chivalry of all greatness; it holds the secret of success in this world, and “demands and crowns eternity.”

B. F. RICE.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION—CAUSES AND CURE.

THE Almighty had to take the government out of the hands of the race, and rule it arbitrarily, or make it possible for bad men to hold office. He has regarded it a less evil to make bad men eligible to position than to take from society the right to rule itself. So, under a plan wise and just, the devil has thrust many wicked men into chairs of authority. Satan has not been idle in this respect in our country. He has gotten a good many people into a great deal of trouble. Exposures in quick succession have burdened the columns, till we have thrown down the paper ashamed, disgusted, incensed, and savage for reform.

Let us see if we can locate this thing called political corruption, that so troubles us. We inquire of the Democrats, and they direct us to the Republicans; we go the Republicans, and they tell us it is in the ranks of the Democrats. So, without discussion, we admit the truth of the statement of both,—in our search, we thought we detected an unpleasant odor in both camps. The trap has caught a variety of game,—the large-stomached and thin-shanked, the milk-eyed and raven-haired, sly fox and clumsy bear. To say that all classes are involved, that both parties are guilty, that other nations are worse, that our own country has witnessed blacker things, may satisfy a politician's India-rubber conscience but does

not make the mass of the people of this country feel any better. It is only the worse for the classes and parties and nations and past, not the better for us.

We have found it too great a task to locate public villainy; perhaps we can find its source more easily. An opinion prevails that public vice is an attendant, or rather an offspring, of political life; that it starts and grows and blossoms and bears fruit within the boundary of public life; that, somehow or other, the springs of vice from the hills of authority are opened, and that a foul pool is formed,—a Dead Sea in the fertile plain. We do not claim that the fruit of political life is sweet; much of it is bitter, and its juices blister. We do not hold that the lake is clear; it is largely fouled with slain virtues, and strewed with immortal wrecks. But we do claim that the tree whose vile top reaches into public life, stretches down far beneath the surface, and has its roots in the soil of private life; that the lake that emits such a moral stench is formed and fed by springs which pour from the individual heart. While we do not excuse public men, we hereby lay a part of the blame on the common people, and say that they are partners in the national disgrace.

It is a popular thing to praise the people. The minister, thirsty for praise, tells his congregation what a fine set of creatures

they are; and they believe him, and think they are too nice to need a Savior. The candidate, itching for votes, says he has never before seen in an audience such intelligence and virtue; and if they have faults they are not led to see them, nor to correct them. We are not bidding for praise, nor running for office, and will dare lay a large fault at the door of the masses, and say, Weep also for yourselves and for your children. A large fat German owned a brewery and carried on a driving beer saloon. He went down cellar to get a bucket of water, and the barrel top fell through, and he pitched headlong into the cistern, and was taken out dead an hour or two after. A gentleman standing near said to a judge, "How terrible his fate!" The judge replied, "What about us? Have we done our duty with reference to his soul?" The answer soon turned pity for the unfortunate into condemnation for himself at his neglect. As the people look horror-stricken at the fate of those who have fallen through the broken cistern headlong into infamy, let them ask the question, "Have I done my duty?" and it is possible that the feeling of horror may change into reflection and self-condemnation.

In a republican form of government the officers are supposed to be representative men. They must be, or the system is a failure. In the public mirror we can see the features of private life. There are many noble men in office to-day who are as pure as gold and as true as steel,—men who would scorn a bribe as they would a scorpion, who would avoid temptation as they would the leprosy. We would expect to find such men to represent the large element of patriotic, virtuous citizens that move in humble life. While this is the case, we could not help looking for a large number of corrupt politicians to represent the strong current of human vileness that flows through the channels of private life.

Let the whole blame of our public disgrace be put where it belongs,—upon the natural depravity of the human heart.

Those who have been skeptical on the subject of total depravity are doubtless convinced of their mistake by the illustrations that have been given. Those popular ministers who thought they saw in the natural heart a sound spot which, by culture, could be developed into an angel, will no doubt look more carefully to discover only a devil in embryo. As a nation, we have been taught the greatest lesson that an individual or society can learn,—and that is, that the heart, unregenerated, is *entirely untrustworthy*. The dynamite disaster is only a faint type of the explosions in society that the corrupt heart causes whenever the hammer of opportunity strikes the inflammable material. Many of our citizens pursue their plans solely under the guidance of the heart thus disordered, relying upon no power outside or above themselves; and it is not a surprise that moral discord and decay should be manifested in their representatives.

In Milton's thought, Sin leaped out of the head of Satan in heaven as an armed goddess, and, though shunned by the angels at first, by her grace won a host into rebellion. Any number of small devils have leaped out of our depravity and have corrupted the commonwealth. The chariot in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," drawn by six beasts with six base riders, has gone through our land and ground the people's necks.

"And underneath their feet, all scattered, lay
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had gone
astray."

We have only time to notice one or two of the chief mischief-makers. Avarice has very largely done the damage to public morals in this country.

"And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold."

This vice has stung the deepest, blighted the farthest, and acted the most outrageously. Making its nest in the individual heart, it has hatched its brood of

villanies into private life and then taken them to prey upon the public cribs. When the seed of avarice is planted in the human soul, a root is formed which appropriates about all of the soil of depravity, and with its life bears the bitter fruit of "all evil." Shameful to say, money in this country is god,—god for the man, the home, the neighborhood, and the nation. Milton tells us that Mammon, before his fall, never held his head up; but went bent over, more interested in the gold which paved the streets than in the joys of heaven. Pass along the humble avenues of life, and you will find an incalculably large number of Mammon-worshippers who have the peculiarity of their god; they never hold their heads up, but go along earth's road more interested in the gold for which they search than in the employment of true manhood, or the joys of immortality. How alarmingly is home-life blighted with this inspiration of hell! How abjectly do parents bow at the shrine of gold!

"For this the foolish, overcareful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry."

The father does not attempt to conceal the fact that he regards getting money the object of life. If he have an example for his son to imitate, it is that of a young man who has become wealthy. The young man may be ignorant, he may be devoid of virtue, may be lighter than a feather in heaven's scales,—what of that?—he has gotten on in life; and the son goes forth, at his father's direction, a slave to a passion that consumes his manhood and wrecks his soul. If the mother have an example for her daughter, it is that of a neighbor girl that has married rich. The husband may be small-minded, small-hearted, indolent, and vile, but they never get done talking about "how well she did,—you know he is rich." The daughter, under such teaching, goes forth ill-mated, unhappy, a cruel sacrifice to Mammon. Parents and children, thus bred, are led by avarice into all

kinds of tricks and dishonesties and crimes. From such seed how could we expect to reap any thing but a crop of public thieves? It is what we have bargained for, and we have gotten our wares. How could the representatives of such a large number of money-lovers, and money-getters at all hazard, be other than a set of money-getters and money-robbers?

Pride is another offspring of our depravity that is corrupting individual and public morals. Avarice insists on being humble and saving, but pride will break open the chests and help herself, and drive avarice, weeping, to go forth with greater desperation to refill the coffers, if need be, with fraud. This sin is fast eating out the simplicity of American homes. Love of display is enthroned in so many hearts where the love of God should rule. Pride says to the cashier, Let fashion have whatever she may call for, if it takes the last dime; and if she ask more, forge a check on some one, and let her have it. The husband will have as good a house as his neighbor, if it take the last cent,—and it often takes the last cent. The wife will support as good style as the rest, if she break her husband up,—and she frequently breaks him up. The father would lose his appetite if he did not think that he was regarded as fine as the next one; and the mother would go to bed sick if her name were left out of the invitations to the first-class party. The son gets a terrible scolding for walking home from school with a certain girl. She is handsome, she is smart, she is pure. What is the matter? Her father is a carpenter, and lives in a rented house, and the old folks are terribly worried. The daughter is on the stool of repentance. What is the trouble? She walked on the street with a noble young man, but he makes shoes for a living; and the parents think their social standing is gone forever. Heaven pity the large number of pride-ridden, fashion-serving, shallow-brained, hollow-hearted creatures that assume to control American society, and do control it! Now, from such kind of seed, how could we

expect any thing else but the ridiculous and lamentable state of society in Washington City as the harvest? Fashionable life, from the smallest town to the greatest city, is very fairly represented by Washington high life to-day.

Whisky is a terrible corrupter of public morals. It is thought by many, if drink could be gotten out of politics, that it would be tolerably decent. How does whisky get into politics? In this way. The farmer raises the grain, the private citizen makes the liquor, the private citizen stands behind the counter and deals it out, and private citizens do most of the drinking of it. We do not say that politicians do not drink their share. There have been on record one or two authentic cases where they have taken a dram. But we do say that the people are largely responsible for this terribly demoralizing business. If candidates were the only ones that went to saloons, they would not be able to keep open long. The mechanics, the merchants, the lawyers, the doctors, the clerks, the loafers, and the like, support the dram-shops, and keep open the vile doors for the politician to rally his miserable hordes about. If a candidate treat, people are treated. Count the deadly drinking-houses throughout our land; watch the thousands that stagger; hear the pitiful wails that come up from the people, and tell us whether public life could be representative without having a great deal of whisky in it.

We have noticed some of the causes of our political corruption. We now turn to the cure. Lop off the dead branches, let them be piled up in heaps, and burned with the fires of public indignation. Impeach those that need impeaching. Send to prison those that deserve to be imprisoned. Let the suspicious be investigated. Let reform be sounded from sea to sea. Let the parties bring out their best men. Let the people overwhelm with defeat any candidate who has a blot upon his record. This is about as far as the politician will think of going, but the moral teacher and the true reformer must go down deeper, to the individual heart, and

to private life. If every bad man in office were to be put in the penitentiary to-day, just as bad men would be sent up to take their places, after the spasm of reform had ended, unless some regenerative force should operate upon the hearts of the masses to make them better. Cold morals will not answer the purpose. Nation after nation has employed moral teaching as a cure for individual and public vices, but God has turned such nations over in such constant succession as to have taught their successors better. Nothing short of the entire regeneration of the hearts of our people will do our country any good. Christ can do that work. The historical God-man, Christ Jesus, is our cure, and only cure. He is the embodiment of all truths, and the fountain of all virtues. He can purify the springs that make the foul lake. He can make the bitter tree bring forth luscious fruit. He can turn over the soil of our depravity with his plow, and make the desert blossom as the rose. He can extinguish the passions that have caused us our national shame, and give power to those heaven-born sympathies that purify and bless. Christ is as truly the Savior of a nation as he is of a man. It was the Christ-power in the hearts of the founders of our Republic, more than any thing else, that gave grandeur and permanency to their labors.

There are many Christ-loving hearts in our land to-day, without whom our nation would soon perish. It is the character and labors of such that are reflected in the best form of government, and the purest type of civilization, that the world has ever seen. We must have our Sabbath, we must have the Bible read and obeyed, we must have Christian love in the hearts of the people, if we would have national happiness, purity, or perpetuity.

Babylon had wealth, Greece had learning, Rome had arms, Carthage had ships, but they all lacked moral purity, and they perished. The vices of their people consumed them. God has the unborn future full of better men than we; full of better nations than ours, that he can call into

being if we fail to meet his purpose concerning us. Our safety depends upon our acting out his will. So long as God was King of Israel, she prospered. Her gardens blossomed, her hills hung in clusters, her fields whitened with harvests. When she turned from Jehovah to serve kings of her own making, she was permitted to fall into decay. America's life depends upon her retaining Jehovah as her king.

The American Republic was called into being at the time when it was, to illustrate this idea, that the object of human government is to minister to the happiness and development of the *individual*. If fetters of servitude have been unfastened, if yokes of despotism

have been broken, if burdens of oppression have been unloaded, if constitutions have changed so as to give greater liberty to limb, to brain, to soil, it has been because our fair land has compelled these things of the nations by her teaching and her example. Let our country, the acknowledged champion of individual peace and prosperity, continue boldly to proclaim this truth, that the happiness and prosperity of the individual depend upon moral purity. With this moral purity in the hearts of the people, we will continue to explode ancient superstitions, to pull down the walls of hoary systems, to stab despotism to the heart, and to scatter the seeds of liberty and piety to the broad fields of earth. F. C. IGLEHART.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME PÂRIS no longer carried within her weary arms the last born infant; this one she had cast hastily into the protection of the faithful Phillis, while it was the eldest son, the little Pierre, that the mother now tried to caress and soothe. He it was who let fall that shrill cry, which, through the mist and darkness of on-coming night, had glided over the somber waves, until it reached the ear of his grandmother, Madame Basèrat. The archer's ball had indeed been well aimed, striking the child's frail little arm, which seemed evidently broken. Thus, without knowing the worst, had the tender mother grasped the child in all haste, pressing him against her bosom, trying, but too late, to protect him with her own body.

The din of fire-arms had ceased on shore, the fusillade was over; but poor little Pierre lay trembling in pain, and recoiling from every touch, as, one by one, the sorrowful company desired to examine his wound.

"No! no!" cried he, "do not look at it. It makes me sick."

"Try, then, to move the fingers, *mon petit*," said his gentle mother, for the deep shadows of evening were so thickening around the boat, that it was difficult to discern clearly the nearest object.

"I can not, can not, *mamma*, move my hand or fingers," replied the weeping child.

"Alas! then, he has indeed a broken arm," murmured the father, while a despairing moan arose within his soul. "Why hast thou not smitten me, O Lord, since it is my sin alone that hath brought down on these innocents the thunder-bolt of thy wrath?"

And thus the frail bark continued to plow its way, at greater risk, through the heavy waves, laden with its overcharged human freight. There went up toward heaven a mute appeal, enkindled in the heart of that almost distracted father, a repentant cry, born anew in his soul by the little broken arm of his son, Pierre.

Madame Pâris well divined the anguish of her husband; but she could not stir from her place to soothe it, holding on her knee, as she did, the little mutilated boy, and leaning against her shoulder another of the sleeping children. Nor did she dare make any movement, lest by doing so the balance of the light craft might be fatally destroyed. She could only in trustful silence hold communion with her Lord, and thus besiege a throne of mercy for a blessing on her wretched husband.

Madeleine and Suzanne each held a child in her arms; but the latter, sitting nearest her cousin, leaned toward him, and, in a low, sweet voice, addressed these words:

"Courage, dear Nicholas; these griefs of ours are but a proof of our reconciled Father's love."

He regarded her steadily, without fully discerning her countenance, and without speaking; yet a shadow, at least, of confidence, entered his heart, and he applied himself with new vigor to the oar. The party advanced slowly; the night had become excessively cold, and while the garments they wore would have sufficed in warmth for the close cabin of a well-built ship, they offered but slight protection in an open boat. The children moaned in their sleep continually, while the little wounded boy wept and groaned in spite of all the tender care with which his mother caressed him, and the calm, bright words she whispered in his ear.

"We can say with the Israelites," murmured Suzanne, "'would God it were morning!'"

"And in the morning we shall perhaps exclaim, 'Would to God it were evening time!'" added Madeleine, over whose courage fear was beginning to cast its dark shadow.

Then arose the clear, mellow voice of the mother, Gillome Pâris,—a tone that vibrated from one extremity to the other,—out of her deep suffering:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the billows, they shall not overflow thee."

M. Pâris drooped his head over his

oar, yet soon raised it again, consoled and strengthened by the divine promise. Even the plaints of the children were for a time appeased, while Phillis spoke low, with half-closed mouth:

"Is it not better to be on these poor planks together than with the fierce men of Caen, in our old home?"

Daylight at last began to dawn over the small life-boat; and its first ray was greeted with praise, as now the occupants could examine the splintered arm of little Pierre, swollen and inflamed as it had become through the night. His father had some knowledge of surgery, and felt assured that the fracture would prove a simple one. But the child, almost benumbed with the cold, and overtaxed by acute suffering, succumbed under the trial; his childish strength gave way, and intense fever seized upon his delicate frame. Every fiber in the small body trembled as if with ague; his teeth chattered, as if in a chill; while his flesh seemed burning to the touch. The child's cry for water, also, was unceasing. In this early dawn, one could see what heavy imprints the cruel night had left on every countenance.

M. Pâris cast a heart-broken glance, in the dim twilight of opening day, on the drooping forms around him; and sunken, weary eyes met his, and every attitude gave proof of the terrible vigils kept by these delicately nurtured women and little children. No vessel yet appeared in sight; they must still endure further trials in themselves, and be resigned to see others they loved better than self subjected to peril and anguish.

"We are in the hands of our Lord in daylight as in the darkness," murmured Madeleine, who had nestled down in the bottom of the boat, that she might better shield the infant in her arms. No one replied, but all hearts rested alone on this strong assurance. What, indeed, remained to the fugitives save that God for whom they had forsaken every earthly hope?

The cold now became piercing, for the Winter had just set in with rigor when the persecution and distress in France

commenced; so that no choice was left the Christian martyrs but to seize, at all hazards, on the most propitious moment for flight.

And now the children complained and lamented bitterly, nor did little Pierre cease his pitiful cry. There were times, indeed, when a more fearful sound was heard,—that nervous laugh from the child, born of the delirium that wrought in his brain. Then would his tiny voice send out its shrill notes over the dismal sea, giving a throb of intense agony to the hearts of the helpless crew. Or, in pathetic accents, he called for his grandmother:

"I tell thee, I want my grandmamma. It will be warm on her knees; and then she will take me to Fontenay, as she promised me."

Poor afflicted Gillome could only try to change somewhat the position of the sick child, or speak a pleasant word to him, while the two young girls sang, in a low, sweet voice, parts of an old cradle-song, that they might divert the children from their present suffering.

The provisions were nearly exhausted, and the tired sailors, full of discontent, cursed the evil chance that had led them to take charge of such dangerous merchandise.

"If the good Virgin will only deliver and remand us back to land once more, I vow never again to disobey the king's orders against carrying off heretics," murmured they between their teeth.

"If God, who commands the sea as well as the dry land, grants us the blessing of arriving again in port, I promise you, on my part, never to give you any more heretics to save," replied M. Paris. The Norman mariners smiled at the quick retort, for even greatest peril did not prevent them from appreciating the courage and presence of mind of their passengers.

A chilling rain had continued to fall since day-break, which a few hours later began to change into snow. The little children, amused at first by the feathery particles as they fell, seized the flakes between their fingers, and thus tried to

quench their thirst. But the snow-storm increased, until soon the frail bark floated on covered with a white veil, as if a fitting shroud sent from heaven to envelop such vast amount of anguish.

The mother cast on her husband a look full of grief, yet firm and trustful, as this strange presentiment filled her heart. "It is indeed the death mantle in which I shall wrap my little Pierre," she said, within herself. M. Paris regarded his wife with the saddest of expressions, but without understanding the anticipated sorrows of her soul.

This vivid imagination in woman plays a great part in the rôle of her life, and it is a sentiment of which few men can sound the depth. Pierre moaned in a low, sickening tone under the deep snow, from which his mother with great care strove to protect him.

Phillis had wrapped the infant she carried in the folds of her large camlet cloak, and folded around herself a lighter linen shawl. Marie and Suzanne had silently despoiled themselves of all their warmer vestments, to make wrappings for the two little boys confided to their care. The miserable father, bending always to his oar, yet followed with his eye all these various labors and self-denials for which he could offer no remedy. But, as once he suddenly raised his head to look abroad over the sea, he perceived, or fancied that he did, on the verge of the horizon, a white speck, which seemed each second to increase in size. He was on the point of crying out, "A sail!" when a new fear took hold of his heart. Did it bring friends or enemies, that object which advanced toward them from the far distance? Would it be for them salvation, or an agony of despair? Was it manned by faithful subjects of the king, who would feel compelled to return the fugitives to the country from which they had fled at the price of so much suffering and misery? He uttered no word, therefore, as he gazed unceasingly around him. But his patient wife had also espied the distant sail.

"Now, if God permit, we shall soon be

better off than we are here," she said, in a calm, unruffled voice, pointing out with her finger at the same time the vessel, which now began to be plainly discerned. A shiver of mistrust began to mingle with her hopes.

The truly unhappy dare not cherish too soon any joyful prospect, and the wintry chill, added to the still fast falling snow, continued to benumb them all, penetrating even to the very soul. No one, however, spoke more of it, or asked any more a reason for such adversity. Gillome alone had preserved the innate force that gives strength to all around, although her own thoughts were now concentrated on the pain-stricken boy in her arms. The ship continued steadily to approach the little craft; night came on just as steadily. Scarcely could any distant object be distinguished over the ocean, and it was thus impossible to recognize the colors at the mast-head of the vessel.

The exiles questioned of each other, in the vague way that belongs to a state of torpor, if the sailors who walked on the deck of this fine ship, so confident in their own power and well-living, would be able to see the small boat, floating over the water, without aid and without direction,—this very nutshell, so charged with women and children, who had not even strength enough left to cry out for help. Twice, indeed, the feeble crew tried to call loudly, but the faint voices lost themselves in open space.

"It is to God alone that we must lift up our prayer," said Marie, and, dropping once more in the bottom of the boat, the desolate family raised their eyes in mute supplication to heaven. All at once a voice glided over the waters,—a strong, healthy voice hailed the fugitives.

"Who are they?" exclaimed Suzanne. He did not answer, but the face of her cousin flushed with excitement as he gathered up his whole force to answer the inquiry from the vessel.

"French reformers," he cried, and then turning toward his wife, said "Cry out, Gillome! All call at once, for these

are Hollanders!" Even the children joined their little voices to those of the women, drawn from their lethargy by these sounds of hope.

A light boat was soon detached from the Holland ship; and a quarter of an hour did not slip by before the mother, the children, the exiles, and their leader were reunited in the captain's cabin, warm, light, commodious.

The rude sailors moved aside with respect at sight of these weary-looking faces, these languid steps, these limbs almost paralyzed with cold.

They hastened to convey the children to the fire, while Phillis was compelled to sustain the nearly fainting forms of Marie and Suzanne. But Gillome put gently back all the willing hands that were stretched out to relieve her arms of their burden. Her husband assisted her as much as in him lay, but she herself must carry the wounded child, her little Pierre, who had not spoken,—who for a long while had not opened his eyes. Only a convulsive motion betrayed his suffering, as one chanced to touch him.

Every sailor on board involuntarily raised his cap in reverence, as the faithful mother, staggering forward, sank down on the cabin floor, before the warm, bright blaze, still holding her dying child fast within her arms.

The Holland captain spoke in a low voice to M. Pâris, "We are still a few days out from Rotterdam, but it will not be for any longer time, and I have no fear whatever of our safe arrival." And then added, "How was the little one wounded? Did he receive the injury at some place during your flight from Caen?"

Gillome did not give her husband time to reply, when turning to the captain she said, "My son has given his life for his God. He is only seven years old, monsieur, and yet he is already a martyr?"

She spoke hurriedly and low, and, although he took great pains to interview his guests, the captain did not well understand the French language, so that only the sad eyes of the mother told him her thoughts.

The good Hollander placed his hand gently on the head of the boy, and said in a voice broken with emotion, "He will never fly before his enemies,—the port which little Pierre has chosen is a safe one!"

Gillome cast a glance full of sorrow, yet full of comprehension also, on the kind speaker, but Pierre did not stir, nor

take any heed. The captain stooped still lower over the prostrate form; a smile, the sweet smile of infancy, played over the wan lips of the child. Little Pierre lay dead!

Five days later, the ship, with its precious freight of living souls, entered into the port of Rotterdam.

MADAME DE WITT.

NOTED MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

PART III.

WE have already alluded to Thomas Jefferson in connection with John Adams. He was third President of the United States, and his life was no less eventful relative to those stirring times. He was born in Virginia, in 1743; entered William and Mary College, and, after graduating, was admitted to the bar in 1767. He practiced law with signal success, and in 1769 became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and in 1773 a delegate to the first Continental Congress, where he assisted in framing the celebrated "Summary View of the Rights of British America."

In 1775, Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, and with it a commanding voice in its deliberations, so that in the year following he was appointed chairman of the committee which drew up the Declaration of Independence. Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, was preparing, as we already know, to declare a separation of the political relations existing between Great Britain and the Colonies. A resolution to that effect having, on the 7th of June, been offered by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was passed, by a large majority, on the 2d of July. Two days after, Thomas Jefferson, on behalf of a committee of five members, presented a document, which he had prepared; and on July 4, 1776, this document, the DEC-

LARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, was unanimously adopted by Congress.

In 1776, Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry in the Governorship of Virginia. In 1783, he acted as chairman of the committee charged with the report to Congress of the treaty of peace entered into at Paris, that year; and two years later he succeeded Franklin as Minister at Paris. On his return, in 1789, he entered General Washington's first Cabinet as Secretary of State. In this position he gradually came to be considered the head of the Democratic party. In 1793, he resigned office, and four years afterward became Vice-President of the United States, and *ex-officio* of the Senate. In 1801 he was elected to the Presidency. The inauguration took place in the new Capitol, at Washington, on the 4th of March. At the expiration of his first term of office he was re-elected to the second, consequently he presided eight years.

One in writing of Jefferson says:

"The successor of Adams was quite different from him in his mental organization and political views. Jefferson had drunk deeply of the new school of philosophy, made conspicuous by Mandeville, Bolingbroke, and their successors, on both sides of the Alps. It was studied in Italy and France, had reached Germany, and swept over the Netherlands. It had in it many

good points; it inculcated the broad doctrines of equality in civil rights, and warred with the hierarchies every-where. The theories formed in the school were beautiful and splendid, and have, in part, been realized by the present age.

"The predecessors of Thomas Jefferson had acted upon the maxim, 'adhere to that which has been found to be good and practical, and be cautious of the untried and theoretical;' his, to 'venture on the untried, if it promised more happiness to mankind, fearless of the consequences.' They distrusted human nature; he reposed implicit confidence in it. Perhaps the change at this time in the parties was fortunate for the nation; it checked the vaulting ambition of many, and prostrated the pride of some who were beginning to think that they were made to rule. Some began to talk of family connections and distinctions with those who had passed away and were forgotten, and who, from a momentary political and pecuniary elevation, began to think that some way might be devised to give permanency to their importance by securities to succession.

"The policy of Jefferson and his party sunk all these visions in right, and broke down all the aristocracy of the nation. The change that followed was not without its evils. New men arose, and many of them, the creatures of circumstance, were destitute of political wisdom or true patriotism; and not a few who assisted in building up the republic, were not allowed to assist in administering the government. The navy was reduced, the vessels of war sold off, the army not thought much of, and the dreams of perpetual peace indulged.

"This did not last long, however, for Mr. Jefferson found that it would not answer, in the present state of mankind, to beat swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks too soon. He revived some of the doctrines he intended to explode, and consented to think it was better to whip insolent foes than to buy their good will at too dear a rate. Public opinion is always fluctuating, but

never so far out of the way as closet reasoners believe, particularly when the public are as enlightened as this.

"Mr. Jefferson was communicative, free, and generous in his disposition, and fascinating in his manners. He practiced the republican simplicity he taught, and in a most extraordinary degree took the people along with him, and retained his office, and the place he held in their affection, during the eight years of service.

"Though historians will differ greatly upon the effect his course and character had upon the national growth and prosperity, yet all will agree that the man was learned and philosophical; and that, while he pursued a course of his own, he had the power of stamping his own impressions upon minds beyond any statesman of the age in which he lived. That he was not avaricious may be known by the poverty in which he died.

"It is curious to observe how the fate of an age is in some measure decided by a trivial matter. By a provision in the Constitution of the United States, which has since been altered, the President and Vice-President were voted for without discriminating between them, or directing who should hold the first or second office. This was left to depend upon the votes. The highest number from the Electoral Colleges was considered as having been given for the President. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr had an equal number of votes, and therefore there was no choice by the people. In the House of Representatives the States were equally divided.

"For a while it was thought Mr. Burr would be elected to fill the office of President. The difference between the men was great. Aaron Burr had in him the elements of a great soldier and a profound statesman. He was sixteen years the junior of his opponent, full of activity and ambition,—and that ambition that looks beyond the hour. He had been a soldier of the Revolution, was with Arnold in his expedition to Canada by way of the Kennebeck. He had left the halls of learning at the age of nineteen,

to join the hazardous enterprise; been selected by Arnold to traverse the wilderness alone to communicate with Montgomery, who had pushed his way by the lakes. For this adventure he was made the aid of Montgomery, and was at his side when the lamented warrior fell. He rose still higher in the army during the course of the war, and had left his name high on the list of those brave and gallant youths who have given a spirit of chivalry to the American army.

"When the Revolutionary conflict was over, he entered professional life, at once took a decided part, and was known as a most promising counsel. His legal attainments were great; and as an advocate he had no superior. Bland, smooth, and eloquent, he guided the populace; sagacious, penetrating, insinuating, and learned, he influenced those in high places in the courts or deliberative assemblies. He was equal to any task, for he had a constitution that knew no fatigue, and a spirit of perseverance that nothing could break down. His tongue was never silent from any dread of dignity or power, and his heart never palpitated at the presence of man. Open, bold, and daring, he sought political distinction, and was determined to have it.

"If such a man, in the prime of manhood, for he had reached his forty-fifth year only, could have come to the Presidency when the world was in such confusion, he would have appealed to their pride, and millions would have responded to his voice; he would have pointed out a new path to glory, and myriads would have rushed to take it. The timid and philosophical even now shudder to think what he might have done; and the adventurous and ambitious, on the wane of life, rave at what was lost in so great a man. The judicious, however, feel assured that the destinies of nations are in the hands of God, and, without deciding any thing upon this subject, persuade themselves that all has been for the best."

And well they may, though the above early writer of historical facts has not put that last clause in quite the spirit or words

we should have chosen, knowing, too, from subsequent events, what the life of Aaron Burr became; how his vast learning, his wonderful talents, and power to rule others, were debased, and himself brought low through grasping ambition, and one sinful governing passion. And thus, through an overruling Providence, who foresees all things, it was that Thomas Jefferson was elected to fill the highest place of honor his country could offer.

Daniel Webster, in speaking of the literary character of Jefferson and Adams, thus writes:

"The last public labor of Mr. Jefferson naturally suggests the expression of the high praise which is due both to him and to Mr. Adams, for their uniform and zealous attachment to learning and to the cause of general knowledge. Of the advantages of learning, indeed, and of literary accomplishments, their own characters were striking recommendations and illustrations. They were scholars, ripe and good scholars; widely acquainted with ancient as well as modern literature, and not altogether uninstructed in the deeper sciences.

"Their acquirements, doubtless, were different, and so were the particular objects of their literary pursuits; as their tastes and character in these respects differed, like those of other men. Being also men of busy lives, with great objects before them requiring action constantly, their attainments in letters did not become showy or obtrusive. Yet I would hazard the opinion, that if we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find not among the least their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened for analogy and illustration; giving them thus, on every subject, a larger view and a broader range, as well for discussion as for the government of their own conduct.

"Literature sometimes, and pretensions

to it much oftener, disgusts, by appearing to hang loosely on the character, like something foreign or extraneous,—not a part, but an ill-adjusted appendage; or by seeming to overload and weigh it down by its unsightly bulk, like the productions of bad taste in architecture, where there is massy and cumbrous ornament, without strength or solidity of column. This has exposed learning, and especially classical learning, to reproach. Men have seen that it might exist without mental superiority, without vigor, without good taste, and without utility. But in such cases, classical learning has only not inspired natural talent, or, at most, it has but made original feebleness of intellect and natural bluntness of perception somewhat more conspicuous.

"The question, after all, if it be a question, is, whether literature, ancient as well as modern, does not assist a good understanding, improve natural good taste, add polished armor to native strength, and render its possessor not only more capable of deriving private happiness from contemplation and reflection, but more accomplished also for action in the affairs of life, and especially for public action. Those whose memories we now honor were learned men; but their learning was kept in its proper place, and made subservient to the uses and objects of life.

"They were scholars, not common nor superficial; but their scholarship was so in keeping with their character, so blended and inwrought, that careless observers or bad judges, not seeing an ostentatious display of it, might infer that it did not exist, forgetting, or not knowing, that classical learning in men who act in conspicuous public stations, perform duties which exercise the faculty of writing, or address popular, judicial, or deliberative bodies, is often felt where it is little seen, and sometimes felt more effectually because it is not seen at all."

Such were the really noted men who served their country during more trying times than we, perhaps, can form any conception of.

From the time of his final retirement from public life, in 1807, Mr. Jefferson lived as became a wise man.

"Surrounded," says one, "by affectionate friends, his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished, with uncommon health, and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life, and to partake in that prosperity which he had so much contributed to produce. His kindness and hospitality, the charm of his conversation, the ease of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and especially the full store of Revolutionary incidents which he possessed, and which he knew when and how to dispense, rendered his abode in a high degree attractive to his admiring countrymen, while his high public and scientific character drew toward him every intelligent and educated traveler from abroad.

"Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had the pleasure of knowing that the respect which they so largely received was not paid to their official stations. They were not men made great by office, but great men on whom the country, for its own benefit, had conferred office. There was that in them which office did not give, and which the relinquishment of office did not, and could not, take away. In their retirement, in the midst of their fellow-citizens, themselves private citizens, they enjoyed as high regard and esteem as when filling the most important places of public trust.

"There remained to Mr. Jefferson yet one other work of patriotism and beneficence,—the establishment of a university in his native State. To this object he devoted years of incessant and anxious attention; and, by the enlightened liberality of the Legislature of Virginia, and the co-operation of other able and zealous friends, he lived to see it accomplished. May all success attend the seminary, and may those who enjoy its advantages, as often as their eyes shall rest on the neighboring heights, recollect what they owe to their disinterested and indefatigable benefactor; and may letters

honor him, who thus labored in the cause of letters!

"Thus useful and thus respected passed the old age of Thomas Jefferson. But time was on its ever-ceaseless wing, and was now bringing the last hour of this illustrious man. He saw its approach with undisturbed serenity. He counted the moments as they passed, and beheld that his last sands were falling. That day, too, was at hand which he had helped to make immortal. One wish, one hope, if it were not presumptuous, beat in his breast. Could it be so, might it please God, he would desire once more to see the sun, once more to look abroad on the scene around him, on the great day of *liberty*. Heaven, in its mercy, fulfilled that prayer. He saw that sun,—Fourth of July, 1826,—he enjoyed its sacred light, he thanked God for his mercy, and bowed his aged head in the grave."

Many amusing anecdotes are handed down to us of Thomas Jefferson, and of those who were politically opposed to him. Here is one worth relating. Mr. Jefferson was in the habit of driving himself in a gig, when he made his visits to his country-seat, Monticello, at Charlottesville, Virginia. He preferred this mode of traveling to the stage-coach, and of railways there were none then between Washington and his rural residence. On one of his trips he saw a boy, poorly clad, trudging along the road-side, and accosted him, asking him if he would like a ride. The boy promptly and frankly accepted the invitation, and soon charmed his unknown friend by his ingenuous, boyish conversation. After a time Mr. Jefferson asked his companion if he had ever heard of Tom Jefferson?

"O, yes," was the quick response. "My dad says he's the biggest rascal ever lived."

Nothing daunted by this unexpected candor, the President continued the conversation; and when, in reply to allusions purposely made to Tom Jefferson, the lad would exclaim that "dad said that he was a traitor to his country," he would say, in expostulation, "O, perhaps you

would not find him such a bad fellow, after all." When he reached the point where his companion must leave him, Mr. Jefferson said, as the boy lightly leaped to the ground:

"You can tell your dad you had a ride with Tom Jefferson, and he is not such a bad fellow."

"'Dogged if I do!" exclaimed the youth. "Dad would give me the worst licking I ever had, if he knew I had been riding with you."

Still amused at the youngster's persistence, Mr. Jefferson said, in a kindly tone:

"Now, my fine little fellow, I want you to come and see me at the White House, in Washington; and you'll find I am not as bad as your dad thinks me."

The boy, with a bare acknowledgment of the friendly invitation, ran off toward his home. He was, however, sufficiently impressed to tell "dad" that he was asked to go and see the President, at the White House, and meant to go.

"Nonsense!" sneered the parent; "when you go there he will ask you who in the world you are."

"No, he won't," persisted the lad, "and I'm a-going."

He was as good as his word. His Fall supplies, a homespun suit and a change of under-clothing, had just been completed; and one morning, donning the new suit and a new shirt, and putting the remainder of his personal effects up in a handkerchief, he twisted a stick through his baggage, slung it over his shoulder, and started briskly off to walk to Washington to see his friend. In due time the brave youngster reached the capital city, and inquiring his way to the White House, soon found himself at the entrance. To the servant who appeared in response to his vigorous blows on the panel of the door, he boldly demanded to see "Tom" Jefferson.

"He's at dinner, and has company," replied the attendant, not a little astonished at the audacity of the travel-soiled boy with his bundle.

"That's nothing," promptly the young

adventurer answered, "he told me to come here to see him, and I've come, and I ain't going off without seeing him."

There was no choice but to obey, so the servant went to the dining-room and told his master that a boy was outside who said he must see the President, as he had been told to come. Mr. Jefferson at once ordered the intruder to be brought in; and the shabby youth, with his bundle still over his shoulder, found himself in the midst of a "state" dinner party. But nothing daunted by his strange position, when the President in genuine astonishment exclaimed, "Who under the sun are you?" the youngster ejaculated:

"Now! that's just what dad said you'd say if I came here. I'm Charles Morgan, and you axed me to come when I was riding with you t'other day."

"So I did," replied the President, his recollection of the incident reviving; "and now you are here, sit down with us and take some dinner."

Another plate was ordered to be placed on the table; and Charles Morgan took a seat with undiminished assurance among the fine ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Jefferson directed the dusty bundle, to which the lad clung to the last, to be taken to a spare bedroom, and announced his intention of keeping the owner thereof as his guest.

After a few days, during which the President had greatly enjoyed the outspoken frankness and fearless nature of the acquaintance picked up by the way-side, he inquired of young Morgan what he could do for him.

"What would you like to be when you are a man, my fine fellow?" he asked.

"I want to be a colonel," was the answer; in which Charlie persisted in reply to the question, whenever put to him, until one day a playfellow was brought to him in the shape of a young midshipman. When, after enjoying the society of his new acquaintance for a short time, the President once more questioned him as to his wishes in regard to his future, he made up his mind with his customary decision that nothing but the navy would meet his desires.

To his great delight, Mr. Jefferson told him his wishes in this respect could be gratified. The sequel to the story is easily told. The boy entered the navy, and served his country nobly during the remainder of his life. And Commodore Morgan, I am told by those who knew him best, always preserved the honest simplicity of character and the fearlessness which so attracted "Tom" Jefferson when he met the outspoken Charley Morgan on the Virginia highway.

GERTUDE MORTIMER.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

I THOUGHT them only worthless weeds,
So poor and frail they seemed to be,
And doubted if such trivial work
The Master had designed for me.

Then came his word: "Though but a weed
The Gardener giveth thee to tend,
Be faithful to the sacred trust,—
Thy blind eyes can not see the end.

What seemeth but a graceless weed
The germ of fairest bloom may hold,

As what the miser deemeth dross
May prove, at last, the purest gold."

Rebuked, I sought my garden bed,
Resolved no toil or pains to spare:
A lowly weed, beloved of him,
Was worthy of my highest care;

And weeping turned with tender hand
The feeble petals to the light,
When lo, beneath my sorrowing tears,
The weeds were turned to lilies white.

DR. JONES.

IN the perplexing days of Spring cleaning, it is usually my province to resurrect from their cobwebbed seclusion such books, boxes, and bundles as, from decrepitude or the force of circumstance, have been banished, during the year, to the third story. To me there is an approach to delectation in this subordinate branch of the business, not wholly because it imparts the semblance of industry without the weariness of severe mental or physical activity, but because it brings forth reminiscence,—the natural outcrop of all explorations in neglected corners.

In my latest attempts at this sort of renovation, I drew from an old book-case a photographic album, so tattered and torn that the leaves parted company with the binding in my hand, covering me with dust, and revealing faces long forgotten.

O ye givers of card-pictures! Do ye never ken the fate which awaits you? To lie amid the dirt and rubbish of the past; to be kicked and buffeted as a football; to bear the marks of baby incisors; to adorn doll-houses for infants, who will in turn give their portraits to others as heedless as themselves. Ye who rapturously don best clothes, take on attitudes, and pay out twenty-five cents for every one who asketh, know ye not that your photographs will be laid down in the dust, and forgotten while ye are yet young?

O Daguerre! Didst thou not know the wounds to self-love thy genius was destined to inflict on the innocents of coming generations?

Among the cards which fell upon my lap was one labeled "Dr. and Mrs. Paul Jones." It needed not the autograph. I, at least, should have recollected it without. The man's face, set firm and dark in its hirsute border, was broad and fierce, impelling one to revert to the Paul Jones of Revolutionary and naval celeb-

rity, whom he was fond of claiming as his progenitor. His hair stood out in warlike attitude; his forehead, "wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather," protruded over small black eyes, which by their kindly expression relieved the otherwise uncouth contour of the head. For the rest, his shoulders had breadth enough to show the straps surmounting them to tolerable advantage; his nether limbs were more crooked than his course through life had been, and that bore hard upon his soldierly mien. His right hand held firm grasp upon a sword whose scabbard was decked with a scarlet tassel. His left supported his wife, who stood by him in that photographic gallery, one of those early days in our civil war, for almost the only time in her life. You might have taken him for Alexander on the verge of weeping for a new world to conquer, or for Don Quixote seeking exploits in this; but he was only a three-months man hastening to get his picture taken while sword and uniform were yet bright.

As I looked upon this fading likeness, my mind went wandering over all the years I had known obscure, eccentric, kind-hearted Dr. Jones. He had his vanities and his foibles; but through them all his humanity shone, as a diamond shines through the soil and sand of Brazilian rivers.

One of his pet diversions was anathematizing the Catholic priesthood, who yet never omitted to call upon him for contributions, and who were as sure of his succor, in their charities at least, as though he had been Ignatius Loyola himself. As he never refused the call of any religious denomination, when he had money, his good-nature must often have warred with his principles.

Not far removed from indigence, he nevertheless regarded himself as a sort of deputy of Providence, whose duty it was to give to every vagabond who

strolled that way, and to every parasite who chose to fasten upon him.

The most depraved children in the neighborhood frolicked in the assurance that when father and mother forsook them Dr. Jones would take them up.

Lest I give the impression that the Doctor's friends were all of this nondescript class, I will hasten to mention the cultivated Pyes, who ignored his eccentricities for his kindness of heart, and the rich Colonel Hill, who, growing up with him from boyhood and ranking him in the three months' service, had faith in his professional skill, notwithstanding his empiricism. Beyond this, the three months' service had furnished a more potent reason for the steadfastness of this latter fellowship since it had enabled the Doctor to save the Colonel's life, under circumstances peculiarly hazardous to his own. The healthy young members of the Pye family, too, owed him gratitude for his never-faltering intention of setting them to life.

But the Doctor's associates of these classes were few. Being so far departed from allopathy and compound what he believed to be a panacea for all diseases, if taken at the proper stage, he lost caste with the regular profession. Young M. D.'s contemptuously spoke of him as "that old genius," wondered how many auctions had been ransacked to furnish his curiosity-shop of an office, and if he would ever grow fat on the proceeds of his medical services.

Having no habits of dissipation, Dr. Jones might have subsisted comfortably by his small trades, and occasional fees from well-to-do patrons, had he been less free-handed. I often wonder, now, if there were not days when he fasted, although professing to live the life of an epicure. I wonder if, in those sleepless nights, when the mournful cadence of guitar or violin was heard in his office, he was not oppressed by a sense of destitution. I know that often, when he stopped to chat with the Pyes, weakness of body detained him, rather than willingness of spirit.

People did n't speak well of Dr. Jones as a domestic man; yet he never mistreated his wife, unless staying at his office and being no company for her was mistreatment. His washer-woman said, "He never loved her; poor thing!" Well, he married her just because she was overworked and friendless and ill-treated, and he meant to relieve her. He would have married any girl, with the same motive; and he would have married several distressed women since, if the laws of his country had allowed a plurality of wives. Chimerical in his ideas, erratic in his pursuits, the *ultima Thule* of his faith and works was always a conviction of future opulence, and a conscientious attention to whatever practice he could get. His indiscriminating generosity kept his pocket-book in a state of chronic emptiness; but if his wife did not escape the thralldom of poverty, she did escape that of hard labor, though her superabundant leisure was often enforced by lack of materials to work with.

I think that suit of regimentals invested Mrs. Jones with a sort of pride in her husband, since she presented each of their acquaintances with a copy of the dual photo, and made the most of his absence by taking in slop-shop sewing. Her heart, too, seemed to warm toward him when he was gone; for she would sometimes speak with a pretty little affectation of her "brave soldier boy," and then blush to recollect that he was twenty years her senior.

That she may not be credited with that rare virtue, consistency, I hasten to chronicle a small circumstance seemingly at variance with her wifely fondness.

As she sat upon her door-steps one evening, feeling a perfect right to be lonely while her husband was upon the tented field, a gypsy strolled along, and halted. Without asking, therefore without blame, Mrs. Jones was informed that some time, after a calmly pleasurable widowhood, she would marry a man who traveled, and was much younger than the Doctor. The gypsy had n't charged any

price; but, somehow, Mrs. Jones grew light-hearted, and, in the exuberance of her feelings, handed out a silver quarter. That was before specie had gone out of circulation, and she was no more provident than her husband. But, in spite of gypsy's prediction and the disparity of years, Mrs. Jones died and left the Doctor, soon after the close of his brief military career.

Passing a corner the day following her death, I observed her widower stop in the midst of active preparations for the funeral, and exchange a few words with one of his cronies. I went on, wondering why this man's nature seemed always to repel aid and sympathy. Other folks have friends to relieve them of sad duties like this; but his friends never came near him unless they were in need themselves. I should n't have thought of any thing else, had not that washer-woman, who was passing at the same moment, called my attention to a broad smile which played around the Doctor's lips, and a troubled expression which succeeded it.

Now, laughter is no more indicative of mirth than peculiar to the human species. Who has not witnessed in dogs the configuration of features, and heard the guttural sound, characteristic of laughter? And who can not recall instances of laughing in the midst of peril, or even in keen mental and physical suffering? I have known people with never a merry thought to wear a perpetual smile, as they might wear freckles, or a frown between the eyes, or any other blemish indigenous to the cast of face. I fancy that, if Nero did mingle the voice of his mirth and the melody of his violin with the holocaust of buildings as he gazed on burning Rome, he did it from optimism, and not from gayety.

As a smile may or may not be the outward manifestation of inward festivity, the Doctor's untimely use of his facial muscles was not evidence of any special emotion to me; but that tyro in human nature, his laundress, often expressed perplexity afterward in trying to fathom the reason of it. Did he look troubled

because, out of the joyousness of his heart, he had inadvertently smiled, or because of grief at the loss of his twelve years' companion? was always the question in her mind.

The lives of these two people had not run together very harmoniously. He was too much every body's friend to be any body's lover; yet he felt sorry that she was dead. As he walked away from the corner, he was wholly absorbed in regretting the things he might have done for her, but did n't do. He thought of the ring shining upon his finger, which she had slipped from her own with her last strength. He recollected how very much she had wanted that ring; how she had asked for it, toying teasingly with a fee paid at the door; and how he had said "No!" so vehemently that tears stood in her eyes as she laid the money on his knee with never another word.

That fee went to pay the police-court fine of a worthless fellow whom the Doctor had once employed to dig a cistern, and who was subsequently sent to the work-house on charge of some other misdemeanor. Dr. Jones might better have bought the ring; for the fellow never repaid him, not even by mending his ways.

Long after that, Mrs. Jones earned the money which paid for it; but she always intimated that the ring was a present from her husband.

He wished now that he had gratified her harmless vanity by occasional gifts; and he wished also that he had taken her to the nearest sea-shore once, when she longed to go. But his opportunities had passed away, and he never was accredited with the sorrow and loneliness which entered so largely into his life after his wife was buried.

When the funeral was over, he changed his style of living only so far as to keep no home but his office. I, who lived across the street, used to watch with some interest his coming and going among his patients, his small traffic in auction medleys, his posture of depression when alone, his joviality when in

company. He seemed always striving to appear richer and happier than he really was. Often, after a hilarious evening with his comrades, his guitar could be heard at intervals the night through, discoursing plaintive, dirge-like music, such as no happy person ever plays. Yet he always claimed to be in excellent health and spirits.

Of all the projects Dr. Jones had tried and been forced to abandon, there was one which caused him more poignant regret than any of the others,—perhaps because there was a more practicable point to start from. This was the erection of a private hospital on ground that had come into his possession in the early days of his native city.

He had rehearsed his plans many a time to the rabble who made his office their headquarters, and, in imagination as fertile as the milkmaid's of orthographic memory, had gathered harvests of golden coin and grateful hearts. There was ever a fortune in his prospective undertakings, though largely subordinate to philanthropy. This hospital should be within every body's reach, yet so frugally managed that a nice surplus would accrue to himself, notwithstanding the charity ward, which was always to be kept open. The halt, the maimed, the blind, would gather under his roof, as they had gathered in the first century on the banks of the river Jordan; for the Doctor had no more a specialty in diseases than a standard in prices.

He talked about this idea, and worked on this foundation, until his cronies looked upon the nests of their old age as abundantly feathered, and the walls of his hospital were erected. Then some one—why had he not done it earlier, since he must do it?—laid prior claim to the lot where Dr. Jones had honestly expended his money and enthusiasm.

A lawsuit followed, from which he emerged penniless, spiritless, and in ill health.

It is no easy thing to begin life over at forty; to see the earnings of a score of years slide from you, like an avalanche

from a mountain's summit; to stand where you stood at twenty, save in age and sad experience. Dr. Jones stood it better than many of us would have done; but his recuperative power was strong, and nature never meant him for a grumbler. Perhaps his wife's joyous nature deserved credit for the brave front he put upon this calamity; for it was during her life.

His lot was sold to the city, and used for some years as a potter's field. Subsequently, it was converted into a park, which became the pride of the adult community, and the Utopia of romantic youth.

Dr. Jones used sometimes to join the gay promenaders, under the shade of elm and oak which his own hands had planted; but he never mentioned his former ownership of the ground. This was a perpetual mystery to me; for he was a great gasconader in his way. I think he tried to forget having lost it.

Once, when standing under a willow, which had been trained to grow like the banyan, he turned to a young person near, and said, with a laugh:

"This park is built on a potter's field, and these shade-trees will be knocked all to flinders when the Millennium comes."

He did not mean to be sacrilegious; and his heart was very sore, in spite of his flippancy.

With all the Doctor's free-handed giving, and liability to impositions, he accumulated enough, in the course of time, to buy a tract of land on the southern boundary of Missouri.

Constitutionally an enthusiast, he again had ground for endless visionary speculation. The old idea of erecting a hospital began to revive.

The real and imaginary resources of his land formed the topic of many an hour's expatiation to the *coterie* who were wont to congregate in his office. The most wonderful medicinal springs lay within its borders; grapes, luscious and large as those of Eshcol, hung from vines whose branches curtailed the tree-tops; silver ore, richer than Nevada's,

lay imbedded in its rocks; diamonds of untold value shone among the sands of its streams.

There was an additional fantasy in the resurrection of this hospital vagary. Over the grave of his wife, and into his prospective mansion, the young Pyes had been stealthily stepping, pervading lawn and balcony and grotto; ministering to him when he should become patient instead of physician; even keeping the marble above him white, and the grass green, when he should have passed away.

But in this phantasmagoria Lucy predominated so perplexingly that the good man sat down one day to analyze his own mind. After a long spell of seriousness, he laughed outright, and, striking at a bee, which was sucking honey from his potted vervain, said:

"In my dotage at last! I thought my interest in you children was keeping up a healthy growth, and now I find it branching abnormally. This won't do. You're my boy, John, and—I've a plan for Lucy."

The next time he visited Mrs. Pye's cottage, he took Colonel Hill with him.

Some time after this, sitting upon Mrs. Pye's porch, he remarked, in conversation:

"It will take some capital to utilize these things, of course. I might sink a shaft in my mines for an almost nominal sum; but it will be several years before we can expect a market for the fruit; and the diamonds are at present inaccessible, on account of rank vegetation along the brooks."

"We'll bottle the wine at any rate;" jestingly supplemented Colonel Hill, who also sat there, "for we shall only have to set buckets under the grape-vines to insure a spontaneous outpouring of the juice."

But the jovial Doctor took the ridicule good-naturedly. Perhaps he felt compensated by that stroke of his own genius which brought the Colonel so frequently into Lucy Pye's presence. He was not selfish, and he had his own little scheme with regard to them, to be carried out a

few years hence for their mutual happiness.

When John Pye was of the age at which all American youths long to go West, he asked:

"Is there good shooting out there, Doctor?"

"Shooting!" echoed the Doctor, undaunted by any fears of miscalculation. "You hardly need take aim to bring down water-fowl in flocks. We'll take a hunt in the Fall."

John's eyes used to sparkle whenever the Doctor said "we" in connection with his explorations; not that he was enthused with his friend's grand ideas of wealth, but because of the duck shooting. The young Pyes never could know how much of Paul's satisfaction lay in the hope of enriching them, nor how far their necessities were responsible for his half-alchemic trust.

Once, when Lucy and Colonel Hill were talking of the Doctor, the gentleman remarked:

"Jones is enviable in one respect. He always sees a fortune just ahead of him."

"But will he never be rich, after all?" she asked.

"Rich? No. And he would n't use money if he had it. He wants it particularly for you and John, and for the people generally."

"Poor man!" said the young girl, "to be always disappointed."

"Not at all. His disappointments are his excitement in life. Each regales him, and as soon as one hope is laid upon the shelf, he seizes hold of another."

Colonel Hill laughed. He was jolly, but not astute.

The most marvelous of all the Doctor's stories about his western lands was founded on a tradition of the Spaniards. A small detachment of soldiers sent by Cortez to convey some treasures from Tlascala to Vera Cruz conceived the bold design of augmenting their own fortunes. Deserting their comrades, they fled, heavily encumbered, far to the northward. Afterward, being hard pressed by natives, and finding it expedient to

abandon their loads of coin, they dug pits and deposited it deep in the ground. The sod was then leveled above it, trees were replanted, and the place marked by characters cut in stone. The Spaniards, driven and defeated by the Indians, never returned to unearth it. In succeeding wars, other business was furnished the rash survivors among these gold seekers, and in time the place of sepulture became obliterated from their memory. Dr. Jones believed he had unmistakable evidence that all this ready coined wealth was buried in the land he had bought at government price. He was certain that he had seen the old Spanish dollar mark carved in the rocks of his own soil. The storms of ages had worn it to indistinctness, and lichens were growing in its furrows, but the magnet corroborated the legendary history of its enduring repose.

"When death calls upon Jones to pass in his checks, he'll think he is going on a jaunt after those money barrels," said Colonel Hill to Lucy.

He was always expecting to take young John and sojourn upon this land in the coming Spring or Fall; yet, as the seasons came around, business, or the illness of his patients, kept him at home. He never would acknowledge that his own health was failing. I think he was anxious to keep about, now that the Pyes were growing up and the Colonel was growing old, until he could see them all "settled."

The Spring John began to study medicine, Dr. Jones was more jubilant, though physically weaker, than I had known him since his native city turned his lot into a potter's field. Often at night, music a little more lively than of old would be wafted through his closed shutters into my room, but as he was moderately cheerful in the mornings, he must have been wakeful and musical from the force of habit.

It was that very Spring, when things seemed to be going well with the Doctor's friends, that he opened Mrs. Pye's gate one evening, just as Colonel Hill had shut it in leaving. The Colonel saluted

him as usual, but as he was turning away something in his face betrayed the import of his visit. Dr. Jones looked after him a moment, then walked slowly up to the porch where Lucy was standing, and said, simply:

"So, it is n't to be, Lucy?"

"No."

This was all that passed between them. The young woman stepped down on to the walk without noticing how much he had failed since he was there before; but her mother, more observing, said:

"You do n't look well, Doctor."

His eyes appeared deeper in their sockets since his brief interview with Lucy, but he steadied himself on his cane and answered, trying to laugh at his own witticism:

"Why, I never was better looking in my life."

This attempt at gayety scarcely imposed upon himself. Hopes for others, dawns in his own life, he had watched them all set in darkness. Delusions no longer furnished excitement; but they were wearing upon him.

Departing a little later, he saw Lucy standing at the gate, looking regretfully up the pavement over which Colonel Hill had passed.

His hand was on the latch, but, determined to make one more effort, he said, earnestly.

"This must not be, Lucy. It shall be made up."

She turned coldly, and with formidable reproach in her voice answered:

"It is the end. You can do nothing more."

"I tried to work for the happiness of both," he said.

But Lucy answered nothing.

The next day he came with a plan of reconciliation; but Lucy had gone on a protracted visit to some friends. Soon after, Colonel Hill began to devote himself to business with an absorption which made him forget his old comrade.

As the leaves began to take on Autumn tints, Dr. Jones rarely left his office. All day long he sat by the window read-

ing, or looking out upon the street Arabs, to whom he had tossed many a cake and nickel in the past. At night, the tones of his guitar, lower and sadder than ever, came to me so faintly that I wondered if the knack of hoping had at last forsaken him, as it forsook Goldsmith. Mrs. Pye and John came almost daily to his office, but they were all; except a few old acquaintances who still fed at his crib of auction purchases, always carrying away with them something salable, or useful to themselves.

At length, he sat by the window no more. Mrs. Pye came regularly to shake up the pillows of his couch and place water within his reach, though he would have persuaded her to leave even these things undone. Once, indeed, he asked her for Lucy, but, being answered by an embarrassed excuse, he turned his face to the wall and murmured:

"Perhaps they 'are right to blame me. One might as well be inimical to one's friends as blundering."

After that he did not speak of her. One day as Mrs. Pye put on her bonnet to go

home, he spoke up with a touch of his old enthusiasm:

"Send John for an attorney, and tell *him* to come around too. *He* must build the hospital. There is enough out there to make you all rich."

"To-morrow," Mrs. Pye answered. "John is away from the city to-day."

But "to-morrow" Dr. Jones had gone where hospitals are not needed.

The last scene enacted in that old curiosity-shop was the administrator's sale, which took place the following week. There were sold a pair of brass epaulets, a cracked marble Psyche, a dental chair, an oil landscape, and the couch whereon he had lain. All else had been given away piecemeal; but these were sufficient to pay the funeral expenses, and I think he had kept them for that purpose. Geological survey proved that the value of his Missouri land was not altogether a myth. Reverting to the Government, since he left no heirs, it was resold to a company of speculators. Somebody's fortune lies there, in immense beds of coal and lead ore,—but not John Pye's.

HELEN J. WOLFE.

THE SHIP BELLS.

THE tall white ships pass on and on,
And wane upon the sea;
And o'er the billows' broken breast
Their bells steal back to me,
And break in trembling, sobbing throng,
Upon the sands in dim sweet song,
Of riven melody.

And sailing o'er sweet fields of gold
And clouds, and Summer blue,
Through slanting sun and shadows dun,
The sails slip through and through;
And throbbing bells that tremble back,
Upon the fair ships' fading tracks,
The waves with echoes strew.

And still the ships go on and on,
Out gates of hazy gray,
As dreams upon the slumbering sense
Pass, unfulfilled, away,
And leave but memory's grieving bells,
That sob and moan, like ocean shells,
Ever and alway.

And thus our lives go on and on
Like ships, unceasingly:
Thro' morning's gold and shadows cold,
That check time's varied sea.
God grant that, like the sweet ship bells,
The good that in my being dwells
May echo after me.

"WESTERN CAVALIERS."

THE great men of Western Methodism have served a grand purpose in showing that the highest heroism manifested for the sake of principle—a noble self-abnegation for the good of others, and all born of love to God and love from God—did not expire with the proto-martyrs, nor indeed with the fagots that consumed the bodies of those whose blood became the prolific seed from which Protestant Christianity sprang into such fruitfulness of spiritual harvest. Christ could point to Asbury, Roberts, Lindsey, Finley, Cartwright, Light, and their glorious contemporaries, and say of them, as of the heroes of the birth-age of the Church, "Ye are my witnesses."

In every age of the Church, when it has been necessary for men to serve it at their own cost, or by suffering the severest privations of penury, ministers have been found ready to incur the pains of poverty and exposure, and to forego the sweets of home. Thus, we find Dr. Redford, in his work entitled "Western Cavaliers," which is to be the basis of this paper, informing us that, for "eight years prior to 1824, Bishop Roberts, though possessed of pulpit talents of the highest order, and a mind stored with gems of truth, received only two hundred dollars a year and his traveling expenses. Besides his long and wearisome travel on horseback, his constant exposure, his sacrifice and toil, the support he received was inadequate to the demands of his family, and often left him penniless." We are told of an industrious minister in 1829—the Rev. William Landrum, who is still living, and a member of the Kentucky Conference—receiving thirty-five dollars for an entire year of arduous service, wholly given to the Church, and then in his diary writing cheerfully of "the kindness of the people." Numbers of similar instances of pecuniary sacrifice are recorded in this book of Christian heroics. But it is not to be argued that,

because these men, in a primitive state of society and a feeble Church organization, assiduously labored and uncomplainingly suffered, now, when the people have grown rich and the Church powerful and opulent, their ministers are to have the most meagre subsistence and cheerfully bear the pains of penury, merely to exemplify the fact that the spirit of vicarious sacrifice still survives. Many preachers of to-day, who insist upon a competence in return for their services, because the people they serve are affluent, would, as cheerfully as their fathers did, submit to the barest subsistence, did the necessities of the Church require it.

In the opening chapter of Dr. Redford's work, we have an account of the manner in which Bishop Morris reached one of his appointments. The streams were swollen. The Bishop had been sick, and taken medicine. He rode into the river, and "found the large end of a great tree, which had been cut down so as to fall across the main channel just above the ford, for a temporary foot-bridge." The horses were swum over, where the bank was not so precipitous as opposite the position of the Bishop on the log. Between him and the dry ground a sheet of water, some thirty yards wide and three feet deep, intervened. One of the sturdy preachers accompanying him waded to him, and took him upon his shoulders and safely landed him. Many instances are recited of how similar difficulties in crossing streams were overcome. The Bishop, commenting upon these obstacles, and how they were met, says: "Now, for such work as this, I would rather have a half-dozen such young preachers as those who accompanied me than twenty graduates of any theological seminary in the United States." The good father seems to have penned the above without thinking it quite likely that it is possible for

graduates of theological seminaries to do as brave things in prosecuting the work of the ministry, if it should become necessary, as did these bold pioneer preachers. But when we have suspension bridges and steam-ferries, it would hardly be commended in a graduate of Drew hunting up some invalid bishop, and bearing him through muddy waters and drift, merely to prove that studying theology under approved masters did not make him effeminate and cowardly.

The book we have under review covers a period from the year 1832 to 1844. Antedating 1832, many of the magnates of Western Methodism lived and acted, and fired trains of influence upon the track of distant magazines. For instance, on the 16th of June, 1833, Barnabas M'Henry, who, for forty-six years previous, had been a tower of strength, died of cholera. Richly endowed with natural gifts, and with cultivated polemical powers, he presented the doctrines of the Church in arguments remarkable for their transparency, and illustrated them in a life, blessed by sanctification, of exceptional purity. A superannuate in 1832, he received from the Conference collection only thirty-six dollars and thirty-seven cents,—a feeble pension for a veteran who had fought so many successful battles, and whose stalwart frame had been broken down by exposure and labor. It required a trust in the God who notes the sparrow trembling to its fall, feeds the ravens, and catalogues the hairs of the head, for younger soldiers to succeed, without misgiving, on the roster of duty, these valiant members of the Old Guard, who had been placed upon the retired list. Marcus Lindsey, who had entered the Conference in 1810, fell with the fatal scourge the same year of M'Henry. He was a man who enlisted the admiration of all who witnessed his valiant defense of the truth, and who were acquainted with his abundant labors; and, though more than forty years have passed, his memory in Kentucky is as ointment poured forth. At the Conference in 1833, George C. Light preached

the funeral sermon in memory of the two worthies we have named, and of Joseph B. Power. The discourse is represented to have been one of remarkable power, inciting many to loftier aims, as they meditated, under the direction of the gifted preacher, the sterling characters of these invincible cavaliers.

We have introduced to our notice Geo. W. Brush, who still survives; and a single incident will show that the preachers of that day had a curb-stone message for the ungodly, as well as a pulpit appeal. During the progress of a revival meeting in Shelbyville, Mr. Brush met on the street Thomas P. Wilson, an eminent judge of the Circuit Court, and said to him:

"What would you think of me, if I were to remain here a year, and say nothing to you concerning the salvation of your soul?"

The reply was:

"I would regard you as a very unfaithful preacher."

He then asked:

"What does Mrs. Wilson think on this subject?"

The Judge answered:

"Call and see her, and inquire for yourself."

On the Friday succeeding this interview, Judge Wilson, with his wife and son and sister-in-law, united with the Church. Two hundred persons were converted at this meeting.

What splendid jewelry for the crown of the young preacher, and how pleasantly must the memory of this war-worn hero run back to the sunny slope of youth, upon which, as a leader of God's host, he won this victory of the Cross!

We have told us several anecdotes of unpromising preachers who lived to disappoint the expectations of disparaging prophets. When James O. Andrew (afterward bishop) first preached to his neighbors, a prominent steward said to him:

"Well, *Jeemes*, I voted the other day for you to be a preacher; but if I had

first heard that sermon I would never have done it."

The Rev. Wm. M'D. Abbett, whose ministry has been richly honored, and who has filled many prominent pulpits of the Kentucky Church, and who still lives in Frankfort, preached in Stanford, his first charge, and had succeeded to his own satisfaction beyond that secured to his self-esteem by any previous effort. The night was dark. The voice of a comrade was heard on the opposite side of the street by a young man who addressed to him the query:

"Did you hear what Squire P—— said about the new preacher?"

The answer went back:

"No; what was it?"

The reply was:

"He said that fellow should not *practise* on him again."

The remark had such a depressing effect that the preacher was about to abandon his work; but grace enabled him to triumph over his mortification, and he lived to be one of the most useful and acceptable of Kentucky Conference preachers. His noble wife (yet living) came to his relief with words of cheer, made a round with him on his circuit, made friends for themselves and Christ; and the initial year of his ministry was blessed in a great awakening and conversion of sinners.

Dr. Redford tells of his reception on his first charge, the Barboursville Circuit. He was the youngest preacher in the conference. He rode up to the house of a prominent member and introduced himself as the new preacher, when the old brother measured him with a wondering glance and said:

"Well, jump down, my little sonny, and run into the house."

He is now the Agent of the Southern Methodist Church, and the author of the book we are now reviewing, and an admirable history of Kentucky Methodism.

"Tall oaks from *little* acorns grow.

Most interesting is the story of Fred Brenning, as told by Dr. Redford. A

young preacher returning from his mountain circuit in coarse country garb was overtaken by an exquisitely dressed man, who, thinking to have some fun with the "green-horn," catechizes him. The preacher plays the rôle of an ignorant "hunker;" and the inquisitive fop commits himself more and more. At length, Napoleon B. Lewis, an eminent minister of the day, is overtaken, and addresses the uncouth horseman:

"How are you, brother Brenning?" followed, after an interchange of civilities, by numerous inquiries, and finally one with reference to Colonel L——, a prominent politician, and a friend of Brenning. The mortification of his foppish companion is graphically described, which is followed by an account of the eloquent exhortation the young preacher gave to his whilom inquisitor; resulting in a request from the latter that the former should pray for him, and manifesting his sincerity by baptizing his words with grateful tears.

An occasional syllabus is given in the book of remarkable sermons preached by the Boanerges of that period. We were particularly struck with one by Jonathan Stamper, upon Missions, which is as full of splendid thought and opulent imagery as a kingly crown of jewels. This specimen of the pulpit power of this gifted preacher, nowhere else to be found, is richly worth the price of the volume.

In giving reminiscences of Benjamin T. Crouch, we have the following prescription for ascertaining the denominational preferences of people, given to him by a young preacher:

"In reading the Bible, the portion of it which indicates the preference of a family will be the most soiled. For example, if a man be a Campbellite, the second chapter of Acts will show his tendency; if he be a Presbyterian, the ninth chapter of Romans is his favorite; if he be a Free-will Baptist, the eighth chapter of Acts and the sixth of Romans betray his preference; if he be a Calvinistic Baptist, to these two chapters he

adds the ninth of Romans; but, if he be a Methodist, the Bible has been regularly read from Genesis to Revelation."

The most elaborate accounts we have ever seen of the labors and talents of John Newland Maffitt are to be found in this book. We have a heart-moving account of his sad death from a *literally* broken heart, he having been hunted by persecution as a partridge on the mountains.

Dr. Nott, of Mobile, made a *post mortem* examination, and found on one side three holes; *the other side had literally burst*. Noble man! Slander broke his heart; but "The righteous are held in everlasting remembrance."

A converted Jew by the name of Moses Levi, without English education, under examination for admission on trial by Bascom, upon grammar, defeated in all his attempts to return a correct answer, could not "see the sense in going over nouns, compunctions, insurrections, and congregations." Nevertheless, he became to be "mighty in the Scriptures," and made "full proof of his ministry."

To those who think the temperance movement has made no progress, the following incident may help to a better understanding of the fact:

"We heard a — minister, in 1837, preach a funeral sermon at a private house. On the sideboard was to be seen, during the service, a gallon bottle of whisky. When the service closed, the preacher stepped forward and took a drink. In a few moments the bottle was empty. We knew a gentleman to send to the house of a deacon in the Church for a glass of whisky, and received in response, that he only had one gallon, and there was prayer-

meeting that night at his house and he could not spare it." Such things belong happily to the resurrectionless past.

We have the following pen-portrait and incident of the erratic Josiah Whittaker:

"An old man (in 1840), with long face, large chin; thin, long hair, drawn up over an almost bald forehead. He is about to speak in reply to Stamper's philippic against local itinerants. Hear him: 'I have never asked any favor of your bishops; I have left old Sukey Honey [the maiden name of his wife] to scratch for the children, and have traveled a hundred and fifty miles from home to serve your roughest circuits, for almost nothing. I have served the Church for thirty years, and have never complained. I have never located, nor stationed, nor supernumerated, nor superannuated, nor presiding-elderated, and I have no favors to ask of any of you.'"

Dr. Redford settles one point we have often heard mooted; namely, as to whether, or not, Charles B. Parsons ever returned from the pulpit to the stage. He says:

"After preaching a few sermons to admiring thousands, it is to be regretted that he withdrew from the Church and returned to the stage, to fulfill an engagement he had made previous to his admission." He is represented as coming back in a short time with deep contrition, and being received back again with rejoicings unmingled with reproach.

What we have written is simply suggestive of a vast store of biography, incidents, anecdotes, etc., all of which is of absorbing interest, which the reader will enjoy in "Western Cavaliers."

HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON.

A POET CLASS-LEADER.

IN a suburb of the great English metropolis, near what used to be called "Cut-throat Lane," an inquirer, a few years ago, found the one whom he sought,—one whose face, bearing, and manner at once gave fair expression to the man's pure meekness, refined taste, calm and beautiful thought, deep spiritual feeling, and richly toned poetical genius. Always will the friendly conversation in that studio be remembered. He was an artist as well as poet, and conversed critically, devoutly, and gracefully, as by turns he went back from his easel to see the effect of the different touches on his canvas.

One day he laid aside his palette and pencil, and threw open a large quarto Bible, with wide margins, and displayed to his companion's sight a series of marginal pencil sketches, that seemed to reflect the very life of the prophetic words and actions given in the text. "These," said he, "are the results of some years' efforts at realizing the thoughts, visions, life scenes, and ministry of inspired and historic men, as they ministered each to his own age or generation. My attempts to make myself one with them, and their times and circumstances, almost unfitted me for the realities and duties of my own life; but I am thankful for that comparative ease with which, as the result, I can now enter into the experience of one who says, 'We walk by faith, not by sight.'"

His marginal sketches were poems in picture. Occasionally an exquisite little stanza would prove how deeply the tuneful soul of the artist had gone into the very soul of those ancient men, whose forms and actions he had so perfectly realized, and placed in the margin of his Bible.

Among these rare and finely cut gems of poetry is one uncommon in its theme, and of very distinctive beauty. It is founded on the fortieth chapter of Jer-

emiah, and is entitled, "Gedaliah in Mizpah:"

"This evening, I walk upon the walls
Made strong with stones, from Ramah, in the day
When Asa fenced them, and Baasha fled
For fear of Syria, with his work half done,
Baffled by politic compacts of power.
At noontide, I looked down into the well,
Hollow and echoing, sunk in my court-yard,
That men might want no water in a siege
(For Asa thought how Rabbah, with the spring
Clasped in its citadel, for two long years
Kept out even Joab); and there seemed to rise
From its dark ring a mist, and shade of death,
Which clung about my thoughts, and raised such
dreams

As seldom cross my well-tempered soul,—
Rising unbidden, as the gods arose,
Precursors of the shape of Samuel,
In that wild cave of Endor; nay, I saw,
Not visibly, but in my hurtling thought,
This Samuel, who, near six hundred years
Back from the present, made his circuit here,
Judging in Mizpah when there was no king.
Then did the kingdom—which the folk would
have,

Whether or no—spring up. It here has end,
Both root and branch; and all that pleasant vine
Brought out of Egypt, flourishing so long,
And bearing such sour fruitage, is uprooted
By the strong eagle of war, and planted far
Among the streams of Shinar. Then I saw
The long, slow, wicked living of the kings,
Out-tiring God's long-suffering, while he sent
Prophets to hew them with his Word's sharp
sword,

Hacking the grove, and cleaving the high place,
His judgments every morning going forth,
Clear as the sun's uprising; but in vain!
So that even here, two hundred years ago,
Hosea saw the spreading idol-snare,
As on the rounded height of Tabor Hill;
And I with my own eyes beheld the snare
Still spread, still here,—till all Chaldaean came,
And, in a sudden storm of blood and fire,
Broke 'all the kingdom's power, and took the
king,

And slew his sons before his very sight,
Then burned his sight away. And here am I,
Charged with the humble remnant of God's own,
The poor, afflicted dressers of the soil,
Not strong enough to drudge in Babylon;
Some scattered forces wander in the field,
And some have gathered to me with their guides,—
Johanan, Jonathan, and Ishmael,—
Warlike, yet aimless, with no foe to fight
But hunger and a rising discontent,
Which breaks them from their purpose more and
more.

This Ishmael, they tell me, has been hired
By Bene Ammon, with no good intent;
And, taking me aside upon the wall,

Johanan bade me note the oily tongue
Of Ishmael, and his lithe and wiry limbs;
His eyes, both quick and furtive, and his smile,
Which, said Johanan, he had never seen
Except in men who have a thirst for blood;
And, while he talked, again the mist arose
As from my court-yard well,—which whispered
death.

The mystic veil of life seemed growing thin;
But yet I could not let my ruler's heart,
Inherited from good Ahikam's breast,
As his from Shaphan's—noble ancestry!—
Grow timid with suspicions; nor could give
A sanction, based on less than act and deed,
For staving off my risks with Ishmael's life.
Man judges by a gesture or a look;
God reads the heart;—let God defend his own.
This even I have bid him to a feast;
He eats my bread; and if he lifts his heel
Against me,—as one did against a king
Whose high, impassioned heart, whatever fault
Were chargeable against it, always scorned to
Crouch with little fears and little cares,—
Then let him smite, and let me, smitten, die.
Better to die than wrong one honest heart;
Better to die than live and fear to die."

This attractive production of ancient Oriental thought, feeling, character, and life, we owe to Mr. James Smetham, a man of devotion to pure spiritual work in the Church,—such as may be getting rare among modern Methodist laymen. He is one with his lot cast amid a generation of professors, to crowds of whom an apostle might say: "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat." Yet the poet may be classed with the perfect, to whom strong meat belongs, and who by habit have their inward senses alive to distinguish and duly estimate both good and evil. He is one too, who, in times when intellectual culture and refinement of

taste are allowed so largely to alienate Methodists from the more spiritual and distinctive ordinances of their own community, finds his happiness in bringing all the natural and cultivated graces of his mind and heart to his beloved and successful work as a class-leader. Those who know him can not fail to see the secret of his spiritual influence and power over those who are happily under his leadership. That secret may be found in the clear, child-like simplicity of aim which shows itself with such bright transparency in his hymn on "The Single Wish:"

"One thing, O Lord, do I desire;
Withhold not thou my wish from me,
Which warms me like a secret fire,
That I, thy child, may dwell with thee,—

Dwell in thy house for evermore,
Thy wondrous beauty to behold;
And make inquiry, as of yore,
Till all thy will to me is told.

In this pavilion have I hid
These many years, when hurt by sin,
Or by my angry sorrows chid,
Or deaf with life's unceasing din.

Blown hither by the blasts of fear,
Or stooping with the weight of care,
My feet have hastened, year on year,
With psalm of praise or sigh of prayer.

Fear tells my heart that I may be
One day an alien from thy door;
May cease thy lovely face to see,
And hear thy whispers never more.

This woe hath not befallen yet;
Shall it, O Rock of Strength, befall?
Then were my sun forever set,
And dropped in that abyss my all.

Tell me this hour shall never come;
Plant me so deep, thy courts among,
That I may have my final home
And end where I began my song."

E. C. DOUGHTY.

THE WIFE LAVATER WANTED.

JOHN CASPER LAVATER, one of the brightest lights of the Church of Switzerland, was pastor of St. Peter's Church, Zurich, during the last twenty-two years of the eighteenth century. In the days of singleness, he asked that his future wife should have the qualities, and be willing to meet the conditions, set forth in the following. There are very few women who possess all of these qualities, and certainly none of the same mind with Susan B. Anthony would have been willing to agree upon all the conditions; yet all who are familiar with the character and history of this noble servant of God and humanity, and the exemplary wife the Lord afterward gave him, will agree that the latter came up to his ideal, and that the husband was worthy of her who was so meek as to accept his conditions. His later assertion, that Providence gives the world but one such wife in a century, was probably a mistake; though it must be admitted that a better type of true womanhood is nowhere to be found.

Lavater describes his ideal wife as follows;

"First of all, she must suit my parents, and I hers. Her family, fortune, and age shall not to any considerable extent differ from my own. As regards her moral character, she must rise above all suspicion of slovenliness and frivolity. She must be tender of heart, mild, peaceable, and meek. She must be so far from being vain and ostentatious, that she shall only not trespass the laws of good decorum and respectability. Her virtuousness must have for its source not only her disposition, but also the fear of God. Physical beauty is not so very desirable, if she only be pleasant, cheerful, healthy, cleanly, gentle. I ask not Herculean courage; nevertheless, she must be a stranger to all squeamishness. She must thoroughly understand keeping house. Great learning is not necessary; and

pedantry would be to me detestable. A taste for good moral books is, however, necessary.

"If she possess the above-named qualities, I will be satisfied with a medium mind; yet, the more the better.

"She must be tractable and obedient, resolved to aim for the sublimest of virtues. She shall be no hinderance in any of the transactions connected with my office as a minister. She must not hinder me from accepting a country parish, though the place be of the inferior order, and the salary low. She must show veneration toward my parents, and not give vent to any criticism of the weaknesses she may perceive in them. She must not depreciate any of my friends, nor embitter my associating with them, be they ever so poor and humble. Her playmates and friends must be of respectable character. She shall not read novels, and must have good notions concerning education,—in the plan of which she must be willing to coincide with me. Prepared for any forbearance or abstemiousness, she must never be unwilling to observe the duties of a faithful mother toward her children. Her love toward me must neither be founded on sensual inclination nor on vanity. She must mainly love me because she is willing to unite with me to be virtuous. She must also assist me to fulfill my calling, by visiting the sick, especially females.

"Of all these requirements, standing in no arrangement whatever, I shall yield not one. If she be in possession of these qualities, she may be firmly assured of my unbounded love, tenderness, faithfulness, and magnanimity."

At another time, he says:

"With much anxiety would I look forward to the time of matrimony, could I not also, in this most important matter, put my trust in Providence, and could I not take for my consolation the wedding

motto of my parents, which is, 'Have thy joy always in the Lord, and he will give thee thy heart's desire.' I desire not beauty or wealth or scholarly learning; but good sense, a noble, tender, unselfish, humble, unpretentious Chris-

tian heart,—prepared for any sacrifice in the fear of God."

Some of the fair readers may frown; but those who wish to be happy wives will do well to study the picture.

G. E. HILLER.

ABEL MINARD.

[WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.]

BENEFACTORS of mankind are worthy of commendation. But it is not the largeness of the gift, so much as the spirit in which it is bestowed, that entitles the donor to our regard. The objects for which a benefaction has been made, the persons to be benefited by it, and the want that has been met by it, enter into our estimate of the charity founded. The greater the need, the greater the praise due the enterprise. Perhaps for this reason the institution founded by Abel Minard should commend him specially to our regard.

In the month of July, 1870, Mr. Minard, of Morristown, N. J., by deed, conveyed to Bishop Edmund S. Janes a house and lot of four acres in that city, of the probable value of fifty thousand dollars, to hold in trust, for the purposes specified in this deed, namely: to have and to hold the said premises, with their appurtenances, as a home for the female children of foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for female orphans and half-orphans who are or shall be children of ministers of said Church, and for such other female orphans and half-orphans as the Trustees may select and designate; provided, however, that such children as shall be admitted to the

Home shall be without means or provision for their support.

This was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Minard. In none of the heathen lands where our missionaries are employed are there any schools for the education of girls, except those established by the missionaries themselves. Girls are



THE MINARD HOME.

not there regarded with the same favor as boys, nor are they reckoned of sufficient worth to deserve an education. Where they are, through the influence of missionaries, brought to school, they are not generally from the better classes of society, and are not such playmates and associates as the missionary would select for his children; for, though they

may be gentle, pure, and innocent, and free from any bad habits, they are unacquainted with our civilization and styles of thought, dress, and manners. As children learn largely from their young companions, it is better that Christian children be educated with those of their own blood and religion, than with those who are strangers to both; and hence our missionaries abroad, when at all possible, send their children home to be educated.

But few of our missionaries have the means to educate their sons and daughters at home, during the years of their pupilage. And if our preachers at home have not taken the vow of poverty, the congregations which they serve take care that they shall never grow rich, or leave behind them much of this world's goods. A few, by wise management and through the forethought of their wives, do, when death overtakes them, leave enough to render their families comfortably provided for; but in most cases, we believe, this is not the fact. Shall the Church adopt their orphans, or leave them to the grudging charities of the world? Never do the collections for such cases reach the maximum. Some, indeed, are entirely destitute when the father dies; doubly so when both parents are taken. For them, too, Mr. Minard has provided a home. Here they are to be furnished with the necessities of life, with a Christian education, and with all the advantages of domestic society.

On the 28th of February, 1871, a liberal charter was obtained for the institution from the Legislature of New Jersey, when Bishop Janes by deed conveyed the premises to the Trustees appointed by the charter, agreeably with the terms of trust by which he held it; and after the death of Mr. Minard, which occurred January 31, 1871, the Trustees came at once into the possession and management of the Home. As they desired to carry out literally the intent of Mr. Mi-

nard,—namely, to give the children of foreign missionaries the preference, and the children of deceased ministers the next opportunity of enjoying its advantages,—and as time was required to give notice and to make the necessary arrangements, in order to conform the institution to the classes of persons specified in the charter to enjoy its advantages, the Trustees assumed at once the maintenance of the orphans left to its care by Mr. Minard.

The charter requires that the Board of Trustees, for the time being, shall report to the General Conference the affairs of the institution and its finances, and generally such matters and things as may be necessary to inform the Conference of its actual condition and wants. Such a report was made to our last General Conference, and, upon motion, the following action was had:

"*Whereas*, Mr. Abel Minard, of Morristown, New Jersey, has made provision for establishing a Home for the education of female children of such foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church as may choose to avail themselves of its advantages; also for the reception and education of the female orphans or half-orphans of deceased ministers of our Church, and also of such other female orphans or half-orphans as the Trustees may admit; and, *whereas*, a liberal charter has been obtained for said Home; and, *whereas*, it is amply secured to the Methodist Episcopal Church; therefore, .

"*Resolved*, That the trust is gratefully accepted, and that the General Conference commends the Minard Home to the generous liberality of our Church and the public."

The Home is at present under the care of the Rev. S. S. Weatherby and wife, who, having themselves been missionaries, have a personal knowledge of the wants of those for whom this Home is provided.

THE UNTRIED WAY.

THE children of Israel, having completed their wanderings in the wilderness, had reached the banks of the river Jordan. Here they rested three days, to receive instructions from their leader, Joshua, and to make preparations for the conquest of the promised land of Canaan. The chief command was that when they saw the ark of the covenant borne by priests and Levites they were to go after it. Yet there was to be a space between the ark and the marching host, that they might see and know the way they were to go. It is as if Joshua said to them: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore. Other journeys, other trials, other dangers, may be before you. But the same God who has led you hitherto is with you still."

So is it with those who are journeying through life, and who come to any place of which it may be said, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." This is true of every opening year, the future of which is dark and unknown. The path of life often runs for a time in a way unmarked by unusual events. There are the same daily duties to be done, the same people met with, the home circle, it may be, unbroken, and the lapse of time is scarcely perceived. The beginning of a new year may remind us that things are not to continue as they have been. We may be placed in conditions and circumstances, or have to undergo labors and trials, altogether new. But the same God who has guided us and supported us heretofore will be with us still. "Yes," you say, "it was indeed sometimes rugged and dreary and footsore, but it was ever a right way. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." And is it not a natural and a right thing to argue from the past to the future? May you not say, ought you not to say? "Since the same love and wisdom which have led me hitherto are pledged to guide me still, I will trust, and not be afraid.

Enough that God has promised to be my God for ever and ever, and my guide even unto death. Although the way along which he should lead me be different from any I have traversed before, I can not doubt for a moment that it will still be a right way."

The ark and the pillar of cloud represented to ancient Israel not only God's providential care, but his great salvation; and the services of which they were the center represented him as passing by iniquity and bestowing on the forgiven the richest blessings of his love. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we have the divine explanation of the ark and the mercy-seat and the priesthood and the sacrifices, and all the points of ancient ritual. All these pointed to Jesus Christ, the true Leader and Savior of the people of God, of whom the Israelites were typical. The Christian can always say: "Go where I may, I shall take that with me which is the true joy of my life. No change can rob me of the sweet consciousness of pardon, or take away the peace of God, or separate me from the love of Christ." He may further say: "The circumstances in which I may be hereafter placed will very likely involve me in special need of God's grace. I do not doubt that it will be vouchsafed. For fresh duties there will be granted all needful strength; if I am to encounter new temptations, I shall be endued with fresh resolve; as fresh difficulties arise, there will be granted me, in answer to my prayer, wisdom from above; and the Lord will send me no sorrows for which he will not provide abundant consolation."

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore;" but it leads to your heavenly inheritance. Across the river, where Joshua and the people were encamped, was the land which God had promised to their fathers, and the hope of which had sustained them in all their wanderings.

Every path along which the Lord leads his people terminates in the kingdom: "And he led them forth by a right way, that he might bring them to a city of habitation." Does he bless us with prosperity and gladness? It is to lead us to anticipate an unspeakably richer happiness in heaven. Does he send us sorrow? "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Though we enter, then, on a new and untried path or stage of the journey of life, it is not without encouragements to our faith and hope. But we have also duties before us in this time of pause and of preparation. First of all, we should make quite sure that we are beneath the guidance of God. No doubt God's providential care extends over all; but they only who are reconciled to him through Jesus can expect from him that loving guidance which keeps the soul from all the perils of life, and which issues in heaven. The wanderings of the sinner must end at the cross; and there, forgiven and glad in the blessed consciousness of God's adopting love, he must say: "From this time, my Father, thou shalt be my guide,—the guide of my youth, of my prime, of my age, my guide even unto death. Thy will shall be my law; thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path; and I commit myself to thy disposal, to do with me and for me as seems to thee best." Have you never yet done this? Do it now.

We must yield to no distracting over-anxiety respecting the future. We do not know it, and so we are sometimes apt to fill it with dark presages of evil. This is especially the case in those times when the body is enfeebled by sickness, and as life advances. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." John Newton once said, quaintly and wisely: "Sometimes I compare the troubles which I have to undergo in the course of the

year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for me to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow. Thus we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it." "Take, therefore, no thought,"—no anxious, distressing thought,—“for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself;” that is, He in whose hand is to-morrow as well as to-day will not forsake us if we really trust him. Let us trust, then, and not be afraid.

We must be observant of every indication of the divine will. The children of Israel were to put a space between themselves and the ark, so that they might all see it, and that, seeing, they might follow in its track. No pillar of cloud goes before us to guide our way; but we have what is better,—the Word of God, expounding the great principles of all duty, and, what is more, promising us wisdom from heaven, that we may apply its principles to the various exigencies of life. Let us take no step without consulting it. Let us ask from it what we ought to do, and seek God's help to do it. He has promised his Holy Spirit to them that ask in faith. Our decision on some particular matter may involve greatly our own happiness and that of others; let it be regulated entirely by the will of God. Should trial befall us, let us ask counsel and help of God that we may bear it well. Like the Psalmist, let us ever say, "Thy word is a light to my feet, and a lamp to my path;" and with him we shall also be able to say, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

SINCE the Franco-German war, the increase in the expense of living in Germany has almost become a national calamity, and is just now driving away from German cities a large number of foreigners who had settled in them with a view to the cheap and thorough education of their children. This is especially the case with Dresden for instance, which for years has been the seat of an American colony of colossal dimensions, whose members have spent a great deal of money in educating their children in that city of special advantages in art and music. In regard to ourselves, matters have worked badly at both ends of the line; money has become scarce and more difficult to obtain in this country, and the supply has therefore been curtailed from here, while the expenses have been doubled, and, in some cases, almost trebled, there. The result has been quite a general exodus of the American colonies from the German cities, and, in the case of Dresden, where the expense of living has so greatly increased, the desertion has been almost complete. Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other favorite resorts for school purposes, are likely to suffer in proportion. It certainly behooves the Germans to see to it that they do not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The advantages of their education, under the best of circumstances, are becoming questionable, and if to this element of doubt is added that other of extortionate expense, the deed will be done, and education in Germany will become less fashionable than formerly, if not less desirable. The present year bids fair to be one of lean kine to Germany, and Europe generally. The annual exodus to Germany will be greatly decreased this year on account of the Centennial year, with its multitude of attractions. Our people will wait this time

to see the mountain come to them, and will find their account in it, and learn, perhaps, a useful lesson; namely, that a great deal of the pleasure and éclat of foreign travel is a matter of imagination rather than of reality. Then, the turning of the tide hitherward will bring money to our shores, instead of taking it away, which will again operate disastrously to Europe while it benefits us. And this change of the current is of vastly more import than it would seem to be to the casual observer. The amount of money spent by all classes of Americans in Europe is almost incredible; the sums expended for pictures and statuary alone, to say nothing of the whole range of objects of art, is so excessively large as to turn the balance of trade at times against us, and place us in the category of debtors, instead of that of creditors. Until quite recently, this account was kept balanced by the large sums brought to us by foreign emigration, but this source of supply is now nearly cut off.

THIS greatly increased expense of living in Germany touches no class with a sharper sting than the daughters of cultivated and respectably situated families dependent on limited incomes from small estates or small salaries. Many a refined and intelligent girl now finds it necessary to do something for her own support, that she may thus assist her parents in keeping the wolf from the door. Intellectual labor in Germany is so poorly paid, that teachers, preachers, and authors find it a difficult matter to maintain their social standing and educate their children, while these latter are, of course, ambitious to adopt some employment that will not degrade them in the social scale. The result has been that for the last few years an uncommonly large number of young girls

from these ranks have prepared themselves for the vocation of teaching, and this calling has more largely than ever been put into their hands.

But the supply has at length grown to exceed the demand, and many of the young girls are forced to sit idle, after having qualified themselves for the work, or else accept positions beneath their acquirements and capacities. To obviate this evil to a certain extent, a strenuous effort is now being made throughout the country to introduce female gymnastics, as a branch for practice and acquirement, in all the young ladies' schools of a higher order. To this end, the Germans are establishing calisthenic normal schools in many cities, especially in Darmstadt, Frankfort, Berlin, Dresden, Carlsruhe, Brunswick, etc., where young ladies may enjoy a course of thorough preparation in all that pertains to the science of gymnastics as adapted to women. The practice has hitherto not been very popular in German schools, from the fact that the exercise has been coarse and rude, partaking rather of a masculine character, that has not so much developed the female form as simply given strength to the muscles, and at times a coarse outline to the limbs. This fact has made female gymnastics rather unpopular with mothers, who are now appealed to with a view to enlist their support and encouragement. Their presence is invited and courted in the calisthenic schools, that by actual experience they may be convinced of the healthfulness and desirability of the exercise, and its superiority over dancing in the matter of giving dignity to the bearing and grace to the movements. That the Government is in earnest in this matter is proved by the fact that a commission has just been appointed to hold a semi-annual session in Berlin, with a view to test all candidates from the schools who desire diplomas as teachers. And it is now rumored that, as soon as a suitable number of competent teachers have been trained, the course of exercise will be made obligatory in the government schools, and warmly recommended to those running under government license. The whole movement seems to be an attempt, which may prove a successful one, to supplant the male dancing-master by lady teachers of calisthenics.

THE French people are fast returning to their senses in regard to a war of revenge against Germany, which, for a time, was the only burden of their song; and it is now gratifying to see how many of them are coming to the opinion that the best war they can wage is that of rivalry in honest endeavor of some kind. For a while the French merchants refused to have any thing to do with German dealers, and the German people themselves made resolves to abstain from the consumption of French manufactures. But all hands are turning over a new leaf in this regard, to the great disgust of German merchants, who now find their business slipping away from their fingers under French competition. It is quite clear that the Germans have still something to learn from the French in the art of attracting customers and inducing them to buy, and this matter is now being largely discussed in the German journals. A recent reform in the postal laws between the two countries allows the transmission of small commercial packages from one country to the other, but the advantage seems now to be all on the side of the French. They have a most ingenious way of advertising by circulars and handsome engravings, and place certain articles at prices so low that the temptation to buy is very great. In the matter of gloves for the ladies, and cravats for the gentlemen, there is no resisting their offers, which are sometimes actually below cost, evidently with a view of attracting custom. Because the party well-suited with these can hardly resist the offer for other things, apparently quite as cheap, which invariably accompany these small orders. The amusing and profitable part of the strife is the manner in which the German dealers have taken up the case in the public papers. Having become tired of appealing to the patriotic side of the question, which soon gets to be an old story in the face of attractive ribbons and desirable laces, the German storekeepers in several cities have supplied themselves with articles thus sent by their French competitors with prices attached; beside these for examination are all sorts of stuffs, dresses, mantles, and what not, made at home, with prices attached, with a view to prove that the German article is cheaper, more durable, and more honestly made, than the article drawn

from Parisian warehouses. It is just now the life of some of the German towns among the shopping ladies to visit *en masse* the magazines where the industrial war between French and German competitors is being carried on; and the ladies heartily enjoy the battle from the fact that they are sure of being the gainers in the end, because of the necessary training in suavity of manner now being acquired by the German shopkeepers, who, in this respect, can well take a lesson from the French dealer behind the counter. For, whether the visitor buy or not, the latter is all smiles in bowing out his guest, while the German dealer is proverbially glum and sour if the expected customer does not buy what she does not want.

THAT idol worship actually exists in Ireland could hardly be believed without the best of authority, but it seems to be confirmed by a recent visitor to a couple of small islands lying off the west coast of Ireland, and bearing the names of North and South Irish Kea,—meaning the land of the thorn-bush, the soil being every-where covered with thorns. These islanders, separated from the civilized world, are ruled by a king, who is said to be over a hundred years old. The narrator declares him to be a very pleasant monarch, and much loved by his subjects. He has no suite, no palace, and his income consists of a small per cent of the fish caught and the potatoes raised. The houses of the natives, if this term can be used in regard to them, are simply holes in great stone heaps, which are covered with reeds and mud. In many of these miserable huts live from eight to ten persons, with a pig or a goat; and occasionally a cow will share this only room. If the material condition of these idolaters is mournful indeed, their moral and spiritual condition is still worse. The religion of these people consists in the worship of a large wooden idol. This is not some dilapidated image of a saint from a Romish church, but a coarsely carved figure of a man, about eight feet high, and clothed in a flannel shirt. The visitor relates that only after much coaxing was he permitted to see the spot where the idol is kept; it was a miserable hut, a little larger, but no better, than the others, and used by them evidently as a worshipping shrine. They

frequently suffer from hunger on account of long storms that prevent them from fishing, and when thus almost starving, they bring out their idol amid tears and lamentations, carry it to the shore, throw themselves down before it, and implore it to appease the fury of the winds and waves. When the storm finally ceases, they attribute the fact to the intervention of their god. These poor people have scarcely any intercourse with the outer world. They believe that they are descended from a giant who once came to their island from some beautiful house which is theirs after death. The seals that sport on their coast are never killed because they are supposed to harbor for a while the souls of the dead. When one of them dies, the corpse is allowed to lie unburied three days, during which time they crowd around it with lamentations, and then pray to the idol to grant it a happy journey to the blissful island. A few years ago, a missionary went to the island to try to civilize them, but, the moment he hinted at the destruction of their idol, he had to flee to save his life. Now this is no report of a heathen island in the South Seas, but of a place that can be reached in twenty-four hours from London, where dwells and reigns the great Queen Victoria,—“the Empress of India,” as her subjects would now fain also call her. It seems almost impossible that such contrasts could exist so near each other.

THE recent laws passed throughout the German empire, in regard to baptism and civil marriage, are the subject of the bitterest discussion, and, in some instances, denunciation, on the part of the German clergy, both Protestant and Catholic. A great many of these men know that the only hold they have on their parishioners is that of civil law. As long as this forced the people to take their children to the baptismal font, and to appear at the church altar for the marriage ceremony, it was done; but the moment the legal obligation was removed, and the religious portion of the act was made voluntary, the number demanding Church marriage was largely decreased. The pastors in various districts take the matter in very different part; but these civil laws will often have the good effect of turning tyrants into gentle rulers for the sake of expediency.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THERE is in Boston a society "to encourage studies at home," which, in a very quiet, sensible way, seems to be doing a great deal of good. Its object is to keep up an interest in study among young ladies who have finished their school course. There is a lady to preside over each of the several departments of history, literature, art, science, etc., who keeps up a correspondence with the young members, directs their studies, gives suitable advice, and receives monthly reports of their progress.

—The corner-stone of a female academy was recently laid at South Canadean, Indian Territory.

—Two sisters in Pennsylvania have given one thousand dollars to the Central Tennessee College.

—Mrs. James B. Colgate, of New York, has offered a gift of \$35,000 to endow the New London (N. H.) Literary and Scientific Institute, on the condition that \$30,000 more shall be raised.

—"The Martha Washington College, at Abingdon, Virginia," says the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, "is receiving marked favor; and colleges for girls throughout the State are doing remarkably well."

—At the oratorical contest of Ohio colleges held at Springfield, Ohio, Miss Laura A. Kent, of Antioch College, from Calais, Vermont, took the first prize, nine colleges competing.

—Seven ladies of Amsterdam, New York, have, during the Winter, supported a night-school in that village for the benefit of the many children employed in the manufactories of that place. The school numbered nearly two hundred pupils.

—"The problem of higher education for women is likely to receive light from the experiment undertaken at the new college at Northampton. Its curriculum is not quite so elaborate as that of Yale and Harvard, but it is fully up to the standard of Amherst, Brown, or Wesleyan, and is largely in advance of what is required at Vassar or Mount Holyoke. Under these conditions, Doctor

Clarke's theories of feminine brain-building might be tested with prospect of a tangible result."

—Danvers, Dedham, Medford, and Woburn, Massachusetts, have elected women as members of their school committees.

—The number of American colleges is reported by the National Commissioner of Education to be 323; male students attending the same, 25,000; female students, 2,349.

—Of the twelve hundred teachers employed in the Boston public-schools, more than eight hundred are women; and yet the less than four hundred men receive more money in salaries than the eight hundred women.

—The average salary paid to male teachers in Rhode Island is eighty-three dollars a month, and to females forty-three dollars, and the ratio of male to female teachers is one to four. The highest salary paid to male teachers in Illinois is \$330 a month; the highest paid to female teachers, \$220. The respective averages of the sexes are \$48.19 and \$33.46; in Massachusetts, \$94.33 and \$34.34. In Massachusetts, one teacher in eight is a man, while in Illinois three teachers in seven are men.

—Michigan University, in the year 1870 opened its doors in all departments for the admission of women. According to the most recent returns, one hundred and seventeen are now availing themselves of the right to university instruction thus recognized. In the distribution which they have made of themselves among the several departments, there is no little significance—four of them having chosen the law, forty-seven medicine, and sixty literature and science.

—"We can not point to a better illustration of woman's possibilities, as well as capabilities, than was shown at the inter-collegiate literary and mathematical contest held in New York a few weeks since, when Miss Julia J. Thomas, a representative of Cornell University, won the first prize for the very creditable examination which she passed in Greek—"a gratifying proof," as the

committee remarked, 'that the recent efforts to elevate the standard of female education have not been without fruit.' Before the Committee of Awards had time to make up their report, Miss Thomas showed a most marked proficiency in the English tongue. Her well-earned victories at Antioch, Cornell, and New York, only rival in brilliancy her last conquest in the School of Arts."

—"Where ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal."

—A new woman-suffrage paper, edited by Mrs. Nettie Sanford, and called *The Ladies' Bureau*, will soon be issued at Marshalltown, Iowa.

—The joint resolution providing for female suffrage, which passed the Iowa House some weeks ago, failed to pass the Senate,—yeas twenty-two; nays twenty-four.

—The Minnesota House of Representatives has passed, by a vote of seventy-eight to twenty-eight, a bill to allow women to vote on all questions pertaining to the public-schools.

—Mrs. William H. Osborn, daughter of the late Jonathan Sturges, of New York City, has purchased Cozzens' Hotel at West Point, on the Hudson, for \$65,000, and has presented it to the New York Hospital Association, for a home for convalescent patients.

—The Massachusetts Senate has passed the women's suffrage amendment to the Constitution by eighteen to ten; and by a vote of nineteen to eleven, refused a third reading to the bill to give to women the right to vote on municipal affairs in cities and towns, and to hold municipal offices.

—The principle of female suffrage is taking deep root in the Congregational Churches of Connecticut. Twenty years ago it would have been considered akin to heresy to have broached the subject of women voting in the Church meetings of the denomination, but now it is done without reproach in more than half the Congregational Churches in the State. The matter was discussed with considerable earnestness at a recent meeting of the Old Litchfield Church; and in order to ascertain the usage of the Churches respecting it, George M. Woodruff, Esq., addressed a circular letter to them, inquiring

whether their female members were allowed to vote in the Church meetings or not. Two hundred and thirty-two Churches have responded to the question, of which one hundred and twenty-seven answer in the affirmative, and one hundred and five in the negative, but with qualifications. This gives a fair majority of twenty-two Churches where female suffrage is freely exercised. In some of the Churches which answer in the negative, it is admitted in some particulars, and in all of them it is commanding thought and attention.

—The revival meetings in the Universalist Church in Bergen, N. J., where Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford officiates, have been fervent.

—Sixty graduates of Vassar College, recently met and founded a Vassar Alumnae Association. The object of the organization is to further the interests of the College as well as to aid in furnishing a good education to indigent students.

—Woman suffrage was recently discussed before a Judiciary Committee of the General Assembly of Rhode Island; forcible pleas were made bearing upon the unjust distinctions between men and women respecting property. Miss Anna C. Garlin made a brief but eloquent speech as the representative of young women.

—Chief-Justice Edmund G. Ryan, of Wisconsin, in a decision denying the application of Miss Goodell, of Janesville, for permission to practice, holds that there is no Wisconsin statute which authorizes the admission of females to the bar; and that a contrary construction of the statute would break down all distinctions of sex in the State government.

—The "Young Ladies' Branch" of the "Woman's Christian Association" of Cincinnati, is becoming quite a feature of the city. Numbers of our best and most influential ladies are giving it both their time and attention. The sewing-school, which they have established, shows how well their time has been employed. Mrs. F. P. Anderson, the President, is admirably fitted for the position which she fills. Her fine executive abilities, and her sweet womanliness, win her the respect and love of her fellow-workers.

ART NOTES.

DOUBTLESS a degree of "buncombe" will be tolerated in the review of our century of truly marvelous history. While our zeal is greatly moderated by the astounding revelations of official corruption and private dishonesty just as the new century was dawning upon us, there is enough also to inspire the heart of the true American with honest pride and devout thanksgiving. We doubt, however, the propriety, as well as wisdom, of undue laudation of our work in departments wherein we have been exceptionally weak. These thoughts have been suggested by Mr. Conant's review of our century of art progress, contained in the April number of *Harper's Monthly*. In connection with much truly valuable and just reflection, Mr. Conant certainly has made some erroneous and unjustified estimates of the relative merits of American artists. Laudation may at times be indulged, when encouragement is needed. But what are we to think when he uses such language as the following? "There are no portraits in the world, if we except those of the old Venetian masters, superior in the highest qualities of art to those of Stuart, Elliot, Page, Huntington, Le Clear, Stone, Baker, and others, who have devoted their genius to this branch of art. American portraiture may not display so much academical 'effect' as the French, but effect is not in itself an essential quality of fine art. It is often an artistic trick to catch the uncultivated eye, and hide defects of drawing, etc." It is impossible at first to believe that this is other than a harmless Centennial soaring of the eagle. But when we consider that Mr. Conant's article is one of a series of estimates drawn up by some of our ablest scholars for a most sober and widely circulated journal, we then feel alarm at the pernicious effect of such opinion. We can not believe that this writer can seriously rank our portrait-painters, however excellent, with the great masters of portrait, as Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein, and Rembrandt, in the north, and Velasquez, Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, etc., in the south. Indeed, we seriously question whether even Stuart and Elliot occupy so high a plane as the English

Reynolds and Gainsborough, or even Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his affected mannerism. Why do not our American portrait-painters receive commissions from the opulent families of Europe, or why are not their works sought for the great galleries of the Old World? Prejudice against any thing peculiarly American will not explain it; nor will the fact that they are living artists account for the almost infinite disparity in price between a Velasquez or a Holbein and an Elliot or a Page. The truth is, we are living in an age of cosmopolitan sympathies, and the narrow bounds of nationalities and races are fast disappearing, to give place to a broader, more catholic spirit. And a Huntington or a Baker will be placed just as high as their intrinsic worth and excellence will entitle them to be placed. But Mr. Conant will certainly do a great harm to our artists themselves by such indiscriminate laudation. We fear that the direct tendency of such articles will be to make our excellent American artists satisfied with present attainments, rather than stimulate them to bring to our country a still higher glory by their grander triumphs. We shall be greatly mistaken if the effect of the comparison of art works at our Centennial shall not be to chasten the confidence of some of our American workers.

—The noted painting of Meissonier, entitled "1807," which was purchased of the artist by Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, is the theme of remark among artists and amateur collectors of paintings. The enormous price paid (\$76,000 in New York—300,000 francs to the artist) has awakened renewed inquiry into the peculiar power of the renowned Frenchman. At first thought it would seem impossible that the picture had any intrinsic value. Indeed, it is difficult to say wherein consists its remarkable superiority. Had this been one of a half-dozen works of a deceased artist, we might appreciate the value that might be set upon this one of the best of the productions of a truly great painter. Its worth, as illustrating the history of art, and the influence of

a peculiar school, would be priceless; but since the companion-piece of this, "1814," is held by its present possessor, M. de la Haute, at about the same figure, we are inclined to think that there may be a measure of conceit on the part of these affluent purchasers that was gratified by the payment of these enormous sums. Before his death, Mr. Stewart received from Meissonier a manuscript description of the *motive* of the work. Whether his executors will place the painting in his own private gallery immediately, or give the public an opportunity of profiting by its study, is yet to be seen.

— It is said that Holman Hunt's portrait of himself, which was lately in the Liverpool Exhibition, and which is one of the best, if not the best, of his portraits, is to be sent to the Centennial Exhibition.

— The Centennial is calling out works by artists familiar with "scenes of y^e olden time;" and H. Winthrop Pierce, the Boston artist, is engaged on two drawings, — a "Husking Scene," and "Singing Meeting." He has already brought out the "Quilting Bee" and the "New England Kitchen," to be sent with these to the Centennial Exhibition.

— While Meissonier is receiving these truly fabulous sums for his work, most of the modern artists are but poorly remunerated for their labor. Most extensive sales of paintings of the best foreign and home talent, lately offered in several of our chief cities, have resulted most discouragingly. It is true that really superb paintings have, during this Winter, been almost a drug on the market.

— From the report of the directors of the National Gallery of England, issued for last year, we find a valuable list of additions made by purchase and bequest. "A Venetian Senator," by Andrew da Solario, bought for \$9,400 at Milan; one by Gainsborough and Crome. The original design of Wilkie's "Blind-man's-buff," and Lawrence's "Child with Kid," engravings of which are familiar in our own homes. The average daily attendance has somewhat increased. The favorite English subjects for copyists were Landseer's "Spaniels," reproduced seventeen times; Reynolds's "Heads

of Angels," fifteen times, and Turner's "Teméraire," thirteen times. The favorites among old masters were Andrea del Sarto's "Portrait of himself," copied eleven times; Rubens's "Chapeau de Paille," eight times.

— The Committee on Art and Industrial Exhibits of the Woman's Centennial Union, desire to urge upon the women artists and artisans of New York and other States the importance of sending to them at once for inspection and approval such specimens of their work as may be suitable for exhibition in the Woman's Pavilion at Philadelphia, and creditable to the women of our country. Works of decorative art, such as wood carving, panel and porcelain painting, etching and engraving, artistic embroidery and lace work, are especially desired, as well as inventions and patents of all kinds. The women of New York are engaged in raising funds for the completion of the Pavilion. A response has been received from Miss Hosmer, of Rome, by Mrs. Gillespie, the President of the Woman's Executive Committee of the Centennial Exhibition, exhibiting true patriotism. She sends a group of sculpture, representing Emancipation, — the inscription being, "The African Sibyl Foreshadowing the Freedom of her Race," — the largest ideal statue she has ever executed. She also sends "A copy of Lord Brownlow's Gates, which are ten feet wide, and seventeen feet high; they contain seventy-one figures, besides abundant representations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

— Von Bülow continues to sustain the reputation made in his earlier concerts. Few pianists have been studied with greater care, have been subjected to more searching criticism, or have come forth with greater triumphs. The musical journals, the columns of the secular papers, and even Church periodicals, have shown their marvelous interest by long and repeated notices of his style and his victories. The criticisms are as varied as the stand-points occupied by the critics. The soberest estimate of this very remarkable pianist comes from those critics which approximate most closely his rare high mental and artistic culture. Such seem to place him as the prince of musical performers, who stands in the center of the forces

of the musical world, and marshals them at his pleasure, bidding them do his will, but never being mastered and overcome by them. Fully acquainted with the range and magnitude of each force, he makes each subordinate to a grand final, beneficent effect. It is because of his own large, liberal culture in the whole round of philosophy, law, literature, and art, that he can hold himself steadily poised where other performers of narrow or special culture would find themselves overmastered by their theme, and become wildly extravagant in their execution. It is, therefore, from this class of exclusively musical critics that have come the most serious charges of *coldness, indifference, stolidity*, etc. Doubtless, his haughtiness and almost withering treatment of some pretentious artists of this country, have, in some instances, envenomed criticism. Probably, this almost autocratic spirit, which seems at times to possess Bülow, has repelled some warm and sympathetic natures, and caused them to regard him with a degree of jealousy. Yet it seems pretty generally conceded that the country has never been visited by so perfect a master of musical composition and interpretation,—one who could so completely rule over, command, and bring into subjection to his own purpose, the varied and wonderful powers of the musical world. All concede that, in a few instances, he has shown himself capable of being carried away by a musical *furor* (which many who knew his intimate relationship with Liszt supposed would be his *habitual* method); but for the most part he seems, in his playing, to resemble more the great, beneficent forces of nature, which do their work without ostentation, and bless and ennoble earth's denizens almost without their knowledge or recognition. We can not but hope that the report of his purpose to settle permanently in this country may be well founded.

— *Apropos* may be mentioned right here the fact that at one of the Boston Bülow concerts, Mr. J. F. Paine's Symphony in C minor was rendered with fine effect. Mr. Paine is achieving a world-wide reputation as a classic musical composer, and has been one of the men who have been chiefly instru-

mental in removing the current notion that America could produce no high musical art. It must be gratifying to all his countrymen to note the enviable rank which he has come to occupy. We distinctly recall the visit of this then young composer to the Prussian capital. It is now about nine years since he sought an interview with Grell, the famous leader of the Sing-Academie of Berlin, and tried to induce the veteran to take charge of the rendering of Paine's oratorio. When Grell declined, Paine himself boldly took the matter into his own hands, engaged an orchestra, selected his singers, and presented his work to the dwellers in this musical Athens. The length of the oratorio was inordinate (three hours), but the musical critics tempered their severity with many words of commendation and encouragement. It is probable that these ten years have detracted as much from Mr. Paine's rashness as they have ripened his powers.

— Dr. Schliemann, the successful discoverer of Troy's remains, recently obtained from the Greek Government permission to demolish a great square tower in the Acropolis at Athens. It is known as the Venetian tower, and apparently dates from the fourteenth century. It is eighty feet high, and covers one thousand six hundred square feet, with walls five feet thick. The materials for its construction were drawn from the Acropolis and the theater of Herodes Atticus. Dr. Schliemann pays the cost of demolition, which will be about £465, or \$2,325, and in return he has the exclusive right for three years to publish any inscriptions uncovered. The tower occupies a most interesting part of the Propylæa, and it is thought its removal will bring to light a great number of inscriptions and other interesting objects. The Athenians manifested great delight when the work of demolition began, and not only they, but the public generally, await with interest the result of Dr. Schliemann's labors, and his report of his labors. Every year adds to our knowledge of antiquity; and we are almost as well acquainted with the past as if we were now living in those earlier ages.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE SODA-LAKES OF WYOMING.—An account of the soda-lakes of Wyoming Territory is given in the Report of Mr. Pontez, Geologist of the Union Pacific Railroad. He describes two such lakes, the larger one covering about two hundred acres. The average depth of water in this lake is three feet, and its specific gravity 1.097. The soda is nearly all carbonate. The second lake is situated near the first, and covers about three and a half acres. During the greater part of the year it is a concrete mass of carbonate of soda crystals. Mr. Pontez excavated to the depth of six feet without reaching the bottom of the deposit, which is consequently increasing from the influx from the larger lake. These lakes are situated about sixty-five miles from Rawlins Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad. The quality of the carbonate is declared to be fully equal to the imported article. Estimating the quantity by the specific gravity of the water, its depth and area, the large lake would yield, on evaporation, 78,000 tons, which would realize, at forty-five dollars per ton, \$4,510,000. Besides the cost of freight, the expense of preparing the article for market would be four dollars per ton for evaporating. The small lake already crystallized, and estimated only at a depth of six feet, and an area of 155,000 feet, contains 30,660 tons, which, at forty-five dollars a ton, would realize \$1,379,700.

PENETRATING POWER OF DIFFERENT COLORED LIGHTS.—An experiment was lately made at Trieste, to determine how far lights of different colors penetrate darkness. Half a dozen lanterns, with carefully selected glass, and furnished with oil and wicks of the same quality, were lighted on the beach, and then observations were made by a party in a boat. At the distance of half a league, the dark blue lantern was invisible, and the deep blue one nearly so; hence it appears that blue lights are not adapted for use in light-houses, or as signals. Of all the colors, the green was visible for the longest distance, with the exception of the red, which ranked next to the white in

power of penetration. The conclusion is that only the red and green are suitable for signals; and the green light the Trieste observers only recommend in conjunction with white and red lights, inasmuch as when viewed from a short distance, an isolated green light begins to look like a white one.

THE VELOCITY OF STORMS.—Professor Loomis says that the average velocity of storms on the Atlantic ocean is nineteen miles an hour, but over the American continent the rate is twenty-six miles an hour. He has in the ten years 1864-74 traced ten storms all across the Atlantic from America to Europe; and he believes there would be more, if the means of tracing were more complete than they are at present. The average path of the storms in crossing from west to east has a tendency to bend northward.

THE CLIMATE OF THE POLES, PAST AND PRESENT.—A very valuable paper on this question has been contributed to the *Geological Magazine* by Professor Nordenskjöld, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the Polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils which M'Clintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Nova Zembla, as also some probably Devonian remains of fish found by the Swedish expeditions on the coast of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the Polar basin north of Europe; and we still find in Buren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant-remains brought from the Polar regions by the Swedish expeditions, have been examined and

described by Professor Heer, of Zurich. We here certainly meet with forms,—vast *Sigillaria Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc.,—which have no exact corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifications taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the Continent of Central Europe, that we are obliged to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the Equator to the Poles.

NEW SOUNDING-LEAD.—A sounding-lead that registers the depth of the water automatically has been introduced into the French navy. It consists of a weight, or lead, of the usual shape, surmounted by a recording apparatus very much like that used in ship's logs or in gas meters. At the top is a small propeller affixed to an upright shaft, that governs the recording apparatus. This propeller is protected by the iron arms that hold the ring to which the line is fastened, and it is so arranged that it can only turn one way. As it sinks in the water, the propeller is turned, and on touching bottom it stops at once. On drawing the lead on board the ship, the cover may be removed, and the depth read in meters on the dials. The lead is said to be indifferent to currents and the action of the waves, and to give reliable readings in deep seas.

NEW PAPER MATERIALS.—Among the vast collection of materials examined in the search for paper stock, two new ones seem to offer some advantages. These are bamboo and the refuse of sugar-cane, called "megasse," the first of which, however, has been used before. The green stems of young bamboo plants are cut fresh, and crushed and split in a series of rolls, for the purpose of breaking the nodes and reducing the stalks to ribbons. Cut into short lengths, the split stems are then placed in vats and treated with caustic alkali. The lye is taken

in a stream from vat to vat, extracting and removing the soluble matter as it moves. Hot water, and finally cold water, is run through the vats, till all the soluble matter is swept away, and only the fibrous material remains. This is then pressed, to remove the water, and is then opened, or "teased out," by suitable machinery, and, after drying in a blast of hot air, is ready for packing and export as paper stock. It is readily employed alone, or with other stock, in making paper of various qualities. The second material is the fibrous residue of sugar-cane, a cheap by-product of the cane crushing-mill. The machinery employed in treating this is the same as that just described. In both these instances the stock-making plant must be in the neighborhood of the growing cane or bamboo, for obvious reasons on the score of transportation. The process is patented, and is said to give a yield of sixty per cent for the bamboo, and forty per cent for the sugar-cane.

APPEARANCES ATTENDING THE PASSAGE OF A METEOR.—In stating the result of his observations on the passage of a meteorite, seen at Louisville, December 12, 1872, Professor J. Lawrence Smith says that it first appeared as a large red light in the zenith, which seemed to stand motionless for several seconds, evidently because it was then descending in a line with the eye of the observer. Then, starting off with an uncertain, faltering motion, it moved slowly toward the horizon, gradually fading from a lurid red to a dark purplish hue, and leaving a dense stream of blue smoke behind, which remained for several minutes. "These clouds," continues Professor Smith, "are not unfrequently connected with the passage of these bodies through our atmosphere, and are usually more striking in the daytime, or, as in this instance, just after sunset, when the sun was well situated to light up the cloud, and exhibit it to the observer, who could no longer see the sun. What are these clouds? Are they composed of impalpable matter abraded from the surface of these bodies in their passage, or are they true vapor clouds? From a close study of observations in connection with several well-known falls of meteorites, I am more inclined to adopt the former view.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

PROPER PUNCTUATION IN SCRIPTURE. — *Mr. Editor*: Your correction in punctuation of the ninetieth Psalm, third verse, in the January number, reminds me of a correction that ought to be made in Colossians iii, 16:

"Let the words of Christ dwell in you richly; in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Is not the sense improved? A. M. A.

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS. — Tradition says that John Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was prosecuted both by the priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, says *Our Own Fireside*, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed over three hundred years before a printing-press was established in Constantinople. From 1726 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780, a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish Government. The ribbon-loom is an invention of the sixteenth century, and, on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the Church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg, the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. The stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England, the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. In France, opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. They

were presented to the French monarch. The parties, however, who supplied hosiery to the court, caused several of the loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters. Table-forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to England was called *Furcifer*. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England; napkins being used in that country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude. The saw-mill was brought into England from Holland in 1663; but its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected, but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob. Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of baking was introduced into England in 1690, by two brothers, who came to Staffordshire from Nuremberg. Their success and their secrecy so enraged their neighbors that persecution arose against them, and became so strong that they were compelled to give up their works. The pendulum was invented by Galileo; but so late as the end of the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the name of "Swing-Swang."

WAS JANE M'CREA MURDERED?—The sad history of this supposed victim of savage brutality will lose its romance, if modern investigations and criticism are to be allowed full play. Reduced to a mere "accident," and there is hardly enough of the surroundings to make up a first-class sensation. Without further preface, here is what one of our contemporaries says of this historic event:

"Fort Edward was the scene, in its early

history, of that saddest of barbarities, the murder of Miss Jane M'Crea by the Indians. But I am informed that the common representation that she was willfully murdered is not correct. The 'oldest inhabitant,' who has somewhat recently died, often related the circumstance to a prominent gentleman of this village, who gives a somewhat different version of the affair. He says that her death was not intended, but that a quarrel arising between the savages and some white men in the party, one of the former, in attempting to shoot his antagonist, missed his aim, and killed with his bullet the poor girl who had been committed to their care. The party had been commissioned by a young British officer then stationed at Whitehall, to whom she was betrothed, to conduct her to the latter place, where the nuptials were to be celebrated. So suddenly were the promises of happiness blighted. Miss M'Crea's grave is near the entrance to the new village cemetery, and a memorial stone, placed by friends of the young lady, reminds one of the sad event. The house from which she started, still remains, the only one which then stood within the precincts of the present village. There is a spring near the spot where she was killed, called the Jane M'Crea Spring, and one of the prominent streets of the village bears the name of the unfortunate girl."

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—The bronze statuary just now so popular is manufactured by a simple enough process. Over the clay model is poured a coating of plaster of Paris, which, having been allowed to set, is taken off in sections, thus affording a hollow mold of the figure. From such a mold is produced a stucco duplicate, either of the entire statue or of such a portion thereof as is intended to be cast at a time; and on this again is formed a second mold, of greater thickness and solidity, for the reception of molten metal. The material used for the final mold is a composition of stucco and brick-dust. This is applied in a plastic state to the stucco model, from which its inner surface takes the form of the figure. Were statues cast solid, it would now only be necessary to separate mold from model, and run metal into the former till its interior was filled. This, however, would involve

absurd waste, and, in order to economize material, a solid core is placed inside the mold, leaving only such space all around as will receive the thickness of metal deemed necessary for the work in hand. The mold with its core, having been thus completed and firmly hooped round with bands of iron, is placed in a kiln to bake to perfect dryness. This precaution is necessary from the circumstance that even a trace of moisture might, on the application of molten metal, occasion a dangerous explosion. In the case of the casting now in question, the drying of the mold occupies some weeks. On the removal from the kiln, the mold is buried in dry earth below the floor of the foundry, only the aperture for receiving the metal and the vent-hole for the escape of air remaining visible.

PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—We give our readers three versions of this celebrated prayer, which was written in her book of devotions just before her execution:

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberer me!"

I.

"O Master and Maker, my hope is in thee;
My Jesus, dear Savior, now set my soul free.
From this my hard prison, my spirit upriscn,
Soars upward to thee.
Thus moaning, and groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore, and implore that thou liberate me."

II.

"O Jesus, my God, I have trusted in thee;
O precious Redeemer, my spirit set free.
In prison and anguish,
And chains as I languish,
I'm longing for thee;
In tears and with sighing,
A suppliant lying,
I adore thee, implore thee
My spirit to free."

III.

"O God of my fathers,
My hope is in thee;
Jesus my dearest,
Now liberate me.
In fetters and chains,
In sorrow and pains,
My desire is to thee.
Deep feeling
Appealing,
And reverently kneeling,
I adore, I implore
Thou wouldst liberate me."

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

OUR SCHOOL-ROOM CLOCK.

THAT poor clock! How well I remember it! I can hardly believe now that it once was new; that in the days of our first acquaintance its face was fresh and shining, its voice clear and sounding, and its accuracy in keeping time quite remarkable.

We went into a new house when we were all children, and I think that the view from our school-room was so beautiful that I find it hard to describe it. There were wooded terraces down to the sea; and then across the bay there were lovely hills, with woods and meadows up to the top; and sometimes, on half-holidays, we used to get our father's large telescope, and see people walking about, and the sheep in the meadows, all those miles off; and we used to laugh as we thought how little they guessed that we were peeping at all they did on the green hill-side. Even now, whenever I hear those words:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,"

I think of how I used to look out of the windows of our old house, sometimes for hours, wondering if they meant any thing like that blue bay, with the sunset colors upon it, with the hills on the other side.

But this has not much to do with the clock and its story, you will say; and it is quite time that I should come back to the school-room, through the window of which I was looking across the bay. Well, into this school-room, when we had fairly taken possession of it, there was introduced the very important piece of furniture of which I am writing. It was a clock with a varnished face, hung up above our heads, so that we could only move the hands by standing on tiptoe upon a chair, with a music-book on it to make us taller. It had not even the protection of a glass over its face, nor was there any little cupboard, like that of the kitchen-clock, its relation down stairs, for the weights and pendulum, which hung down within our reach. This school-room clock was wound up by our pulling the chains belonging to these weights; and as

every one of us generally went through this little ceremony whenever we came into the room, it had not much chance of running down. My brother Ernest was considered to have especial authority and charge over the clock, I think, because he was the chief boy at home, and such a good brother to us little ones that we were sure he would let us examine its works with him whenever he took them to pieces, which was very often indeed. How it managed to start work again after our experiments, is still a mystery to me. We used to unhook the weights from the chains, and hear a sort of revolution inside, while all the wheels went whirring round and round with nothing now to keep them weighted and steady. We used to put the hands forward to make half-holidays and birthdays come sooner; and I am ashamed to confess that we sometimes put them back to make our play-time a little longer; in fact, we played pranks enough to make any clock, less determined than ours to do its duty, strike work at once, instead of striking the hours.

The only fault we had to find with our new friend, which is such an old friend now, was the noise it made over its work. I can not say whether it was thought particularly necessary that we of the school-room should be very loudly reminded of the flight of time, and of the rapid passing by of opportunities; but so it was, that from the corner by the window, the very loudest tick continually proceeded which I have ever heard from a clock in my life. I remember one day trying to put it into words as I bent over a sum which would not come right, and mixing up, "Five and nine make fourteen: put down twopence and carry a shilling," with "Time is flying, hours are dying, I am sighing, For a run: Tick-tick, now be quick: Flowers we'll pick, when I've done." I remember playing many a piece on the piano for which that loud tick seemed to beat time which would never go out of time, however much I wanted to get slower at the end for the sake of expression. And I remember when, much against the views of the servants, we children, who could not

keep asleep in the Summer mornings, used to dress ourselves and each other, and steal down-stairs long before the shutters were lawfully opened, in order to get to our garden before breakfast, how solemnly through the dark school-room the tick of the clock used to fall upon my ears; and how, with a sort of self-reproach, I used to say to myself that it had been on duty all night, just as if we had been seeing to it, while I had been enjoying my sleep in bed for so many hours. However, when Mary, the tallest of us, managed to unbolt the school-room window, which was the easiest of all to unbar, and when we let ourselves out on to the balcony, and then ran down the steps to the terrace, and to our gardens, in the freshness and dew of six o'clock in the morning, I suspect that I did not trouble myself much more about the matter.

But the curious thing about our clock was this: Although, when it was first put up in the school-room, we thought we should all be so disturbed by that loud, never-ceasing tick, tick, tick, tick, we soon grew so accustomed to the sound that unless we stopped to listen for it we did not notice it at all. I remember saying, on the first day of its arrival, that I did not know how we should get on with our lessons with such a noise in the corner; that I was sure I should have to take my poetry and sums outside to my favorite little nook in the balcony, and prepare them there, if that ticking was always to go on inside. And I remember being somewhat unbelieving when I was told that in a very little while my ear would grow so accustomed to the sound that I should not even hear it. But so it proved. In a few days I found myself looking up to see whether the pendulum was going backward and forward; when, from being absorbed in what I was doing, I had quite ceased to hear that loud time-voice in the corner, and I found it to be quite true, that after a little while we did not notice the sound any more.

Now that so many years have passed away, our old friend is still on duty. There is no school-room now in our house; though, when Mary's little boys come to stay with us, we pretend to have some lessons, which, I must confess, are far less serious matters than those of their aunts and uncles in our old house. Our school-room clock has

grown very shabby. There is a crack on its face which I believe we made when once we let it fall, and were horribly frightened at the mischief we had done, and immensely relieved when, having been replaced on its hook on the wall, it went to work again quite pleasantly and as if nothing had happened. One of the hands has been much bent, and when the hour comes it makes a noise, as if it were clearing its throat to announce it, but never succeeds in striking; indeed, that it should do even so much as this is a wonder to me, when I remember past days. But it still goes on ticking,—just as clearly, just as loudly as when, years ago, we were practicing exercises and learning French verbs in the dear old school-room at home.

And now, when I look back to those days, I sometimes think that a great many children, and a great many people besides who are not children, are somewhat like ourselves as we were in our sea-side home. I mean that, though we are continually being told that time is going, going moment by moment and hour by hour; that no minute or hour or day or week can come again; that eternity, for ever and ever, is coming nearer and nearer with every breath we draw,—still, we get accustomed to the thought; we grow older, we keep birthdays and Christmases and New-Year's days, and too often give little heed to the thought of what lies beyond.

Have you ever laid your hand on your heart, and felt its measured beating, and thought that every beat was one less of the number, known to God only, of those which it will beat before being stilled forever? And have you made quite sure of spending that forever in that fair land,—in those fields beyond the swelling flood,—where stand the many mansions in which, if you have come to Jesus with your whole heart, a place will be prepared for you? If not, I fear that you have become as accustomed to such words and warnings as we were to the loud voice of our old clock; and I would ask you now, having read these words, to pause for a moment, and to think of time and eternity.

If thou endurest wrong for Christ's sake, he is a revenger; if sorrow, a comforter; if sickness, a physician; if loss, a restorer.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

It is rare that youthful precocity fulfills expectation in the outcome of riper years. Mozart, an infant prodigy in music, became a distinguished performer and composer; short-lived in years, but accomplishing as much between the ages of six and thirty-six as the average man performs who begins life at twenty or thirty, and ends his active career at fifty or sixty; Mendelssohn was a child prodigy, who began early, lived fast, wrought much, and died early. While a few poets, orators, musicians, and mathematicians have commenced young, and held their own, it is to be regarded as exceptional. The greater number of precocious children and youth, if they do not die early, sink into the general mass at adult age. The buds of early promise are blighted, come to naught, bring no fruit to maturity. A marvelous exception to this law is found in the life of Thomas Babington Macaulay, of whose *Life and Letters*, the first volume, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, is now laid before the public by Messrs. Harpers. This wonderful man, one of the lights of the century, had no childhood. He was born with the century he had done so much toward making famous, five years later than the most vigorous and original thinker of the century, Thomas Carlyle. There are few readers, even among the younger class of readers, who make any pretensions to literature at all, and have nourished their tastes by drafts on the nearest and merest village library, who have not read Macaulay's "Essays," that splendid series of papers that were the life, for twenty years, of the *Edinburgh Review*; or his brilliant "History of England," minute as a chronicle, yet as dramatic as Shakespeare or Dickens; if poetically inclined, his "Lays of Ancient Rome;" or, if forensically, his "Parliamentary Speeches." The public career of Macaulay, the outline of his history, has been public property for years. His "Life" will be read with avidity for the sake of that which does not appear in cyclopedia notices; namely, life behind the scenes, his childhood, his youth, his school-days, his preparation for college, university life, family letters,

and peeps behind the curtain of Parliamentary life, opinions of contemporaries, domestic life, life in India, correspondence with his own family, and with eminent men of the times. Material for such a work is superabundant. The arrangement of it into complete biographical form has fallen into good hands. The Honorable G. O. Trevelyan is a son of a favorite sister of Mr. Macaulay, who accompanied him to India, and who survived him and edited numerous editions of his works. Besides being a member of Parliament, Mr. Trevelyan is the author of several popular works. His style is fascinating, and his worship of his subject by no means adulatory or indiscriminating. From three years of age, Macaulay was an incessant reader. His memory was marvelous, and retained whatever crossed it with precision and tenacity,—classics, history, dates, events, names, the profoundest disquisitions of philosophy, and the trashiest novels. At seven years of age, he wrote a *Compendium of Universal History*. He wrote hymns and heroic poems. He was an omnivorous reader, had an "unerring memory, and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of the printed page." He said, "If 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Paradise Lost' were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce both from memory." "To the end, he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as any one else could turn the leaves;" and this "speed was not obtained at the expense of accuracy." His industry was equal to his power of memory. Few men this side of Michael Angelo have possessed such brilliant faculties, and such extensive and varied acquirements. He was a politician, a Parliamentary orator, poet, essayist, historian, and peer in each. His knowledge and judgment of the classics were wonderful, and only excelled by his diligence in the perusal of the writers of antiquity. Mathematics he abhorred, and he could neither ride nor row nor skate nor swim, and, outside of poetry, history, and oratory, manifested no fondness for the æsthetic arts. The inner lines of his career, drawn by his

honorable nephew, will be perused with avidity. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Great Expectations by Charles Dickens, Household Edition. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Wells of Baca, solaces of the Christian mourner, and other thoughts on bereavement, by Rev. J. R. Maccluff, D. D., a pretty little volume of poems, republished by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Lilies or Thistledown, by Julia A. Matthews, is the narration of the trials of a child under the training of an over-particular aunt. Both characters are much overdrawn, the thistles being too sharp, and the lilies too sparing, to be natural. *Christie's Old Organ* is a nice little volume for Sunday-school libraries. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, issue both works. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

In the Douglass Series of the Christian Greek and Latin Writers, for use in schools and colleges, Dr. March, of Lafayette College, gives us the *Select Works of Tertullian*. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Young men who study for the ministry, and who get a taste of the Greek and Latin Fathers as school exercises, will be likely to acquaint themselves in later life and in their divinity studies with those authors with whose history and style they have already become familiar through this Douglass Series. We commend the enterprise.

In our common version of the Scriptures, many obsolete words and peculiar expressions are found, that, to some readers, need to be explained. For the sake of such readers, Professor William Swinton has prepared a *Bible Word Book*, or a glossary of Scripture terms that have changed their popular meaning, and are no longer in general use. Besides antiquated words there are occasionally antiquated spellings, as of the word *shew*, which we hear pronounced by some antiquated speakers invariably *shoo*. Now, to set aright the ignorant and less learned on such points, we know nothing better than this neat little volume, published by the Harpers, New York.

SHOULD any one of our readers desire a clearer view of the different phases of missionary labor in foreign fields, we confidently recommend Dr. T. J. Scott's *Missionary Life among the Villages in India*, just issued by Hitchcock & Walden. The Doctor has been for twelve years laboring in India as a missionary of our Church, and gives us, in the form of a diary, an account of his life among the native population of that vast empire. The character of the people, their habits and modes of thinking, their intellectual sharpness and ready wit, their superstitions and religious forms, their social condition and political relations, their language and laws, are all described or incidentally mentioned, and from these accounts we get a more intimate acquaintance with Indian life and manners than we ordinarily obtain from books of travel.

HISTORIES of Greece are not wanting to the reading public, yet every age produces its Grecist, some one who sets Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Plutarch, and other authorities, in new combinations and new lights. Rev. George W. Cox presents, through D. Appleton & Co., *A General History of Greece*, from the earliest period to the death of Alexander the Great. Mr. Cox is the author of several works that have attracted attention and received favorable criticism in England: a history of Greece in two volumes, octavo, from the earliest period to the close of the Peloponnesian War, a third volume ending with the death of Alexander the Great, and the fourth to end with the reign of Bavarian Otto, in 1862; in two volumes, octavo, he has embodied the mythology of the Aryan nations; and has given to the British public several other works pertaining to classical, particularly Grecian, antiquity. The book republished by the Appletons is a comprehensive manual designed to interest all classes,—the ordinary reader and the scholar and critic. Mr. Cox is thoroughly democratic and iconoclastic, and remands to the region of myth and fable many of our most cherished notions of men and events. Xerxes never took a struggling million into Greece; the celebrated battles of Marathon, Salamis, Platæa, and Mycale occurred, but come to us as naked facts, stripped of the romance

with which they have been invested by the early chroniclers. Mr. Cox characterizes Greek history as a drama that was played out in about three hundred years, and yet three hundred of the most wonderful years in the history of the globe. The indebtedness of the world to Greece may be summed up in one of the vulgar phrases of the day, "What Greece did not know was not worth knowing." Mr. Cox's pen portraits of the great Grecian leaders, Alcibiades, Nicias, Themistocles, Pericles, Miltiades, and others, are most dramatic and life-like. He adopts an orthography which we should like to see nationalized and made universal,—Alkibiades, Sokrates, Korkyra, Kymon, Kypros, Makedonia, Nikias, Zakynthos, and the like. For any one who wants a moderate sized, inexpensive, and yet full, readable, and lively history of Greece, Mr. Cox's work is the thing. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

LORING, Boston, is doing a good service to persons of moderate means by publishing in cheap tract form the experiences of individuals in supporting themselves by sewing, gardening, economizing, and making small earnings and small incomes go the furthest possible in procuring health, comfort, and luxury. The books will do good by their suggestiveness. It is, however, not what people *earn*, but what they save and how they spend. A liquor-loving husband or a dress-loving wife, or a general shiftlessness and incompetency, thriftlessness, lack of judgment on the part of both, keep the house poor and the family ill-supplied. *How I Made £55, or \$275, a Year by my Sewing-machine*, by Julia Fisher, is one of those experiences. The tract may serve as a hint to others, but it would probably do more good if the authoress could, along with it, circulate her brains, ingenuity, perseverance, and will. Without these, thrift is impossible; with them, it is impossible not to thrive. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

It is a modern arrangement of mercantile houses to sell goods by sample, and to send these samples to purchasers at their own houses. Formerly, when every merchant was compelled to make an annual or semi-annual visit to some port of entry for the purpose of procuring articles in his line of

business from the importer, much time and money was spent abroad, which by the present system is spent at home. To secure the results of the new method of buying and selling, our city merchants now send out canvassers to the country towns whose duty it is to show samples and take orders. To give some hints to young business men and clerks on the subject of buying and selling goods, both at the stores and on the road, William H. Maher has written *On the Road to Riches*, published by T. J. Brown, Eager, & Co., Toledo, O. It contains many excellent suggestions to those for whom it is specially intended, though others may read it with both profit and interest.

Pausanias the Spartan, an unpublished historical romance by the late Lord Lytton (Bulwer), edited by his son. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co.)

The Story of the Apostles; or, The Acts Explained to Children, by the author of "Peep of Day," who has been forty years writing for little ones. Sixty-five sketches, fully illustrated. (Robert Carter & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Gates of Praise, and other original hymns, poems, and fragments of verse; a pretty little volume, by J. R. M'Duff, D. D. (Robert Carter & Brothers., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Nice for those who like to have their religious reading done up in the form of sacred verse.

THE author of "Pioneers and Patriots of America," the venerable John S. C. Abbott, honors the Centennial year by a *Life of George Washington*, adapted to youthful readers, the condensed essence, we may presume, of Weems, Marshall, Headly, Sparks, Irving, Everett, and dozens of others who have developed the career of the father of his country. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co.)

Haunted Rooms, a tale, by A. L. O. E., now an honorary member of the Zenana Mission in India. If her pen should find as fruitful themes as that of Mrs. Sherwood, author of "Little Henry and his Bearer," the religious world will have no occasion to regret her removal to that far-off field of labor. (Robert Carter & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

For students learning German, *A First German Course*, containing grammar, delectus, and exercises, with vocabularies, will perhaps answer their purpose. This is a volume from the press of the Harpers, New York, prepared on the plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina," and is the first in the course of the German Principia. We are pleased to see that the editor has abandoned the use of the barbarous black letter, and substituted for it the neat Roman letter which we use, thus following the fashion set by the brothers Grimm in their dictionary, and other German scholars.

WE can not know too much about our native land, and as it is impossible for us all to visit all parts of the country in which we live, we must depend for our knowledge of it upon the accounts of others who have traveled through it. One of the latest books of travel in the South is Charles Nordhoff's *Cotton States in the Spring and Summer of 1875*, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It contains a fair statement of the present condition and the prospects of society in the South.

AMONG the good results of our International System of Sunday-school instruction is the more general study of the sacred Scriptures. For the better understanding of the Word, various notes and comments have been published, among which we have received, for the lessons of the present year, *The Lesson Compend*, prepared by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, A. M., and published by Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. Another excellent commentary is *Notes Explanatory and Practical* on the lessons for the year, by Rufus W. Clarke, D. D., published by Dodd & Mead, New York, and sold in Cincinnati by George E. Stevens & Co. Not the least merit which it possesses is that it is brief, direct, pertinent, and easily understood.

ONE of the most interesting departments of Natural History is that which relates to the habits and peculiarities of animal life. Of this much is obscure, and especially that portion which requires minute examination and patient research. To those scientists who devote many years to investigation and watching in this line of study, no thanks are too great; and, accordingly, our thanks

are due to Professor P. J. Van Beneden, of the University of Louvain, for his very excellent work on *Animal Parasites and Mesomeres*, printed by D. Appleton & Co., in their International Scientific Series. It is a painstaking, minute account of such living creatures as entozoa, including tænia, etc., besides other forms of animal existence of which little has heretofore been known. Our knowledge has been much enlarged by the perusal of this book. It is not encumbered with "words of learned length and thundering sound," and is written in a style at once simple and sincere. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

JUVENILES.—The season seems to bring no dearth in the issue of books for the young, and we have this month, in addition to those already mentioned, to catalogue the following, all from the Carters, New York: *The Mariner's Progress*; or, Captain Christian's Voyage in the Good Ship "Glad Tidings" to the Promised Land, by Duncan Macgregor; *Comfort Strong and Brentford Parsonage*, both by the author of "The Win and Wear Series;" *Little Friends at Brentwood*, by Joanna H. Matthews; *Hebrew Heroes* and *The Golden Fleece*, by A. L. O. E.; *Little Jack's Four Lessons*, by the author of "Sunday all the Week;" and *The Captivity of Judah*, by the author of "The Peep of Day." These are all good, and where there is not an excess of this kind of literature for the young, may be freely placed in their hands. Those of an historical character tell the histories in the pleasantest way, and may beget a desire for larger and more elaborate works.

FICTION.—From the Harpers, New York, we have received, in paper covers, *Carter Quartermaster*, by William M. Baker; *The Squire's Legacy*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *Pausanias the Spartan*, by Lord Lytton; *His Natural Life*, by Marcus Clarke; and from James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, *Sights and Insights*; or, Patience Strong's Story of Over the Way, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "We Girls," "The Other Girls," etc. In the two volumes comprising this story, we have the same lucid style and natural description, the same effect in distributing the parts, and skill in delineating character, that mark the writer's previous efforts. The story is readable, fresh, and taking.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RICH men are a great convenience to a Church, but they are to be dreaded as a necessity. Wesley advised his followers to build their chapels inexpensively, lest they "should make rich men necessary to them." As long as a man is godly and places his means at the service of the Church, and acts sensibly, rationally, and in a Christ-like manner, his wealth is of service.

But let him get awry, ambitious, fractious, "*owk*," as the Chinese call it, and woe betide the society that has made itself dependent upon his money. He may withdraw his support at the point where it is most sorely needed; he may go to the bishop's cabinet and threaten to sell the church at auction, if a certain man is not removed and another certain man put in his place. He may fail in business, and bankrupt the Church in his own bankruptcy. It is a matter of the highest importance to a Church to know how a man comes in possession of his riches,—whether by highway robbery, murder, piracy, cheating, swindling, gambling, trade in whisky, frauds on the revenue, defrauding employes, forgery, or any other one of a thousand ways in which shrewd men appropriate to themselves the hard-earned wages and gains and profits of the weaker million. One of the greatest vices of the time is that which goes under the innocent name of speculation. The last half-century has put its brand upon dueling and drinking and games of chance; the half-century to come will, in Christian circles at least, regard all manner of stock speculations, "bulls and bears" and "corners," as GAMBLING, and will not tolerate gamblers in Church-fellowship, nor covet their gains, any more than they now covet the gains of the whisky trader or the government defrauder. The curse of God is on all ill-gotten gains, and any cause built up by such gains will not prosper.

Gamblers and speculators and defrauders may die rich, but a vein of rottenness will run all through their riches that will ruin the fortunes of their families and curse their possessions to the third and fourth generations. Better be honorably and nobly poor

than dishonestly rich. Speculation has hitherto worn an honest garb, and walked in good and even in Christian society, but the secular press is beginning to "spot" it. If it be a vice and criminal, the Christian Church is bound to have none of it. The command is, "Provide things *honest* [and honorable as well] in the sight of all men." There is neither Christianity nor humanity in sweeping away from a weak brother the earnings and savings of a life-time at the turn of a die. The vicious must be curbed, and the weak restrained and upheld, by the moral and honest and strong, and who should these be but members of the Church of God?

WHITEFIELD AND THE NEW ENGLAND PURITANS.—Centennial discourses are resuscitating the last century and bringing to light many curious passages of dimly remembered or totally forgotten history. At the end of of a printed "Centennial Sermon," containing the history of the Congregational Church of East Haven, Connecticut, the pastor, Rev. Dr. D. W. Havens, has printed a "Declaration of the Association of the County of New Haven, Convened in 1745, Concerning the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, his Conduct, and the State of Religion at This Day." They disapprove of his "itinerancy," going from place to place "under a pretense of preaching the Gospel," without any "special mission from Heaven so to do." They censure him for publishing "false doctrine," in declaring that "if any man doubted of his conversion it was certain evidence that he never experienced it;" that "an unconverted minister can not be the instrument of a sinner's conversion;" that "man is a motley mixture, half beast and half devil;" that "God loves sinners with a love of complacency." They condemn him for uncharitable and censorious handling of the regular clergy. They call him a "raw and unstudied young man," "a bold and daring youth." He was then thirty years of age, and had been preaching ten years, and had all England at his heels, attracted by his magnificent voice, his impassioned style, his vehemence.

ment utterance, enforced by gesticulation, stamping, and weeping, the enthusiasm of personal religious experience and daring criticism of sin, sinners, and dead professors of religion. It grieved these magnates of the "standing order," that Whitefield had been so petted, caressed, and applauded by the ministers of Boston. They regard him as an "enthusiast," "led by impulses and impressions," and they can not see how he can reconcile with his vows of Episcopal ordination his free communion with Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and his extempore services. They are astonished at his impudence, and scandalized by his pride and arrogance, and boasting in his writings, of his intimacy with God, his receiving of frequent messages from heaven, and his great success here and there. He has broken up Churches and societies, and "numbers of illiterate exhorters swarm about as locusts from the bottomless pit." They "publish and declare" their "purpose and determination" not "to admit the said Mr. Whitefield into their pulpits, nor receive him into their communion, and will caution the people against going to hear him." Such were the troubles of the Puritan Calvinists with the great "moral scandal," the Methodist Calvinist, in the Blue Law State a hundred and thirty years ago.

ENDOWMENTS for literary institutions are good things, but should not be implicitly depended on. How many millions of endowment money have been squandered in this young country, and how weak and feeble and insufficient are the endowments of our oldest and best institutions! Endowments seem to belong to a more stable and aristocratic state of society than ours, and appear to be out of joint with democratic institutions and usages. It is a good principle to let every generation pay its own expenses. Heaping up money in advance takes away from posterity the opportunity and stimulus to give. Investments in this country are precarious and insecure, and many a college whose patrons have subscribed a hundred thousand dollars, has found itself minus an income by investment in unproductive Western lands, or some non-paying enterprise.

The Drew Seminary was thought secure,

but the failure of its patron has left it stranded. It sat easy enough on the well-to-do Methodists of New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, the patronizing territory of the Drew, to have all its current expenses borne by one man, who retained the principal of the endowment in his own hands and paid over the interest annually for the support of the institution. The interest on \$250,000 at seven per cent is \$17,500. The expenses of the school would be, at a moderate estimate, something as follows, say :

Salary of President,	\$3,000
Four Professors (\$2,500 each),	10,000
Tutor,	1,500
Lectures,	1,000
Library,	1,500
Repairs and running expenses,	2,000

Now, the question is, shall this needed amount come out of the pocket of one man, or be the yield of a single endowment, or shall every man have the privilege of contributing toward the education of young men for the ministry? Five hundred men subscribing the interest on five hundred dollars, at seven per cent per annum, namely, \$35 each, would pay \$17,500, or the interest on \$250,000. And in spite of all the friction, the annoyances, the crosses incident to raising money in small sums, we believe this to be the better way. An educational collection should be one of the regular benevolences of the Church, and in some form, for some purpose, should be taken up annually in every Church in the connection.

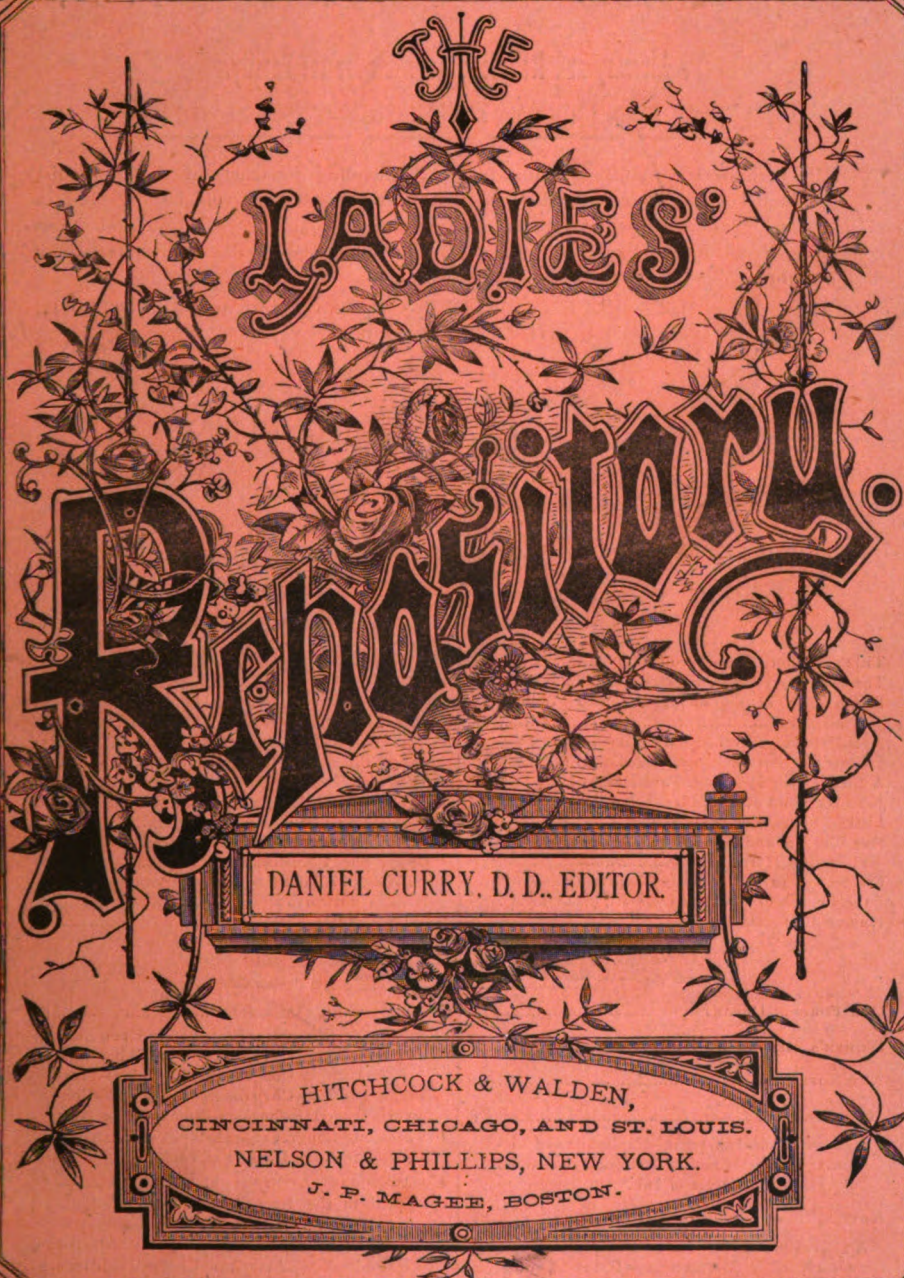
Drew has lost its *millionaire*, but it can not suffer in the hands of the million.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The Italians express their sentiment concerning Summer idling by their words *dolce far niente*—"sweet do-nothing." And what better expression is there for lying at length in the warm sunshine, amid the springing flowers and the tall grass, listening the song of birds and watching the gay flight of butterflies? "In the Meadow," is an idyl in painting; and well has the artist conceived the idea of perfect innocence, bliss, and security, and expressed it by his pencil.

To accompany the portrait of Abel Minard, we expected a sketch of his life and character from one who knew him well, but have been disappointed. We have, however, given the main facts which entitle him to our regard.

JULY,

1876.



Miss H A Birch
AMSTERDAM
Montgomery, N Y

LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A Literary and Religious Magazine for the Family.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY

REV. DANIEL CURRY, D. D.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
 CHURCH OF THE
 UNITED METHODISTS;
 1839.



Independence Hall, 1774.

THE CHURCH OF THE
 UNITED METHODISTS;
 1839.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1876.

TITLES OF HONOR.

AMONG all nations, in all ages of the world, there has been a proneness to bestow honorary distinctions upon individuals who have office or dignity in their possession or inherent in them. More particularly is this true among barbarous nations, where there are no family names. There, men are entirely known by titles of honor, by titles of disgrace, or by titles given to them on account of some individual quality. A brave man will be called a lion, a ferocious one a tiger. Others are named after a signal act of their lives, or from some peculiarity of personal appearance, such as the slayer-of-three-bears, the taker-of-so-many-scalps, or straight-limbs, bright-eyes, long-nose, and so on. Some of these, especially such as express approbation or esteem, are worn as proudly by their savage owners as that of duke or marquis is by European nobles. They confer a distinction which begets respect and deference among the tribes, and obtain for the individuals thus distinguished the places of honor at feasts and of command in battle. It is nearly the same in modern civilized life; titled personages are much sought after by the tribes of untitled. The only difference between the savage and civilized titles of honor is, that in the former case they can only be obtained by deeds,—they must be earned; which is not always the case with modern distinctions.

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The Greeks were sparing in the use of titles of honor, and among the Romans they were chiefly bestowed upon men who had gained particular distinction in certain offices, in which case the designation became hereditary. Thus the honorary title of Magnus pertained to the descendants of Pompey, as those of Africanus and Asiaticus did to the *Scipio gens*. Other offices carried their titles with them, independent of the merits or services of the incumbent; and the word Cæsar, originally the name of a family, Augustus, and *pater patriæ*, were gradually applied indiscriminately to all who held the imperial throne, and were preserved by a long succession of emperors, Romans, Greeks, Franks, and Germans, from the fall of the republic to the time of Napoleon. Augustus and the first Cæsars declined the names of king and dictator, and were content with the modest titles of proconsul and imperator; but in the reign of Diocletian the appellation of lord and emperor was not only bestowed by flattery, but was regularly admitted into the laws and public monuments. The title "Illustrious," previously given only to those who had gained reputation in arms or letters, became, in the reign of Constantine, hereditary in the families of princes, and thenceforth, every son of a prince was illustrious. Toward the decline of the empire, the emperors styled themselves divinites, and were addressed

as "your perpetuity," "your eternity," etc. The title most esteemed of all, however, and which preserved its significance the longest, was that of a Roman citizen.

In the social and political systems of modern nations, all titles of honor originally took their rise from official employments; but in many cases the duties have been abandoned, while the titles which they at first conferred are retained. This is the case with the five orders of British peerage, and with the baronetcy and knightage. In England, a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, and knight have no official duties to discharge in consequence of their titles. It is not so, however, in some parts of Germany, and among the nations of the East. The highest of all titles, that of king or ruler, on the contrary, has never been merely honorary, the responsible duties of government having always been coupled with it. As might be expected, the most extravagant superlatives which language could supply have been added to the honorary designation of the supreme ruler; especially in Oriental countries, where the poetical figure of hyperbole flourishes in the greatest excess.

The most powerful of all monarchs, judging by the absurd mass of nomenclature heaped upon his royal person, is the Emperor of China. His subjects believe him to be God's sole vicegerent upon the earth; hence his titles are "Son of Heaven," and "Ten Thousand Years." This is somewhat akin to the legal axiom that the king never dies; which is true of the mere dignity. In an official document received by the Governor of Bengal from the General of the Chinese forces, the Emperor is styled, "the flower of the imperial race, the son of the firmament of honor, the resplendent gem in the crown and throne of the Chinese territories." His Imperial Highness is not supposed to possess these distinctions upon groundless pretensions; for he claims to be a brother of the sun cousin german to the moon, and professes to be connected by ties of relationship to every

one of the stars. In short, the Emperor is considered the concentrated essence of all worldly distinction,—in other words, "the son of the firmament of honor;" for besides him there is no aristocracy in China, no strictly honorary titles but those he monopolizes. Every dignity must be gained by learning and merit; and there are no titles whatever, except his own, which have not their official duties. There is no hereditary nobility in China.

The titles claimed by the Shah of Persia are not less extravagant and bombastic than those of the Chinese monarch. In a treaty concluded with Sir John Malcolm, in behalf of the British Government, he called himself "the high king, the king of the universe, the phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity; the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe; a shade from the shade of the Most High; a prince before whom the sun is concealed;" and a variety of other outrageous similitudes, which it would be tedious to recite. His subordinate officers imitate him in this respect. The Governor of Shiraz, for instance, adds to his official designations the following savory similitudes: "the flower of courtesy, the nutmeg of consolation, and the rose of delight." The King of Ava, writing to a foreign sovereign, calls himself "the King of kings, whom all others should obey; the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons; the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea; brother to the sun; and king of the four and twenty umbrellas;" the last-named title having reference to the umbrellas carried before him as a mark of dignity. Some of the titles assumed by the Sultan of Turkey consist of high-flown comparisons with the Deity, which are carried to the point of blasphemy. He, as well as the Chinese Emperor, claims a near relationship to the sun and moon. He declares himself, to be, moreover, "the disposer of crowns," although during the present century, he

has had enough to do to keep his own on his head.

Russia unites Asia with Europe, and we naturally pass to a consideration of the autocrat who styles himself, "Emperor of all the Russias." This, however, is a modern appellation, that of czar—the Slavonic for "king"—having been always given to him from the earliest times. As there has been much discussion regarding the origin of this word, the reader will perhaps be glad to reach a definite conclusion.

Some etymologists trace the word czar to "Cæsar," of which they affirm it to be a corruption, but the reverse is the fact; Cæsar is the Latinized form of czar, or kaiser. Richardson, quoting Ihre, a native etymologist, says that kaiser is a word acknowledged and used by all ancient dialects. Most European rulers are kings (from the Teutonic word *cuning*, signifying either knowledge, from which we get "ken," or potentiality, giving us the auxiliary verb "can"); some, however, assume to be emperors, from the Roman *imperator*. The titles assumed by European sovereigns, whether emperor, king, czar, or prince, are invariably accompanied by certain complimentary phrases of address, as "your majesty," "your royal highness," which are generally common to all of them.

Previous to the accession of the Tudors, the sovereigns of England were addressed as "your grace." Henry VIII first assumed the title of highness, and at the field of the cloth of gold, in 1521, he was addressed as "your majesty" by Francis I of France. This title, however, had been previously assumed by the Emperor Charles V. James I was the first "sacred majesty" of England; and he added to his titles those of "most dread sovereign, his highness, the most high and mighty prince, James I," etc. The compellation "sire" (father) seems to have been peculiar to the kings of France. Certain Roman Catholic sovereigns prefix to the titles of majesty common to all of them a qualifying epithet, commonly called a predicate; as "apos-

tolic" for Hungary, and "most faithful" for Portugal. Under the old *régime* the king of France was called "his most Christian majesty;" and the kings of Spain, till the abolition of royalty, used the prefix of "Catholic."

The latter sovereigns were formerly so encumbered with titles that, in 1586, Philip III ordained that he should be termed simply *el rey nuestro senor*,—"the king our lord." Indeed, Spain may be considered the hot-bed of unmeaning and inflated titles, though there are some persons of good and ancient family who have titles of real honor. It is related of the Emperor Charles V, that he filled the first page of a letter to Francis I, with a list of his own titles, and the latter prince retaliated by styling himself, in reply, simply King of France, citizen of Paris, and lord of Vauves and Gentilly. The higher nobility are counts, marquises, and dukes. A select few had the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, and styled illustrious, and addressed, like the pope with "your eminence." The inferior nobility called themselves cavaleros (knights) and hidalgos (gentlemen). Most of the nobles were, on grand occasions, covered with orders and other insignia. These were so cheap at one time in the Peninsula that persons of very indifferent reputation often obtained them; hence the Spanish proverb, that "formerly rogues were hung on crosses; now crosses are hung on rogues." It frequently happened in former times, that, from the peculiar Spanish law of tenure, many small estates descended to the same individuals, the names of which the owner added to his own. Illustrative of this, there is a story in the Spanish jest-books of a benighted grandee who knocked at a lonely inn, and, when asked, as usual, "Quin es"—"Who is there?"—replied:

"Don Diego de Mendoza Siloa Ribera Guzman Pimental Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga Acuna Tellezy Giron Sandovaly Roxas, Velasco man."

"In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "go your way; I have not room for half of you."

A great many titular distinctions in Spain have been leveled by the succession of revolutionary shocks which that unfortunate country has sustained within the last seventy years.

The Germans cling to all sorts of titles with the most tenacious fondness, and often assume them without any right to do so. Many of the genuine titles are purchased, some persons buying land to which a title is annexed. This venality even exceeds what it did in France under her most corrupt *régime*. The most common honorary appellation is "geheimrath," or privy councilor; but few are really entitled to assume it; insomuch that those who are, put "true" after the designation. Every person is very sensitive about being properly addressed. To accost a gentleman with sir (*mein herr*), is almost an insult. The commonest title is "rath," there being a rath for every profession. An architect is a *banrath*; an advocate, *justizrath*; and a person with no profession at all contrives to be made a *hof-rath* (court councilor),—an unmeaning designation, mostly given to those who are never in a situation to give advice at court. The title of professor is also much abused.

The ladies, too, are not behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. A wife insists upon taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There are Madame generaless, Madame privy counciloress, Madame day-book-keeperess, and a hundred others. These titles, as may readily be imagined, sometimes extend to an unpronounceable length. Conceive, for an instance, a foreigner's power of utterance taxed to the extent of addressing a lady as "*frau oberconsistorialdirectorin*;" in other words, Mrs. Directress of the Upper Consistory Court. In France, titles of honor were abolished at the Revolution; counts and other members of the aristocracy, however, retain their titles among their own private friends by courtesy. The legislative functions of *pœr* give no personal title.

On the European Continent, the extreme abundance of titles causes their

owners to obtain but little respect; but in England the case is different. The royal prerogative of creating knights and nobles is exercised with much greater circumspection than it is, and used to be, by neighboring potentates; the honor, therefore, to the distinguished few is highly prized. The feeling of loyalty is nowhere so fervent and sincere as in Great Britain. The present ruler of the country is called, "By the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India [a title just given], Defender of the Faith,"—a faith which has ceased to be that of the state. The title of prince is applied in that country only to the sons and nephews of kings. The ducal was originally a Roman dignity, derived from *ductores exercituum*, or commanders of armies; but, under the later emperors, the governor of a province was entitled *dux*, or leader, from whence our word is derived. The first duke, as we now apply the title, was Edward the Black Prince, created Duke of Cornwall,—a titular honor, which ever since has belonged to the king's eldest son during the life of his parent; so that he is called in heraldic parlance *dux natus*, or born duke. After him there were many *duces creati*, or dukes who were created in such manner that their titles should descend to their posterity. But in 1572, during the reign of Elizabeth, the dignity became extinct in the person of Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk. Half a century afterward, it was renewed by James I, who created his favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The sons of peers, in Great Britain and Ireland, have not formally any noble rank; but by courtesy the eldest son always bears the second title of the family, if there be one, while the younger sons receive the appellation of lords, if the paternal rank be not under that of an earl.

The second order is that of marquis, connected with which was once the duty of guarding the frontiers or limits of the kingdom, called from the Teutonic word *marche*. The persons who had this com-

mand were called "lords marches," or marquises. The office was legally abolished by Henry VIII, after it had long fallen into desuetude; but the title remained. A marquis is addressed as "most noble," but, more in conformity with herald's authority, as the "most honorable."

Of all honorary distinctions, perhaps none is so ancient as that of earl. We derive it from the Saxon word *eorl*, which means elder; and it is a little startling to find that two such dissimilar dignities as earl and alderman have a common origin. But so it is; for the Saxon earls were called ealderman, otherwise seniors or senators; and it would appear that, besides assisting in the general government, as is implied by this designation, they were also *shiremen*, or custodiers of divisions or shires. After the Norman conquest, these functionaries took the French name of counts, but which they did not long retain; though to this day their shires are called counties, and their wives countesses. The earl ceased to trouble himself with county business at an early period, deputing it to a subordinate officer called *vice count*, whence sprung the fourth degree of peerage—viscounts; which occurred about the time of the Wars of the Roses. With this uprise the viscounts got, like their official predecessors, the earls, above their business, and the local affairs of the county are now superintended by the lord lieutenant and his deputy, and by sheriffs. The history and etymology of the barons are involved in some obscurity. The word *baro* originally meant only a man, and is not unfrequently applied to common freeholders, as in the phrase of court-baron. It was used, too, for the magistrates, or chief men of cities, as it is still for the judges of the exchequer and the representatives of the Cinque Ports.

The wives and daughters of all peers partake more or less in the titular honors of their relatives, except the female relations of the prelacy, who are plain Mrs. and Miss. All peers, except "their

graces" the dukes, are addressed as "my lord;" so that when we include the lords by courtesy, not in the peerage,—“my lords” of the treasury and admiralty, lords lieutenants, Scottish lords of session (facetiously denominated “paper lords”), lords provost, and the four lords mayor (of London, York, Dublin, and Edinburgh),—it will be seen that the lords of the British Empire are in great variety.

The next downward step in the ladder of dignity takes us out of the peerage into the baronetage. The title of baronet is compounded of baron and the diminutive *et*, which makes it to signify a baron of lesser degree. The order was instituted by James I, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Cotton, in 1611. It is the lowest honorary title which is hereditary.

Next come the knights, whose history goes back to that of ancient Rome; for in that empire it was the second degree of nobility. It was conferred, in the chivalric times, upon every person of good birth, to qualify him to give challenges, and to perform feats of arms. The honor has, however, gradually extended itself to persons whose habits are the reverse of military, who are dubbed, in Shakespeare's phrase, solely upon "carpet consideration."

The title of esquire, the next in order, has become as unmeaning in England as that of privy councilor in Germany. What the designation originally meant is ascertained by the origin of the word, which is traced to the Latin *scutifer*, or shield-bearer. They were men-at-arms, and attended knights "to the wars." Camden enumerates five orders of the rank, the last being "such as hold any superior rank, public office, or serve the prince in any worshipful calling." This is sufficiently vague to take in a very large class of persons; hence it has been a subject of great dispute and much doubt, among the wisest lawyers, to whom the title of esquire properly belongs. Blackstone and Coke have written on the subject, and the question has been agitated from time to time by the

worshipful petty sessions of Kensington. In such high estimation are titles held in the mother country, that even to be associated ever so indirectly with one is considered an honor. Hence the middle ranks of English society have been described, not without justice, as a body of tuft-hunters. These persons have a kind of reverence, an awe, not so much for the nobility in their proper persons, as for their titles. They know the peerage, baronetage, and knightage by heart. They deem the smallest omission on the superscription of a letter, or in verbally addressing a noble, as an unpardonable sin. We have heard of a military poet—himself owning the title of lieutenant in a foot regiment—who, in writing some verses on Waterloo, conveyed one of his reminiscences of the battle in the following heraldic couplet:

“‘Step forth, Lieutenant Cobden, of Her Majesty’s
One Hundred and Second Foot,—step forth
unto the front,’

Cried Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C.
B., ‘and bear the battle’s brunt.’”

In our own land, titles are formally excluded from use, though a strong inclination to use them, however obliquely, is prevalent. Mere honorary distinctions are not, by our Constitution, allowed; yet in no country in the world are titles more worshipped. With all our boasted republicanism, the arrival of a foreign titular personage, even if his blood is none of the bluest, throws society into a ferment of action. The worthiest among us are tinged with that unworthy sentiment which willingly pays to rank that homage which it would refuse to mental worth. Nor do they disdain to exhibit the intensest rivalry for the possession of those humble titles which accompany the smaller offices of trust. The merest hog-reeve or country postmaster is proud of his rank, and wears his titles with as much pomposity and self-sufficiency as any crowned prince of Europe. Every workman is desirous of being spoken to as Mr.; and his respectable wife, who requires no such adjunct, must be addressed as Mrs. or Mistress. Throughout

all grades, from high to low, this craving is manifest; and I have no doubt that many, like the King of Monamatapa, in Southern Africa, who is pleased to be addressed as “great magician,” “great rascal,” and “great thief,” would feel honored, and perhaps not a few would be appropriately addressed, by like appellations. This feeling is gradually undermining our republican principles. Year by year, we see custom sanctioning the use of new appellations whose kingly or imperial origin should, to say the least, prohibit their applications to democratic trusts. In the State of Massachusetts, the governor is entitled by law to be addressed as “his excellency,” and the lieutenant-governor as “his honor;” and a similar privilege pertains to the same offices in a few other States of the American Union. All other officials have the sanction of custom or courtesy only for the titles of honor by which they are addressed. Judges are invariably addressed upon the bench as “your honor,” and custom has given the same title to the mayors of cities and a few other officials. Judges, members of Congress, members of the upper house of the State legislatures, and frequently others, are styled “honorable,” and the President of the United States receives the courtesy title of “his excellency.” The clergy are universally addressed as “reverend,” and those having episcopal functions adopt the prefix of “very,” or “right.” “Esquire” is used in the most careless manner, being bestowed, without the least consideration, promiscuously upon newly fledged attorneys, notaries, and justices of the peace. This title, as we use it, is far more unmeaning in its designation than the same appellation in England. In many parts of the Eastern and Middle States, it is not uncommon to find the greater part of the laboring community with the abbreviation “Esq.” affixed to their names. Would it not be better for these would-be aristocrats to follow the example of the celebrated banker, Zamet, of whom it is related that, when asked by a notary by what title he wished to be

designated in a legal document, he replied, "Call me owner of seventeen hundred thousand crowns." This method, it seems to me, would be more in accordance with the venal spirit of the age; and, if truthfully followed, would certainly be a better criterion of that which gives effect to rank, and is worshiped by Americans equally with the aristocratic titles of the Old World; namely, wealth.

Viewed in the abstract, titles are not things worthy of desire, and they must be considered as failing in their object

when applied without distinction as to merit or any other qualification. Absurd or insignificant, however, as they too frequently are, they may be considered as not altogether useless. Classing them with many other things which philosophy would disown, they are to be viewed as in some respects essential to the present tastes and habits of society, and therefore worthy of all the toleration usually accorded to social arrangements in themselves indifferent or unobjectionable.

FRED. MYRON COLBY.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

THE islands of Polynesia have long afforded men of science and religion prolific themes of thought. Hundreds of volumes have been published respecting the resources, the soil, and the climate of the country, and also of the origin, the number, and character of the inhabitants. Navigators have sailed among the reefs, and the marvelous tales they have told of what they have seen, have both amused and astonished their readers. Again and again we have been reminded that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;" though some would assert that the islanders were so innocent and harmless, and that they did not need the Gospel; but, as Mr. Wesley said, "none could believe these statements who credited the truths of the Bible."

The islands are very numerous, but are generally found in groups, hence we have the Sandwich group, the Hervey group, etc. The natives of the various groups had but little intercourse until recently, except when engaged in war. They are altogether independent of each other, having their own customs, laws, and forms of idolatry. Early in the present century, when the missionary enterprise took hold of the Churches, these islands became the field of operation. The

American Board of Missions sent their agents to the Sandwich group, and the London Missionary Society commenced operations at Tahiti. Both these societies have had remarkable success in their respective spheres. No part of the mission field has yielded better returns than Polynesia. It is said that the mission to Tahiti was the first attempt in modern times to carry the Gospel to an isolated and uncivilized people.

The Friendly Islands, situated in latitude between 18° and 25° south, and longitude 173° and 176° west, consist of three groups, which are said to contain more than one hundred islands, some of which are of considerable size. It is believed that the Dutch navigator Tasman was the first to discover this group. Captain Cook also visited them, and designated them by the name which they now bear, in honor of the kindness with which the natives treated him and his crew. Had he known more about them, he would have called them by some other name. Fruits and all kinds of tropical productions are very abundant.

The inhabitants number somewhere about thirty thousand. They have generally had the reputation of being much given to stealing. Owing to the prolific

nature of the soil, they had but few incentives to industry, and spent their time in idleness and lasciviousness, when not engaged in war. Some of the crimes known in other islands were not practiced by the Friendly Islanders as, for instance, infanticide. Polygamy was practiced, but the female sex was more kindly treated than in other parts of Polynesia. The government was considered superior, and the king, who reigned at Tonga, was regarded as a mild sovereign.

The sailing of the missionary ship, the *Duff*, from England will ever be regarded as an epoch in the history of missions. That noble messenger of mercy, commanded by Captain Wilson, cast anchor at Tongatabu in 1797; and, after waiting some days, ten persons, three of whom were missionaries, and the others mechanics, all sent out by the London Missionary Society, were left on shore. For three years, these persons suffered all manner of hardships and cruelties, not only from the natives, but also from two of their own countrymen, who had been residents on the island for some years, though how they came there was a matter of some uncertainty. Their own story was, that they were shipwrecked sailors; but some believed that they were escaped convicts from New South Wales, then known as Botany Bay, whither many were sent from England in those days, for their country's good. These men were hardened criminals, and were a source of great annoyance to the mission party. They had become almost as abandoned as the natives, and could only speak their own language very imperfectly. They both eventually came to an untimely end. Their career verified the truth of Scripture, "The way of transgressors is hard."

At first, some of the chiefs promised to protect the missionaries, but a war broke out among the tribes, during which the mission house was burned. The people, too, would steal almost every thing, and never were satisfied, no matter how many presents they might receive. A cuckoo clock was especially an object of great

interest; when they heard it strike, they were excited beyond measure, and every one would tell his neighbor, "*Nago mamattai acconclair*,"—I saw the wood speak. The mission party found it much more difficult to obtain a knowledge of the language than they anticipated, and the success of their labors was by no means what they hoped for. During the war, three of them were put to death, and the others had a narrow escape from the same fate; but ultimately they reached New South Wales, by means of a vessel which happily touched at Tonga when they were in the greatest peril.

To the Rev. Walter Lowry belongs the honor of being the first Wesleyan missionary, who, mainly at his own expense, visited the Friendly Islands, twenty-two years after the scene just narrated. He also found one of his countrymen there, but not so abandoned as those named. After a while he thought the prospect was cheering, but he was called away, and two native teachers came from Tahiti, who were the means of doing good. After two years, a reinforcement of missionaries was sent to the South Seas; and from that time to the present the Friendly Islands have been regarded as one of the most interesting missions belonging to the Wesleyan Church. The latest report states there are 7,719 members; 19,200 hearers; 114 schools; 5,380 scholars; 7 missionaries; 12 assistants; 14 catechists; 958 local preachers. Every vestige of idolatry has disappeared, and, with the exception of a few hundreds who have been proselyted to the Roman Catholic Church, the islanders may emphatically be declared to be under Methodistic training. All this has been brought about in less than sixty years.

The missionaries who have been sent out from time to time to labor in the Friendly Islands, have been devoted to their work, and might justly be termed men of apostolic zeal. Some of them and their devoted wives, sleep amid the coral reefs, until the last trumpet shall be blown, while others have been sent to other fields of labor, and rejoice in the

harvest which they have already reaped. Their labors were often Herculean. Here is an outline of a Sunday's work :

"Breakfast about four A. M. Then walk to the most distant place for the day, ten miles. Preach there at nine o'clock. Refreshment after service, and then walk a few miles, under a vertical sun, to the second preaching-place, where service would be held at one P. M. From thence another village would be reached, in time for a third service, about four o'clock P. M. All this done, the exhausted man would arrive at home a little after sunset. Destructive as these labors were of health in such a climate, they were the necessary result of two men attempting to do what would have fully taxed the strength and time of even four." But, then, in addition to all this, they had to superintend the education of their own children, teach in the schools, perform all kinds of mechanical labor, administer medicine, settle disputes, etc. They might truly say with the apostle, "We labor, working with our own hands. These hands have ministered to my necessities."

The missionaries' wives had no easy task to perform. In addition to their own domestic duties, they had to assist their husbands in teaching, and sometimes would be subjected to the most painful straits to arrange their household matters so as to enjoy even ordinary comfort. Native servants would perplex them beyond endurance, while they would again and again be at their wits' end to fix clothing for the household, so that all might appear decent, as no dry-goods stores were accessible, and they could only obtain a supply when the mission ship, *John Wesley*, made its annual visit. In those days trading vessels were few and far between.

The first convert which the missionaries witnessed gave them much pleasure. His name was Lolihia. He was a youth of more than ordinary promise. He was eager to learn, but was of delicate health, and when he was unable to attend the sanctuary, he would get other youths to

convey him thither in a native wheelbarrow. From the first he never wavered, and while some of the chiefs would annoy the missionaries, he cheered them by his fidelity and consistency. His conduct had a salutary effect upon other youths, and, during the tedious affliction which preceded his death, he manifested so much patience that all were astonished, as he often expressed his gratitude in the most audible manner.

About three years after the arrival of the Wesleyan missionaries, the principal chief of Haabai, visited them at Tonga, and solicited a missionary; but, owing to the small number at that time at Tonga, he went home disappointed. Some time afterward, however, he renounced idolatry, and was publicly baptized, in the presence of several hundreds of people. As he was afterward made king of the entire group of islands, and maintained a life of consistency, his influence in favor of Christianity was great. He died in 1845, and named George Tabon his successor. King George, like his predecessor, has always befriended the missionaries, and has, for many years, been a useful local preacher and class-leader. His queen also is a leader of a class. Of his majesty, we shall have more to say at another time.

As the people advanced in education, it became a difficult matter to supply them with books. A printing-press was happily sent out under the care of a missionary who understood the printing business; and when the poor people saw the working of the press, they were as much astonished as their fathers were who saw the cuckoo clock before mentioned. For days the office would be so crowded with people anxious to see the press at work, that their presence was a great inconvenience. By means of this valuable engine of power there were issued, in eighteen months, twenty-nine thousand one hundred copies of small books, containing five million seven hundred and seventy-two pages.

In respect to education, as well as some other matters, the people of the

Friendly Islands, more especially those of Tonga, show an aptitude and skill not always manifested by Polynesians. Schools have been established in every island, in which the usual branches of education are taught. At Nuhualofa, a training school for higher education was established some years ago, which has developed into a seminary of a still higher class, to be henceforth known as Tubon College, in honor of the present ruler of the whole group of the Friendly Islands. About one hundred students are here trained as native teachers and ministers, under an able missionary, Rev. James E. Moulton.

The Bible, above all other books, is pre-eminent, and the people have been taught to read it above all others. The missionaries first translated the New Testament, and then the whole Bible, into the language of the people; and the noble British and Foreign Bible Society printed one edition of each, which they generously presented for distribution. The people were eager to possess a copy of the Word of Life, and would willingly part with any thing sooner than give up that treasure. Once a poor man's house was burned down while he was at public worship; but he expressed his thankfulness that he had the Book with him.

The following incident will illustrate the eagerness of the people to possess churches. It was resolved to erect one large enough to hold all the people on a certain island. The length was one hundred and ten feet and the breadth forty-five feet, inside measure. It was finished in two months from the time of commencement. Sometimes as many as a thousand persons would be engaged in the erection. The work was regularly divided. Even the king and chiefs took part, and performed their duties with exactness. Some beautiful spears were converted into communion rails; and two carved clubs, which had been worshiped as gods, were fixed at the bottom of the pulpit stairs. At the dedication of this beautiful house of prayer, the king preached an appropriate sermon

on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple.

At different periods, the Friendly Islands have been the theater of grand revivals. In 1834, and again in 1850, and yet again in 1870, there were gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit, during which several hundreds were made the happy partakers of saving grace. In one instance the work began while a native teacher was preaching; and such was the excitement that prevailed that one of the people ran to a neighboring town, where the missionary was conducting service, and shouted, "The *lotu* [the love] has come!" In some instances, the influence would spread with such amazing rapidity that every native on the island would be affected. Some would fall prostrate, while others would be in the greatest possible distress, and would weep in intense agony; then they would cry aloud, "Praise the Lord! I never knew Jesus until now; now I do know him. He has taken away all my sins. I love Jesus." A native of Samoa, who was present at one meeting, said, "The people prayed by steam."

For many years past the missions in the Friendly Islands have been entirely self-sustaining, and some thousands of pounds are contributed every year toward sending the Gospel into the "regions beyond." True, the amounts are not always paid in money, but in that which is equally valuable,—as cocoa-nut oil, and other commodities, which are sold at Sidney, New South Wales, on the return of the *John Wesley* from her annual voyage to the Islands. As an instance of the liberality of the people, the following fact may be stated. The missionary, writing from Vavan, says: "The sum of four hundred and eighty-seven pounds has been contributed at our missionary meetings, which is an average of four shillings and seven pence per member,—one dollar and ten cents,—and about forty-nine cents for the entire population." Hundreds of congregations that we know do not equal these poor people. EDWARD BARRASS.

PRISON LIFE IN GERMANY.

A GOOD many years ago the philanthropists of our country were absorbed in heated discussions as to the mode of constructing prisons for the reformation of criminals, and were about evenly divided between the social and solitary systems of confinement. The great disadvantage of the social system, in which the prisoners are allowed during the day-time to be or to work together, was considered to be the opportunity of communing together for crime, mischief, or rebellion; so that the older criminals could induct the younger ones into the mysteries of the craft, and while in prison make acquaintances and form leagues that would enable them, when released, to band together for crime. And another great evil was the disadvantage arising to the criminal who would reform in prison and lead a different life on leaving it, of being known and recognized by a large class of criminals, in whose hands his reputation was at stake, if they should choose to expose or blackmail him.

The solitary system of confinement, in which the prisoner was always confined to his cell or his own little yard for exercise, was supposed to give him a better opportunity to reform, by affording the occasion to reflect on his misdeeds, while he had no opportunity to make the acquaintance of the criminal community, herded together in prisons on the social system. The great objection urged against these solitary prisons, to which we confess to have been partial, was the extreme cruelty of confining men in cells for years with no opportunity of communicating with their kind; a seclusion which, it was urged, resulted in the probable insanity of the prisoner. The end of the conflict was the discomfiture of those in favor of solitary confinement, and the discarding of the system in the construction of new prisons; so that of late years but little has been said about the matter,

and nearly the only prison of any note in the country on the solitary system is the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, located at Philadelphia.

We clung to our opinions with some considerable degree of obstinacy, in the belief that, if solitary prisons were in the hands of men who would take a philanthropic interest in making them what they should be, they would be a success, and become schools of reform, rather than high-schools for the graduation of rogues. But no such thing as this can be effected where these institutions are in the hands of politicians, as they largely are in this country.

During the heat of the discussion among us, a German friend of the writer was spending a few years in the United States, studying its systems of political economy, reformatory institutions, etc., and finally, on his return home, made a report to his government highly favorable to the solitary system of confinement, which was influential in causing the erection of a large prison on this system, in the neighborhood of Berlin, bearing the name of "Pennsylvania Prison." We visited the edifice before it was wholly finished, and found it, to some extent, an improvement on its model, but its structure and its mode of administration, were somewhat modified by the heavy arguments brought against the system by its opponents; and this perhaps was well. We were gratified that the experiment was to be made where it would be submitted to the test of honest trial, with a sincere desire to reach that conclusion which would be best for the criminal and the state; and from time to time we have heard good report in regard to the working of the system.

A few days ago we were gratified to receive a report from said institution, entitled "Ten Years in the Solitary Prison," by the chaplain, and we have perused its pages with so much interest that we de-

terminated to treat at least of the leading moral and religious points, to the pleasure or displeasure of the readers of the REPOSITORY.

The chaplain turns out to be a man with heart, soul, and brain all capitally adapted to this purpose, and cultivated so as to obtain the maximum of results. From the first time that he passed from cell to cell, making the acquaintance of the prisoners, and encouraging them with kind and hopeful words, to the present moment, the work has grown upon him, till he now finds it a labor of extreme love, which wreathes his lips with smiles and fills his tongue with praise; so that on his last birthday the prisoners could make him no more acceptable wish than that he might yet remain long within the walls of the prison.

It cost a struggle also to the friends of solitary confinement in Germany to introduce the system in an effective manner, as it was not until some years after the opening of the prison that this sort of punishment was legally awarded, and overseers were provided who had taken a course of instruction in the science of treating prison inmates in the famous Rauhe House near Hamburg, where Protestant lay brothers are in continuous training for the vocation of teachers and nurses in the reformatory and benevolent institutions of the country.

These "cell-prisons," as the Germans call them, are constructed with a central hall, or rotunda, whence diverge the wings containing the cells, as do the spokes of a wheel from the hub. In this way the eye or the voice can reach every cell-door from the focal center. In this prison there are about five hundred cells in all, in addition to which are chapel and school buildings. It is devoted solely to Protestant prisoners; that is, those baptized and registered by their parents in the Protestant faith. Catholics and Jews are sent to other prisons, a system which does away with any friction among the sects, and makes the position of chaplain more effective and less thorny than with us. Most of the prisoners are from the city

of Berlin, whose seductive temptations have led them into the abyss of crime. But we pass over a crowd of statistics, given to show the probable causes of crime with its grades, and the education or antecedents of the prisoners, to cling to the moral of the story, to be developed in the plan adopted for reform.

From whatever circle they may come, or for whatever reason they may be immured, they are soon sitting in their solitary cells, with smooth faces and close-cut hair, some on the shoemaker's stool, others on the tailor's table, at the weaver's loom, the turner's bench, the metal-worker's lathe, or the wood-carver's block. In these cells they are all subjected to the same rules of daily life, which are inexorable. The same bell bids them all rise or retire, proceed to their work or their rest, to the school or the church. They all receive their food from one vessel, their drink from one pail, and are bedded in the same way. And still how different are the interiors of their cells, according to the tastes or habits of the prisoners. Some are in the deepest discouragement and despair, others engaged in the greatest frivolity, laughingly congratulating themselves that a year or two will soon flit by. It is not found advisable for the chaplain to visit the prisoners for the first two or three days. Better to give them time to reflect on their condition and surroundings, and be toned down to the new order of things which is before them. A few days of quiet reflection usually make the prisoners more inclined to receive a visit, and less so to invest the story of their crime and their misfortunes in self-justification or falsehood.

Sometimes the sound of the morning or evening hymn from the mouth and heart of the overseers has a wonderful power in softening the heart and causing it to crave help and sympathy in solitude. Many on the day of entrance will deny all complicity with wrong, who, in a few days, will break down under confinement, and acknowledge their faults like children, with tears in their eyes. Some-

times a pleasant look into the eyes, or the chaplain's hand placed gently on the shoulder, will wrest an acknowledgment from an offender, who could in no other way be brought to a confession of guilt. It is generally pretty clear, at the first visit to a convict's cell, what chord must be struck to touch his soul, and this the chaplain needs to know for his almost daily intercourse with him; for into his hands come all the letters to the prisoner from friends and relatives, and through them passes all correspondence from the cells to the outer world. And as a specimen of this we give one from a young man of twenty-two years of age, who had been incarcerated about a year and a half:

*"Dear Brother,—*When I think back seventeen months, I feel that I have undergone an entire change. When the pastor of the prison first visited me, it mortified me, and what he said to me went into one ear and out of the other; though when he went away, he said that I would soon become a good Christian man. I thought to myself, nobody has made any thing of me yet, and you certainly will not; and still I am now quite changed. I can not enough thank and praise my Heavenly Father for what he has done for me. He has brought me out of the darkness into the bright light. When I think of the darkness of my past life, I feel that he has indeed brought me to a quiet place."

The chaplain says that he forwarded many such letters; to which some reply: "Yes, because they are to pass open through your hands, and thus court your favor." To which he replies: "Not so; for here is a copy of a letter which I received from a sister to hand to her brother in one of the cells:

*"Dear Brother,—*I lately met a cloth-weaver, who was eighteen months in your prison, and how glad I was when he described every thing as well as he could! That was a happy hour for mother and myself. Thanks to Almighty God that you have come into this house, and into such hands."

Another prisoner writes thus to his sister:

*"Dear Sister,—*If any body tries to make you believe that I shall lose my reason here in solitary confinement, I can say to you that here is not the place where one ought to lose his reason, but where he should be awakened, and, believe me, I have been awakened out of a dream."

And this allusion to insanity brings the pastor to the two great objections to solitary confinement; namely, insanity and suicide. But his statistics refute these accusations, and prove them to be spec-ters used in a bad cause. For the first seven years after the prison was opened, the convicts were allowed to work and visit the church in company. During this period there were fifteen suicides, while in the following nineteen years there were seven. In regard to insanity, he says:

"During the last ten years not a single prisoner has been sent to the insane department. Occasionally, a few persons, whose constitutions have been undermined by debauchery or intemperance, have had periods of nervous disturbance, but a change of occupation, or more liberty in the yard, has restored them to equilibrium."

But many ask how this can be, that man, whose nature is so social, can be confined to four walls, from day to day, and week to week, for years, having no other companions than his own thoughts, and these most likely to accuse him with the pangs of a guilty conscience, without suffering in his mental nature, especially when he has nothing behind him but a terrible past, and nothing before but a hopeless future. Now, if this were so, it were no wonder, in view of the criminal's past life and present condition; but it is not so. He is not alone with his thoughts to torment him day and night. From morning till evening he hears resounding through the prison halls, "Pray and work;" and that this has its effect is proved by such letters as the following,—which we copy from the report,—

written by an inmate to his wife, not long after his incarceration :

"*Dear wife*,—If any one describes to you the prison without having seen it, do not believe it; and if any one who has been here speaks ill of it, he acts unjustly. We have clean linen every week, and once in two weeks a warm bath; and three times daily, warm food, as much as one wants. At six o'clock in Winter, and five in Summer, a bell is rung, and a choir in the central hall sings a hymn, when the "Lord's Prayer" is repeated, in which all can audibly join who will. Each one then begins his work. I have learned the business of cutting corks, with which I shall be able to make an honest living when I get out. Every day we can walk from a half to three-quarters of an hour in our little yards, and three times a week we go to school. There we have lessons in arithmetic, reading, writing, and singing; we also study the Bible, geography, and history. In the school, as in the Church, we each have a separate seat, so that we can neither see nor speak to each other. In the evening at seven o'clock there is again song and prayer, when the gas is put out and we go to bed. We can fix up our cells very nicely, if we wish, with books and pictures, some even have little birds in cages."

If in addition to this daily round of occupation, we add that overseers are continually bringing work to the cells and teaching the men how to do it, and that inspectors, teachers, and chaplains are bidden to visit the cells frequently, we see that the men are not so much left to their own thoughts; not more perhaps than they should be for a wholesome examination of themselves, especially as they are daily admonished to turn, in hours of solitude, to that eternal light whose beams can give them more comfort than the brightest day.

The school and the library are two material factors in the reformation and occupation of the prisoner, and they often write to their friends about their lessons and the entertaining books which they

receive to read. And these very often form the topic of conversation when teacher or pastor visits their cells. During school hours it is sometimes very difficult to keep the bridle on their tongue, although they do not see each other face to face, and the best means of correction is the threat to exclude them from school. The school thus answers its double purpose, first in imparting instruction, and then in affording relief from the solitude of the cell. Some of these men learn the simplest elements of knowledge for the first time, and are as pleased as children when they can write home letters to their friends. The prisoners are all divided into six classes, with twelve subdivisions, and are taught by three teachers two hours daily.

The library exerts a most salutary influence in conjunction with the school. When the bell rings for meals, and the prisoner seats himself before his well-filled bowl, there is nothing more common than to see him take his school-book and place it before him, that he may study his lesson for the morrow; or it is the library-book propped up behind his bowl, so that he can read and eat at the same time, in default of vocal friends at table.

Great care is also exercised in endeavoring to teach the inmates the religious observance of the Sabbath. Not long ago there was a conference of prison chaplains, at which the theme for discussion was, "The Desecration of the Sabbath a Way to Crime." In the course of the discussion, it appeared to be the conviction of all that most of the crimes may be traced to a regardlessness of the Sabbath-day. They resolved to gather statistics from the convicts, as far as possible, when our chaplain found that, of each hundred in his prison, about thirty committed the crimes for which they were being punished, on the Sabbath-day. Of seven who were imprisoned for murder, no less than six had done the deed on the Sabbath; and none of either class had been at Church that day, or were in the habit of attending religious instruction.

After his sermon one Sabbath he told the criminals that during the week he would like them to prepare to answer him the question, on his visit to their cells, as to how they had been in the habit of spending their Sabbaths. Most of the prisoners acknowledged their shortcomings in this regard, and were ready to trace their temptation to crime to Sunday carousals. One young man had been very morose to the chaplain during the week after the sermon in which he had described the way in which many misuse the Lord's day. On pressing him for an explanation, he declared that his parents must have written to the chaplain an accurate account of his own actions,—so true was the story to his own case. A guilty conscience had accused him.

These home thrusts in the sermons would frequently be followed by Bible reading in the cells in regard to the text of the day, and the hymns would be read again and again. The afternoon of the Sabbath would be devoted to absolute quiet. Many then take their library-book given to them for Sunday reading, others write to their friends. But to many a heart this is a sad hour, because they are led to think of the joyous home circles from which they are excluded, while the more vicious are at times inclined to discouragement and despair, which nothing but consolation from chaplain or teacher can appease.

The holidays also go to make up the variety of prison life, and of these none, of course, are so popular and gratifying as those of Christmas. When, on the eve of this day, the prisoner has finished his work, his light is extinguished, and he stretched on his solitary couch, it is dark around him, dark within him perhaps, when he reflects how, in former Christmas times, he had enjoyed himself with his family at home; when suddenly there bursts forth, from clear strong voices in the central hall, a song that penetrates all the corridors, all cells, and nearly all hearts,—“Silent night, sacred night,” etc. On Christmas morning the bell calls all to the Church, where, on either side of

the altar, are large Christmas-trees, resplendent with light, which shall illuminate the blackest night of those who have fallen into sin and crime. The prison-church soon resounds with the same melody that wives and children, or parents, are singing at home, and the prisoners are all greatly affected by it. One of them wrote to his wife concerning the festival:

“I confess that, in a religious point of view, I never enjoyed so pleasant a Christmas celebration.”

A lad from the country wrote:

“*Dear Mother*,—I must tell you that I passed the Christmas holidays once again in a Christian manner. We had Christmas-trees, and the children sang so beautifully! I cried heartily, and thought to myself, O that I were like these children!”

An old offender wrote to his mother:

“I have seen Christmas twenty-six times, four of them in other prisons, but I never enjoyed them so much as this. Christmas-eve, just after I had thrown myself on my couch, and my lamp was out, I was startled by a chorus of children's voices singing, “Silent night, sacred night.” They were the little boys and girls of the officers, who came to sing their Christmas lays to us poor criminals, and it so touched me that my heart would have melted had it been of stone.”

And a beautiful deed was also done in this wise by the chaplains of the prison. They inserted in several of the Berlin papers appeals for plain and useful Christmas-gifts for the convicts to send home to their own wives and children, that a ray of light might also penetrate the darkness of their homes. The call was answered generously; and from the palaces of princes and the homes of the well-to-do came a multitude of little things, in some instances by the wagon-load, so that there was in the prison a veritable Christmas exhibition. Several kind friends helped the prison chaplains for three days in preparing and sending to about one hundred and fifty children, in fifty families, a variety of gifts according to age and sex. Many of the scenes in the cells were very

affecting when the men were giving directions and explanations regarding their families. The thought that they should send home gifts from prison broke many of them down so that they wept like children. One prisoner sent to his little Charlie a jacket and a book; to Marie a sewing-desk; to little Willie a muff, a pair of stockings, and a trumpet; to the smallest a doll; and to each one a packet of ginger-cakes; to the wife an apron and a dollar. When the poor convict had helped the chaplain make these arrangements, he buried his head in his hands, and was sobbing loud as his pastor left him. In a few days the following acknowledgment came to him from his wife:

"Dear husband,—I can not describe to you our joy; it was so great that the children could not eat their supper, and they did not sleep the whole night; and as for me, the help came when my need was greatest."

Many reply to all this, that these stories are very pleasant, but that this feeling does not last beyond the prison walls; that the expressions of the criminals, in regard to reformed and Christian life, are but empty bubbles, without sap or fruit. And much of this is doubtless true; many of their most solemn vows but pave the way to ruin. And still the officers of this prison prove, by figures, that not more than about eighteen per cent of these convicts return to them, and they have good reason to believe that many of them lead reformed lives. Any Christian heart must certainly acknowledge that if such treatment does not reform criminals, nothing else will. But it needs to be fol-

lowed up in the world by a reception of the criminal in some measure commensurate with the system in the prison. And for this purpose the chaplain has for years been endeavoring to enlist employers of all kinds in the matter of giving to these men when they issue from confinement suitable work, whereby they may gain an honest livelihood.

With the care bestowed on them within the walls, they have made no new acquaintances among the vicious, and few of these can recognise them afterward in the world. If then they are kindly received by the world, they may turn into new paths. And many do, especially those that have wives and children to encourage and steady them. The homeless and houseless, as many are, have a hard time of it, unless their parish or benevolent societies give them encouragement and occupation.

That this is a thorough system of reforming the criminal rather than of punishing him, we have no doubt, and we believe the solitary system of confinement, with all the above modifications and accompaniments, to be much better than the one which throws all criminals into a common mass to corrupt each other. But we have no hope of this or any other system doing any thing toward reforming criminals in this country so long as our prisons are run by politicians, some of whom would grace the cells more than the halls and corridors. O that the country would rise and insist that our prisons be placed in the hands of Christian philanthropists.

WM. WELLS.

NOTED MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

PART IV.

IN recalling, for the present generation, events in the lives of noted men of a past century, we must not forget the orators, merchants, and scientific men, as well as patriots, who also helped to give force and character to a free, enlightened, and republican nation.

Among those who were noted for their stirring eloquence and oratory, we find Patrick Henry most conspicuous. He was of Scottish descent, for his father was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland; and perhaps originally, in the "old country," the name may have had attached the familiar Scottish Mac. Patrick Henry, however, was American by birth; for he was born, in 1736, at Studley, Hanover County, Virginia. It is said that in his youth he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasions could induce him either to read or to work; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the sports of the chase and the languor of inaction.

At the early age of eighteen years he married, and was for some time a farmer. He then entered into mercantile undertakings, which in a few years rendered him a bankrupt, and reduced him to a state of wretchedness. He now determined to try the bar, and was admitted about 1762. About this time, the famous contest between the clergy, on the one hand, and the Legislature and the people of Virginia, on the other, concerning the stipends of the former, took place; and he exhibited such displays of eloquence in "the parsons' cause," as it was termed, as drew the admiration of all his fellow-citizens. His exertions were so unexampled, so unexpected, so instantaneous, that he obtained the appellation of "The Orator of Nature."

About this time he entered the House of Burgesses, and there eloquently denounced the obnoxious Stamp Act, and

assisted in framing the resolutions against it which passed the House in 1765. When the question first came to be agitated concerning the right of the British Parliament to tax America, he gave, as has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in the language of bold and open defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose, to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans to contend for their freedom. When the House of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Patrick Henry produced and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the Stamp Act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament.

Our English cousins could have little understood the feelings which first induced leaving the old country to dwell in a new and far-away land, or of the sturdy independence which would naturally arise to repel such an act. Charles Townshend, when delivering a speech in its favor, concluded thus:

"Will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, till they are grown up to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to contribute their mite, to relieve us from the weight of that heavy burden under which we lie?"

In response, Colonel Barré, a French officer, thus bravely spoke for us:

"They planted by your care! No! they were planted by your oppressions. They fled from tyranny, to an uncultivated, inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to all the hardships

to which human nature is liable; and, amongst others, to the cruelty of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take it upon me to say, the most formidable, people on the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with what they had suffered in their own country from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect. As soon as you began to extend your care, that care was displayed in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House; sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon their substance; men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of freedom to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice,—some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

"America protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defense, have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of the country, whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me, that the same spirit of freedom which actuated these people at first will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not, at this time, speak from any motive of party heat. I deliver the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen that country, and been conversant with its people. They are, I believe, as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who

will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate; I will say no more."

In the mean while, Patrick Henry was doing much in this country to prove the eloquent defense of Colonel Barré true. In 1774, he appeared in the venerable body of the old Continental Congress of the United States, when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence which for a moment overawed the minds of all present, and, as he proceeded, rose, with the magnitude and importance of the subject, to the noblest display of argument and of eloquence.

"This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony; the question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom or slavery. If we wish to be free, we must fight. I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field; why stand ye here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!

"I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, "give me liberty, or give me death!"

He took his seat, and the cry, "To arms!" seemed to quiver upon every lip, and gleam from every eye.

The moment that the United States had established their independence on a firm basis, Patrick Henry, we are informed, so renowned for the bold and active part which he took in effecting this Revolution, was the first to forget all previous animosities, and to hold out the

hand of reconciliation and peace. He was a strong advocate for every measure which could induce the return of the refugees, who had espoused the cause of the mother country; and made a proposition in their favor, which was very severely animadverted by some of the most respected members of Congress. Among others, Judge Tyler, the Speaker of the Assembly, vehemently opposed him, and in a committee of the House demanded "how he, above all other men, could think of inviting into his family an enemy from whose insults and injuries he had suffered so severely?"

The following was the prompt and beautiful reply:

"I acknowledge, indeed, sir, that I have many personal injuries of which to complain; but when I enter this hall of legislation, I endeavor, as far as human infirmity will permit, to leave all personal feelings behind me. This question is a national one; and, in deciding it, if you act wisely, you will regard nothing but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs; and I am sure that I should most absurdly flatter myself if I thought that I was the only person in the House capable of making such a sacrifice."

Mr. Henry then proceeded to show, in a very forcible manner, the policy of using every possible means of augmenting the population of a country as yet so thinly inhabited as America; whose future greatness he thus prophetically depicted:

"Encourage immigration,—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants, of the Old World, to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population, as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power,—and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth. Yes, sir, they will

see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her guns silencing the vain boast of those who affect to rule the waves."

Patrick Henry's proposition was carried, and every succeeding year proves that his anticipations were well founded. America soon experienced the policy of his counsels; and, tide after tide, emigration has ever since continued to roll wealth and improvement over her provinces.

We are glad to know he lived himself to witness many of the glorious issues of that Revolution which his genius had set in motion, and, to use his own prophetic language before the commencement of the Revolution, "to see America take her station amongst the nations of the earth."

Among other public positions which he filled, was that of Governor of Virginia for 1776-79. In 1784, he was again re-elected, and served for two years. In 1788, we are informed, "he opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the Virginia Convention, in some of his finest oratorical efforts." His eventful life drew to a close in 1799.

The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the War of Independence. During the distress of the Republican army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers, for the use of the troops, from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have conducted himself in a manner

much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook of course excepted.

After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience. At one time, he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance. Again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigor of a Winter's sky; and marking the frozen ground, over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act Mr. Hook complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence. The audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face; they heard the shouts of victory,—the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But hark!" continued Henry; "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter, when Hook, turning to the clerk, said:

"Never mind you mon; wait till Billy

Cowan gets up, and he 'll show him the la'."

But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and almost instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

A striking example of the victory of Patrick Henry's eloquence, even on common subjects, is related by Major Joseph Scott.

This gentleman had been summoned, at great inconvenience to his private affairs, to attend as witness at a distant court, in which Mr. Henry practiced. The cause which had carried him thither having been disposed, he was setting out in great haste to return, when the sheriff summoned him to serve on a jury. This cause was represented as a complicated and important one, so important as to have enlisted in it all the most eminent members of the bar. He was therefore alarmed at the prospect of a long detention, and made an unavailing effort with the court to get himself discharged from the jury. He was compelled to take his seat. When his patience had been nearly exhausted by the previous speakers, Patrick Henry rose to conclude the cause; and having much matter to answer, the Major stated that he considered himself a prisoner for the evening, if not for the night. But, to his surprise, Mr. Henry appeared to have consumed no more than fifteen minutes in the reply; and he would scarcely believe his own watch, or those of the other jurymen, when they informed him that Mr. Henry had, in reality, been speaking upwards of two hours! So powerful was the charm by which he could blind the senses of his hearers, and make even the most impatient unconscious of the lapse of time.

If Patrick Henry, by his eloquence, "gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution," so Robert Morris did much toward keeping it in motion. Of him it

is said: "He stood pre-eminent as a citizen, merchant, and patriot; and the public were greatly indebted to him in his unrivaled efforts as superintendent of the finances of the United States, by which the public interest was greatly promoted."

At one of the most distressful periods of the war, General Washington wrote to Congress:

"We are surrounded by secret foes,—destitute of the means of detecting them, or of getting intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs. The army is in rags, few or no blankets, and military stores are in the dregs. The troops, reduced in numbers, must retreat, without the means of defense if attacked; and may disperse, from the want of subsistence and clothing in an inclement season, too severe for nature to support. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till we can live no longer; and it may be truly said that the history of this war is a history of false hopes and temporary devices, instead of system, and economy, which results from it."

In consequence of this startling information, all business was suspended in Congress, and dismay was universal, since no supplies, of the requisitions demanded, could be provided.

Mr. Robert Morris, of whom it is said, "the United States is more indebted for their prosperity and happiness than to any other individual, with the exception of General Washington," overcome by his feelings, quitted the hall with a mind completely depressed, without a present hope or cheering expectation of future prosperity. On entering his counting-house, he received the welcome intelligence that a ship, which he had despaired of, had at that moment arrived at the wharf, with a full cargo of all the munitions of war, and of soldiers' clothing. He returned to Congress almost breathless with joy, and announced the exhilarating good news.

Nor did propitious fortune end here. Accidentally meeting with a worthy Quaker, who had wealth at command, and

was a hearty well-wisher to the American cause, although from his religious principles averse to war and fighting, he thought it no departure from the strict line of propriety to endeavor, by every exertion to awaken the Quaker's sympathy, and obtain his assistance. Assuming, therefore, an expression of countenance indicative of the most poignant anguish and deep despair, he was passing him in silence, when the benevolent Quaker, who had critically observed him, and marked the agitation of his mind, feelingly said:

"Robert, I fear there is bad news."

The reply was: "Yes, very bad; I am under the most helpless embarrassment for the want of some hard money."

"How much would relieve thy difficulties, Robert?"

The sum was mentioned.

"But I could only give my private engagement in a note, which I would sacredly pledge my honor to repay," rejoined Mr. Morris.

"Cease thy sorrows, then, Robert; thou shalt have the money, in confidence of thy silence on the subject, as it regards me."

The specie was procured, immediately remitted to General Washington, and saved the army.

An officer thus gives us another account of Robert Morris's success in a time of need:

"In 1779 or 1780, two of the most distressing years of the war, General Washington wrote to me a most alarming account of the prostrate condition of the military stores, and enjoining my immediate exertions to supply deficiencies. There were no musket cartridges but those in the men's boxes, and they were wet; of course, if attacked, a retreat or a rout was inevitable. We, the Board of War, had exhausted all the lead accessible to us, having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted, and had offered, abortively, the equivalent in paper of two shillings specie a pound for lead. I went, in the evening of the day in which I received this letter, to a splendid enter-

tainment, given by Don Miralles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad, but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under gloomy disasters, yet it seemed *then* not sufficiently adroitly. Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual tints of depression. He accosted me in his usual blunt and disengaged manner:

"I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume; what is the matter?"

"After some hesitation, I showed him the General's letter, which I had brought from the office with the intention of placing it at home in a private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve for some time. At length, however, with great and sincere delight, he called me aside, and told me that the *Holker*, privateer, had just arrived at his wharf with *ninety tons of lead*, which she had brought as ballast. It had been landed at Martinique, and stone ballast had supplied its place, but this had been put on shore, and, providentially, the lead again taken in.

"You shall have my half of this fortunate supply," said Robert Morris; '*there* are the owners of the other half,' indicating gentlemen in the apartment.

"Yes, but I am already under heavy personal engagements, as guarantee for the department, to these and other gentlemen."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Morris, 'they will take your assumption with my guarantee.'

"I instantly, on these terms, secured the lead, left the entertainment, sent for the proper officers, and set more than one hundred people to work through the night. Before morning, a supply of cartridges was ready, and sent off to the army."

"Is it possible," says one, "that so many occurrences as took place in the hour of need and extremity, should be considered as casualties, depending altogether on chance? Do they not rather appear as the orderings of a beneficent

Ruler of the universe, extending his protecting arms on a people whom he cherished, and checking the wild and inordinate ambition of the oppressor?"

Limited space will not permit of our entering into all the historical particulars of a great expedition that was to be undertaken, and in which our French allies were to take part.

"I was sent by Congress," says a member, "under the belief that the reduction of New York was the object, to consult with General Washington on the supplies necessary for the attack. But the apprehension expressed by Count De Grasse, of danger to his heavy ships should he enter the bay, and the avowal of his intention to sail for the Chesapeake, put at once an end to deliberation. A new object was now to be sought for, on which the co-operation of the allies might be employed with effect.

"I was present when the Southern enterprise was resolved on, and superintended the provision of every thing required by the General for the operation. From seventy to eighty pieces of battering cannon, and one hundred of field artillery, were completely fitted and furnished with *attirail* and ammunition, although, when I returned from camp to Philadelphia, there was not a field carriage put together, and but a small quantity of fixed ammunition in our magazines. Yet these things were progressively sent on in three or four weeks, to the great honor of the officers and men employed in this meritorious service. And all this, together with the expense of provisions for and pay of the troops, was accomplished on the personal credit of Mr. Robert Morris, who issued his notes to the amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars, which were finally all paid by him. Assistance was furnished by Virginia and other States, from the merit whereof I mean not to detract. But as there was no money in the chest of the War Office, and the Treasury of the United States, the expedition never could have been operative and brought to a successful issue, had not, most for-

unately, Mr. Morris's credit, superior exertions, and management, supplied the indispensable *sine qua non*,—the funds necessary to give effect to exertion."

But there came a time when even Mr. Robert Morris's great gift and aid as financier of the United States was put to a too heavy test. It was then reported that he had resigned. At a dinner company of officers the subject was discussed, when Baron Steuben, with pleasing wit, said:

"To *me* there appears no mystery. I will illustrate my sentiments by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the better to insure comfort when in camp, I judged it of importance to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at Valley Forge when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that he was directed to attach himself to my train, and obey my orders. Commissaries, arriving, furnished a supply of beef and bread, and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils indispensable, in his opinion, for preparing a meal, and, finding none, in an agony of

despair, applied to the wagoner for advice. 'We cook our meat,' replied he, 'by hanging it up by a string, and turning it before a good fire, till sufficiently roasted.'

"The next day and still another passed without material change. The commissary made his deposit; my cook showed the strongest indications of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing, but, with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted; he requested an audience, and demanded his dismissal.

"Under happier circumstances, Mon General,' said he, mournfully, 'it would be my ambition to serve you; but here I have no chance of showing my talents, and I think myself obliged, in honor, to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am.' Believe me, gentlemen, continued Baron Steuben, the Treasury of America is, at present, just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge; and Mr. Morris wisely retires, thinking it of very little consequence *who turns the string*."

GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

A LITTLE PLAIN SPEAKING.

ALBERT, George, and Edward, all clerks in business houses in the city, had met at the lodging of one of them, as they often did, to close the evening with a smoke and a social chat.

"I say, George," said Albert, "was n't the old man laying it down straight to your chum when I was in there? Whew! but he made out his carelessness almost as bad as robbery,—and without waiting to get him by himself either. And Jim had to stand with his head down and take it, for fear of losing his place. I do n't believe I could have stood it any how, place or no place."

"For my part," said Edward, "I like plain speaking. What is more disgusting than to hear a man talking to another about some part of his conduct, and being so mealy-mouthed about it that he will never intimate his real opinion, though the next man he meets will find it out in short order? Speak out, I say, and let the truth hit where it will."

"There 's where you are, hey?" said George. "What do you say to having a little plain speaking right here, and setting each other's faults before them in correct style?"

"Agreed," said both the others.

"Well, then, let's have it a bargain that we shall keep our tempers, and not take offense. If we should retort upon one another, and talk back, I'm afraid we should n't keep sweet-tempered; so I propose that we play round to the left in regular turn."

"All right," said the others, "and you may begin."

"Very well. My dear friend," turning to Edward, "allow me to remind you what injustice you do yourself and others by giving way as you do to that awful temper of yours. You know the other day you knocked over that crossing-sweeper, because you fancied he tripped you, when, as it proved, he was entirely innocent. You might have killed him with just such a blow, if it had struck his head a little differently. Many a man is in State-prison for manslaughter who is no more guilty of evil intention than you. And you know that is no solitary instance, but only a specimen of the way you let your furious passion take the bits between its teeth and carry you wherever it happens. You say you are sorry for it, and you feel worse about it than any body else, and all that, but you think it is natural and you can't help it. But I notice that the boss takes the liberty to cross your track when he chooses, and, though your face may get into a blaze, you neither strike nor scold till you get out of his presence, and get a chance at a cash-boy, or somebody else that you can bully, and then you take your pay for the meekness you manifested at first. Perhaps you would n't like to be called a coward, so I will take care to call you a brave fellow!

"Do you remember the other day when you were in such a fine rage, and Emma Barton came along? What a quiet, modest gentleman you became in an instant! You did n't have to take time for your passion to vent itself on that occasion. Allow me to intimate that these instances prove you mistaken when you say you can't help yourself. The truth is, you do n't care enough about it to make the necessary effort. If you can control your-

self before your employer, you could before your boot-black, if you really wanted to. If you let your passion hurry you some day into worse things than you have ever done yet, you will be almost as guilty as though you had done the same things of deliberate purpose. So, my dear fellow, let me advise you to conquer yourself by the strong arm before you have done any thing that repentance won't mend. But for fear I have already given you more good advice than you will be likely to follow, I will stop and let you pass the good word to the next."

Edward looked as though he would gladly have retorted, but, as that was contrary to the bargain, he soon mastered himself so far as to address himself to Albert in tolerably cool tones.

"I dare say you are wondering what I can say to you by way of fault-finding. And, indeed, I do not know as I can make you out as hard a case as George represents me to be. But how many times have I heard you say, 'I can't keep my money.' You think that is not much of a fault, and, at any rate, it is nobody's business but your own. Is that a fact, though? You know how your mother worked and saved to give you an education and fit you for business. Has n't she a right to expect that you will now use some of the same self-denial to help the younger children? To be sure, she has a mother's idea that you are the noblest kind of a young man; but her son ought to know better, while he is spending every thing for his own gratification, and nothing to show his gratitude to her. When you had half your present salary, you lived on it because you had to; but when it was raised, nobody was any better off except yourself,—if you are an exception, which I doubt. When that old woman came along begging, you had just got your quarter's salary, and you gave lavishly to her, though it afterward turned out that she had stolen the baby and starved it to excite pity and bring money into her purse. Then, when William got his leg crushed, and we wanted to raise a fund to take care of him, you

had nothing to give, because your money was already squandered. Your charity is no better than your stinginess. It is just an impulse, with no principle behind it. There are plenty of men who would scatter their money freely, for good objects and bad, provided somebody would keep their pockets full, without any effort or sacrifice on their own part. Such men could be picked up by any way-side, if they were worth the trouble, which they are not. Suppose you had been in William's place, what then? First, an immense strain on your mother's scanty and hard-earned means; and then, if your confinement should be long, a draft upon public charity. So, you see, the matter concerns every tax-payer.

"But, allowing that affairs will never be so bad as that, there are some other weighty considerations. Who is fit to marry a worthy girl and make a happy home, which shall be a center of good influences to all their acquaintances? Not the man who can't save his money.

"Who build the churches, the colleges, the public libraries? The men who have accumulated money. Who build the ships, the railroads, the very houses without which the free spenders would not have a roof over their heads? Not those who never save any thing.

"Who were ready with their millions when the nation needed them for self-defense? Those who had saved money in large and small amounts. Who must care for the poor when work is scarce and Winters are hard? Not those who spend every thing as they go, for they are brought into straits themselves at the first adverse turn. Who are always within arm's length of pauperism, or something worse? Those who in prosperous times spend their whole income, no matter how large. My dear fellow, come out of that crowd. No more at present from yours, truly."

Albert forced a little laugh, which sounded any thing but merry, and turned to George.

"Now it is your turn to catch it; but I think my remarks will be shorter than

the rest have favored us with. However, please give good attention to what I do say.

"You have the advantage of us poor fellows, as you are well aware. You already have the home that it seems some of us can hardly look forward to, and one of the finest girls that were in our set to make it bright for you.

"Let me ask, How do you treat her? Do n't get excited; but hear what I have to say. You had not been favoring her with your attentions long before you found that tobacco-smoke was disagreeable to her. When your interest grew stronger, you told her you had quit smoking; and so you had, for a time. Of course, she did not require you to promise solemnly never to commence again; for she trusted your manliness, and did not think you capable of playing quit just to win her, and then coolly resuming the practice when she no longer had a choice whether she would bear it or not.

"I see you want to say she need n't be so whimsical about nothing; but it seems it was n't nothing when you wanted to win her favor. You remember the organ-grinder who stationed himself under her window, and played 'God save the King,' till she was nearly distracted, and gave him a quarter to move on. When he found how it affected her, he came every day, and ground away at the same tune, refusing to move until he got his quarter. At last you found it out, and then you wanted to take the fellow's hide! The grinder should have had more regard for your wife's feelings; but of course you are not under so much obligation. So, here you are, in a cloud of smoke, while she is at home alone, wishing to see you, if only your clothes and your breath did not make her sick whenever she comes near you.

"Better forsake the company of such prodigals as Edward and myself, if there is no other way, and gratify a woman who is worth a dozen of us any day."

"Well, are we all through?" asked Edward.

"Yes, I believe so; but the agreement not to get angry holds good yet."

"And how do you like plain speaking?" said George.

"I can't say I like it as well as I did," replied Edward; "it may be wholesome, but it does n't taste sweet. We came in here thinking ourselves a lot of good fellows; and only see what a set of mean, cowardly, selfish wretches we have turned out to be."

"At any rate," said Albert, "we can content ourselves with saying, 'We are all miserable sinners,' and shirk the personal application, so as to feel pretty comfortable yet."

"I'm not sure that will quite do for me," said George. "I think I will begin by leaving you earlier than common to-

night; and it may be you will not see me at these gatherings as much as you have. But I hope my wife will find it convenient to invite you in, sometimes, for a quiet evening, if that will suit you."

"Suit us!" said Albert; "of course it will suit us, if she can stand it once in a while. And, George, if I have done any thing toward your reformation, I assure you, you are just as welcome as though I had not said a word. And I mean to ponder a little upon the lovely character I have received from my other friend here, too."

"All right," said Edward; "I guess we shall all have something to ruminate upon as we go our several ways."

PAUL HANSON.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

ALMOST every decade has witnessed the uprising of men remarkable as revivalists. Such is the term now applied to Whitefield, Wesley, and others, who have wrought reforms in Churches, and roused deep spiritual emotions in the public, through the influence of God's grace in granting the power of the Holy Spirit.

A man very remarkable for the widespread interest he occasioned in the Methodist congregations of this country was John Newland Maffitt. He was a native of Ireland, and his early days are said to have been involved in a kind of wild mystery until he was converted. He wrote his own "Life," and it shed very faint light on the shadows of his early career. It was a book as peculiar as the man. Paragraphs were omitted, and lines of asterisks used in their room. Some critic of that day styled the work "prose run mad." But, whatever it was, it preceded his coming, and his arrival in America as a preacher was looked for

with great anxiety. If a copy of that book could now be found, it might shed some light upon the past.

Our first recollections of him were his labors in Philadelphia. We think it was about the year 1823, when the "Quaker City" was roused to an excitement never known in that quiet, staid home of William Penn. It was announced that "Rev. Mr. Maffitt, formerly an Irish actor of eminence, had left the stage, and was to preach in Commissioners' Hall, which would accommodate more people than any church in the city." Before the hour had arrived, the hall was packed with eager hundreds; and when the preacher made his appearance, he could not enter for the crowd. A plank was placed at a window near the platform, and Mr. Maffitt was raised upon it and lowered into the house.

Behold this Methodist preacher! All eyes are upon him. He is of medium size,—a finely formed head, with black curls clustering above the broad white

brow, beneath which are set the brightest and blackest of eyes. A more perfect specimen of manly beauty was never formed,—so said those who were admirers. His fine white shirt was laid on his breast in broad, deep ruffles, beneath an elegant suit of black cloth, and his wrists were adorned with the same. A costly gold chain hung conspicuously from his watch, and he seemed far more a representative of the tribe of "Sir Charles Grandison" than a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. But his answer, when spoken to concerning this strange mode of attire, was public to all: "I must wear these till I can get others. I have just left the stage and the society where my dress was in keeping with their style, and I have not time to expend on externals."

Entering the platform, this man calls the audience to prayer. As he closes his eyes, and raises those ruffled and jeweled hands, his person is forgotten in the pathos and solemnity with which he speaks to the Invisible. He seems entering as a high-priest within the veil; and, as Moses pleaded with the Lord for the sinning Israelites, so he pleads for all before him who are wandering in the desert of sin and unbelief. As if he saw them cast into the burning pit, he cries to God to save them. O, what "a shaking among the dry bones" did that prayer occasion!

Memory recalls the fervid eloquence of his sermons, the powerful language, the deep-shaded and glowing lines of his word-painting, as he tells the crowd their danger, and the rolling of his keen orbs, as if in distress and agony at the peril of the souls around him. His oratory swayed the listeners as they were aspen leaves. Cries, wails almost unearthly, groans, and appeals for mercy with outstretched arms, made the meeting a scene reminding us of the last great day of gathering.

That Mr. Maffitt was a man sent from the Lord, can never be doubted. God's power attended his ministrations in a most wonderful manner. Hundreds were converted, and not only became mem-

bers of the Methodist Churches, but of other evangelical bodies. His hearers were from every society, and, as an evangelist, he confined himself to the work of saving souls, leaving them to be taken care of by regular pastors afterward. It has been said that, even where conversion did not take place, the force of Mr. Maffitt's preaching exerted a good moral influence, which was permanent, and persons who years afterward became Christians referred to the benefits they had received from the solemn and earnest instructions of the man who had once been the attraction of a Dublin theater.

His labors in Philadelphia were of long continuance. His popularity increased rather than waned. His eloquence was of that kind which reaches every fiber of the emotional nature, while his evident sincerity, his frequent allusions to the regeneration of his own soul by the power of the Gospel, carried conviction to all minds of the truth of his pleadings with men to "flee from the wrath to come." He did not withhold from "ears polite," the plain terms of the terrible future of sinners,—he dwelt more upon that theme than any other, and there lay his power. While he preached "Christ and him crucified," his denunciations of the rejecters of such a Savior were couched in terms never to be forgotten.

Being called to Boston by the voices of a public anxious to hear this "theatrical preacher," as many termed him, he went. It was said the Methodists were afraid of him, lest he should prove an impostor. Certain it is, his first Sabbath sermon in that city was delivered in a Baptist Church. As in Philadelphia, the crowd was so numerous, that a window had to be taken out to give him admittance. His first text was, "Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to the windows?" The same results attended his preaching which had taken place in Philadelphia.

We can not recall every event, or describe Mr. Maffitt's career continuously. He certainly became identified with the

Methodists very soon, and, we think, preached regularly in Bromfield-street Church. It was there that afternoon week-day meetings were held for the young. Mr. Maffitt's personal beauty, eloquence, and winning address, were especially calculated to attract the young, and these meetings were crowded all through their long continuance. Hundreds were converted, and there seemed no falling back. He labored to have all persevere, as he did himself, in walking the narrow way.

Mr. Maffitt was the father of three children, a son and twin daughters, all inheriting the physical beauty of their parents. Mrs. Maffitt was a remarkably retiring woman, and a "keeper at home," and was very handsome though of a fairer style than her husband. The little girls could not walk out without being accosted frequently by the inquiry, "Whose beautiful children are these?" All of the name of Maffitt are sleeping till the resurrection morn. But the Methodist Church never

had a more zealous or useful preacher in the long catalogue of those whose powers have wakened the masses, and spoken the truths of religion in tones heard throughout the land. The finger of scandal pointed at him, but justice and law asserted his innocence. His peculiarities of style and dress were eccentricities, and he in time became more like others. The brighter the light, the more visible the darkness around it, and the holiest of men have not escaped the tongue of scandal.

We think Mr. Maffitt sung with his audience all the hymns he called for. His voice was pleasant, and in that memorable hymn, "Dear Lord, remember me," nothing could exceed the touching pathos of his voice and manner.

No doubt there are some who still remember this man well, and if his "Life," to which we have previously referred, could be found, it would open memories even more interesting than these.

ETHEL S. CUSTAR.

LITTLE THINGS.

WERE you ever checkmated by a pawn? Watching the knights and bishops very closely, you paid no attention to that least of pieces, until suddenly you lost your game, and perhaps your temper. Certainly you could have borne it better if you had been vanquished by the queen. But perhaps you are successful in chess, or at least yield only when the important pieces are brought to bear upon you,—you have learned the game well.

In the chess-play of life, however, even with a head like that of Bismarck, you will often be puzzled and sorely harassed, if not wholly discomfited, by little people that you had thought insignificant, little contingencies that you said were most unlikely, and little faults that in an evil

moment master you. Every day adds its weight of testimony to the truth you learned so long ago, that the little foxes are they who spoil the vines. Thackeray, somewhere in one of his books, points out the enormous power of little things, and it certainly seems impossible to overestimate the influence of these factors that go to make or mar the happiness of us all.

We brace ourselves up to bear a great disappointment, and under the sudden calamity, take a sudden large mastery of our nature, but how shall we find strength to combat petty irritations and disturbances, and resist the weariness of body and of brain that comes from the fret and worry of uncongenial surroundings? We know there is dignity in a great

sorrow, and only childishness in natural antagonisms, but it is the dropping of the water, and not the dash of the torrent, that wears away the stone. A man can go into battle with steady nerves and a cool head, but where is the glory in fighting a swarm of mosquitoes? Few martyrs that braved death at the cannon's mouth would endure it calmly from pins and needles!

Of course, the strong-minded person has no sympathy — sympathy as De Quincey has it; not a mere synonym for pity, but comprehension — with Aurora Leigh when she says,

"I lived on and on,
As if my heart were kept beneath a glass,
And every body stood, all eyes and ears,
To see and hear it tick. . . .
A Roman died so; smeared with honey, teased
By insects, stared to torture by the noon;"

and would recommend to her cold water baths and plenty of exercise (which would be a wise prescription), or ignore the existence of the torturing feeling,—which only augments the trouble. Better let the high-strung nervous organization spend itself in expression, or it will consume itself with its own fires. It would be as wise to tell it to stop breathing as to "take things easily!"

Luther was far wiser than this; he said: "The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away." What if gravel stones are put under it? How can we keep people from putting them there? And how can we get them out, and so keep from grinding gritty flour?

It will not do for you to negative the question if your own millstone is in good condition, nor can you innocently ask the murderous question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This matter of small tortures is one in which we are all more or less engaged. Did it ever strike you that your idiosyncrasies and eccentricities, however captivating to strangers, were a perpetual annoyance to your orderly family? That putting your sons

and daughters in "religious stocks," was hardly in keeping with the liberty the Nazarene taught?

Hannah More says,

"Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs."

And she might have added that the other half comes from the foibles of other people. Socrates is grand as a philosopher, but to say the least, he would have been more dignified in shoes! And Xanthippe hardly deserves to be branded as a virago, because she could not listen patiently to a disquisition on the immortality of the soul while the dinner was growing cold. Channing says of Napoleon Bonaparte, "It would be idle to inquire whether he was great or not; the man who in a few years has changed the face of Europe, has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great." But do you believe many of us would enjoy dining even with so great a personage, if, according to tradition, he helped himself with his fingers from the dishes, and dipped his bread in the gravy?

Now, certainly we are not to "neglect the weightier matters of the law" to "take tithes of mint and anise." Better the philosopher and statesman without the little considerations and courtesies than *vice versa*. "The life *is* more than meat, and the body more than raiment;" yet we are not to despise either. A gentleman will be none the less valiant for being refined. Gentle breeding is not a synonym for effeminateness, and a coward in broadcloth is a greater one in fustian. The native ruggedness of a pioneer is far better than the polish of Beau Brummel, but we do not want either extreme in our brother and lovers.

Dickens has been charged with dwelling too much on trifles, but he understood the true philosophy that every-day occurrences show the character of the man. He would teach us the lesson that men may live and die in their cheap homes as simply, as unaffectedly and nobly, as kings on the scaffold or as heroes in battle. And we need this lesson.

Perhaps it is the tendency of the age we live in, the education we receive, and the books we read, that leads us to despise the day of small things, and reach out after greatness in whatever form, preferring rather tragedy than commonplaceness. We are restless in routine, and impatient because we can not take a lightning express to fortune and fame, not wanting either enough to be willing to trudge. Fierce and vindictive is our anger against the bribery and corruption we see in high places, and we congratulate ourselves on being far above and beyond these gross evils. Our pet sins perhaps are too petty for the preacher to fire at, too insignificant in these times to get our names into the papers; even, strange to say, too small for own eyes, but, like the insects on plants, invisible to the naked eye, and only to be known by the shriveling and dropping away of leaf by leaf. It would be so much easier to drive away animals, or to hide the historic hatchet, than to watch and attend to these microscopic insects.

Certainly, it is mortifying to our pride to see our neighbor, no wiser or more deserving than we, occupy the place of honor and we remain in obscurity with our great resolves and high aspirations. Even Christians are not exempt from this feeling, especially youthful ones, who, fired by zeal, and made earnest by the glorious records of apostles and martyrs, can far more readily comprehend and enter into that holy enthusiasm that would add "three thousand souls unto the Church," even though it led to imprisonments, stonings, and death, than that patient love which can make "drudgery divine." To be a missionary or an evangelist or a minister seems so much grander and nobler a field for work than the household, the shop, or the counter. We need over and over again that wonderful lesson of the cup of cold water, and the comforting assurance that "they also serve who only stand and wait." O, what a beautiful lesson to the great under-mass of society! How worthy of our Christ that he accepts the ordinary

duty, and rewards the good that is thought of as well as that which is done!

God has need of his lowliest creature; and if he accomplishes the set task, he has done as much as the highest archangel can do. Conquering one's own spirit, and overcoming the little difficulties that so perplex and annoy, and doing the every-day deeds because they ought to be done, is far nobler, and shows a truer heroism of spirit, than stepping out of one's place to attempt a brilliant deed. Opportunities for heroism come rarely in a life-time, and often the golden gate opens before us and closes again while our eyes are turned to our neighbors' achievements. But our characters are not made by crises; they are formed little by little, as we carve a stone; and, if the labor has been patient and painstaking, when the time comes for a great action we shall do it as simply and naturally as if all the years before had been but a preparatory vigil—as indeed they were—for this one event. If we are faithful in that which is least, we shall be in that which is greatest. More especially ought there to be faithfulness in the home circle; its teachings are far more potent than any preaching from the pulpit, and no effort is too great that will purify and enoble that influence. It is the little kindnesses, the thoughtfulness which daily manifests itself in affectionate considerations, that make home the "dearest spot on earth." These delicate silken threads weave a bond more irresistible than fate or circumstance, and stronger than death, capable only of being torn apart by our own hands. Strange that any one would do so rash and cruel an act; but that it is continually being done by ignorance, selfishness, and carelessness, the frustrated lives and unhappy homes around us bear abundant testimony.

"Think on these things!"

"Alas! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love;
 Hearts that the world has vainly tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea

When heaven was all tranquillity.
 A something light as air, a look,
 A word unkind, or wrongly taken,—
 O, love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken!
 For ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin,
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day,
 And voices lose the tone which shed

A tenderness round all they said,—
 Till, fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone,
 And hearts so lately mingled seem
 Like broken clouds, or like the stream,
 That, smiling, left the mountain-brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, e'er it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever."
 EMMA G. WILBUR.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

NEVER needs one look upon a more perfect sky than that which bent benignantly over the eve of the New Year. As the long gray twilight was gradually descending, the omnipresent crows, they in air, and I, it is needless to say, on the earth, wended our several ways homeward under a soft, clear heaven whose great calm fell on nature and on men alike, if they would. The sunset richness of color was gone, but the wintry hills were bordered by a broad band of blue, indescribably delicate in its hue; and this sky-girdle was fringed above with clouds whose blush-rose tints were pale, *so pale* that one almost believed them but scattered rose-petals, fading, fading, fading. Very fitting, indeed, it was that this time, the happiest, the blith-est of all others in the Japanese world, should have been heralded by an evening of surpassing beauty. The great preparations which are made for the ushering in of the New Year,—the "general house-cleaning," the new clothing, and varied "table dainties," made ready by all good house-wives, the canceling of old debts, and closing of old accounts by the householder,—would seem to indicate a prudent turn of mind for which we never gave this vivacious people credit. The truth is, they give all their powers to these and other preparatory duties appropriate to the season, in order that their minds may be free from any trace of care which might mar the perfect joy and "abandon" of the dawning year.

The parched beans, of which I have before made mention, have been scattered throughout the dwelling, and affrighted evil spirits have fled in hot haste, pursued by the startling refrain of the householder:

"Oni wa soto,
 Fuku wa uchi!"
 "Demons begone.
 Happiness enter!"

In Buddhist and Shinto temples the "mikuji," or "honorable divining-sticks," have been used, and have proffered their omens of weal or woe to the devout believer. The "divining-sticks," used in the Shinto temple, are not really what the name indicates; but are simply slips of paper with numbers written upon them, and according to the number drawn by the priest, the worshiper's fate is determined. The Buddhist tries *his* fortune by shaking pieces of bamboo, already numbered, in a box with an opening through which but one of the fateful charms can fall. Having drawn a certain number, he looks in the divining-book beside him, for the joy or woe corresponding to it, and if not satisfied, at least ought to be. In Shinto shrines, the green bamboo has also been burned, and thus pursued by smoke and crackling flame, the dire fiends who dare even intrude upon holy ground, have departed, leaving the temples to fitting worship of the gods. In some sections of Japan as well, the cottager retires to a safe distance from his home, has kindled a blazing

fire, and from twigs of burning evergreen has found an augury for his fortunes, whether fair or foul, in the year to be.

This custom used to be followed about Kiyoto, the former capital of the empire. Formerly—and probably it is still the case in the interior, where the people still retain their primitive habits—the Buddhist temples were purified by a ceremony somewhat unique, but, no doubt, most efficacious. It was this: The priests, arrayed in robes of office, arranged themselves in a procession which sallied toward the door. On reaching it, however, they met—O, blood-curdling sight!—two horrid, horned demons, dancing and brandishing their pine-torches, or flourishing a pitchfork, implement beloved of fiends. This lovely pair contested the way with them; but, at length, as who could doubt, the imps ingloriously retreated, amid the rejoicings of all beholders.

A friend tells me that, when a child, he has cried from terror, so frightful seemed the make-believe fiends, three of whom, blue, red, and black visaged, glared on his young eyes. He has also known of the destruction of a temple by fire from this charming cause. Some demon, in demon-wise, furiously brandishing his torch, scattered sparks, which, before the people were aware, had ignited the building, and it was soon the prey of flames more relentless than fiends in masks. The occult cause of the colors red, black, and blue being chosen by the wearers of the masks may as well be disclosed. Yemma, who according to Buddhist mythology, is king of the lower realms, has four executioners. Of these, there are three torturers who bear those tints upon their diabolical faces, and hence their mortal representatives must also "hold fast the colors" of the craft.

All methods of extirpating ghosts of evil guild from home and temple, are called by the Japanese "Oni-harai," which means, literally, the "driving out of demons." As a further safeguard against the ill winds which, in this life,

are always blowing, the people receive from their priests a folded slip of paper with "O mamori" (honorable protection) inscribed upon it, together with the name of the temple where it was received. Inside is written the name of some Buddhist or Shinto divinity.

All things are ready, and at length the pale gray of a Winter dawn silently proclaims that the brusque Old Year has been buried away forever. Some of our slant-eyed friends have spent the last hours of the now dead year in feasting and gayety, and all have risen with early light, to bathe, to robe themselves in *ste*-day garments, to worship the gods, and, above all, with reverent aspect to adore the sun-goddess. As you traverse the streets on a New-Year's morning, you will see some gray-haired old man standing outside his door, crowned with sunshine, while with real devotion he worships the "Lord of the heavenly path." In families of high rank, my lady presents her offering to her honorable lord, making lowly obedience, and he, politely bowing, accepts it with a return of something fitted to a lady's dainty tastes. Presentation of gifts ended, the "good things of this life" are vigorously attacked by a cross-fire of chopsticks, at the "breakfast-table," to employ a figure of speech. To be exact, the "zoni," that savory compound of fish and vegetables, is eaten by each member of the family, with a small lacquered stand before him, on which are placed utensils for eating, and which serves the Japanese so well, as he sits on his mat, chairless but happy. Breakfast over, the pleasures of the day fairly begin, among which are the receiving and returning of visits, partaking of generous viands, cheered by ample draughts of rice-fermented "saké." After all, have not we Westerners perhaps borrowed some scraps of social etiquette of Oriental manufacture? The lordly daimios (in days when princes were) used large cards with the name written in large characters; but the common folk were content with small ones with the name inscribed in characters to correspond. A

gentleman of high rank or wealth sent his card, ceremoniously borne on a handsomely lacquered tray. The cards I have seen in these days of "New Japan," are all unpretending enough, being only little slips of paper with the visitor's name written in Chinese characters.

The official class make their "New-Year's calls" on the first day of the year, other days being reserved for lesser lights. Really, considering adaptation to the diminutive wearers, the old Japanese style of dress has an advantage over the present foreign dress-coat and silk-hat system which greets one on the New-Year?

The "hakama," a kind of loose trousers worn by the gentry, and the graceful, deep-sleeved coat, or "haori," certainly bear an air of elegance. It is true that the olden ceremonial overdress of blue linen, with its family crest, and the winglets airily projecting over the shoulders of its wearer, gives one a decided sensation of angels,—in but one particular,—the wings; but any philosopher of clothes will say that the Mongolian seems manlier in his own garb than that of the European.

Fancy yourself receiving a polite Japanese of the old-school on a New-Year's morning. Enter elderly gentleman, clad, not in foreign attire, but wearing his ordinary dress, which honors the day only by being of richer material. He has not donned the "hakama," for a wonder; but simply wears the long robe called "kimono," which clothes both men and women, and which, warmly wadded, may defy even Winter winds. It is fashioned of silk, dark blue in color, and is confined by a girdle of rich, white silk. The loose "haori" and short, white stockings complete the costume. As to his coiffure, it is but the old style queue fastened on the top of his dignified head. He bows low and very gracefully, murmuring, as though repeating a well-conned lesson:

"Allow me to present to you the august congratulations of the New Year. Throughout last year, I received many

honorable favors from you. I humbly beg that this year you will not change." Then, raising his head, he peers up into your face, *à la red-Robin*, who has been taking a drink, as much as to say, "How does that suit you, sir?"

At your request, he seats himself, and sips his tea with sibilant sounds betokening rare enjoyment; then bows, as if in stricken admiration, before you, with ardent thanks and adieus, and, with another courteous bend, exit elderly gentleman of the old school.

If, instead of entertaining, you "take your walks abroad," you will see that the entrances to houses of rich and poor are alike decorated with rice-straw, pine, and bamboo, as well as with the long, white strips of paper called "Gohei," representing the gods of Shinto faith. The castles of the daimios formerly bore pine and bamboo bound by the straw, in a sort of arch above the entrance. In the middle of this garland was a trophy wreathed in fern; this trophy usually consisting of a rice-cake, an orange, and a lobster. Charcoal is also an appropriate ornament, if such it can be called, to add to the New-Year's emblems.

Now, to explain why, out of all things terrestrial, the Japanese should have chosen these with which to adorn their homes: first, that homely rice-straw, be it known, is to prevent the evil spirits so lately driven out of their cozy paradises, from a triumphant return into the domestic Eden. No "cloven foot" must ever again profane the threshold if mortal endeavor can forefend. The pine laughing at snows, the bamboo retaining its feathery foliage spite of wintery winds, the graceful fern stocked with "vital force," as well as the changeless, dusky charcoal, alike represent a longed-for length of days. Even the lobster has the same signification, as it denotes an aged man bowed with the burden of years.

However, it is probable that the lobster also represents the tribe of fish; and that the orange, when used, stands for the fruit family, and the rice-cake for the various grains which bless mankind. Long

live these representatives of "noble races!" In regard to the pine, let me say that many a song has done its sturdy virtues honor; and that in olden days the children of princes, and other persons of high rank, had a charming merry-making on its behalf. On the seventh day of the New Year, they went out, and carefully plucking up small pine-trees by the roots, bore them homeward, and planted them with great rejoicings. Those baby pines were symbols of the fragrant years stretching far before them. Of all the jovial games and genial frolickings of the blithe New Year, it would be impossible to write. Pen and paper can not compass the bountiful devices which the gay multitude have gathered for its enlivening. Games of cards and chess are much in favor. The children sport in-door and out-door, at their "sweet will." Wee rosy-cheeked lassies are painted and powdered till they can scarcely lift their eyelids. They are radiant in holiday robes and girdles, to say nothing of the scarlet crape and the hair-pins blooming with artificial flowers or tinkling with some bright ornament, that deck and bedizen their childish little heads. Sports known to those in one section of the country are ignored in another. Among the common people, the season of jollity is quite prolonged, owing to the fact that, by the time the civilized New Year prescribed by Government has ended, they are ready for the old-time New Year, which this year occurs on the 26th of January. Only to-day a band of "merry-men" were surprised at their revels, just a little away from "city sounds and sights."

There they had assembled to hold a refined and classical "sakamure," which word has no proper English equivalent, but simply denotes a goodly gathering for the purpose of drinking "saké" till indulgence loses its charm. In cities where there are extensive breweries, the jolly workmen, and the sailors employed on ships transporting the "saké" to other places, all join in a general jubilee, and celebrate right jovially the joy-inspiring

New Year. They, together with the vendors of other articles, adore Yebisama, son of the wealth-god, and of course a popular divinity; and, by the way, the first sale made after New-Year's day, has a special name given to it, as though a matter of importance.

The common and universal salutation for the New Year is, simply, "Omedeto," or, "I wish you joy;" and to the origin of the phrase there belongeth a history. The ghost of a grim temptation hath been haunting me, long and sorely. It entreats me to weary the patience of those who read, by recounting the mythical origin of this well-known greeting. At last my strong heart yields to the preternatural vigor of the assault.

Far, far back in the days of eld, a daughter of the great god and goddess who, according to Shinto belief, created Japan, by name Ame-terasu O Mikami, or the heaven-illuminating goddess, was grievously treated by her younger brother, the infliction of whose elongated name you shall be spared. She, at length, no longer able to endure his persecutions, fleeing swiftly over the heavenly plains, concealed herself in a rock-hewn cavern, and, rolling a mighty stone before its entrance, believed herself safe. Then, for the space of three days, no sunshine gladdened the sorrowful earth.

At last the gods assembled in council, and, binding the guilty persecutor, sought for some means by which to appease the wrathful sun-goddess. Among their number a fair divinity, goddess of the laughing face, suggested, woman-wise, that they should build a huge bonfire near the rocky cave, and gayly dance before it in the light thus afforded. It was done according to her words, and all the deities danced by the flickering fire-light, before the cave which held the offended one.

This dance is said to be the origin of a religious dance called "kagura," still one of the rites of the Shintoists.

But with this we have not now to do.

Lo! as the merriment went on, the sun-goddess, angered yet more by the

joyous clamor, removed the heavy stone but a little way; and, seizing the opportunity, the strongest of all the gods, lifting it by sheer force, bore it triumphantly away, and hid it. Thus discovered in her rock-fortress, the heaven-illuminating goddess came forth upon the gloom-en-shrouded world in all her glorious effulgence, and from her sacred lips leaped forth the joyous greeting:

"Ara, Omedetaiya,
Omoshiroi!"

"All hail! I wish you joy;
How bliss-inspiring!"

This greeting, slightly altered in form, is the congratulation of to-day.

Thus saith the dim old legend, and who dares doubt its truth? Doth not the gleaming goddess every day come forth from the gloomy caverns of night? and, shaking her long yellow tresses till the wide air sparkles, she bends benignly toward us below, with eyes whose luminous silence says:

"All hail! Rejoice in my rapturous presence. Be glad in the glory of the heaven-lighting goddess."

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE two families from Caen were now happily reunited in their new and hospitable home. M. and Madame Basèrat had vacated their first straitened quarters, and taken possession of two small houses in a street leading directly to the sea-port.

"We must not fancy we are here to sit with folded hands at our ease," remarked M. Pâris, after they were installed in their dwelling, which had been selected in one of the busy thoroughfares of the city. "We shall now be compelled to earn by hard labor bread for our children," and as he spoke, his eyes wandered tenderly over the little heads grouped around his devoted wife, while to his heart came that cruel remembrance of the sudden death of his first-born son, who lay buried in this land of the stranger.

M. Basèrat also turned quickly away from his cousin, striving in a vain effort to conceal his own bitter sorrow. It is true *his* children still lived, and lacked for no earthly comfort. They were amply provided for by the rich heritage that once belonged to their father, and which had been ruthlessly seized by the Church. But they were inmates of a bigoted con-

vent, and thus severed as by a deep, dark abyss from the parents who had forsaken country and friends for their faith's sake. Both his sisters drew near to him as he stood thus absorbed in his sad reverie, and Madeleine passed her arm softly through his.

"I am to be thy daughter, now," she said in a caressing voice, which met a tender response in the heart of her brother. The saintly Gillome cast a fond gaze over the whole party,—on her husband, her children, her cousins. She understood them all. She knew how to console all. Her own soul had become so entirely submissive to the will of her God, she had so patiently bowed her head to every passing storm, that a celestial joy seemed to permeate her whole life. The son she had so dearly loved, the little Pierre, was safe sheltered, to be happy and pure forever more. No injustice or oppression of the world could ever wound his gentle heart, and in this blissful assurance the mother forgot her own bereavement. If she pressed more closely to her breast the children who still remained to cheer her, it was without a single murmur against the dispen-

sation of her divine Lord, without one harsh reproach against her fellow-man.

"Madame is in a fair way to become an angel outright," said Phillis, the faithful servant, oftentimes to those about her, in so desperate a tone that one might have fancied it a protest against some dire catastrophe.

The near approach, too, of that day, anticipated as so solemn a one to M. Pâris, when he should present himself for absolution and renewal of broken vows to his still beloved Church, absorbed nearly all the thoughts and interest of Madame Pâris. The first care of her husband, on meeting his cousin, Michel Basèrat, had been to inform himself in regard to their old pastor M. de Bosq.

"He is here in Rotterdam," replied the advocate, "but with health greatly impaired, and little of physical strength remaining. You know his escape from the king's dominions was not effected without intense labor, exposure, and risk. Yet he is still able to preach, sometimes in the Flemish, at others, in his own temple, and, wherever it may be, always bringing to the weary, half-discouraged hearts in exile, who listen to his words, fresh energy and renewed hope."

"Has he yet been called upon to reconcile to the Church any of the unfortunate apostates who have betrayed their Master and their faith?" demanded M. Pâris, while a bright color suffused his face, as he propounded the inquiry.

His cousin regarded him silently, steadily, with a kind of bewildered gaze indeed, for a moment; no rumor having as yet reached Holland of the fall of M. Pâris or other of their own immediate friends. Then he made answer by saying:

"I know that several persons of this kind have already presented themselves, but can not tell you the result with the elders of the Church."

His wife, Madame Basèrat, catching portions of the interview between the advocate and his cousin, approached the pair, and laid her hand softly on M. Basèrat's shoulder. She had cast a glance

of mute questioning toward Gillome at the first words spoken by the cousins, and, as their eyes met, her woman's wit comprehended the whole story without need of other sign. Then the touch of her gentle fingers on her husband's arm was an involuntary vibration of loving sympathy toward his companion.

"I will see M. de Bosq to-morrow," continued M. Pâris, in a stifled voice. "The burden is each day growing heavier. I must rid myself of its racking weight as soon as it can be done, if ever," he added, despondingly.

Michel Basèrat had himself gloriously sustained the honor of his old catholic faith at every risk; he had, in truth, sacrificed nearly all that was most precious to him for the name and sake of Christ, his Lord. But in his memory there remained too many of keenest records and remembrances of inward conflict, of outward foe, of contention, and self-renunciation on every side, for him ever to cast the first stone on the already bruised heart of his friend and kinsman,—the one who now stood near him so ready to retrace his way back by the path of most bitter humiliation to the deserted house of his divine Master. Thus the two men, impelled by a full and true sympathy, stretched out and grasped each other's hands in a warm, silent pressure of affection and forgiveness, and then went their several ways.

Scarcely had the late twilight of a gray Winter morning begun to shed its wan glimmer over the crowded city of Rotterdam, when M. Pâris left his dwelling, and directed his steps toward the house of the venerable pastor.

At the first tidings of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many indignant protests mingled with bulletins of commiseration, spread themselves through the States of Holland, which, so far from dropping on sterile soil, brought forth a good and fruitful harvest.

A solemn fast was proclaimed by the Provinces on hearing of the iniquitous act that struck such a mortal blow at their brethren in France, during which

the united kingdom, as with one voice, echoed a loud cry of protest and condemnation. It came from every quarter where could be found one of the descendants of the mighty "Warriors of the Sea,"—from the liberty-loving Frisians, and from Waldeburg, from Northern Italy, and the converted savages of Zealand, whose sons had struggled, suffered, and died for the liberties of country, and freedom to worship God according to the will of conscience. From the thousands, indeed, who had expatriated themselves for the sake of a holy worship connected with their birthright creed.

The States of Holland, in addition to receiving with open arms the exiles, who had no longer strength to contend against the foe, yet had preserved intact the right to adore God as they pleased, now voted munificent donations to the immigrants thus thrown upon them for protection, which gifts were augmented continually by means of municipal liberality and private beneficence; the needs of this persecuted people having been placed for a time, by the Hollanders, above every other demand. Pastors and chief men each received a fixed salary, according to their position and means of communicating prosperity to their newly established Churches and business marts in Rotterdam. The Waldeburg congregation—fruit of the demoniac persecution under Philip II, and his cruel minion, the Duke of Alba—found their old French dialect fast melting away under the influence of the pure Dutch idioms. They now regained fresh life and new existence, as the eloquent voices of the French ministers met a response in their own ardent and religious fervor.

M. de Bosq, one of the best beloved, as well as of the highest consideration among the refugee pastors, had already drawn around him a large number of faithful souls among these old Flemings, so proud of their noble and ancient name; and also of French fugitives who continued to arrive daily from different parts of Normandy, from Poitou and Picardy. These all gathered in glad-

ness and close unity of heart before their favorite curé.

As M. Pâris thus walked slowly along through the narrow, dull-looking streets, he found no difficulty in learning the way he must take, as every passer-by was fully able to direct him to the dwelling of Pierre de Bosq, which in truth was soon reached. Mounting the stone steps, he paused a moment before the heavily framed door, then lifted the antique "knocker," and let it fell again, to which summons one quickly responded. The door opened, and the anxiously sought pastor himself at once came forward and stood on the sill.

He was indeed no longer a young man. Nearly twenty years had passed over his head since the day when he had been delegated, by the Reformers of Normandy, to plead their cause before the king, Louis XIV, whose effort it then was to suppress in the Parliaments of Paris and of Rouen, the "Chamber of Edicts," established by Henry IV, to judge the affairs of the Protestants. The King listened courteously, and with evident interest, to the pleadings of M. de Bosq, which were glowing with the burning ardor of his soul. On leaving the council-room, Louis passed directly into the apartment of the Queen, it is said, where nearly all the court were assembled.

"Madame," exclaimed Louis XIV, "I am just come from hearing an address from the most eloquent man in my kingdom!"

Pierre de Bosq had lost none of that winning oratory which had so charmed the great king, without, however, being able to save the "Chamber of Edicts." His noble features were now framed by a drapery of long gray hair, and his tall form had become slightly bent. All that he loved best on earth he had seen die, while he still remained a solitary disciple in a strange land. Yet the fervor of his zeal had doubly increased with every fresh trial, until the Reformers styled him "The Apostle of Grace!" so ardently inspired was he with the doctrines of St. Augustine. Penitents, above all others,

eagerly sought his presence, sure of compassionate regard.

The curate made an abrupt halt before the new-comer, being quite ignorant of the arrival of M. Pâris in Holland. A flood of remembrances, some sweet, others exceeding bitter, swept through his spirit at sight of this face once so familiar in the blessed temple of Caen, ere yet its altar had been overthrown and buried beneath the fallen stones of its outer walls, of which there had not been left one stone upon another.

He grasped the hand of the foreign merchant in a warm, affectionate pressure, exclaiming:

"You here, my friend! I did not even know that you felt disposed to join us. Yet it is true," he added, with a sad smile and tone, as he drew M. Pâris into the seclusion of his comfortable apartment, "we are not called upon to make parade of our intents and purposes, while we can in that case so easily be made the playthings of 'Messieurs, the government archers.'"

M. Pâris made no reply to the benign words of the minister; but with bowed head, and eyes drooping earthward, he followed M. de Bosq into the library, where, placing himself in front of the reverend father, and lifting his figure to its full height, he said in a quick, bitter, and penetrating tone:

"Monsieur le Pasteur, I come to you this morning with a prayer upon my lips. I come to beg that you will admit me to the 'council of elders,' that I may there make confession of sin, to the end that once again I may be received into full communion with the faithful and the Reformed Church."

At this strange request, M. de Bosq raised his head in amaze.

"We are not Romanists, my dear Pâris," said he, "to make confession to man for omissions past. God alone can remit these and bring us back to his own communion of saints."

"Those who have voluntarily separated themselves from his people, ought to return by the most lowly repentance,"

firmly replied the merchant, and then he added, in a more rapid and still lower tone, "M. du Bosq, I am one of the unfortunates who have apostatized from the faith!"

He ceased speaking, and the minister, at first stunned by a declaration so unexpected, remained lost in silent thought. M. de Bosq had a perfect conception of the various peculiarities of his flock. In spite of his own pronounced tastes for culture of mind, and the instinct which had always attracted him to frequent, above every other, the society of gentlemen, he had also keen intuition as to the prejudices inherent to the less pretentious families of his Church. He knew the firm attachment of this latter to the creed of their fathers, and that this hereditary honor sometimes took the place, in their somewhat contracted minds, of more clear personal convictions.

The pastor had not as yet been called to receive any public abjurations among the congregations.

Turning abruptly to M. Pâris, "Your wife, my dear friend, has she followed you?" demanded he, a little astonished himself at the question which he propounded,—which was, no doubt, inspired by a vivid remembrance of the angelic look worn by Gillome, as he watched her in the temple, listening with such peaceful content to that story so oft told, yet always fresh, even the love to and power of God over his people.

"My wife has followed my footsteps hither to Rotterdam, M. le Curate, but she has not followed me in my spiritual downfall," replied M. Pâris.

Then, again taking up the subject-matter of discourse, he begged an answer to the question which had so vividly pre-occupied his mind.

"What proof can I bring of my sincere repentance, monsieur, and how shall I find once more favor with God and my brethren?"

M. de Bosq rose from his chair, and walked slowly back and forth in the little apartment.

"This is, properly speaking, a matter

for the Consistory to decide," he said at length, "and although it may surprise you, yet it is true, I have a Consistory, M. Pâris, partly made up of Flemings, and in part by our own Norman Church, who, between ourselves, are the better judges of the two; your revolt having been recent, as I am sure it is, else your cousin, M. Basèrat, would have been aware of it. Under such aspect, then, we could perhaps admit you without. . . ."

M. Pâris interrupted him.

"No, monsieur," said he, with stern resolve, "the scandal had great publicity, for I openly attended mass in the cathedral of St. Peter. The confession ought therefore to be as open!"

The good pastor gazed at his friend with swimming eyes. A Norman himself, exercising his ministerial duties for more than a score of years in the beautiful province of Normandy, he could measure somewhat the bitterness of compunction which urged forward in the path of deepest and most public humiliation a soul so proud, a character so full of reserve, as M. Pâris. He held out his hand anew to his erring brother, the once rich and influential shipping merchant.

"You are right," said he. "Our God has indeed blessed you with great favor in thus permitting so clear a light to fall upon your way, which is proof in itself that he has not forsaken you. The conference of deliberation will meet to-day in the City Hall, opposite the temple of worship. Meet me there at four o'clock, and the members will then interrogate you as to the causes which opened so wide a door for revolt."

Pâris shook his head.

"I know, I know," said M. de Bosq, quickly, "there is no temptation great enough to fully justify your course, but your tears can surely plead for you in presence of the brethren. Besides," he added, "you are not alone, as several are to appear before the council under similar circumstances; and all, I fear, may not so bitterly deplore their self-imposed misfortunes as yourself."

"They would not venture there, if

they did not feel deeply," murmured M. Pâris, who was learning the principle of a true charity, through the darker pathway of a sincere penitence.

"It would have been as easy for them as for me to remain in France, if God had not awakened their consciences to a harder yet a better way."

The two friends now made their adieus, and M. Pâris returned to his house, there to spend the hours in fasting and prayer that yet intervened before the appointed meeting. His fond wife used every art of persuasion to induce him to take some nourishment, but without success; these rigid customs of abstinence and other self-denials were frequent attendants upon any peculiarly solemn worship among the families of the Reformers. Gillome had, indeed, often seen her mother thus afflict her soul on appointed days for humiliation and prayer. She therefore closed the door of the small room where her husband had taken refuge, and where in utter loneliness he kneeled in solemn commune with that God whom he had deserted and betrayed. His wife went here and there through the house as was her wont, with kindly care for her children, and regulating the modest domestic arrangements that in such brief time she had already succeeded in perfecting.

She even received with gentle welcome the visit of Madame Basèrat and her sisters-in-law, all of whom were now installed as neighbors in an adjacent mansion. But in the midst of these interruptions her whole heart remained constantly in union with her husband, and a perfume of prayer made fragrant her every word and every action.

When M. Pâris, a few minutes after four o'clock, issued from his apartment, he carried away in his soul an impress of the last fond look of his pious wife, bearing, it is true, the imprint of sorrow, yet of tender sympathy and profound confidence as well.

"How could I have fallen so low," said he to himself, "having my saintly Gillome thus ever before me?"

The Consistory were already in full

session when M. Pâris entered the hall,—sixteen grave, determined-looking men. The Flemings were serious of mien, but still betrayed a certain air of indifference, which men whose lives have not been assailed by any great anguish are apt to assume. Their own peaceful course had never been surged over by the hard proofs of fidelity, which had driven out their stranger brethren, the French refugees, from home and country, as in other times the Reformers had come forth from Bruges, from Ghent, and from Ypres. The iron had never entered into their soul. To them repentance and temptation were almost alike unknown. The present exiles, on the contrary, were filled with a tumult of agitation; for, with M. Pâris, had gathered there twenty-one of the apostates, who thus presented themselves to make confession of error, to lay open their sin, to crave a pitying compassion from the Church, and forgiveness of heaven. They sat among the venerable judges as abject criminals weighed in a just balance and found wanting. From the north and center of France, from Lombardy and Breton, from Picardy and Poitevins were the unfaithful ones gathered,—those poor weak souls which had fainted by the way, and laid down their armor in the very heat and burden of the conflict, yet content only for an exceeding brief term to wander as aliens from the true fold! The records of this persecuted people were sickening to hear. There were some who had trembled for their wives and little children, others for aged and infirm parents, a few had fallen because of some earthly loss and gain, and a less number still from desire of personal safety. Nearly every one had witnessed the invasion of their peaceful homes by a wild, lawless soldiery. Two or three from the lovely provinces of Southern France were drawn toward Holland under peculiar sufferings, hailing the length and dangers of the voyage as a blissful release from torture that words could not express. They told of sleeping apartments where the beds were constructed

over burning charcoal; of the suspension of timid victims over deep, dismal gulfs, and steep precipices; thrust into loathsome dungeons, where all slimy vermin coiled about their naked feet, and then dragged forth only to find themselves laid before the open mouth of a blazing oven. One old man wept bitterly as he bemoaned his present wretched state, his sudden "fall from grace," and in these words he related the sad story:

"I had been for eight days without sleep, and with drums kept beating close beside me by changing relays of men to prevent me from closing my eyes. If for an instant I yielded to exhaustion,—for I was bound with heavy cords to one of the posts of my bedstead,—then one touched my face with the point of a red-hot iron to waken me. I fell into an almost senseless idiocy, and was indeed quite worn down. Then it was that my tormentors brought me the fatal paper. I signed the decree of abjuration. It has been said to me of late, 'You will soon find rest from these days of adversity;' but I never expect repose again this side of heaven, if indeed God will ever open the doors for me to enter therein."

The recitals of the men from Picardy and Poitevins were quite as lamentable. With each word that had been uttered, the humiliation of M. Pâris increased ten-fold. What were the fears or threatening that he had met compared to such torments as these? When, therefore, his turn arrived to speak, and explain the direct causes of his degenerate state, he replied in simplicity of word:

"It was only a craven fear, messieurs, a dastardly cowardice of what the future might bring to my interests and my home."

His voice grew pathetic with its great sorrow, its great shame; and his whole manner attested so strong aversion to the sin he had committed, so much contempt for his abject fall, that not one of the judges there assembled could find it in his heart to ask for further details.

The emigration from Normandy still continued perceptibly to increase from

day to day. Highly born gentlemen and lowly reared peasants, rich and poor, officers of State, and soldiers in the ranks, common laborers and scientific artisans, alike fled from that oppressive tyranny which sought to increase the power of a haughty ecclesiastic *régime*, by the enslavement of personal conscience.

Fortunately, the restless sea proved an open thoroughfare, while the tempting shores of England and Holland were at neighborly distance. And thus it happened that before the wave of fugitive life had ceased to enrich the countries whose generous hospitality had received it, one hundred and twenty-four thousand malcontents had, to its great detriment, forsaken their own misguided France.

Among the members constituting the Reformed Consistory, and which were presided over by M. de Bosq, were several Norman gentlemen, whose national proclivities disposed them to render full acquittal to the penitent, M. Pâris. The applicants, indeed, were all solemnly pronounced once more worthy communicants of the Reformed congregation, and company of the faithful elect.

"On Christmas-day, dear friends," said the pastor, "you will be free, if your conscience so permit, to approach with your brethren the table of the Lord, and there seal your vows of return in presence of the holy symbols of sacrifice."

Christmas-day! M. Pâris trembled as he heard the words. That was the epoch when he had promised the Bishop of Bayeux to enter fully into all the extremest duties of the New Catholic service. And the sword of conviction and self-reproach penetrated his soul anew. He bent his steps homeward, not, as he had trusted, in tranquil mood, but with bowed head and weary, haggard eyes. Gillome met him in a loving welcome, yet without a questioning word. She did not dare, indeed, to make reference to the action of the "Consistory," nor venture to inquire as to the spirit of the meeting.

Some facts she gleaned between the days that intervened before the incoming

Christmas week, but she never knew to her dying day all the story of shame and torture suffered by her erring husband, as he listened to the wrongs, the far more potent temptation endured by his companions in revolt.

M. Pâris had always carried a high head among his fellow-men. His mercantile house had ever been distinguished for the integrity of its managers and the exactitude of its payments. The family to which he belonged was an old, honorable, and honored one in Normandy. His own lapse from truth and right revealed the first symptom that had ever appeared in it of weakness and moral timidity; an obliquity in spiritual experience, which he could never have foreseen, whose remembrance never could be effaced, and the retribution of which had come to him speedily,—not only in the abject debasement of his spirit, but in the death of his eldest son. Their dwelling seemed shrouded in a veil of sadness. It was only when she thought of her pious mistress, that Phillis, the stanch serving-maid, had "courage," as she said, "to face the multitude in the streets, or congregations in sanctuary." "Her lips would never have spoken deceit, or framed a false report!" the woman incessantly repeated to herself in bitter mood.

As for Gillome, she humbled herself, and kneeled in prostration by the side of her passionately loved husband, as if she also were partaker of his sin.

When, however, they were once more gathered in union around the sacred table of their Lord, on Christmas-day, one could see, spite of her downcast eyes, that a holy joy, a perfect satisfaction, illuminated her face. So intense was her emotion that soon she was forced to rest her forehead on her book of Psalms to conceal the tears which could not be repressed. To the wife there was gladness of heart in renewing with her dear ones the vows of consecration which were always forerunners of God's favor and grace to herself and husband. If the grosser fault and departure from fealty

had not been the same, the grief of repentance and the joy of pardon belonged equally to them both.

"It may be that my husband's faith suffered shipwreck for a little time, that

he might have increased wisdom to protect us from storm and tempest in the future," said this admirable woman within her own gentle heart.

MADAME DE WITT.

HUMAN LIFE.

OUR lives are like the ceaseless flow
Of rivers to the mighty sea;
Swift hurrying past each scene they go,
To mingle with eternity.
And man is like some gallant bark,
By the resistless current borne
To that dread ocean, from whose dark
And untried borders none return.

Of all the myriads that before
Have gone its countless hosts to swell,
Not one has from that tideless shore
Come back their history to tell!
The stream rolls on, but where are those
It bore but yesterday?—the wept,
The loved—their freight of joys or woes?
Oblivion's wave o'er all has swept.

Our life is but a vapor dark,
A morning mist, that, skyward borne,
Is seen no more,—a meteor spark,
One moment flashing bright, and gone.
The vapor fades; even while we gaze
It melts into the viewless air;
The transient meteor's dazzling blaze
But makes the gloom it leaves more drear.

Though youth's bright sun with rainbow
light
May arch the distant future o'er,
'Tis early shrouded from our sight
By manhood's clouds,—to shine no more.
'Mid mournful memories, hopes betrayed,
And vain regrets, our days are past,
Till, in earth's sheltering bosom laid,
Forgetfulness is won at last!

Our life is like the desert, bleak,
Wide spread o'er Afric's burning soil;
We wander through it faint and weak,
Harassed by want, and faint with toil.
If, while some freshly verdant spot,
Amid the arid waste appears,
Whose loveliness is ne'er forgot,
How soon 't is veiled by grief and tears!

We strive—for what? To build a name
O'er which the sands of time will creep,
And leave no place for empty fame,—
For triumphs, where we ought to weep.
As the mirage, whose treacherous ray
But mocks the traveler's straining eye,
Even love and hope soon pass away
And leave us thirsting, faint,—to die.

Life's Spring-time hues are faint, but brief—
Their Eden beauties early gone;
And age steals on with Autumn leaf,
Sad, scentless, desolate, and lone.
Though, haply when their mates are dead,
Some few pale fading flow'rets wave,—
Theirs is a mournful fragrance, shed
From roses blooming round the grave.

O! who to linger here can feel
A wish, condemned with bosom torn
Beside the shattered wreck to kneel,
Of all he loved, and vainly mourn,
When, heir of sorrow from his birth,
To man this blessed hope is given,—
Though doomed to strive and toil on earth,
There's rest and peace, and joy—in
heaven.

LUTHER'S COURTSHIP AND WEDDED LIFE.

PROFESSOR KOESTLIN'S new "Life of Luther"—the best, and in fact the only satisfactory life of the great Reformer ever written—gives interesting information on many curious episodes in his career. One of these episodes was his courtship, marriage, and domestic life with an escaped, or rather reformed, nun, Catherine Von Bora.

Let us follow Dr. Koestlin's account of this matter, as given in different parts of his two large volumes: Within four years after Luther had begun his reformatory efforts at Wittenberg (1517), he had come to the conclusion that his monkish vow of celibacy was no longer morally binding. But three full years more elapsed before he judged best to use his Christian liberty and take to himself a wife. This delay is undoubtedly to be explained from a desire to avoid giving cause of evil speaking to the enemies of the Gospel; for Luther, as soon as convinced that it was right, uniformly advised his brethren to marry, and he was personally quite sensible to the charms of the fair sex, and no one ever thought of accusing him with a lack of courage.

But at the end of seven years (1525), he felt that hesitation or delay would no longer serve the good cause. He therefore determined to marry. Personal comfort as well as conscience and inclination, seconded his determination. For he had, during these seven years, still inhabited his monkish cell in the now almost deserted cloister. This course was unhealthy, inconvenient, and uncleanly. His bed, in the dismal cell, was dilapidated (figuratively), and untidy. For a whole year, he frankly confesses he had not decently made it up. He was so tired from his day's lecturing, preaching, and study, that, on entering his cell, he literally threw himself into his bed just as he found it. Moreover, he suffered now from occasional melancholy and sore temptation. At one time a friend

calling on him found him lying senseless on the cold floor of his cell, and succeeded in bringing him to consciousness only by prolonged playing on the flute. But as late as November, 1524, he had resisted the advice of his friends to change his course of life. But now, when finally determined upon, the courtship and marriage took place within the short space of a few months. Luther's age was now forty-two. That of his bride, Catherine Von Bora, was twenty-six.

This woman was of a good family. She had taken the veil at the age of sixteen. Two years since, she, with some others, had escaped from and abandoned her cloister. Catherine was not a beauty as to person, nor were her intellectual talents more than fair. Her chief foible was social ambition. The year of her escape from her cell she became seriously affected toward a young nobleman of Nuremberg. Her unsuccess here is said to have caused her a spell of downright sickness. As late as 1541, Luther in writing to this gentleman, jocosely sent him greetings from Kate, his "former flame." And when the reply came, he told his Kate that it was from "her old beau." In October, 1524, while Luther was yet uncertain as to this Nuremberger's purpose, he wrote to him: "If you would make sure of your Catherine, you had better bestir yourself before she is given to another, who is close at hand." This "another" was a certain Dr. Glatz, whom her friends wished to constrain her to accept. In her perplexity she fled for counsel to one Arnsdorf, a warm friend of Luther's. The substance of her speech here was, that "if Luther wanted her, or if Arnsdorf, she was ready to enter into honorable marriage, but with Dr. Glatz *never!*"

This state of Catherine's mind Arnsdorf generously conveyed to Luther. Not many months thereafter Luther espoused her. But Catherine was not Luther's first "flame." This much he him-

self confesses in regard to one Ave Von Schoenfeld, of Magdeburg. Toward Catherine he was at first not attracted. His acquaintance with her was occasioned by his having to make temporal provision for the nuns on their escape from their cloister. In his "Table Talk," he says he did not at once love her, because of his suspecting her of pride. Her utterances to Arnsdorf tended to confirm him in this judgment of her; but the frank openness with which she made it, seems to have touched a tender spot in his great honest heart. At any rate his letters now soon betray his purpose of speedily marrying. While on a journey, in May,—a few weeks before the marriage actually took place,—he wrote to a friend "that if things would work right, he was determined to take his Kate to wife at least before he died, in spite of the devil."

Of the details of the courtship we know but little. Enough we know, however, to refute the sneers of Erasmus, that Luther has been entrapped by the charms of a twenty-six years old perfect beauty. He was not entrapped at all; both he and she went at it in a highly deliberate, not to say commonplace and prosy style. And Catherine was far from being an ideal in point of looks. All her portraits give her a plain, open, sensible German face, with a rather squatty nose, prominent cheekbones, and generous health. No sooner did the suspicion that the former monk was really going to take a wife get abroad than his very best friends began to quake and tremble. "The whole evangelical fabric will collapse into thin air," thought they; "and devils and Catholics will grin and laugh." Well knowing this state of things, Luther accomplished the marriage without forewarning a single friend of the definite day. This day was June 13, 1525. On the evening of this day Luther invited to supper with him four distinguished gentlemen and one lady, besides Catherine. After the repast, he explained matters; and thereupon the marriage took place in the simplest manner possible. Then they immediately went to housekeeping

in a part of the same cloister where Luther had so long had his dismal cell.

Luther, on his part, had not expected to find the marriage state a perfect paradise. "A mind ready to bear much and to forbear much was," thought he, "quite essential to safe sailing in the wedded state." His own, and also Catherine's, failings he hid neither from her nor from himself. He admitted them frankly, but especially his own general bluntness of manner, and his excitability of temper. With all subtractions, however, he never was sick of his bargain. After the close of his first wedded year, he wrote to a friend "that his dear Kate suited him better than he could have hoped for, and that he consequently would not exchange his poverty with her for the wealth of a Cræsus." Also, after twelve years, he wrote thus:

"God be thanked! it has gone well with me. I have a good faithful wife upon whom her husband's heart can safely rely. Alas! dear God, wedlock is not a natural, but a religious life, the sweetest and chastest of all lives, provided only that it goes well at all; but if it does n't, then it is a very hell!"

During the early period of Luther's married life, Catherine spent much time in his company at the side of his study-table, as he wrote, studied, or read. He afterward related many jocose incidents, as to the little odd efforts she often made to attract him into entertaining chat, and as to how uninteresting to her must have been the mere yeses or noes, or other monosyllabic grunts, which alone she succeeded in eliciting from him. Catherine was in fact not a spiritual but a heart companion for her husband. It was in this, and also as general business manager of the household that consisted her great worth to the Reformer. And for this he richly and nobly appreciated her. His uniform custom in corresponding was to write her greetings with his own to all his friends; and he was always rejoiced when his correspondents recognized her equally beside himself.

That he should not find his Kate's will

and preferences always directly following his own, Luther had already anticipated from his very first acquaintance with her. But that she should rudely thwart him in any thing essential, his own manly character sufficiently forbade. At times, however, he confesses that it needed more than an agreeable effort in order to have things as he liked. To this little strong point in Kate he sometimes comically alluded in his letters, styling her "My dear Lord Katie," or in his Latin correspondence, *Dominus meus Katha*.

Early in their married life, Luther's table was quite a comprehensive one. Besides some female relations and his own children, it usually accommodated a few select students of theology. The meal-time was a very social and sometimes noisy occasion. To the unpremeditated outbursts of the great man at his leisurely chief meal, as written down from the memory of one or two of his table guests, we owe that strange and sometimes surprising book, "Luther's Table-talk."

With offspring this genuine German family was richly blessed. And both parents regarded the several advents of their little ones as so many greatly to be courted blessings from God. Each newcomer was the occasion for extended outbursts of humor and gladness in the correspondence of both father and mother. Luther often said that he saw in young children a most lovely illustration of the spirit of true faith. Noticing the eager looks of his children after the dessert of cherries on his table, "Behold," he exclaimed, "a true image of such as are *joyous through hope*." Observing his little son so happy in decking out and in cherishing a doll as his bride, "just so upright and unartificial," said he, "would we all be, if Paradise had not been lost." Noticing how readily two boys made up after a serious quarrel, "Dear Lord!" ejaculated he, "how pleasing to thee must be the life and plays of such children; they are constantly forgiving each other." But Luther did not merely enjoy his children, he bore his honest share

in taking care of them. In this work he was not any too indulgent. Obedience was his first and absolute requirement. Especially exacted he this of his *sons*. With them he would not even jest as freely as with his daughters. On one occasion a boy's misconduct so enraged and angered him that, as he frankly confesses, he lost for the moment every bit of his bodily strength. At another time he refused forgiveness even to the tears of his repentant son for three entire days, though earnestly interceded with by the mother and other friends.

"I should rather," said he "have a dead son than an unruly one."

The half-dozen children of Luther prospered well in after life. And though only one of his sons attained to eminence in professional life, upon none of them has even Jesuitical enmity been able to discover a blemish of character.

The figure of Luther's wife wins in attractiveness as the years pass by. Her husband had tried her and found her not wanting, at least in the cardinal qualities of a good woman. He prized her more richly, and loved her more fully, as his experience in the world grew wider. Ever and anon, however, his jovial allusions to her inclination to "bossing" betray a real trait in her which sometimes rendered him impatient. Once said he, "Should I ever court again I would first cut me an obedient wife out of marble, for I despair of finding an obedient one among those of ordinary flesh and blood."

That his actual wife could at times be rather too strict and sedate to suit him, he seems to imply when he styles her "My Lord and Moses, Kate." Also she talked too much. Of women in general he observed, that "they are eloquent by nature, and that they already understand instinctively the art of eloquence which we poor men have to acquire with so much painful study." And to a guest from England, he banteringly recommended his own wife as instructor in German eloquence; "for," added he, "she's master of the art, and can beat

me in it by far." Once he tried to check up the chattering of Kate by asking her half-seriously, whether she had n't forgotten to pray before beginning her long sermon!

But with all these little drawbacks, there is absolutely no trace of any serious interruption of their domestic peace. In his last testament, Luther styles her "a pious, dear, true wife, whose conduct had ever been above reproach." To a friend he wrote that he "prized her more than the crown of France or the dominion of Venice." And out of his own full heart he could also write to her of himself: "Dear Kate, thou hast verily a good husband, who loves thee as thou deservest; thou art a very empress."

One regret of Luther's was that Catherine had less taste for devotion and Bible-reading than he could have wished. He did his best to encourage her in this

direction, often playfully or jocosely. Once when he had exhorted her to more diligence in reading, especially of the Psalms, she hastily rejoined, "I hear, read, and know enough; would God that I practiced all I know." But he sighed deeply, and cautioned her against getting weary of God's Word. "Sometime those who feel thus are as ignorant of the Bible as very geese." In 1535, he relates that his dear wife was not only interested in gardening, in managing the cows, and in brewing beer, but also that, on his promising her fifty guilders of pin-money if she would read the Bible through by Easter, she had earnestly undertaken to do that.

Catherine survived her husband six years. She preserved a good name during her straitened widowhood, and died in 1552, at the age of fifty-three.

J. P. LACROIX.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE VIOLIN.

NUMBER II.

AS Gasparo's successor in the noble art of violin-making, his friend and pupil, Paolo Maggini, is mentioned. He resided and worked in Brescia (1598-1640). His violins are said to be larger, the oval more prominent, the sounding-board thicker, the back thinner, than those of Gasparo da Salo. In color, they are of a light yellowish brown, with double inlaid veins. The tone is louder, and at the same time more melancholy, than the clear, silvery voice of little Marietta, as it lived and sang in Gasparo's violins. In the hands of a De Beriot, the husband of the nightingale, Marie Malibran, and Vieuxtemps, they sang and sing scarcely less sweetly than their much prized sisters, the violins of Andrea Amati, the founder of the celebrated Cremona school of violin-makers.

The descendant of an honored and ancient line of ancestry, reared in wealth and luxury, Andrea Amati's childhood seemed a joyous holiday, in which the only thing like a shadow was the presence of his austere father. His mother, however, might be compared to the bird of paradise of ancient fable. She was one of the most ravishing beauties of Cremona. Her soft and lovely voice was the delight of her friends, and she was a most accomplished player on the lute. Antonina, with the unconcerned gayety of a child, flitted from festival to festival, receiving the homage which was accorded her on all sides as a matter of course, and with the gracious condescension of a queen dispensing favors.

Her husband, however, stood by her side with dark and lowering brow, like a

somber cypress beside an orange-tree covered with blossoms.

He loved his wife with a consuming jealousy, which could not bear that others too should enjoy the rich beauty and tone of her voice. The admiration which others had for his wife tormented him. Gladly would he have fled with her to the deepest solitude; and there were times when he experienced the maddening desire to destroy that highest and rarest jewel of the adored goddess of his house, his wife's voice, so that she might no longer live and laugh and sing for others, but only for himself alone.

One of the daily guests in Amati's house was a young singer and lute-player, Giovanni del Bussetto, whom Antonina playfully appointed physician to her lute, because he not only understood the art of stringing and tuning the instrument in a masterly manner, but because he also paid especial attention to the making of the instrument itself. Whenever he was engaged in this his favorite employment a pair of thoughtful eyes were fixed upon him and watching his work,—the eyes of young Andrea Amati.

The interesting problem of the small violin engrossed the thoughts of Bussetto entirely, and Andrea, too, was so completely taken up with the idea, as to forget every thing else. And this, no doubt, was the reason why Antonina Amati would come from time to time to the workshop of the singer, where her beloved boy spent his days; and Bussetto, with kindling eyes, would place her a chair, and offer a footstool for her dainty feet. Playfully the beautiful woman would command him to be a good instructor for her boy, so that he might at some future time be able to make an instrument that would compensate for the loss of the mother's voice.

"I shall become old, and no longer able to sing," said she. "Then I shall be comforted in finding my voice again, rejuvenated and made glorious in your instrument."

Giovanni del Bussetto cast a look of

admiration upon the beautiful woman, and wondered if that form and face could ever grow old; whether that sweet voice, the pride of Cremona, could ever change! And Andrea, too, turned his fair young face to the speaker, and laughingly said:

"No violin in the world will ever sing like my mother."

But one morning a singular report spread through Cremona. The singer, Bussetto, was found lying at his own door-steps severely wounded, stricken down by a muffled man, soon after the close of a masquerade ball where he had appeared as King of Trueland and Antonina as glorious Queen.

On the day following, the beautiful woman—"owing to fright, perhaps," said her friends, with a wicked laugh—was attacked with a strange, painless disease. The tone of her voice changed; hoarsely and feebly did it pass her lips. Overcome with a deathly fear, she summoned all the physicians of Cremona, and even the most celebrated doctors of Padua and Bologna,—all in vain. The silver tone in her breast departed forever, and with it the beauty and happiness of the most admired woman of Cremona.

When Giovanni del Bussetto again recovered, as by a miracle, and was for the first time borne into Antonina's presence, he was shocked in his very soul at the change which had taken place in her appearance, and at the first tone of her voice the tears streamed from his eyes.

"Now, make haste," admonished she, with a heart-rending smile, "and bring me some comfort. Make me, as quickly as you can, an instrument that is less liable to change, and that will be just as sweet as the human voice; let my Andrea assist you, and teach him to play upon it! You see I have become dumb and isolated sooner than any of us anticipated. Were it not for my husband, who is my constant and patient companion, I should lead the life of a nun; for who will now care for the withered rose and voiceless nightingale?"

And her hand the while sought the

hand of her husband, and her eyes cast upon him a look of grateful love. But Amati's face sank lower and lower, until it was hid in the perfumed flowing hair of his wife, and a deep glow sprang to his cheeks.

And she was really forgotten, the enchanting Antonina, when she no longer sang; for the memory of the world is shorter than a Spring day. People indeed talked for some time, *pro* and *con*, about the wicked sorcerer who had so suddenly changed this wonderful voice, and speculated and guessed as to who had done the deed. This, however, did not last very long; then the question was forgotten, and with it Antonina Amati.

Giovanno del Bussetto, however, and young Andrea worked with renewed energy and zeal; and the faithful singer came daily and reported to Antonina the result of his experiments and the progress made; and then he sought to bring comfort to her heart with his soft, tenor voice.

Antonina would smile, and express her gratitude for his well-meant efforts; but his songs could not for a moment make her forget or drive away the secret pain caused by the loss of her voice. But death, which the poor, voiceless nightingale secretly prayed for, did not come,—as indeed he seldom comes, except to those who do not desire him. She lived to see her son Andrea renowned as a violin-maker, and to hear the notes of his first sweet instrument.

Andrea's violins were small, graceful in form, well rounded, and covered with the most beautiful light-brown varnish. The tone was not strong, but of indescribable loveliness. It was reserved to the grandson of Andrea, however, Nicolo Amati, to attain the highest perfection in the Amati violins.

THE sons of Andrea Amati, Jérôme and Antonio, did honor to their father's name and fame. The form of the violin made by them remained small and graceful, while its beauty of tone was increased. Antonio seems to have been of an espe-

cially idealistic and tender nature. Owning to his delicate health, he withdrew from the enjoyments and dissipation of the world, and devoted himself more exclusively and heartily to his art than his more volatile and pleasure-loving brother. Jerome enjoyed life and the society of women. Connoisseurs have at all times preferred the tone of Antonio Amati's violins, with their soft and yet full roundness, in spite of a certain weakness of the G string, to the tone of his brother's instruments, even when there was no difference in the material and in point of finish.

Antonio died young, and thus the duty of instructing pupils in his noble art devolved solely upon Jerome, whose sorrow for his departed brother was deep and heart-felt. He met his responsibility in a most worthy manner; a noble band of violin builders came forth from his workshop, among them his genial son, that brightest star of the Amati family, Nicolo, born September 3, 1596, died August, 1684.

The home-life in the family of Jerome Amati was undoubtedly a most happy one. A beautiful wife, regarded by him with the most tender affection, adorned it like a rose in earliest bloom. The son grew up in veneration and love for his father and teacher. The most prominent and honored gentlemen and ladies gathered for social enjoyment beneath his hospitable roof. Both parents lived to see the brilliant success of Nicolo, and to rejoice in his fame.

The instruments of Nicolo differ from those of his father and grandfather by their smaller size, a peculiar curve, a golden tinge in the coloring, and a clearer, more powerful tone. The favorite instrument of the celebrated Alverdi, of Paris, is one of those works of art of Nicolo Amati. An indiscribable magic attaches to the name of Amati; we connect all that fancy may dream and imagination paint of sweet sound as being imprisoned and bound up in an Amati. To the present generation, which favors mighty tone waves of all kinds, the Amati violin,

it must be confessed, seems weak. Its wonderfully sweet voice is lost in the roaring sea of sound like the voice of a child singing as she sits upon the ocean's beach.

The great workshop of Nicolo in Cremona was always a picture of life and joyous activity. His own sons were among his pupils, and the mother of the lads, the gentle Lucrecia, appeared daily at their work-tables with a kindly greeting, and viewed the various processes of the work with great interest.

Among the youths gathered here were two especially remarkable by the contrast they presented; these were Baptisto Amati, the youngest son of the family, and his friend Antonio Straduario. Baptisto's light brown hair fell in heavy ringlets down upon his shoulders, his dark blue eyes looked dreamily, as though seeking some lost happiness; his form was slender and of medium height. The other towered far above him in stature, his limbs were powerful, and his, face sharply cut, black hair covered a broad, thoughtful brow, and beneath the thick eyebrows and lashes shone dark glowing eyes. A passionate friendship bound the two youths together; they were inseparable in the workshop as well as in their hours of leisure.

"I am afraid neither of you will be much of a violin builder," Nicolo Amati used to say, with a sigh, when he saw these his favorites sitting in the workshop with hands entwined.

In Baptisto it was evident the world had lost a musician. To him the world of tone was the only atmosphere of life. With scarcely an effort he had learned to play the violin and violoncello, and he could call tones from these instruments that would melt the listener to tears. There was nothing more glorious than his youthful face when he played. It was fairly radiant, and it might then have been said of him: His face was like the face of an angel. It was only in the evening, after every thing had become still, that Baptisto played in the workshop. The windows opened into the yard, with

its gushing fountain, and somber cypresses, and doves cooing in the branches. Not a sound of life could be heard as the magic notes of Baptisto's violin rolled out and filled the spacious room. The very sounding-boards and violin bottoms lying on the various work-tables seemed to heave melodious sighs, and the strings responded in curious vibrations. Crouched in a corner sat Antonio Straduario listening, lost in thought and reverie.

When at the conclusion of one or more pieces, Baptisto laid down the instrument and affectionately threw his arms about the neck of his friend, he would spring up like a startled deer. Then Baptisto told him in a low, confidential tone of those wonderful visions of the night which appeared to him. Even St. Cecilia herself, he claimed to have seen sitting at the organ and striking its keys, while an orchestra of angels was round about her. One of these, a being of most lovely countenance and eyes of resplendent brightness, played on a violin of such entrancing sound as to outvie all other tones as the light of the midday sun outshines the stars at night.

"It seemed as though my very eyes were dazzled by the glory while I listened," said Baptisto.

"That is just what I want," replied Antonio Straduario, with kindling eyes. "My violins, too, shall dazzle and flash like the light of the sun. The tone of the Amati violin is only like the juice of an early grape, sweet and lovely indeed; but *I will* make a violin whose tones, like wine, shall strengthen and intoxicate. To gain this object shall be the effort of my life. I will never rest until I have accomplished it."

"And you will find that tone, you alone; I feel it," said Baptisto.

But years came and went, years of energetic toil and effort, of deep study and thought, of repeated experiments and failure, of buoyant hopes and utter despondency, ere Antonio Straduario realized his ideal and was able to accomplish the wonder of which he and Baptisto dreamed.

At first he contented himself with imitating the model violins of his master so perfectly, that it was seldom a player could detect the difference. Then again he would cast aside his tools and materials, utterly disheartened, and sit for hours beside his friend; and it was only the kind and encouraging urging of Baptisto, that would induce him to again resume his work. Not unfrequently both would vanish, and along with them Baptisto's violin, to be gone days and weeks, aimlessly wandering from place to place, resting in the shade of oleanders and blooming magnolias, lodging at night in poor hostelries. Baptisto played the violin, and Antonio dreamed.

After the death of Nicolo Amati, his eldest son Jerome carried on the shop, and the place where Straduario had sat and worked was now occupied by Paoli Grancinos, a talented youth of the Amati school.

The idealistic Baptisto assumed the black garb of the priest. What induced Amati's son to take this step, has never been explained. In an old Italian book there is, however, an intimation that a passionate and reciprocated affection for the bride of his friend Antonio Straduario caused him to renounce the world and enter the priesthood. Baptisto knew that Antonio's whole heart was bound up in the proud Catherina, and to him alone of all men in the world would he yield her. But Baptisto, the priest, watched the restless energy of his friend, and rejoiced in his triumphs up to the last day of his life. How often would he with glowing face show to his visitors and friends one of those instruments of Straduario which, even to-day, are regarded by musical connoisseurs as the beau-ideal of the violin.

"My father pointed out to him the way to the glorious goal," Baptisto Amati used to say, "and Straduario has reached it. He has discovered the secret of the clearest, softest, and, at the same time, most powerful tone."

Then he pointed out to the curious the various nice differences and distinctions in the roundings and size of the Straduario instruments as compared with the Amati violins. He called attention to the care with which the beautiful wood was worked up by his friend, so that the narrowest rings and grains were in the center of the sounding-board. He showed the masterly manner in which the *F* holes were cut, the deep brown color of the varnish, and the elegant swan-like form of the neck. Then perhaps he would play a tune on one of his father's instruments and then on Straduario's to make plain the difference between them. Sweet as the song of the nightingale sounded the Amati, but penetrating, powerful, and stirring, like the human voice, sang the Straduario violin in the hands of Baptisto.

Antonio Straduario outlived his much loved friend by many years, but his house had lost much of its light and joy since the form of the noble priest, with his look of love and peace, no longer crossed his threshold. Straduario's workshop was situated in the immediate vicinity of the church, and the colored lights of the stained windows, which, day by day, played over and upon the tombstones of the marble floor, also glided across the work-table of the master. Then he would sometimes lay aside his work, and his eyes, tear-dimmed, would linger on the spot where Baptisto Amati slept his last sleep; and he would think how much of his success was due to that idealistic companion who had such unbounded faith in him, and had so often encouraged his despondent heart with the brave words: "Have patience, you will yet reach your goal!"

Antonio Straduario labored all his life with most indefatigable industry, and for every new violin made by him he realized four ducats. He died at the advanced age of ninety-three years, having become one of the richest men of his native city.

ELISE POLKA.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

MARTIN KINNEY was an undertaker; and he died, and they buried him in one of his own coffins. And that is all have to say about Martin Kinney. I thus mention him, because I wish to make this story true to real life; and I notice, in real life, many people are born into the world, pass through it and pass out, without apparently having any thing to do with the said world or its history,—a sort of interlopers, as it were, where they have no business. Hence I have introduced Martin Kinney, who has nothing whatever to do with this narrative. He is dead and buried.

Howbeit, when Mr. Kinney died he left two small children, a son and daughter; and that was all he left. When the administrators came to settle the estate they found there was no estate to settle; and therefore the children had nothing to quarrel over when they became of age; neither was there any show for a "villainous uncle," a "forged will," or "defrauded orphans."

But then, the little Kinneys had their aunt, and she was n't one bit "villainous." Not at all! Never was there a more cheery, bright-faced, industrious little woman than Miss Susan Kinney; and when her brother's children were left without father or home,—their mother had died years before,—Miss Susan took them to her home and heart at once. True, she had to work harder than before; but the little patched jacket and patched calico that went to school each day were always neat and clean, and she did not complain.

"You do have a hard time, sister Kinney, you really do," said jolly old Deacon Pratt, limping past her door one day, with his rheumatism, and stopping for a moment; "I wonder, sometimes, you do n't sink under your burdens."

"And what do you call burdens, Deacon?"

"Why, your hard work, an' so on;

takin' care of them youngsters, for instance." And the Deacon glanced toward the children.

"I don't call them burdens," replied Miss Susan, lifting her eyes from her sewing, and looking lovingly at the little ones; "I call them blessings. And even if it were as you say, Deacon, 'shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' And my life, heretofore, has been so full of mercies that I really suppose I ought to expect some troubles. But these children are certainly not that."

"Well, you've a monstrous easy way of takin' things, I allow," said the Deacon. "Folks have been talkin' of what hard times you must be havin', and here you do n't seem to know nothin' about it. But then, some people do n't appreciate affliction when they get it,—sort of shed their troubles, like water from a duck's back."

Miss Susan laughed.

"Any way, Deacon, you must admit it's the best way to treat our troubles," she said.

"I admit it a deal easier than I can practice it," replied the Deacon, a smile dimpling his round, pleasant face. "Now, take this rheumatism of mine. I s'pose you 'd call that a blessin' in disguise, an' may be you're right. But, to my thinkin', it's so awfully disguised that nobody would recognize it; I'm dead certain I do n't."

Then Miss Susan laughed again, and, after a little talk about other topics, the Deacon passed on his way.

And that was indeed the way with Miss Susan, as the Deacon had said,—when trouble came she did n't seem to know it. Always cheerful and light-hearted, always improving the few blessings she had and thanking God for them, and when she had them not still thanking God, she contentedly traveled life's journey.

Now, right here it is extremely proper to say that Dobbstown, where Miss Susan lived, had a college. The people called it a university, "The Dobbstown University." To be sure, certain envious people of another town, who had no college, said it was nothing but an academy; but what of that? All the world knew that the "Dobbstown University" had a faculty, conferred innumerable degrees, and had all the requisites of a college except an endowment. But this last trifle they expected to get. Old General Sykes, who had made a fortune in the distillery business, it was supposed would make his peace, with this world at least, by leaving the college a goodly sum when he came to die. Therefore Dobbstown patiently waited.

Well, there being a college, of course it follows that there must be students. Our "University" had quite a number. They lived in various parts of the town, some in boarding-houses, and some in rooms by themselves. Three of them occupied a room just across the street from Miss Susan's little brown cottage. They were not a bad lot, these three young men, but they were certainly mischievous. On many nights, instead of being in their room, filling their heads with classic lore, they were out on the streets, filling other people's heads with alarm by their pranks. And, furthermore, they were somewhat reckless in their fun. "All were fish that came to their net." It was to these young gentlemen, in an unfortunate moment, that Miss Susan Kinney presented herself as an object of consideration, and as follows:

One evening,—the Christmas eve of 18,—the fun-loving trio were alone in their room. It was something strange to find them all there, especially on such a night, when the jingling of sleigh-bells and the shouts of laughter betokened a merry world outside; and more especially as their fellow-students had nearly all gone home for the holidays. Nevertheless, the three were there. They were not particularly busy,—they seldom were, at any thing useful,—but were lounging

about the room in an aimless sort of way.

"I'll tell you what, fellows; to-morrow is Christmas," said Will Parsons, who stood looking out at the window.

"Yes; and I wish we were at home, to enjoy it," responded Frank Winston, disconsolately, from his seat by the fireplace.

"That 's curious," said Jack Palmer, who sat just opposite. "It was you who proposed we should stay here."

"I know I did," Frank replied. "I thought, as we were so awfully behind in our studies, we had better stay and catch up. But then, it 's no use talking about studying, with all this Christmas fuss going on around us."

"That last sentiment, gentlemen, is exactly my own," said Mr. Parsons. "Christmas ought not to be devoted to study, but to mischief and merriment; and the only question is, What shall the mischief be? The merriment will follow as a matter of course."

"Ah, indeed! And has Mr. Parsons, within his brilliant brain, any plan of mischief that will not injure the makers thereof?" asked Frank.

"I have this in view, experiment and mischief combined. I wish to test a person who do n't know what trouble is. Across the street lives Miss Susan Kinney, whom it is said nothing can disturb. No matter what comes, she calls it a blessing, and thinks Providence sent it for her particular benefit. Now, I do n't believe that. I believe immutable law governs all things; and that, cause once set in motion, Providence will not interfere to stop the effect, evil or otherwise. I intend Miss Kinney shall learn that all things do not happen for the best, and that when trouble comes she can make nothing but trouble out of it."

"Sorry fun that will be for us, though," said Jack.

"Not so much fun, perhaps, as an experiment; though we shall have some fun out of it," continued Will. "This is my plan: There is a blank check on the table. Fill it out in favor of Miss Susan

Kinney for the sum of one hundred dollars, and sign it with the name of Gilbert Nelson, the rich merchant. Then write a neat little note, expressing regard, good wishes, etc., and that the check is sent as a Christmas gift. Place the check and note in an envelope, and send it to Miss Kinney this evening by mail. She will be highly delighted, of course; will present the check at the bank, and payment will be refused. Then the trouble will begin; and she won't find it a blessing, either."

"And the fun—" began Frank.

"Will be this," interrupted Will. "Miss Kinney will be badly frightened for a while, and for once in her life will find that trouble is trouble. But no one will believe her guilty of the forgery; and then such a hubbub as there'll be in the town as to who the guilty party is! The papers will teem with a 'Daring Forgery,' and a 'Foul Conspiracy,' and the like, and we can rest quietly and enjoy the turmoil. Of course, unless we tell it ourselves, there is no danger of our being discovered."

Now, in their very hearts, these young madcaps had no desire to injure Miss Susan, or even cause her any great trouble; they simply wished to produce an excitement, and set the towns-people to wondering. They honestly believed Miss Susan would be at once cleared of all guilt in the matter, and, without further thought, they carried out their plan. The check was filled out, the note written, and both inclosed in an envelope directed to Miss Susan Kinney. Then the missive was deposited in a post-box on an out-of-the-way corner.

Christmas morning found as happy a group at the little brown cottage as at any more pretentious dwelling in the town,—perhaps more so. The children were in great glee over some cheap toys they had found in their stockings; and Aunt Susan, who had scrimped and saved in order to procure even these few trinkets, was flitting to and fro, preparing the frugal breakfast. Frugal though it was, Miss Susan was unusually cheery

and light-hearted, partly on account of the children's pleasure, and partly from thought of the fine turkey Deacon Pratt had sent in for their Christmas dinner. Good old Deacon Pratt,—how kind he was, and how good was God to send such a friend! she thought.

She gathered the children about her, after breakfast, and read to them the story of the Savior's Birth, the story of God's "Unspeakable Gift." At the conclusion of the reading, a rap was heard at the door, and the postman appeared.

"A letter for Miss Kinney," he said, reaching forward the missive.

Miss Susan took the letter and opened it. A folded paper fell to the floor.

"*Dear Miss Kinney*,—Will you please accept the inclosed check as a slight token of regard from a friend of your late brother? May you have a merry Christmas!" GILBERT NELSON."

That was the way the note read. A look of mingled surprise and pleasure came over Miss Susan's face, and she picked up the fallen paper. It was a check on the Dobbstown Bank for one hundred dollars. And then, O what a look of glad happiness her face changed to! Could the authors of the cruel joke have seen it, theirs must have been hearts of stone, indeed, not to have melted. But they were not there to see.

All the rest of that morning, Miss Susan went about her work with a bright light beaming in her eyes, and thanks murmuring on her lips. When the Christmas dinner was over, and the dishes washed, she donned bonnet and shawl, and, bidding the children to await her return, set out for the bank. With a timid step she entered that fine building, the Dobbstown Bank, where such an awful silence and respectability reigned that it seemed like desecration to make a noise, and where financial dignity shut itself in with plate-glass and mahogany from vulgar contact. She approached the counter, and presented her check. A severe-looking gentleman, with spectacles, took it from her, and scrutinized it closely.

"Where did you get this, madam?" he asked.

"From Mr. Nelson," answered Miss Susan, her voice a little tremulous from she knew not what.

The gentleman looked at the check again, held a whispered consultation with another gentleman, and then passed out to another room. Presently he returned, and requested Miss Susan to be seated a moment. She complied, wondering a little, but supposing in her innocence that one hundred dollars was a large sum, and may be the bank had to make extra exertion to raise the amount.

Five, ten minutes passed, and then a policeman came in from the street. The gentleman with spectacles nodded toward Miss Susan, and the officer approached her.

"You are my prisoner, madam!"

"I—what?" began the poor girl, her clear, blue eyes fixed on the officer with a look he never forgot.

"Forgery, madam; for presenting a forged check," he slowly answered, yet as he spoke a conviction forced itself upon him that she was not guilty.

For a moment more her gaze was fastened on him, as if trying to comprehend the awful charge. Her hands clasped in a helpless sort of way, a feeble cry "God pity the children!" came from her lips, and she knew no more. Water was speedily brought and sprinkled on her face, and when consciousness was somewhat restored, she was placed in a carriage and hurried away to the county jail.

The three students had their wish. Before night Dobbstown was in a ferment over the news, and Miss Susan's arrest for forgery was the talk of the town. When Deacon Pratt heard of it he at once hastened to the jail. He found Miss Susan anxious and excited, of course, but sufficiently composed to tell a straightforward story.

"And you won't believe me guilty, Deacon? Indeed, *indeed* I am innocent," she said in conclusion.

"Guilty? you poor child," said the Deacon, trying to smile, but somehow it

was a failure, and he had to wipe his eyes instead. "You ain't a bit more guilty than I am, and nobody believes it either. And what's more I'll see you out of this too."

"But then the disgrace—" began Miss Susan.

"Don't amount to nothin', as you'll see," interrupted the Deacon. "And then, Miss Kinney, do n't you remember quotin' Job at me some time ago? about 'shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' May be,"—a genuine smile broadening his face this time,— "may be this is one of your blessin's in disguise, only you have n't found it out yet?"

"I hope you are right, Deacon," replied Miss Susan, smiling in spite of her trouble.

"I guess I am," continued the deacon. "And besides, in Job's time Satan was 'goin' to and fro in the earth,' and to my thinkin' he ain't done goin' yet, as this circumstance proves. But I reckon he'll take a rest on 't if he's got hold of you, Miss Kinney; so keep up your sperits."

The Deacon was good as his word. He employed lawyers, furnished the necessary bail, and after a brief imprisonment Miss Susan was restored to her home. The release, of course, was only temporary, as she had to appear at the March term of court and stand a trial. But the first shock being over, Miss Susan recovered her former serenity. Her future looked dark, to be sure, and the question of her innocence undecided, and there were not wanting malicious persons of the "I told you so" tribe, who "knew all along she'd do something of the sort." Yet through it all she moved about with quiet cheerfulness, taking up her accustomed work, and always trusting, as the days slipped by, that somehow and in some way God would bring light out of the darkness. Public sentiment, too, which at first had been against her, changed around in her favor, and she had no lack of friends. Deacon Pratt, the truest one of them all, one day brought another,—Gilbert Nelson.

"Just thought I'd bring him 'round, sister Kinney. Nothin' like capturin' a prosecutin' witness, you see, and him an old bachelor at that;" and the Deacon chuckled over the performance and seemed to think it a wonderful piece of strategy, while his listeners all at once grew very red in the face.

"I should certainly have called before, sister—I beg pardon—Miss Kinney," began Mr. Nelson, in an embarrassed way, "but I was absent from town, and did not learn of your trouble until I came home to-day. My friend, the Deacon, told me the story; and will you allow me to express my entire belief in your innocence, and my regret that my name should appear in any way connected with you—your—"

"Blessin' in disguise," put in the Deacon, his eyes twinkling. "And allow me to add there won't be any regrets about it when it's all over."

At this the two faces grew red again, though why they should neither could tell. Miss Susan uttered a very stiff "thank you," and the gentlemen presently departed.

But after that visit Mr. Nelson seemed to take a remarkable interest in the case. He called on Miss Susan again in a few days, and as time passed his visits became quite frequent. Each visit, too, seemed to require a longer stay than the previous one, and, strangely enough, though the approaching trial was the ostensible object of his coming, yet gradually he ceased to mention it, and he and Miss Susan would chat for hours about books and pictures and other topics, without bringing in the forgery question at all. Indeed, so zealous did Mr. Nelson become that he often called for Miss Susan with his carriage, and took long drives to "hunt up witnesses," he said, though somehow the "witnesses" could never be found. But that did n't trouble Mr. Nelson in the least; he was willing to repeat the drives if Miss Susan was. Miss Susan was willing.

And, the meanwhile, what of the students? Their "experiment" had been

eminently successful, so far as "stirring up" the community, far more than they expected or desired. The newspapers had teemed with glaring head-lines, to be sure; but when the three came to read of themselves as "black-hearted villains," and "infamous scoundrels," they did n't like it. True, they were not known as the authors of the affair, but they were afraid they might be; and this fear so acted on them that at last they hardly dared appear upon the street. And then, again, they had caused an innocent woman to be placed in jail; and furthermore, whatever the newspapers might say about it, the court and jury might look at the case in a different light, and Miss Kinney yet be sent to the penitentiary. What was there to prevent? Except her own statement—the postman knew nothing of the letter's contents—the evidence was against her. One definition of forgery, as given by the statute, was an "attempt to pass" a forged check, "knowing the same to be forged," and "with intent to defraud." The "attempt" could be easily proven, and although on the prosecution would fall the burden of proof, would not that attempt go far toward establishing the guilty knowledge and intent? So far, indeed, that Miss Kinney might possibly be convicted? These thoughts troubled the students greatly. As for fun, they had not found it; and they wished themselves and Miss Kinney well out of the difficulty.

"I tell you, fellows, this thing worries me," said Will Parsons one evening, as the three sat gloomily together in their room. The March term of court had commenced, and Will had just been reading that an indictment had been found by the grand jury against Miss Kinney.

"Well, what shall we do?" questioned Frank Winston. "We ought to do something; this miserable affair has given me the 'blues' so bad I can't eat, and my landlady thinks I'm sick."

"I know I am sick—sick of the whole business," put in Jack Palmer. "Even if Miss Kinney is acquitted, it will be only

because of her good character. The evidence will still stand against her, and we shall be to blame for it."

Will did not answer; he sat for a moment with his face buried between his hands. Then he raised his head, and spoke slowly and resolutely:

"I know what I am doing to do; I am going this very evening to Deacon Pratt and tell him the whole story. You fellows may go with me or not, just as you please."

For an instant there was no reply; then Frank sprang to his feet and said:

"I am with you; come along!"

"And I," added Jack, with a sudden spring that evidenced fresh courage as well as new resolve.

A half-hour later, when the Deacon, aroused from his nap over the *Dobbsstown Evening Journal*, entered his parlor, he was somewhat surprised to see his visitors.

"Good evening, boys! So you want to see me? Want another contribution to the—the What-ye-call-it-Society?"

"No, sir; it is a more important matter," responded Will, soberly. "It is in regard to Miss Kinney."

"Miss Kinney?" and the Deacon looked surprised; "what 's happened to her?"

"Nothing new; but we know all about the—the—" Will hesitated at the word, but he spoke it—"the forgery." Then, in a straightforward way, neither concealing nor palliating, he gave the true history of the check.

During the recital, the Deacon's face underwent a variety of changes, though what he thought the three could not make out. At the conclusion of the story he remained silent for a few moments, thinking. Then he turned sternly to his visitors.

"Well, boys, the first thing I've got to say is, that all three of you ought to have a good sound thrashin',—yes, a good sound thrashin'."

"I know we deserve punishment—" began Will, but the Deacon interrupted him.

"Wait till I get through. I said you deserved a thrashin', an' so you do; 'cause

it was a trick that might have caused a sight o' mischief. But you didn't raily mean any harm, an' now you've told the truth about it, I think it'll come out all right. 'Sides, I've a leetle suspicion you've done two persons more good than harm."

Here the Deacon's face lost its sternness, and a series of chuckles rippled up from his throat. The students looked a question as to the identity of the "two persons" aforesaid, but without satisfying their curiosity the Deacon proceeded:

"And now what to do about it; you come here in the mornin' and we'll call on the prosecutin' attorney, and I reckon he'll fix it so sister Kinney will be cleared and nobody be the wiser as to the hand you've had in the matter."

And so it came out. The State's attorney was an old schoolmate of Miss Susan, and disliked to prosecute her exceedingly. Therefore, when he heard of the new evidence, he cheerfully made the arrangement the Deacon asked for, and when the day of trial came, he arose and informed the court that from evidence in his possession Miss Kinney was honorably and entirely exonerated from all fraud, or suspicion of fraud, in the matter; that the "forged check" was the work of a few foolish school-boys. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was his pleasing duty to enter a *nolle* in the case, and ask Miss Kinney's discharge.

Of course the large audience that had assembled to hear the trial were disappointed. But it was a pleasant disappointment to the most of them. A few, perhaps, of that sort of people who always insist that every body's sins shall be punished but their own, murmured because the real culprits were not prosecuted. But their murmurs were in vain; no prosecution ever took place.

Now, one would suppose that after this result Mr. Nelson would cease his visits to Miss Susan. But he did not. He seemed not to have heard of her acquittal, and called on her just as frequently,—in fact, more frequently than ever. Miss Susan, too, seemed equally ignorant, and

received his visits all the same. Indeed, the visits were continued until Summer came, and then, one evening, there happened to be a small party at the house of Deacon Pratt. Mr. Nelson and Miss Susan were present, a minister happened in, and strangely enough Mr. Nelson happened to have a marriage license in

his pocket, and—well, I can't tell all that happened; but Mr. Nelson and Miss Kinney were married. As for the Deacon—he was overjoyed. At the supper-table he proposed the following:

"Here's to all blessin's in disguise;
may we be able to appreciate 'em."

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

SOME THINGS NOT IN D'ISRAELT'S "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

WE can scarcely help feeling some interest in all that concerns that mysterious creature, "an author," and especially in every thing connected with his work. Washington Irving composed most of "The Stout Gentleman," seated on a stile or a stone, during a Summer excursion in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. John Wesley, who perhaps never in his life took an excursion in the interests of either pleasure or art, tells us somewhere in his journal that being confined to bed for a few days "by a fever," "I wrote my 'Notes on the New Testament.'" Such a work, however, under such circumstances, does not seem quite incredible, when we know that his "Notes" are not very original, being in great part a mere compend from Bengel. On French authority, we learn that "Herodotus wrote most in bed," and Plato is also said to have produced "his glorious visions all in bed," while we read of the learned physician who wrote so many poems which nobody now glances at:

"'T was in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme."

Like the congressman who could not enthral his hearers except when pulling at his coat-buttons, or the preacher who could not get up steam unless by twisting his pocket-handkerchief round and round his fingers, so authors have had various talismans, *par example*, a glove to tear

or nibble, or a small twig, as though searching for a fount of fancy with a witch hazel, or, as was the custom of Madame de Stäel, commemorated in the following lines:

"Such was the little feathery wand,
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her, who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Seemed the conductor that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page."

Virgil used to begin his day by composing a vast number of verses which, during the day, as they cut and polish diamonds, he very much reduced in quantity, and improved in brilliancy and point. As the early Methodist "circuit-riders," so Erasmus used to compose his works on horseback, committing them to paper at his first stopping-place. We have frequent joking allusion from his contemporaries to Pope's writing on old letters and all sorts of odds and ends of paper: and Coleridge says it was Pope's general practice to set down in a book every half-line or happy phrase that occurred to him, and make a place for them somewhere.

We wonder if what is affirmed of Fuller, that charming and witty divine, is true, that he used to write the first word of every line all the way down the page, and then the second, and so on, till the page was completed. We should more readily believe this story if it had been told of Father Paul Sarpi, who, when

engaged in literary work, was surrounded on all sides and overhead by a close screen of paper, for he thought that "*all air is predatory!*"

Robert Burns of course loved to compose in the open air. Sometimes, however, he wrote in a far different connection, as he tells us himself, "by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company, except the hautbois and the muse."

When some one wondered how his countryman, Sir Walter Scott, could compose while harassed all day by lion-hunters, he replied: "O, I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up, and there's the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily." Some of the noblest of the Waverleys, notably "Ivanhoe," were composed while their author lay on his bed, writhing and groaning.

While speaking of Scott, we may remember his curious avowal that, when commencing the last volume of "Woodstock," he had no more idea than his readers how it was to end. He says he never could lay down, or at best stick to, a plan. "This hab-nab at a venture is a perilous style, I grant, but I can not help it."

No one will be surprised to hear that Coleridge, the animated and varied, liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, while Wordsworth, the equable and sustained, generally composed walking up and down a straight gravel walk. A lover of "the Messiah" will perhaps be surprised to learn that Handel professed to gain his inspiration for such mighty composition from the din and roar of the noisy streets of London.

The power of abstraction in the midst of domestic interruptions and distractions varies very much in different writers. Heloise persistently refused to become Abelard's wife, because no mind devoted to the meditations of philosophy could endure the crying and babbling of children and nurses, and the noise of

servants. Cowper describes himself as writing "amidst a chaos of interruptions," yet in no way disconcerted. In a drawing-room, surrounded by a number of old friends and parishioners whom he had not seen for a year, Dr. Chalmers composed part of that elaborate and thoughtful work, his "Fourth Astronomical Discourse."

Not only authors have possessed this power of concentration. When the Duke of Wellington, during one of his Spanish campaigns, lay in front of the French army, and was expecting every moment a battle to begin, he calmly wrote out a long and minute memorial on the establishment of a bank.

Any one who has read Thomas Hood's sweet "Ode to my Son," will not be surprised to learn that he wrote mostly at night, when all the children were asleep.

Washington Irving could put up with a great deal; but even he tells us that, when engaged on his "Essay on American Scenery," "I was harassed by noises in the house, till I had to go out in despair, and write in Mr. Guertier's library."

Scott's genial, healthy nature would allow his children and dogs to gambol through his study, no more disconcerted by them than by the songs of the birds outside; and when the little ones would gather around him, and entreat him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, kiss them, tell them some legend or ballad, and then resume the even tenor of his thought, as pleased and refreshed by the interlude as themselves.

"What various attitudes and ways

And tricks we authors have in writing !
While some write sitting, some, like Thayer,
Usually stand while they're inditing.
Poets there are who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen while they ride.
If you consult Montaigne and Pliny on
The subject, 't is their joint opinion,
That thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields."

We find frequent traces of the satisfaction of authors at seeing their compositions, especially the first-born of their fancy, in

print. Dickens tells us, in the Preface to the "Sketches by Boz," how his first "effusion" was dropped stealthily, one evening, at twilight, into a dark letter-box, up a dark court in Fleet Street, the native soil of printing-offices. And when he saw it in all the glory of print, he went into Westminster Hall for half an hour, "because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

One of Longfellow's characters, the Baron of Hohenfels, gives himself up to the rapture of gazing on the metamorphosis of his manuscript into print, and he says, "In all probability, I shall die with a proof-sheet in my hands." Some one speaks of the satisfaction of the poor, shrinking girl advertising in the newspaper for a situation, and seeing herself in print almost takes her breath away. Possibly, not a few authors would echo Hartley's words:

"I own I like to see my works in print;

The page looks knowing, though there's nothing in 't."

On the other hand, Schleiermacher says: "It is disagreeable to me to see myself in print. I could hardly bear it, even in the case of these few detached thoughts." Goethe also had a reluctance to appear in print. But such authors are in a small, though "respectable," minority; and even Goethe himself once says: "I was pleased to see my dramatic sketch in clean proof-sheets; it looked looked really better than I myself expected." Boileau says of one of his characters:

"Et, toujours amoureux de ce qu'il vient d'écrire,
Ravi d'étonnement, en soi-même il s'admire."

Douglas Jerrold dropped his first literary effort into the letter-box of the printing-office where he was a compositor, and passed an anxious night; but next morning the sun rose very bright when the editor handed him his own composition to *compose* in a second sense, together with an address to the anonymous contributor, asking for further contributions. Tom Moore says: "It was

in this year, 1793, that for the first time I enjoyed the honor and glory (for such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print." Dean Swift tells of the young author's anxious pleasure, from the time he dispatches his manuscript to the editor;

"And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised!"

It would seem that this interest in a proof-sheet never wore away in Southey. When quite an old man, he writes, "If you have as much pleasure in reading a proof-sheet as I have, I may wish you joy of your employment."

A hero, wounded in battle, referring to his being mentioned with honor in the dispatches from Waterloo, says that even at one's last gasp, one is never sorry to see one's self in print.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears;
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.

We find among book-makers constant warning against too great devotion to books. Numerous ancients and moderns, in prose and poesy, descant on the sentiment contained in the Greek proverb, "How empty is learning, unless good sense [*nous*] accompany it!"

Biglow says:

"An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger;
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger."

Charles Rende says that the man whose knowledge all comes from reading accumulates a great number, not of facts, but "shadows, often so thin, indistinct, and featureless, that, when one of the facts themselves runs against him in real life, he does not know his old friend, round about which he has written a smart leader in a journal and a ponderous trifle in the Polysyllabic Review."

Hawthorne, who has been named "America's most original genius of the cultured class," pictures Adam and Eve at home. The mother of us all, then a charming young married lady, says: "My dear Adam, you look pensive and

dismal! Do fling down that stupid thing; for, even if it should speak, it would not be worth attending to. Let us talk with one another, and with the sky, and the green earth, and its trees and flowers. They will teach us better knowledge than we can find here." She probably feared the hardy gardener degenerating into the class of which Hawthorne elsewhere gives us a specimen,—a bookworm, a heavy-looking gentleman in green spectacles, "one of those men who are born to gnaw dead thoughts," and who says that his "only reality was a bound volume."

Tennyson speaks somewhat contemptuously of,

"With blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

Sam Slick says: "Book-larned men seldom know nothin' but books; and there is one never was printed, yet worth all they got on their shelves, which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of,—for they do n't understand the handwritin',—and that is, human natur'." Somewhere else he professes to make his own opinions, as he used to make his own clocks, and finds them truer than other men's.

"Never be over-eager about books," says Marcus Antoninus; "such a fondness for reading will be apt to perplex your mind;" and the wise and witty Chaucer would add:

"And I say his opinion was good.

Why shulde man studie and make himselven wood
[mad],

Upon a book in cloistre always to pore?"

While Regiarol, a Frenchman, strongly says: "A man who thinks always knows far more science than a man who learns. He who does is worth a thousand of the man who merely thinks."

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says that though an intellectual man be made up of nine-tenths of book-learning and one-tenth himself yet he need not read much; for society is a strong solution of books, drawing the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength out of tea-leaves. He tells us that if he were a prince he

would buy a teapot of this kind, that is, a studious man whom he could turn on at pleasure, and satisfy his intellectual thirst with some exquisite essence of literature.

In Adam Bede, the hero says to 'Squire Donnithorne:

"But where 's the use of me talking to you, sir? You know better than I do."

"I'm not so sure of that, Adam," answers the young 'squire; "I think your life has been a better school to you than college has been to me."

"Why, sir," Adam rejoins, "you seem to think of college something like Bartle Massey does. He says 'college mostly makes people like bladders—just good for nothing but t' hold the stuff as is poured into them.'"

Now for a little versifying of this ilk. Wordsworth says:

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife,
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it."

Tom Hood founds upon a Greek epigram his address to Pallas Minerva, in which the wearied student complains somewhat in this way:

"My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of song and ode and ballad,
And so I take the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.
My brain is dull, my sense is foul,
I can not write a verse or read,—
Then, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead."

But for downright punning in cold blood, perhaps there is nothing more nefarious than Hogarth's impromptu to Tighe, who could not be persuaded by the dinner-bell to leave his Greek book:

"Then come to dinner, do, my honest Tighe,
And leave thy Greek, and η β ω .
eat a bit o' pie."

Most of us have often imagined what our ecstasy would be if translated for even a brief time to the literary Olympus, where we could sit among the gods and *vates*, whose vaticinations we love to read, and hear them talk novels and poems and histories and disquisitions at the dinner

table; but perhaps coming too near might dispel the sweet enchantment which distance lends, and too great a familiarity might even breed contempt.

De Quincey, one of the gods himself, enlarges on the flat and unprofitable character of merely "literary society." He says that literary men are either spoiled for good conversation by vices of reserve and of over-consciousness, or they are apt to be desperately commonplace.

Southey, a purely literary man, says of literary society that it "is about the worst society in the world," and "literary parties" he calls "my abomination." Byron writes in his journal: "In general, I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication." He then excerpts some men of the world, as Scott and Moore, and visionaries, as Shelley; and thus continues: "But your literary, every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Giordani, and—and—and—I really can't name any other."

Rousseau complains bitterly of the *cabales des gens de lettres* he encountered in Paris, and their *honteuses querelles*. Vinet asserts that dignity of manners is much more common among men of science than of literature; for the latter live in a world of man's, but the former in a world of God's.

Coleridge, when describing an evening spent among tradesmen in Birmingham, attests that nowhere is more unaffected good sense exhibited, and particularly nowhere more elasticity and freshness of mind, than in the conversation of the reading men in manufacturing towns.

Emerson's judgment is that the conditions of literary success are almost destructive of the best social power, as they do not leave that frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms.

Christopher North describes a literary

dinner-party with glorious humor: "On each side of the lord of the mansion he places a philosopher; on each side of the lady, a poet; somewhere or other about the board, a theatrical star, a foreign fiddler, an outlandish traveler, and a continental refugee. But all lips are hermetically sealed. The author of the five-guinea quarto on the drawing-room table is sound asleep, with round, unmeaning face, breathing tranquillity. The author of a profound treatise on the national debt sits beside him, with eyes fixed on the ceiling. The illustrious traveler, whose conversational prowess has been the talk of Europe, has been stroking his chin for the last half-hour, and nothing more. You might not only hear a pin drop, a mouse stir, but either event would rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder."

No doubt, however, there is much discount on this professed disagreeableness of literary society. Sir John Ellesmere exclaims that authors are generally in ecstasies when talking to one another of each other's performances. "Have I not seen a number of serpents in a cage as civil to each other as possible, upreared upon the penultimate parts of their tails, and bowing affably to one another,—in process of time to become quite fond and fondling." Like Thackeray's two professors of music, who so loved to meet:

"Mein lieben Herr," one would say, "your sonata in X flat is sublime."

"Chevalier," would the other reply, "dat andante movement of yours in W is worthy of Beethoven."

Mr. Hayley and Miss Anna Seward, of the last century, devoted themselves to high-flown encomiums on one another; and Porson, a contemporary wit, parodied them as follows:

She. 'Tuneful poet, Britain's glory!
Mr. Hayley, that is you—'

He. 'Ma'am, you carry all before you;
Trust me, Litchfield Swan, you do—'

She. 'Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet;
Mr. Hayley, you're divine—'

He. 'Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You alone are all the Nine!'

GEO. C. JONES.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

'T IS sad, yet sweet, to listen
 To the soft wind's gentle swell,
 And think we hear the music
 Our childhood knew so well ;
 To gaze out on the even,
 And the boundless fields of air,
 And feel again our boyhood's wish
 To roam like angels there !

There are many dreams of gladness
 That cling around the past,
 And from the tomb of feeling
 Old thoughts come thronging fast ;
 The forms we loved so dearly
 In the happy days now gone,
 The beautiful and lovely,
 So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
 Who seemed so formed for bliss,
 Too glorious and too heavenly
 For such a world as this ;
 Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming
 In a sea of liquid light,
 And whose locks of gold were streaming
 O'er brows so sunny bright ;

Whose smiles are like the sunshine
 In the Spring-time of the year ;
 Like the changeful gleams of April,
 They followed every tear !
 They have passed, like hopes, away,
 And their loveliness has fled ;
 O, many a heart is mourning
 That they are with the dead.

And yet the thought is saddening,
 To muse on such as they,
 And feel that all the beautiful
 Are passing fast away !
 That the fair ones whom we love
 Grow to each loving breast
 Like the tendril of the clinging vine,
 Then perish where they rest.

And we can but think of these,
 In the soft and gentle spring,
 When the trees are waving o'er us,
 And the flowers are blossoming ;
 And we know that Winter's coming,
 With its cold and stormy sky,
 And the glorious beauty round us
 Is budding but to die.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

COMPENSATION.

COMETH sunshine after rain ;
 After mourning, joy again ;
 After heavy, bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief ;
 And my soul, who, from her height,
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dares not face
 Hath refreshed me with his grace,
 And his mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound ;
 Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
 Since his mercy, like a flood,
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
 Keen regret my heart hath torn,
 Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
 Satan blinded me with lies ;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
 Ne'er with shame was turned away,
 He who gave himself to God,
 And on him had cast a load ;
 Who in God his hope hath placed,
 Shall not life in pain outwaste—
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

PAUL GERHARDT.

UNCLOUDED VIEWS.

ONE of the most sublime passages in Bunyan's beautiful allegory is the description of the pilgrims in the Land of Beulah. Here Christian and Hopeful beheld the sun perpetually shining, and heard continually the singing of birds, and breathed the fragrance of immortal airs. The Celestial City shone full in view, and shining ones from the gardens of Paradise came out to meet them.

No doctrine of the Scriptures is more clear than that the end of the righteous is peace, and that the final triumph of the believer shall prove an important evidence to the power, the glory, and the completeness of his redeeming grace. The Christian pilgrim draws near to the gates of eternal life with inward delight, and with spiritual pulses throbbing. His heart is uplifted; prayer ceases, praise begins.

It is often said that it is less how one dies than how one lives that furnishes the evidence of a happy immortality. This is in a certain sense true. It is a devout and useful life that brings heaven near at the final hour; and the Christian may die silent, and yet be a victor.

But a serene and happy death is a part of the work of redeeming grace, and is a promise that the Christian may legitimately expect to see fulfilled.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

It is the privilege of all true Christians to die calmly trusting in God; it is given to many to die triumphantly, gloriously witnessing the power of Christ to save.

"The ransomed of the Lord
Shall return to Zion,
With songs and everlasting joy."

Beneath the pulpit of the Sands-street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, rests the sacred dust of Summerfield, that child of genius and child of God, whose fiery zeal and marvelous eloquence once sent a religious impulse through the world.

His last days were spent in the city of New York, the scene of his most active labors. About the middle of June, 1825, he became conscious that the time of his departure was near. He was a great sufferer. A friend desired to administer an anodyne.

"Give me nothing," he said, "that will create a stupor, as I wish to be perfectly collected, so that I may have an unclouded view."

It was a lovely June evening, and it became evident that the celestial messenger would soon appear, and that the departing spirit would be on the other side of the river in the morning. He called for his sister, and took her hand.

"Tell Amelia," he said, with a countenance luminous with beatitude, "tell Amelia—tell Anne—tell them—all is perfection."

The Celestial City appeared; he stood on the Delectable summits, and took an "unclouded view."

"No cloud these regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair."

"But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked steadfastly up into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

The protomartyr beheld God's glory and died; and in all ages have there been those who have supposed that they had views of the celestial world at the dying hour. They have seemed, like Summerfield, to have had unclouded views.

"His sun went down in cloudless skies,
Assured upon the morn to rise,
In lovelier array;
But not, like earth's declining light,
To vanish back again to night.
The zenith, where he now shall glow
No bound, no setting beam, can know.
Without or cloud or shade of woe
Is that eternal day."

As when the traveler approaches some grand old city in the morning twilight, the ocean mists at first obscure its magnificence from view; but, as he reaches the summit of the hills at the rising of the sun, he sees the tops of spires gleaming in the early beams, and hears the sweet music of unseen bells. The sun dissipates the mist, and he has an unclouded view.

"The Celestial City," said Payson, "is full in my view."

"I breathe the air of heaven," said Stephen Gano.

"This is heaven begun," said Thomas Scott.

"Christ—angels—beautiful—delightful!" were the last words of Dr. Hope.

"Do you see," said Edmund Auger, "that blessed assembly, who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which holy men invite me, that I may be henceforth a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go! We must go! Let me go!"

The life of Melanchthon had a shining evidene. He seemed to linger long and sweetly on the borders of the heavenly land, passing the happy hours in devotion, and in contemplating the immeasurable joys that awaited him in the regions of glory and immortality.

As his last hour came, the light of Beulah seemed to shine around him, dissolving the mists that clouded the Celestial City.

"Will you have any thing else?" kindly asked a friend.

"Aliud nihil nisi cœlum [nothing else but heaven]," was his jubilant answer.

Silence followed. An attendant attempted to adjust his clothing. He said, with an expression of ineffable sweetness: "Do not disturb my delightful repose."

Life ebbs; but the full sunshine of heaven comes in with the going out of the tide. His face brightens with more than earthly splendor; he lingers a little and is gone.

"I go," said Whitefield, in his last sermon, preached at Exeter, N. H., a

few hours before his death, "to my everlasting rest. My sun of life has arisen, shone, and is setting; nay, it is about to rise, to shine forever."

He died on the following morning, at the rising of the sun, as he sat at his window looking out on the hills of Newbury.

"I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat," said Fletcher, of Madeley, as he came down from his pulpit, to administer the holy communion with his dying hands.

The mind of Thomas Walsh was involved in spiritual darkness a short time before his departure; but his sun suddenly emerged from the cloud, and set in a halo of glory. It was Sabbath eve. He desired to be left alone to meditate. Suddenly he was heard to exclaim, in a voice of transport:

"He is come! He is come! My beloved is mine, and I am his—his forever!"

They went to him, but found him dead. Said the late Senator Foote, of Vermont, dying at the Capital:

"Jesus, the visions of thy face
Have overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I fear death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then, while I feel my heart-strings break,
How sweet the moments roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
A glory in my soul."

Again and again he repeated the stanza, and declared to the statesmen around his bed that he died with heaven full in view.

The triumph is often silent, a look or a sign being the witness. Said Miss M. Freeman Shepherd, of the exit of Alexander Cruden, the commentator, and compiler of the Concordance:

"Mr. Cruden had no lingering illness. Having gone to his room as usual, his maid, ringing in the morning, found no answer. She went to his room,—he was not there; to his bed-chamber,—he was not there; into his closet, where he had an easy-chair,—here she found him, kneeling in the chair, his hands lifted up to heaven,—quite dead."

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest."

Dying testimonies of rare beauty have fallen from the lips of pious women; and, if less familiar than those of eminent reformers and divines, they are not less worthy as witnesses of the power of religion to impart spiritual comfort and triumph at the hour of dissolution. Pious women, as well as worthy men, have, near the heavenly portals, been filled with exultation and triumph, have seen transporting prospects from the Delectable Mountains, and have heard the music of celestial harps and the ringing of celestial bells. They have walked in Beulah, leaning on the arm of their Beloved; and their souls, amid the wrecks of mortality, have been freshened and exhilarated by the fragrance and glory of a heavenly atmosphere.

"O, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying.

"My God, I came flying to thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy.

Lady Hastings said:

"O, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!"

Beautiful is the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans:

"I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly."

No poetry, she said, could express, nor imagination conceive of the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose.

Similar was the experience of Mrs. Rowe. She said, with tears of joy, that she knew not that she had ever felt such happiness in all her life.

Hannah More's last words were: "Welcome, joy!"

Children, too, have thus passed away,
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assured that the heavenly world was opening to receive them.

"Tell the missionary the blind sees," said a dying Hindoo boy. "I glory in Christ; I glory."

Titelmann was a brutal persecutor of the followers of the German reformers. "The martyrology of the provinces," says Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," "reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds."

Among his victims were Robert Ogier and his family, of Ryssel, in Flanders, whom he accused of heresy on account of his neglecting to attend mass. The whole family were condemned to be burned at the stake. Ogier had a son, a mere boy, remarkable for his piety, amiable disposition, and for his intelligence. "O God," prayed the boy, when they had fastened him to the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of thy beloved Son!"

"Thou liest, scoundrel!" said a monk, who was lighting the fagots. "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children."

The flames arose, and the boy looked heavenward. "Look, my father!" he exclaimed, in a voice of transport; "all heaven is opening, and I see ten thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad; for we are dying for the truth."

The melancholy history of Louis XVII, Dauphin and titular King of France, is well known. He was a lively and beautiful boy, ardently attached to his father and mother, in whose society his time was wholly spent before the stormy period of the Revolution. His last interview with his father, in the Temple, was most affecting; and it is related that the Queen fought the guards, who came to remove him from her apartment in prison, until her strength was exhausted, and she fell upon the stone floor, rigid and senseless, like one dead. After the execution of his parents, he was given over to the care of a shoemaker in the Temple, a wretch named Simon, who

cruelly tortured him, with the design of causing his death without committing palpable murder. He was placed in a filthy cell, where he could neither breathe fresh air nor take exercise, and was left entirely alone day after day, with only a scanty supply of food and water. His bed was not made for six months, and his clothes were not changed for a year. His keeper used to beat him brutally, and that without provocation. His limbs became stiff through inactivity, and his mind became vacant and deranged. He used to sit in his chair, utterly motionless, without so much as attempting to drive away the rats that nibbled at his clothing and feet.

Some remark that he had made having been construed to the reproach of his mother, he resolved not to speak again, and severe beatings could not force him to break his resolution.

After the overthrow of the revolutionary government of Robespierre and the Jacobins, he was placed under the guardianship of more merciful keepers; but his health had been impaired beyond recovery, and he died in the Summer of 1795, in the arms of Lasne, one of his guardians. Just before he expired, he was asked if he was in pain.

"Yes," he answered; "but not in so much as I was, the music is so sweet."

It was a quiet June day, and there was no music in or around the Temple. He seemed to listen; his face grew calm and beautiful, his spirit shining through his wasted features like a lamp through a shade of alabaster. He said:

"Do you not hear the music?"

One asked whence it came.

He answered, "From above!"

His large eyes grew more luminous; his attention became steadily fixed, as though he were listening to low, sweet voices in the air. In this happy frame of mind he expired.

As John Bunyan drew near the river of death he seemed to have unclouded views, and to tarry awhile for refreshment in the land of Beulah, thus fulfilling his own dream of the pilgrim.

Shaking off for a moment the lethargic fever, he began to speak to those around his dying bed of the joys that were awaiting him.

"There is no good in this life," he cried out, "but what is mingled with some evil. Honors perplex, riches disquiet, and pleasures ruin health; but in heaven we shall find blessings in their purity, without any ingredient to embitter, with every thing to sweeten them. O, who is able to conceive the inexpressible, inconceivable joys that are there! None but those who have tasted them. Lord, help us to put such a value upon them here that, in order to prepare ourselves for them, we may be willing to forego the loss of all those deluding pleasures here! How will the heavens echo their joy when the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall come to dwell with her husband forever! Christ is the desire of nations, the joy of angels, the delight of the Father. What solace, then, must that soul be filled with that hath the possession of him to all eternity! O, what acclamations of joy will there be when all the children of God shall meet together, without fear of being disturbed by the antichristian and carnal brood! Is there not a time coming when the godly may ask the wicked what profit they have in their pleasure, what comfort in their greatness, and what fruit in all their labor? If you would be better satisfied what the beautiful vision means, my request is that you would live holily, and go and see."

His last words were: "Saints in the world to come."

But while the pages of biography are luminous with such scenes as these, which the Church may properly appropriate to her treasures of Christian experience, it is not best for the disciple greatly to concern himself about the state of feeling with which he shall meet the final hour. His work has to do with present duties; and, doing these, he may safely trust the events of the future to his risen Lord: he shall not die desolate. It is his duty to have

within him the living Christ, the possession of possessions to his soul. "He shall swallow up death in victory," sang the Hebrew prophet of the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom. He who has the spiritual indwelling of Christ shall die at last without tasting death. "I am the resurrection and the life." "Death hath no more dominion over him." "Thanks

be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Go forward, then, hand in hand with Christ. The living fountains are before you. The glory of Immanuel's land breaks over the river. All that can satisfy the soul awaits you. "Beat on, O heart, and long for dying!"

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"DOBY."

THE gold fever of 1859-60, and the consequent rush across the Plains, established a line of sod-houses from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, which have developed one of the most important sections of our country, and opened the door of thousands of comfortable and substantial homes to the honest homesteaders of the West. Fifteen years ago, the belt of country lying between the Rocky Mountains, on the west, and the Missouri River, on the east, and stretching indefinitely north and south, was considered as a worthless waste, a treeless, uninhabitable section, without soil, building material, water, or protection against the biting, blinding storms of Winter, which swept furiously down from the mountain fastnesses of the great unexplored, uninvaded home of the storm king of North America. Today the sod-house, the advance-guard of civilization and enterprise in the extreme West, has developed the agricultural adaptability of the Western Desert, invaded and made public the secret domain of the Æolus of our continent, furnished homes and fortunes to hundreds of thousands of God's children, and developed, by its own peculiar adaptability, the resources and wealth of an important section of our country, the great grain and stock producing region of the Missouri Valley. What the log-hut was to the early settlers of New England, the sod-

house, "doby," or "dug-out," has been to the pioneer on the prairies of the Missouri Valley. The same force of circumstances which gave the log-house an important position in the history of the eastern half of our great country, has made the sod dwelling an equally important factor in the development of the western portion, and entitled it to a place beside its earlier, but scarcely less substantial or respectable, brother at the Centennial Exposition, and in the history of the great country of countries, the home of the honest toiler, of whatever race or condition.

Strange as it may appear to those unacquainted with the fact, there are tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of people in the Missouri Valley, living to-day in houses of sod, turf taken from God's green sward of the great West, laid up with mortar which nature kindly furnishes prepared, and plastered inside with the sandy loam which underlies the black alluvium from which the varied vegetation springs. Within these homes, comfortable beyond the log or frame house of the timbered regions, and equally cleanly and healthful, families are reared, the elements of education dispensed, seeds of piety sown, and the foundation of future fame and fortune successfully laid. Beneath their fostering influence the great fertile but treeless plains have been brought under

cultivation, the elements have been made subject to the wants of mankind, towns have sprung up in the uninhabited waste, the iron horse has been called to his duty in their domain, the great agricultural wealth of the country developed, and the desert made to blossom as the rose. To the sod-house of the West belongs honors innumerable, belongs the credit of the thrift and prosperity with which the Missouri Valley is to-day graced and made happy.

It was my fortune, in 1859, to visit the then uninhabited and almost unknown section west of the Missouri, and to witness the construction and practical test of the then novelty, a dwelling composed of turf from the surrounding prairies. It has been my fortune since to watch, with a considerable degree of interest, the development of this to be great grain and stock belt of the Union, and to note, with the care which its novelty and peculiarities suggested, the influence which this great factor, the sod-house, has had in determining the growth and importance of the country. The cry of gold in the Pike's Peak region drew, at the date mentioned, large numbers of people thither, to supply whom with food became the business of the settlers then scattered along the Missouri River, within a few miles of its waters, and in reach of the scanty forests with which its banks are fringed. All provisions, clothing, and mining accouterments were freighted across this then uninhabited section, nearly a thousand miles in width, by teams of horses and cattle. Along the roads which these freighters had laid out, and which all the travel followed, enterprising "ranchemen," bent upon securing a portion of the profits of the season, established themselves for the sale of needed articles to the freighters, whose trips then occupied months instead of, as now, days, and for furnishing meals to the passengers on the stage-coaches, a line of which had been early established. The tents and temporary shelters, which these caterers had provided themselves, soon becoming insufficient, they cast

about for some more commodious and substantial shelters for themselves and guests, the numbers of which were rapidly increasing. In the earlier days of military rule in that region, many of the buildings at Forts Kearney, Leavenworth, and other military posts, had, for want of timber, been constructed of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, the art of making which had been learned from the Mexicans, with whom the military on the western plains had been brought in contact. These were used in some instances by the ranchemen, until the idea of using sods instead suggested itself to the inventive genius of the necessitated house-builder, and the sod-house became a success. The method, source, and result of the two were so nearly related that the name of adobe, or "doby," as it was every-where known, which properly belonged to the sun-dried bricks, was also given the sod; and henceforth the sod, or "doby," house became an important element of life in the Missouri Valley.

Constant association or familiarity with "doby" failed, in this instance, to breed contempt; and the Missouri Valley settler, who, in freighting his farm products across the plains (and nearly every one did so), became more thoroughly acquainted with and accustomed to the sod-house, came to recognize its value, and to look upon it as a valuable aid in the economy of prairie life. Those who had substantial wooden homes on the Missouri so far recognized the practical value of "doby" as to make immediate use of the principle on their farms, in the construction of sod out-houses, and various buildings which they might chance to need; and thus the sod-house took another step in advance, and demonstrated its practical utility and durability beside its more pretentious wooden prototype. From this point the transition was easy. The son, who had grown up familiar with the "doby," and been thoroughly convinced of its use and durability, becoming of age, and desirous of erecting a claim shanty on government land, and making a homestead his own by a temporary

residence a few days of each year thereon, readily adopted the sod-house as a visible habitation, the material for which was convenient, and the practicability thoroughly tested. Later, when the want for a permanent home came about, with the fashion already inaugurated, and the practicability and cheapness especially apparent, there was little difficulty in the adoption of doby as the material for a dwelling, and the home to which the willing, true-hearted, devoted bride was borne. Of the hundreds of thousands of young couples who have made their homes on the prairies of the Missouri Valley, probably more than half owe their first home together, and much of their success, to doby.

The method of construction is not unlike that of the brick dwelling, except that mortar is not always used in laying the sods. A "breaking" plow, such as is used in subduing prairie-grass, and preparing the soil for cultivation, turns the sod in strips, perhaps a foot in width, and of indefinite length. They are then cut in pieces about two and a half feet long, by means of a spade, and are ready for the wall. They are laid up with as much care and nicety as the native skill of the builder can produce, and the edges carefully trimmed with a sharp spade, so that the wall, when completed, is as smooth, and, after being thoroughly dried, is also equally as solid as a brick wall. Window and door frames are set in as in the construction of brick buildings, and the houses are covered sometimes with shingles, sometimes with a thatch of the long prairie grass from the low grounds, and sometimes with several layers of sod cut to turn the rain and make tight joints. Frequently they are divided into several rooms by walls of sod, and occasionally they are two or more stories in height; but usually they are built but one story in height, and with only one room, which is subdivided by light wooden partitions, or in some cases by blankets. The walls, when completed, are plastered smoothly inside, and, being thoroughly white-washed, present a neat and eminently

healthful and cleanly appearance. The "best room" is papered and carpeted, the walls adorned with pictures, while the vines trained about the door and windows lend their cheerful and refining influence, and the whole, when once inside and the idea of "sod-house" forgotten, has a homelike and cultivated appearance scarcely warranted by the exterior. In Winter, the sod-dwellings are easily warmed and but little affected through the thick non-conducting walls by the furious gales which sweep down from the north-west, bringing snow and ice and wintery desolation; while in Summer, they are, with proper ventilation, probably the coolest and most healthful habitation that could be devised.

Frequently, in order to save time in the construction, a location is chosen on an abrupt hill-side, and an excavation made which, with the wall built up around it, forms the house on the same plan that "side-hill basements," with stone walls and "cellar-kitchens" are constructed. This, while securing ease in construction, precludes proper ventilation and light, and is usually only resorted to temporarily by those with whom time or assistance are lacking, and, after a year or more of useful existence, these "dug-outs," as they are termed, give way to the more pretentious and comfortable "doby."

As for the dwellers in these curious homes, the devotees of "doby," they are in all respects the same as humanity elsewhere. The farmer, and they are mostly farmers, rises at early dawn and labors throughout the day at the plow or in the harvest-field, and at night, with a prayer for divine protection and guidance, seeks that rest which honest toil affords. The children grow up strong and vigorous on the homely, healthful fare; they obtain the rudiments of an education in the doby school-house, and learn the story of the cross at the Sabbath-school and Church. During the Summer season, they wander over the prairies gathering flowers or hunting the eggs of the prairie-chicken, and in Winter, with the parents, after the

crops are secured and the Autumn's tasks completed, they gather at the fireside of evenings, and, while the corn, the principal fuel in this prairie region, crackles and burns brightly in the fire, they peruse the weekly paper published at the county town, discuss neighborhood gossip, feast upon pop-corn and molasses-candy, or join in singing familiar hymns from their Sunday-school tune books or Church melodies. Spelling - bees, singing - schools, Grange and Good Templar "lodges" are as numerous with them as in the sections further east, and there are the same society heart-burnings, the same striving after dress and dignity, and the same marrying and giving in marriage that characterize society every-where, whether in dwellings of sod or brick or marble.

To the West the sod-house has been the means of unparalleled development and usefulness; to those who have adopted it, it has been a means of wealth and contentment, for a home and a means of support are both. To the treeless but fertile prairies it has brought settlers innumerable, who could not have come but for it; to the settlers it has given homes and the means of making their own the lands which may be had by a residence and cultivation. Many there are who,

had they been obliged to purchase building material and transport it hundreds of miles by wagon, must have waited many a weary year, but who, through the aid of "doby," not only made themselves a shelter and a home, but secured for themselves the fertile acres which may be had for the taking in this asylum for the persecuted, poverty-stricken sons of men every-where.

All over the western country, from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, and from Dakota to the Rio Grande, doby reigns supreme. Not that all the residences are thus built, for there are in places many wooden dwellings; and in the towns and along the railroads and rivers, houses of wood, and sometimes of brick and stone, have taken the place of the less pretentious sod-dwellings; but in the newly settled regions, the sections which God's poor seek out in which to struggle with fortune and build houses for the families he has given them, doby is the priceless treasure, the boon which enables them to obtain a foothold, the free gift of nature, which furnishes shelter, and the medium through which come the blessings of home and happiness, and a trust in God and his overshadowing providence.

O. P. AUSTIN.

MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

"**G**REAT events are the pedestals that bear aloft noble and beautiful characters, which might else lie low in obscurity." To those in whom such characters are developed,

"Great thoughts, great feelings often come
Like instincts unawares;
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They go about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play."

War creates heroines as well as heroes. The American Revolution, though not placing the sword in the hands of a Joan

of Arc, nor making use of the vengeful dagger of a Charlotte Corday, nor calling into requisition the brilliant talents of a Madame Roland, yet developed in its feminine supporters and abettors patriotism more self-denying, but none the less exalted; feeling more gentle, but none the less determined.

Prominent among the patriotic women of 1776 stands Mrs. Abigail Adams, the wife of John Adams, a woman who enjoys the rare distinction of having been the wife of one president and the mother

of another. The father of Mrs. Adams was the Rev. William Smith, a Congregational clergyman in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Her mother was a Quincy. Her ancestors were cultivated and learned, and her family associations were among those whose habits, feelings, and tastes were marked by culture and refinement. In those days the education of girls was considered of very little importance, except in household matters, though women mingled freely in the religious controversies of the age. Mrs. Adams received her education in her father's house, the ordering of whose family, it is said by her biographer, was not unlike that of the Vicar of Wakefield.

John Adams was an early suitor for the hand of the fair Abigail Smith, but being an attorney (a profession which was then held in slight esteem), as well as the son of a poor, uneducated farmer, he received no encouragement at the hands of the aristocratic and learned Mr. Smith. The love of the daughter at length prevailing over the prejudices of the father, consent to the marriage was obtained, and the clergyman claimed the right to preach the bridal sermon, a custom then much in vogue. To this the wily Abigail offered no objection, provided she could furnish the text. Her father assenting, she gave him the words: "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil." Tradition doth not inform us whether the text was used or the substitution made of one less pointed. The marriage took place October 25, 1764.

When a boy, Mr. Adams had a strong inclination for the life of a farmer, but one day's trial of that vocation satisfied him, and he yielded to his father's wish that he should receive a classical education. In due time he graduated at Harvard College, and choosing the law for a profession, instead of the ministry as his father had hoped, he soon acquired distinction at the bar. In 1765 he became absorbed in politics, and the determination to resist oppression began to strengthen within him. His wife imbibed his

principles, and to her are we indebted for the first declaration of independence, a declaration issued neither at Mecklenburg nor Philadelphia, and preceding by months the one written by Jefferson. This declaration was contained in a letter written by Mrs. Adams at Braintree, to Mr. Adams at Philadelphia, at the time the king issued his proclamation "for suppressing rebellion and sedition," and was couched in the following language:

"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent State, but tyrant State, and these Colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and to bring to naught all their devices."

While Mr. Adams was absent at the session of the Colonial Congress, which, commencing in May, 1775, was not again discontinued till the close of the war, his brave wife, with her infant children, resided at Braintree, exposed to continual danger as the wife of the rebel upon whose head was set the price of treason. Her letters breathed the purest spirit of patriotism, and so highly were they esteemed in France, that those written to her sons during their sojourn in Paris were translated and published in French journals.

Mrs. Adams appears not only to have been patriotic, but slightly affected by what in our day is denominated strong-mindedness; in fact, she seems to have been a first-class woman's rights woman, as may be seen in the following extract from a letter to her husband written in 1776:

"I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws, which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them

than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power in the hands of the husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute; but such of you as wish to be happy, willingly give up the harsh title of master for the more tender and endearing one of friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity?"

We are not sure that the Stones and Stantons of the year of our Lord 1876 can express themselves in any stronger terms upon this much mooted topic than did this matron of a century ago. No wonder that the enemies of Mrs. Adams, finding naught else in her character that was food for slander, accused her of exercising an undue influence over her husband in the discharge of his official duties. No wonder, that, in defending upon the floor of Congress the right of women to petition on political subjects, John Quincy Adams, the son of this noble woman, uttered the stirring language of the accompanying paragraph:

"The gentleman says that women have no right to petition on political subjects; that it is discreditable, not only to their section of the country, but also to the national character; that these females could have a sufficient field for the exercise of their influence in the discharge of their duties to their fathers, their husbands, or their children,—cheering the domestic circle, and shedding over it the mild radiance of the social virtues, instead of rushing into the fierce struggles of political life. I admit, sir, that it is their duty to attend to these things. . . . But I say that the correct principle is, that women are not only justified, but exhibit the most exalted virtue, when they do depart from the domestic circle,

and enter on the concerns of their country, of humanity, and of their God. Sir, I might go through the whole Sacred History and find innumerable examples of women, who not only took an active part in the politics of their times, but who are held up with honor to posterity for doing so. . . . And what were the women of the United States in the struggle of the Revolution? Were they devoted exclusively to the duties and enjoyments of the fireside? When the soldiers were destitute of clothing, or sick, or in prison, from whence did relief come? From the hearts where patriotism erects her favorite shrine, and from the hand that is seldom withdrawn when the soldier is in need. The voice of our history speaks, trumpet-tongued, of the daring and intrepid spirit of patriotism burning in the bosom of the women of that day. . . . And, sir, is that spirit to be charged here, in this hall where we are sitting, as being 'discreditable' to our country's name? So far from regarding such conduct as a national reproach, I approve of it, and I glory in it."

That the son of Mrs. Adams should be patriotic was not fortuitous; it was only to be expected of one whose birth was during the stirring times caused by the imposition of the Parliamentary duty upon the importation of "glass, paper, painters' colors, and tea," and who was nurtured by his mother in accordance with the strictest principles of liberty and equal rights.

The satirists of the early part of the eighteenth century, as now, decried the prevailing extravagance in dress. "They adverted to the costly cloaks, the silk gowns, the powder puffs, the silk stockings, and other expensive feet-trappings, and exclaimed, great is the prodigality of the times!" But, as the struggle for liberty gradually overshadowed the land, the women began to realize that great sacrifices were required at their hands, and a decided change took place in regard to dress and display. All imported ornaments and fabrics were discarded,

and homespun garments usurped the place of those constructed of the daintiest materials. The men, following the example of wives and mothers, threw aside their shining stocks, cambric ruffles, silk stockings, and silver buckles, and went back to leather shoe-strings, checked neck-handkerchiefs, and brown homespun cloth. The wife of Washington set the example of a domestic system adapted to the exigencies of the times; and when her husband arrived in New York to assume the duties of President, he was clad in a suit of homespun cloth. Mrs. Adams, we may be sure, was not behind her compeers in practising the self-denial demanded by the altered state of affairs.

In 1784 she joined her husband in Europe, and resided one year in France, when, on his being appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain, she proceeded with him to London, where she was favorably received. During the twelve years of Mr. Adams's connection with the United States Government, "she was universally esteemed for her endowments of mind, and her correct deportment."

The Norwich (Connecticut) *Packet* of August 1, 1797, speaks of the arrival in town of John Adams and his lady, on their journey from the seat of Government to their home in Massachusetts, and adds: "The Matross Company came out to welcome them in full uniform, and fired a Federal salute of sixteen guns. The President and his wife the next day proceeded to Providence, a large company on horseback attending them out of Norwich."

Mrs. Adams is spoken of by her biographer as being economical in her household expenditures, though abounding in

hospitality; affectionate to her friends, bountiful to her dependents, courteous and good-humored to her equals, and charitable to the poor. Late in life she was deeply afflicted in the loss of her only daughter. On the 28th of October, 1818, she calmly lay down to her eternal rest, leaving, as is recorded by her affectionate son, "an example that if universally followed, would restore to mankind the state of paradise before the fall." "In every relation of life, she was a pattern of filial, conjugal, maternal, and social virtue."

In the portrait accompanying this sketch, we are charmed with the eminent fitness to her character of the simple Continental dress, the close cap with its underhanging ringlets, the ruff, the short waist, the modest under-handkerchief, the shoulder drapery; but most of all we admire the soul-lit face, whose sharp eyes, deep-drawn lines, and firm mouth, betoken a determination to dare and die for a cause beloved. The whole countenance is as indicative of talent as are the round head, the full cheek, and arched mouth of the portrait of her husband; and to this talent how much may we not owe of the liberty which we, as a people, enjoy in this Centennial year?

If by woman "sin entered into the world, and death by sin," has it not also been, in abundant measure, through the self-sacrificing efforts of woman that man has been enabled "to turn to flight the armies of the aliens;" "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, to break every yoke of bondage?" And will it not be through woman that shall come man's final redemption from the power of the tempter, assume he what guise he will?

N. C. WENTWORTH.

EVEN SO.

CALM and peaceful lay the river;
Not a ripple, curl, or quiver
Broke the smoothness of its surface, marred the brightness of its tide;
Not a cloud in all the heaven,
Not the slightest token given,
That beneath, the waves were driven, surging wild, and dark, and wide;
Toward the west the sun was moving,
Sea and sky seemed faint from loving,
Even the zephyrs—given to roving—in their secret caves did hide.

Off the shore my barque was lying
Lightly, not a pennon flying;
Anchor weighed and slipped her cable, all her moorings loosed at last;
Near her rudder Hope was waiting.
Joy—though still anticipating—
Stood enrapt, while contemplating the fair scene, so still, so vast;
Faith, his telescope had lifted
Toward the sky, whose dome was rifted,
And through which heaven's light was sifted,—sifted over spar and mast.

Now the tiller springs to duty;
Off she moves—a thing of beauty—
Cleaves the river's crystal bosom, as a loosened bird the air;
One bright line, like silver, gleaming,
Follows in her light wake, seeming
Like the path that haunts one's dreaming, down which walk God's angels fair;
Down which walk God's angels to us,
Striving ever to endue us
With their grace, and gently woo us to ascend that shining stair.

Noble barque! O heaven-sent treasure,
Though one song in sweetest measure,
Strophes to your worth and beauty, half must yet remain untold;
And you're all my own! O heaven!
Why should this great wealth be given,
This dear gift to me be given, fraught with blessings manifold?
For this priceless boon, my Maker,
Hear my vow, though storms o'ertake her,
Billows dash against and break her, even the wreck I'll prize and hold.

O'er my barque the waves are gliding;
In my heart a wreck I'm hiding;
Through this wreck, dim ghostly specters flit like shadows to and fro;
Flitting thus, they mock me ever,
From the wreck they vanish never.
Oft to rout them I'd endeavor, but my honor cries O, no!
Keep the vow you made the giver,
Bear them to that deep, dark river,
Down whose tide heaven's sunbeams quiver, soft I answer "Even so."

JENNIE JOY.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THAT genial English author, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, now residing in France, has been amusing his fellow-countrymen in a new book with stories about the superstitious notions of the French peasantry of his neighborhood; and he and the world at large seem quite surprised that there can be so much bigotry and ignorance in a country in so many regards so enlightened and progressive as France. And the only adverse criticism we have to offer the genial storyteller is, that he leaves his tale half told. When one leaves the larger towns of France and goes into the rural districts, the ignorance and superstition are simply appalling! It seems almost impossible that this state of things could be so bad in a country whose cultivated portions are so intelligent and sprightly, and in matters of politics and religion are proverbially incredulous. If we go, for instance, to the ancient province of Normandy, we shall find that the fairy world there seems to play a more important part to the whole community than does any world of mere facts. The entire population seems to live on phantasy, and the rural community, especially, give up to the fairies the general oversight over the whole country. Every district or parish is under the care of some special fairy. Every evening the fairies of the region are supposed to hold an assemblage, and the presiding spirit has in her hand the book of life, in which are recorded the names of all inhabitants. And according to the report of the fairies, these receive a black or a white mark as a merit or demerit for the day.

Even the birds serve their superstitious phantasy. The French peasantry think it an evil omen if the magpie flies across the road in front of the traveler, and it is an indication of good fortune when it looks at

him twittering, or turns toward his home. As in the island Lytle the sea-gulls pass for sacred birds, containing the spirits of enchanted men, so in France the wild geese are considered to be the repositories of souls under a spell. A story is told of the transformation of the entire garrison of the fortress of Pirou, in Normandy, into such birds, by means of a book of magic. It seems that the brave soldiers learned from the book the formula that would turn them into wild geese, and performed the experiment successfully; but they then forgot the formula that would break the charm, and thus were brought to the necessity of remaining geese all their lives. The swallow is to the French a bird of wonderful significance, and among the common people bears the name "*la poule de Dieu*,"—the chicken of God. This marvelous chicken is able on the seashore to find a stone that will restore lost eye-sight. And the peasant has a sure means of coming into possession of this desirable stone: he catches a young sparrow and puts out its eyes; this induces the mother-bird to set out immediately to find one of these stones. When it has returned and performed the cure, it conceals its talisman in a place safe from discovery. The bird is to be closely watched and thus the stone secured. Or a still surer way to procure it is to lay down a piece of scarlet cloth not far from the nest. The bird is deceived by the bright color of the fabric, and thinking it to be flames, throws the stone into it in the illusion that thus the latter may be destroyed. The swallow is so sacred to them that they consider it sacrilege to disturb their nests, and think that the curse of heaven would fall on them were they to destroy its nest or kill the young. The first lesson impressed on the infantile mind is

never to disturb the swallow's nest, and this is repeated again and again. They are taught, indeed, that the swallow and the cricket are, to a certain extent, members of the family. Even the wolf plays no unimportant part in the household of the French peasant, for his skin and head are supposed to be the best preservative against sorcery of all kinds. These few specimens of French superstition show how much the people need common-schools, and other teachers than the priests.

AMONG the many amusing incidents of travel we scarcely know of one calculated for the time to make a greater impression on the ladies of a party than that connected with the search after genuine Cologne water, in the famous old town of the same name on the Rhine. Indeed, one scarcely stops at Cologne for any other purpose than to see the great unfinished Gothic Cathedral, and enjoy the opportunity of procuring a stock of genuine Cologne water obtained on the very spot where it acquires its name. But just here, of all places in the world, one is put to his wits' end to know the genuine from the false. There are a round dozen firms, all claiming to be the original Simon Pures, and the first distillers of the odoriferous liquid. Now, when one goes to Cologne to obtain the genuine article it is quite provoking to be unable to decide among a dozen manufacturers and rivals. But this dilemma commences as the traveler alights from the cars and goes to his carriage. The runners for the Cologne water-dealers are all mixed up with the Jehus, and all hands vociferously shout that each one of them is alone the man who will take you to the "original Jacob." To get out of this perplexity, the traveler generally goes to his hotel and sits down to consult his guide regarding this serious question, and even perhaps advises confidentially with "mine host." But all this only makes matters worse, for every Boniface in the town is pledged to the interest of some special dealer, and gets a per cent on all the sales made through him; and as to the guide, it gives the firm name and address of no less than about thirty rivals for public attention, all claiming to be sprung from the original Jean Marie Farina. The long list of business firms in the directory engaged

in this business awakes our curiosity; if we read them carefully through we shall gain the following interesting information:

Firstly, there are two firms that claim to be the "original house," and ratify this claim by presenting the diploma of the Royal Chamber of Commerce. Secondly, there are seven firms that announce themselves as the oldest distillers of the essence of cologne in the town. Thirdly there are twenty-one firms that bear, in some way, the name of Jean Marie Farina, the original maker. This name may be used as a mere addition to another name, or it may be the name of persons to whom it has been purposely given in their infancy, that it could be sold and used as silent partners in a business on becoming of adult age. Thirteen establishments announce themselves as opposite to original manufacturers, or as being on the same square with them; this affords them an opportunity to use the charmed name of Jean Marie Farina in their circulars or advertisements. The dealer making the most valid claim to be the genuine original is on the square known as the "Julich's Place;" and two others have been fortunate enough to secure quarters there, and send out their circulars with this heading. Now the stimulus to this intense rivalry is evidently the money to be made out of the sale of genuine Cologne for transportation, and the large sale over the counter to the stream of transient travelers that visit the old city at all times of the year. But the question as to the original maker of this charmed essence is by no means to be settled on the ground, though one might give a month to the study of the complicated subject. The more one investigates it, the less one knows. Even their very signs over their store-doors are a study,—one is Franz Marie Farina, another Johann Anton Farina, and the original manufacturer, according to his own account, is Johann Marie Farina, on the "Julich's Place." This gentleman claims on his sign to be purveyor to the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the Queen of England, and ten other monarchs. Another Johann Marie Farina, right alongside of him, declares himself to be patented court dealer to his Majesty Napoleon III, Emperor of France,—he still keeps up this title,—and also supplies the Emperors of Brazil and

Japan. We need scarcely say that he who succeeds in getting the wheat out of this chaff is a lucky individual.

THE present is a period of great commercial depression in Germany; the country is full of lamentations at the sufferings of the poorer and middling classes, and the wealthy need to curtail their expenses, and the generous hold their hands on their pockets. Stories are told of bankers of yore who are now glad to obtain subordinate posts, that they were wont to dispense, and we could name some of these who formerly lived in palaces that are now behind bolt and bar. And yet, notwithstanding all this, we notice a recent exhibition of the products of the kitchen, the pastry-cook, and the confectioner, which would seem to indicate that there are still many who find some means of obtaining money to throw away on the demoralization of society. This exposition of the skill of the *cuisine* took place in Dresden, and a series of medals was awarded to peculiar skill and talent. There was much to see and to smell, to admire and to taste; and the principal prize was carried off by a work of culinary art of which the following is a brief description:

It was a hunting-piece in four stories. The foundation was a circular basin, representing water, though composed of beautifully pure jelly, interspersed with brook trout. In the center was a grotto of stalactites, from which were emerging Tritons, made of fine lard and stearine. The second story was formed of pheasants, partridges, and French fowls, from among which were peeping out little birds in jelly. The third story was adorned with several splendid stags, all of confectionery, or modeled in pure lard, to make them resemble the whitest marble; and the crowning piece was the head of a wild boar. Then there was an aquarium of jelly resting on a foundation of oyster-shells, borne by little angelic forms modeled also in lard. A salmon trimmed with butter and herbs was covered with a frosted mantle, checkered in white and black diamonds, while a dish of salmon mayonnaise and pheasant pie acted as side pieces. The whole was a work of exquisite art, and, of course, of great expense, and intended to adorn the festive dining-board

of money-kings. The artist received the golden medal for his work, but it is doubtful if any one will feel rich enough to patronize him just now.

AND as an antidote to the above specimen of sinful extravagance, we are glad to see that one of the most philanthropic and public-spirited of Germany's editorial corps is pleading in his widely circulated journal for the good domestic art of knitting, which is now threatened with destruction by the introduction of knitting-machines. If there is one thing that every German housewife is expected to understand above any other, it is the domestic art of knitting. Among the poor and hard-working classes, it is the first thing that the child learns; and a beautiful painting by a modern artist which is quite characteristic of the national occupation, represents the young mother teaching her little three-year-old daughter to handle the magic needles, while the old grandmother is looking on with evident satisfaction that her own teachings and example are not lost on her offspring. The knitting-needle is, therefore, the symbol of German household industry, and woman's hands are never idle while it is possible to handle these. We have again and again seen poor women trudging along the street with a heavy burden on their back, and still knitting with their busy fingers. The peasant girls coming from the harvest keep their fingers busy with the needle on their way to the field and from it. And with the better class of women, even, the knitting or crochet needle is always in their hand when the occupation is such that the fingers are at liberty. In the smaller towns, especially, the German lady takes her needles and work to every place of public entertainment, from the concert and lecture to the public gardens. Now, to abolish this element of domestic life would be to destroy a very significant power for good, and instead of introducing machines to destroy it, many of the best men and women in the land are endeavoring to have knitting introduced as a branch of study in the common-schools, that thus the good old practice may not die out. In some families the art has been taught to the boys as well as to the girls, and they have thus learned to knit their own socks.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE *Troy* (N. Y.) *Times* says: "It is difficult to imagine how a meeting over which Mrs. Van Cott presides can be other than interesting and profitable. With a commanding form, a voice full of strength and sweetness, a face beaming with happiness or chastened with tears, every gesture and attitude graceful and queenly, possessing wonderful resources of expression, dramatic and diplomatic, Mrs. Van Cott never fails to attract the attention and admiration of her hearers, however widely they may differ in doctrine. Occasionally she electrifies the audience with an outburst of eloquence."

—The Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society closes its annual labors with words of cheer from foreign fields. Miss Isabella Thoburn is still at her post.

—Many of the most influential ladies of New York have united in a circular to employers of female labor in stores and shops, asking that the females in their employ may be allowed to sit a part of the time, in consequence of the deleterious and sometimes fatal effects resulting from standing constantly and continuously.

—The *Baptist Weekly* gives the following account of the way a Christian merchant endeavors to do practical good: "He has a large store and employs a large number of young women as clerks. On Monday evening of each week they are gathered together in the store,—their attendance being entirely voluntary,—for reading the Scriptures, singing, praying, and exhortation."

—The *Standard* very properly compliments certain good ladies in their work as follows: "During the last eight years the ladies have taken a very great interest in the Chicago Baptist Theological Seminary. The dormitory building has been almost entirely furnished by them. They have contributed for this purpose money, furniture, carpets, bedding, dishes, towels, etc. Their liberality, handiwork, and taste, have been everywhere manifested. They have contributed provisions for the dining-hall, and money to assist young men in pursuing their studies. They

have prepared the dinners on anniversary occasions, arranged and waited upon the tables. They contributed largely to the permanent funds and for the current expenses of the institution. A large number are enrolled as life-members of the Theological Union."

—Miss Mason has returned from a health-trip, and is at her work in Kiukiang. Our deaconesses at Foochow, six in number, report much diligence in visitation and instruction. Miss Warner writes cheerfully of the work in Mexico City, and Miss Nettie C. Ogden, safely arrived, is enthusiastic in the outset of her missionary life.

—The annual meeting of the New York State Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Mission Rooms, at No. 805 Broadway, New York. The receipts of the New York Branch for the year, ending April 1st, will be about \$20,000, including the profits of the late fair, by means of which \$4,000 were raised to establish a hospital in China, and \$300 for a dispensary at Moradabad, in India.

—The sixth annual meeting of the Western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at Des Moines, Iowa, April 7th to 10th. Mrs. Prescott, Corresponding Secretary for the Branch, presented the following annual report: Total number auxiliary societies, 146; members, 4,499; life-members, 155; honorary managers, 9; subscribers to *Heaven Woman's Friend*, 1,459.

—The Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church has, since its formation in 1872, raised \$6,000 for the domestic missions, \$10,000 for the foreign, and \$50,000 for the missions of the Church among the Indians. In addition to the money collected, boxes of clothing valued at \$116,000 have been sent by the society to the families of the domestic and diocesan missionaries, and hospital stores, clothing, etc., to the value of \$30,000, have been furnished to the Indian missions.

—The North-western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, representing Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, held its annual meeting at Detroit, Mich. It embraces 546 auxiliary societies, 14,200 members, 540 life-members, 42 district associations, and 4,300 subscribers to the *Heathen Woman's Friend*. Mrs. Helen Beveridge presided. Mrs. S. N. Danforth served as Secretary.

—The fifth annual convention of the Woman's Presbyterian Missionary Society of the North-west, held at Indianapolis, was very interesting. During the past year the association has formed one hundred and twenty-four new societies and bands. These have assisted in assuming the support of seven new missionaries, twenty-one new schools, and twenty-seven new pupils, and seven Bible readers. The receipts for the year were \$27,623.

—“Rev. F. B. Cherrington, wife and child, and Miss Dr. Swain, arrived from India, at New York, on the evening of April 4th, and left for their homes April 5th. Mrs. Cherrington's health is thought to be gone past recovery. In the case of Miss Dr. Swain there is much room to hope that a year or two of rest in her native country will fit her for as much invaluable service in time to come as it has been her happy lot to render during her past service in India.”

—The New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its recent annual meeting in Bromfield-street Church, Boston. The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Taplin, read a very interesting and encouraging report of the operations of the society. Mrs. Thomas A. Rich, the Treasurer of the society, reported the receipts for the year as amounting to \$11,166.71, and the expenditures as \$11,136.93. The ladies have established the commendable purpose of not running into debt, but enlarge their fields as the charity they develop increases in volume.

—A correspondent of the *Evangelist*, writing from Ann Arbor, says: “The spirit of revival has been manifest in all the evangelical Churches. The Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches have been having

daily services for several weeks, and with some good results in sinners converted and Christians revived. The greatest crowds and the largest results have been in the Methodist Church, where Rev. Mrs. Lathrop has been preaching. The converts number about one hundred and fifty, and seem to be genuine. The writer is a genuine Presbyterian in his opposition to women preachers, as a rule; but he has always believed that there might be exceptions, as were Miriam and Deborah; and after hearing Mrs. Lathrop preach, and talking with her, he was convinced she was as truly called of God to preach as Deborah was to prophesy.”

—South Hadley, Massachusetts, the seat of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, certainly should give the young women vast credit for their efficient and systematic work at the recent fire. Writes a correspondent, “This is the second time within a few years, that they have helped subdue fires, and he thinks it full time the voters either form a fire brigade, with buckets of their own, or vote the woman's rights ticket.”

—Miss Hattie H. Ames finds constant employment in cataloguing large public libraries, having catalogued the city libraries of Cincinnati and Chicago, and is now at work upon one at Burlington, Vt. Her first experience in this direction was in working upon the Boston Athenæum library some years ago with Mr. Poole.

—The Presbyterian ladies of Cincinnati have fitted up rooms in the new Johnson building to serve as Presbyterian headquarters. These will be used as a place for Presbyterian business meetings. They will also be occupied by the District Superintendent of the Missionary Department of the Board of Publication, and as the depository of its literature.

—Under a new law allowing women to vote for school officers in Minnesota, about two hundred and fifty of that sex went to the polls at a school election in Minneapolis. They were courteously treated by the men in attendance, and the ballot-boxes were decorated with flowers to celebrate the first exercise of their new political privileges.

—Miss Louisa Alcott, it is said, has made \$60,000 from her books.

ART NOTES.

THE following from the *American Architect and Building News* is so eminently just, and has been so often felt by American artists and artisans, that we would give it a still wider circulation: "A great drawback to the satisfactory practice of art among Americans, and to the popular appreciation of it as well, is the lack of good criticism. The criticism that we have is mostly either of the easy-going kind that pervades the average daily papers,—a genial criticism which receives with admiration whatever comes along,—or that which lays about unsparingly and confounds the work and the author in irritating contempt. In fact, the characteristics of current criticism, next to the pervading one of a lack of knowledge, are mainly two—its incapability of seeing a thing in more than one aspect, and the apparent impossibility of keeping clear of personalities. The old complaint that artists do not write, and that writers do not know enough to criticise intelligently, does not cover the ground. Doubtless it is generally true in both respects; but any one who converses much with artists will find that on the whole the diversity and incompatibility of their critical opinions leaves him as much at sea as does the ignorance of the professed writer of criticism. The fact is, that among American artists at least,—even among architects whom we have chiefly in mind, and whose practice is more formal than either painters or sculptors,—there exists no recognized system of working to furnish canons by which the excellence of their work can be judged, while their keen interest in it, and their attachment to their own ways, altogether interfere with the dispassionate and judicial frame of mind which the critical function requires. The difficulty comes—leaving out of view the natural vehemence of the artistic temper—in great measure from the fact that our architects and other artists have no common and systematic training. Every one acquires his own manner of work from some course of study and practice peculiar to himself, and generally altogether empirical. Rules of art or criticism may be fetters to original power, but we are not

called upon to spend much time in contriving for the protection of geniuses. Arbitrary rules are likely to cramp a healthy development in more ordinary folk; yet there are some principles in art, there are harmonies, and there are discords, and the collective study of men can determine them. For the mass of artists it would be a valuable means of training, as well as a wholesome restraint, if we could habituate ourselves to a kind of criticism such as prevails in the French *ateliers*—keen, incisive, well-understood, and impersonal, and requiring that the artist be able to explain and justify the treatment of his work as the critic does his criticism."

—Our professional artists feel the hard times as keenly as any other class of workers. Some of the younger and less known have hard work to make the ends meet. The practice that has some time prevailed of making the art exhibitions the occasion of effecting the sale of pictures has, this year, yielded small returns to the painters. Art works have shared the general depression in prices, and the numbers purchased of the working artist have been greatly diminished by the large and valuable collections which have been thrown upon the market by our auctioneers. It is probable that never in the history of the country have so many and so valuable collections of paintings been brought to the hammer. The April auctions were the occasion of drawing to New York art-purchasers from all parts of the country. Galleries that have cost the owners many years of careful toil to gather have been broken up, and their gems have found new owners and new resting-places.

—*Apropos* of this we are reminded that artists no longer constitute a guild, enjoying peculiar privileges and immunities as in the Middle Ages. They can no longer arrogate to themselves exceptional honors; but they are like other workers,—rewarded according to their honest fidelity and excellence. Time was when the artist despised the artisan, regarding him only as a servant to do menial work. This broad line of distinction is fast disappearing, and even the

respective realms of the artist and artisan are now but indistinctly defined. The conviction is strengthening that these two classes are interdependent, and also that they are reciprocally helpful. It is likewise true that the artist can no longer regard himself defiled by coming into the marketplace. He can not utterly ignore the more vulgar "bread and butter sciences;" for alas! the most devoted priest of art must eat and drink and wear equally with the devotees of Mammon. There may, indeed, be a sort of prostitution of art to ignoble aims; the painter, for example, may have the *price* of his work chiefly in mind. But here, as in all like cases of prostitution, a sure, swift, and awful penalty is attached,—the loss of the very powers and susceptibilities which make his art possible. On the other hand, the artist may assume to abide in a realm where these vulgar wants are unknown, and to worship at a shrine whose sacrifices and service are untainted with a thought of gain. There is something truly inspiring in the devotion of some of these great artists. But the isolation of men or classes from their fellow-workers usually engenders a spirit of indifference or arrogance. That condition of things is best where active sympathies are awakened and kept alive by knowing and sharing each other's joys and sorrows. Also the divine government is so adjusted that genuine excellence and fidelity in any department of labor are sure to secure their ultimate reward. It is for this reason that we are not grieved that the artist and artisan are coming nearer to each other, and art products are sent on new missions of refinement and culture even from the block of the auctioneer.

—A wealthy shoemaker of Bremen, Germany, recently conceived the idea of having the front of his house decorated with life-size statues of the three most celebrated shoemakers in German history. The first of these was St. Crispin, the patron of the shoemakers' craft; the second was the brave Hans von Sagan, who, in 1370, turned the tide of the great battle of the German orders against the Lithuanians by bearing the imperial standard right into the midst of the enemy; and the third was Hans Sachs, the well-known shoemaker and meis-

tersinger. These figures have been executed with notable skill by Herr Kroop, a sculptor of repute in Bremen, and are said to be very characteristic works, resembling in many respects the productions of the old Nürnberg masters. Hans Sachs is represented in the leather apron of his calling, but with a book in his left hand, and a face expressive of mischievous humor; St. Crispin as a saintly personage, who does not disdain the smell of leather; and the patriotic Hans von Sagan, bearing the victorious standard, but with a wooden leg,—the price paid for his courage.

—The magnificent new National Gallery, in Berlin, for the collection of works of modern paintings, chiefly of German artists, was opened by the Emperor William on the 21st of March, and the public was admitted on the 26th. The Commission has already published a catalogue of the collection, forming a goodly volume, most thoroughly prepared.

—Since Mr. A. T. Stewart's purchase of Meissonier's celebrated painting, many stories of this great artist find their way into print. One the latest has reference to his nicety and exactness of work. De la Croix, in some sense a rival, once said of him:

"Well, Meissonier will be compelled to stop work for a time now."

"How so?" said a listener.

"Why," answered the great painter, scoffingly, "every body knows that Meissonier paints only with brushes made from the eyelashes of new-born infants, and I perceive that none have died during the last eight days."

—The following extract from a letter of Cardinal Antonelli to Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, will be of interest to very many visitors to the Centennial: "Availing myself of the proposal, kindly conveyed to me through you, most reverend sir, that the coming Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia should offer to public view some objects of art wrought in the only establishment that remains to the Holy Father, I have caused some works of the kind specified to be forwarded without delay to your direction. They consist of two Madonnas in mosaic, one of Raffaele, the other of Tesosferato; also two vases of flowers, likewise in mosaic, prepared in the workshop

of the Vatican establishment, and I have been authorized by the Holy Father to send them to the Exposition. In addition to these, there will be a St. Agnes Virgin and Martyr, in tapestry, which the artist, Sig. Gentili, has been able to execute in the Vatican, owing to the generous patronage of His Holiness." We opine that these beautiful and unique works of art will form a powerful center of attraction.

—Centennially, we would further state that the grand chorus prepared for the opening ceremonies of the Exposition by the celebrated Richard Wagner (for which he is to receive five thousand dollars in gold), has been very highly complimented by its leader, Dudley Buck, as the best working and best behaved chorus he has ever had to deal with. Before this meets the eye of our readers this whole performance will have gone into history.

—Further, the curious devices resorted to by exhibitors to attract the public to study of their wares almost rank under the head of fine art. The *sign* of the noted Remingtons, of Ilion, New York, will not fail to secure attention. Though the exhibition of the agricultural implements of this great firm will be complete and attractive in every particular, their display of sewing-machines, type-writers, guns and pistols, will be particularly so. These will be displayed in a novel and unique manner. A sign of black walnut, forty-five feet long and four feet wide, is constructed and divided into three sections of fifteen feet each, to occupy and fit the end of an octangular hall. On this sign the name of the great firm is artistically arranged with pistols and revolvers of nickel, gold, and silver, mounted on a padded background of white satin. The sign is valued at five thousand dollars, and is most cleverly and artistically designed.

—The *Nation* still perseveres in its pungent criticism of the system of drawing introduced into the Massachusetts public-school system. It is well known that this is under the direction of Mr. George Smith, an Englishman, and a student of the South Kensington School of Art. A recent exhibition, held in Boston, of drawings made in the Massachusetts schools under the guidance of the State Instruction in Drawing, is

the occasion of new and even more positive condemnation of the system. The principles enunciated, by which the utility of the system is to be judged, are two; namely, In elementary instruction or drawing, *to copy* is quite otherwise than serviceable when the work copied is in its general character much in advance of what the pupil would himself be able to do without a copy; or, second, where the work copied is in its nature unsuggestive. Taking as guides these principles (not by any means to be unchallenged), the critic makes an almost wholesale condemnation of the entire exhibition. However we may think of the criticism, and in the main we regard it just, we certainly agree in his concluding statements: "The questions which this exhibition suggests are not of temporary nor slight nor merely local consequence. The wide-spread interest in art-education demands serious consideration. The system at present pursued in Massachusetts is likely to spread over the whole country; but if it is fatally wanting in vital principles, if, by the inculcation of confidence in vain patience, and empty knowledge, it increases the conceit of ignorance, it is of great importance that it should, on the contrary, be done away with as soon as possible. . . . It is most desirable that the need of change in modes of instruction where it already exists, and of warning where it is likely to spread, should be contemplated and set forth. There can not be too searching an examination of the subject, or too continued a discussion of the principles involved."

—Much of the popularity of engravings is due to the neatness of the mechanical performance, which all recognize. Machine-ruling is agreeable, because it is so neat and regular; mezzotint is pleasant, because it is rich and soft; some oil-paintings look marvellously smooth. Almost every art, except etching, has some external charm of this kind, which, independent of mental expression, serves to secure the approbation of the vulgar. It is because etching has no attraction of this kind, that it is not, nor can be popular. Since, however, etching relies on qualities of sterling value, it can never cease to be highly appreciated by a limited public of its own.

SCIENTIFIC.

STRANGE NATURAL CISTERNS.—In the rough granite country back from Mossamedes, on the west coast of Africa, are some very remarkable natural cisterns. The country itself is peculiar, huge single rocks rising out of the plain in some places, and in others hills of rock, in several of which deposits of water are found in the very top. A recent traveler visited one of these, and describes it as a natural tank, with a narrow entrance, containing some three or four gallons of exquisitely clear and cool water. It was covered by vast slabs of granite, from which the rain drained into it during the rainy season, shading the water so that it could not be seen without a torch, and so protecting it that the sun can not evaporate it during the dry season. Thus a bountiful store of excellent water is preserved while there is not a drop to be had elsewhere for miles. A still more remarkable cistern of this sort is "Big Stone," some thirty miles from Mossamedes, a huge rounded mass of granite rising out of the sandy plain. On the smooth side of this rock, twenty or thirty feet above the plain, is a circular pit, about ten feet deep and six feet across. The rainfall on the rock above the pit drains into it, completely filling it every rainy season. The walls of the pit—which is shaped like a crucible, narrowing gently to the bottom—are perfectly smooth and regular, the inclosing granite being of the closest and hardest description. The cistern will hold several thousand gallons of water. Near by are smaller pits of similar character. Their formation is unexplained. The water of this strange well furnishes the natives and travelers with an abundant supply during the dry season; consequently it is a noted halting-place.

EXPLORATION OF VICTORIA CAVE.—Dr. Tiddeman read a report on the exploration of the Victoria Cave, Settle, England, during the years 1874, 1875. The report assigns to the pre-glacial or the glacial age the lower deposits of this cave, which contain early pleistocene animal remains, associated with a human fibula. The animal bones were

nearly all mere fragments, though one was perfect; they represent bears, goats, deer, oxen, elephants, swans, etc. Attention was called, in the report, to the great distance of time which separated that age from our own. In the cave, Roman times were separated from our own day by deposits sometimes less than a foot thick, but nowhere by more than two feet of talus, the chips which time detached from the cliffs above. The Neolithic age, which antiquaries know was a considerable time anterior to the Roman occupation, is represented in some places at a depth of four or five feet beneath the Roman layer, but at others it runs into it. Then come nine feet of talus without a record of any living thing. Judging by the shallowness of the Roman layer, this must represent an enormous interval of time. Next come the boulders, the inscribed records of the glacial period. They must represent a long series of climatic changes, during which the ice was waxing and waning, advancing and moving back over the mouth of the cave. Then there is a break in the continuity of the deposits, the boulders lying on the edges of the older beds, which shows that time was given for changes to take place, to allow the district to cool down from a warmth suited to the hippopotamus, and become a suitable pasture for the reindeer. It was in that warm period that the man lived and died whose fibula occurs among the bones in the cave.

THE ORIGIN OF ASTRONOMY.—Like that of many other sciences and arts, the origin of astronomy has been ascribed to various nations of antiquity, and it is very doubtful if any one of these can lay exclusive claim to the credit of having been its founder. The succession of day and night, and of the seasons, the phases of the moon, and the motions of the heavenly bodies, must have enlisted the attention of man from the earliest times and in every clime. The result would naturally be a more or less perfect system of astronomy. Some nations, no doubt, from one cause or another, cultivated this science with more success than others

and among these the Assyrians, Babylonians, or Chaldeans are prominent. The records of their observations were adopted by the Greeks, and through the latter were transmitted to the Romans. Thus our modern astronomy is really traceable back to the plains of Babylonia. The question arises, of what race were the founders of Chaldean astronomy? This subject is considered by A. H. Sayce, who, in a communication to *Nature*, says that they were not Semites, but a people who are generally termed Accadians, and who spoke an agglutinative language. "They had come from the mountains of Elam or Susiana, on the East, bringing with them the rudiments of writing and civilization. They found a cognate race already settled in Chaldea, and in conjunction with the latter, they built the great cities of Babylonia, whose ruins still attest their power and antiquity. Somewhere between 3000 and 4000 B. C. the Semites entered the country from the East, and gradually contrived to conquer the whole of it. It is probable the conquest was completed about 2000 B. C. At all events, Accadian became a dead language, some two or three centuries later; but, as the Semitic invaders owed almost all the civilization they possessed to their more polished predecessors, it remained the language of literature, like Latin in the Middle Ages, down to the last days of the Assyrian Empire."

ANIMAL SYMPATHY.—G. J. Romanes gives the following remarkable incident in an article on "Conscience in Animals," published in the last *Quarterly Journal of Science*: "A year or two ago there was an Arabian baboon and an Anubis baboon confined in one cage, in the Zoölogical Garden, adjoining that which contained a dog-headed baboon. The Anubis baboon passed its hand through the wires of the partition, in order to purloin a nut which the large dog-headed baboon had left within reach—expressly, I believe, that it might act as a bait. The Anubis baboon very well knew the danger he ran, for he waited until his bulky neighbor had turned his back upon the nut, with the appearance of having forgotten all about it. The dog-headed baboon was, however, all the time slyly looking round with the corner of his eye, and no sooner was the arm of his

victim well within the cage, than he sprang with astonishing rapidity and caught the retreating hand in his mouth. The cries of the Anubis baboon quickly brought the keeper to the rescue, when by dint of considerable physical persuasion the dog-headed baboon was induced to let go his hold. The Anubis baboon then retired to the middle of his cage, moaning piteously, and holding the injured hand against his chest while he rubbed it with the other one. The Arabian baboon now approached him from the top part of the cage, and, while making a soothing sound very expressive of sympathy, folded the sufferer in its arms, exactly as a mother would her child under similar circumstances. It must be stated, also, that this expression of sympathy had a decidedly quieting effect upon the sufferer, his moans becoming less piteous so soon as he was enfolded in the arms of his comforter; and the manner in which he laid his cheek upon the bosom of his friend was as expressive as any thing could be of sympathy appreciated."

A RIVER OF INK.—According to the *Scientific American*, there exists in Algeria a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two streams mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink. "We are familiar," it says, "with a stream called Black Brook, in the northern part of this State [New York], the inky color of whose water is evidently due to like conditions."

We have ourselves seen similar colored water in our own State. In one of our interior counties the soil is largely impregnated with iron, and a number of mineral springs of sulphur and iron, or the two combined, are found within a radius of half a score of miles. In cutting through oak woods, and throwing up the track for one of our railroads, the oak chips and logs frequently fell into the water standing in little pools along the way-side in this region, and in every case, the tannic acid of the oak, combining with the water containing sulphate of iron, turned it black.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

A CORRECTION TO BE MADE.—A correspondent thus writes us from Elizabeth, Ill: "Mr. Editor: On page 361, of the April number of the REPOSITORY, this passage is found,—'And this self-same argument has but little weight in England; for are not the mines there frequently filled with girls and women, carrying out the coal in baskets on their backs?' I think you will find upon further inquiry that this question must be answered in the negative. Unless I am much mistaken, an act of Parliament was passed thirty-five or forty years ago, prohibiting women and girls from laboring in any manner in any coal-mine in England; and my impression is, that it is universally enforced, though I can not just at this time lay my hand on any authorities on the subject. Pardon me for troubling you with so small a matter. I may say, however, by way of excuse, that I have for many years past been sending the REPOSITORY to friends residing in one of the coal-mining districts of England; and I know that this item, to which I take exception, will be news to them there."

"H. G."

A correspondent from La Grange, Ind., also writes: "For twenty years the REPOSITORY has been a welcome visitant of our household, and ever regarded as the standard, *par excellence*, of American periodicals. We were therefore, surprised to find an article in the April number containing so many erroneous statements as there are in 'The Old and New World in Social Contrast,' admitted to the pages of our monthly. Many of our friends, who are also readers of the REPOSITORY, naturally feel indignant at statements that any intelligent traveler in the Old World knows are untrue."

[Our author will therefore have to re-examine his article before making any further use of it. We had no means of testing its accuracy in our office, and admitted it, supposing it to be a faithful account of the present condition of society abroad. Its statements did not surprise us, as we have been accustomed to read similar accounts from books of travel heretofore published.

EDITOR.]

THE METALS.—In the discovery of the metals men first asserted their mastery over nature; yet the discovery is still progressing. Before the fifteenth century only seven were positively known. They were each held sacred, among the ancients, to some ruling deity. Gold—indestructible, malleable, the richest in coloring, the most precious of decorations—was consecrated to Jupiter, or the sun, and had already assumed the supremacy, which it has never lost. It was coined into the heavy darics of Persia and the aureus of imperial Rome. It was used to gild temples and statues, was wrought into rich jewelry, and woven in delicate threads that enlivened the flowered stuffs of Babylon.

Gold mines and gold-bearing streams were found in Arabia, Syria, Greece, Italy, and Spain, and the pursuit of the precious metal was carried on with various success by countless throngs of miners. The richest mines, at least in later ages, were those of Spain; and the enormous productiveness of the Spanish soil was slowly exhausted by the successive labors of the Carthaginians and the Romans. So successful was their industry, that but little gold or silver can now be found in a territory where the precious metal once lay scattered in boundless profusion on the surface of the earth.

Silver ranked next to gold, and was named from the soft light of the moon. The richest silver mines were those of Spain. It was wrought into cups, vases, lamps; adorned the helmets and shields of warriors, and formed the costly mirrors with which the Roman ladies shocked the austerity of Lactantius or Jerome.

For many ages no addition was made to the sacred seven. Three thousand years passed away before it was suspected that the number could be increased,—a memorable example of the slowness of human apprehension. At length, in 1490, antimony was added to the metallic family; and not far off from the period of the discovery of a new world, the chemists were about to enter upon fresh fields of science, scarcely less boundless or inviting.

A second metal, bismuth, came in almost

with the Reformation. Zinc, perhaps the most important of the new family, may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. It is, indeed, quite curious to notice how the bright metal had been constantly forcing itself upon the attention of careful observers, and had yet been wholly overlooked; had been used by the ancients, in the form of an earth, to color copper into brass, and give it a shining surface like that of gold, was seen dropping from the furnaces of the Middle Ages, or melted in rich flakes from their walls.

Two magicians, or philosophers, at last detected the error of the ages; and Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus probably both discovered that zinc was as indestructible and as free from foreign substances as gold. It seemed a pure element. Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, admits that he could not tell how the bright metal grew; nor in the height of their magic renown was it ever foreseen that the rare substance the sorcerers had discovered would one day shed knowledge, in tongues of fire, from London to Japan.

Two centuries followed, during which no metallic substance was discovered. Paracelsus found no successor; Albertus, almost the first man of science in Europe, was remembered only as a sorcerer. It was not until 1763 that the vast field of metallic discovery began to open upon man. Two valuable and well-known metals—platinum and nickel—among several others, first appeared about the middle of the eighteenth century. The number of the metals now rapidly enlarged; galvanism lent its aid to dissolve the hardest earths; and, at length, in the opening of the nineteenth century, a cluster of brilliant discoveries aroused the curiosity of men of science.

Each eminent philosopher seemed to produce new metals. Berzelius discovered three; Davy, the Paracelsus of his age, is the scientific parent of five—potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium. The numbers advanced, until already more than fifty metals of various importance have been given to the arts. The new experiments in light have added *cæsius* and *rubidium*; and no limit can now be fixed for the metallic family, which for so many ages embraced only seven members, the emblems of the ruling gods.

THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.—The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known are the Codex Sinaiticus of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the Vaticanus of the Vatican Library at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century A. D. The Sinaiticus, so called because it was obtained (in 1859) from the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, is supposed by Tischendorf, its discoverer, to be one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium in the year 331, under the care of Eusebius of Cæsarea. It consists of 345½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or of asses, each leaf being 14¾ inches high by 13½ inches wide. The early history of the Vatican manuscript is not known, but it appears in the first catalogue of the Vatican Library in 1475. It is a quarto volume, containing 146 leaves of fine thin vellum, each 10¼ inches high and 10 broad. Both manuscripts are written in Greek uncials, or capital letters, and without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation.

DATES OF INTERESTING INVENTIONS.—Pistols were in use in 1544. Paper was first made of linen in 1300. Linen was first made in England in 1563. Clocks were first made in England in 1568. Spectacles were invented in 1280. Tobacco was introduced into France by Nicot, 1560. Potatoes were first introduced into Ireland in 1576. Gunpowder was invented at the city of Cologne by Schwartz, 1310–1340. Cannon were first used at the siege of Algeziras, A. D. 1342. The figures of arithmetics were brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991. Stone buildings and glass were introduced into England, A. D. 674. Pleadings in the courts of judicature were introduced A. D. 788. Insurance on ships and merchandise was first made A. D. 43.

AN OLD PROVERB.—The ancient proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," comes to us lineally from the Latin of Laberius, preserved in the "Fragments of Ancient Poesy," by Stephens and Mattaire. In the Latin, it reads, *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*. From thence it ascends to the Greek as an oracular prediction.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THEY MADE ME.

THESE words are sometimes heard both in Sunday-school and in the day-school.

Fred is laughing and whispering with two or three other boys. He disturbs his teacher and the class. Checked for his bad conduct, he answers in an injured tone, "They made me." Now Fred is quite as much to blame as his companions. He is, possibly, the leader. But supposing that what he says were true, that is small excuse for him.

"They made me," says a boy, who has been to the fair. When asked how they made him, he replies: "Well, they were going, and they wanted me to go; so I went."

Does he always do what he is asked? Does he go on the errands or help his brothers and sisters when asked? I think he does not. I think that where a little effort, a little unselfishness, is required, he can sometimes resist, and a good deal of persuasion must be used before he can be started in the right direction. But when "they" asked him to go to some low place of amusement, he yielded directly. "They made him," he says.

"I can not go," says Willie Knox; "I have my lessons to prepare." He was not to be made, whether by coaxing or mockery, to neglect his duty. Now consider, it is indeed a sin, and a great sin, to tempt others into wrong. But does that make it not a sin to give way? In many cases very little effort is needed from without. The true tempter to evil is within. It is more the boy's own will than the asking of his companions that pushes him on. If it were only the outside influence that affects him so strongly, he would be as ready to be led in the right way as in the wrong.

The tempter is responsible for tempting. The tempted must answer for yielding. The fault is not all with those who set a wrong example, or put the temptation in the way.

"There's many a snare and temptation, young friend,

Will ever obtrude in your way,
And constantly every footstep attend,
And threaten to lead you astray.

But though such temptations your path will attend,
The Lord will still make you his care,
Will be, if you seek him, your Guide and your Friend,
'Mid every temptation and snare."

It is frequently better to avoid temptation; but we can not always run away, neither would it always be best if we could. It is a good rule to avoid bad company; but there is a great deal of bad company, in which boys may be tempted, which they can not and ought not to avoid. One school-mate may have provoking ways, at which you may often be tempted to grow angry; and another is so careless that he vexes you in spite of yourself; a third is so selfish and stingy, you can hardly refrain from showing all the contempt you feel for him. You, in your turn, may be a cause of offense to some one else. Your habit of gabbling over your lessons, without thought, may lead another boy to do the same. If your teacher were not to correct him at all, but to insist that you were solely to blame, would you not think him very unjust? You must learn to choose the good and refuse the evil.

You are answerable to God for what you do. He who sees not as man sees will know how much of the sin is due to the tempter without, how much to unholy desires within.

"They made me" is a mean excuse. It is an attempt to shift the blame from your own shoulders to those of some one else,—to make another bear your burden. It comes from cowardice.

When the prodigal son came back to his home, and was forgiven, he did not say, "My bad companions led me astray;" "It was the fault of others;" or, "My mother indulged me too much;" but he said, "Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee."

If any one attempt to make you do wrong, you have a way to escape. There was One who for your sake endured temptation, and who conquered. If in his name you ask strength from your Father in heaven, it will surely be yours. He will give you grace that will overcome bad influences without, and evil desires within.

ROBIN'S FATE.

A *SVY* of children let loose to play,
 Were gathering snowballs one wintery day,
 When deep in a drift on the icy ground,
 A robin, half-frozen, half-starved was found.
 A little one grasped it with shouts of glee.
 "What is it?" "A redbreast?" "Let's look!" "Let's see!"
 A score of young voices and hands they raise,
 A score of young heads cluster close to gaze.
 "Where is it?" "Who found it?" "Is't still alive?"
 "O, show it me!" "Give it me!" thus they strive;
 "Let's warm it!" "Let's feed it!" "It chirps!"
 "Let go!"
 "It's mine!" "No, it is n't!" "Yes, yes!" "No, no!"
 The clamor grew louder, the fray grew hot;
 Till clemency, charity, all forgot,—
 Squeezed, snatched at, and struck at, all concord fled,—
 The robin at last in their hands lay dead.
 No more in the Winter-day gloom to come,
 And cheer them when Summer-day birds were dumb.
 Alas! and alas! for the childish strife;
 That wrangling for robin crushed out its life!

MORAL.

(For children of larger growth.)

Too often the "children of larger growth,"
 Thus handling the truth grow fiercely wroth;
 Its form, its possession, they claim the prize,—
 Its spirit, alas! in the struggle dies.

H. E. HUNTER.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

UPON a mountain height I stood,
 Just at the close of day,
 When, wrapt in soft blue mist, the hills
 In shadow round me lay;
 And, from the village far beneath,
 Upon the evening air,
 Floated with sweetly solemn sound
 The bell for vesper prayer.
 Nature was hushed to holy calm,
 Circled in silent rest;
 The flowers with folded leaves, and birds
 Sheltering in leafy nest.
 The sky above me, arching, spread
 Like some cathedral dome,
 With western windows, letting in
 Light from the angels' home.
 Then, gazing on the lovely scene,
 I suddenly espied
 A shepherd boy, not far from me
 Upon the mountain side.
 Amid his flocks, upon the grass
 He knelt, with simple grace,
 With reverent air, and folded hands,
 Upraised to heaven his face.
 His lips they moved, I caught the sound,
 All was so very still;
 For waiting silence seemed to reign
 O'er every vale and hill
 How fraught with reverence were his tones
 I shall not soon forget;
 But what he said, to my surprise,
 Was but his alphabet!

Then drawing near, I said, "Dear child,
 Now why upon your knee
 Do you so earnestly repeat
 Aloud your A B C?"
 Startled, he turned, and thus he spoke:
 "They pray to God down there,
 And though I can not be in church,
 I still would join in prayer."

"But why repeat the alphabet?
 Now tell me, little lad."
 At this he looked me in the face,
 Half-serious and half-sad.
 Said he, "I can not say a prayer,
 To school I do not go,
 And no one teaches me to pray,
 And so no words I know;
 "But I have heard that God is good,
 So very great and wise;
 That he made all on earth, and lives
 And rules beyond the skies.
 They say, too, God is very kind,
 And so I think that he
 Will hear, and make himself a prayer
 Out of my A B C." J. E. BENDALL.

BEST IN THE SHADE.

"ONLY a wild flower," said a primrose,
 "I suppose I am nothing better, and the
 shade is quite good enough for me. Yet I
 think I am as pretty as many of those in the
 flower-beds, and if I only had the chance
 they have, I should be worth looking at."

"I think, gardener," said little Nell, "I
 should like my primrose in a better place;
 it is not seen there, and it is so pretty."

"They would not be fine long, miss," if
 they were taken out of the shade."

"Do try them, please."

And so the primrose plant was carefully
 removed to a more conspicuous place in the
 garden. It was very pleased, and put forth
 as many blossom eyes as possible, to gaze at
 the sun the better; but they were very weak
 ones that soon grew tired of the sight.

"I wish I were back again," said the
 primrose; "it is grand here, but I often feel
 thirsty and faint as I never did before. The
 sun does not look so kindly as it did, with a
 gentle soft light through the bushes. Some-
 times I think he is quite cruel."

"I think you were right, gardener," said
 Nellie. "Though you were so careful not to
 disturb the root, my primrose has altered
 strangely."

So the primrose plant was taken back.
 The next Spring found it stronger and wiser.
 "Whoever placed me in the shade knew
 best," it said.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

JAPAN.—In Japan none seem so ready to accept the Gospel and to spread it abroad as the physicians. We have from time to time had examples of this openness to Christian impressions on the part of a class of men who in other heathen countries are bigoted and inaccessible. In the last *Missionary Herald* we find several fresh instances. One is a physician at Fushimi, a suburb of Kiyoto. He has been an inquirer for more than a year, and has been cited before the authorities several times, for having Christian meetings at his house. Men come from miles around in order to ask him about this new way. He distributes a great many Bibles and tracts, and is preaching Christ every day with a burning zeal. The other is a native physician of Kobe, who was baptized last year. He is a close student of the Scriptures, and is at work among his friends, neighbors, and patients. His house, like every other Japanese residence, has its "god-shelf." For a long time these household deities have had their faces turned to the wall; but, after a conversation with the missionary about them, it was thought best to burn them for firewood. From various parts of Japan, the missionaries receive intelligence of intense interest in the relation of Jesus on the part of natives who have never come in contact with foreign teachers. Converts, when on their travels in the interior, are fairly besieged by their countrymen desiring information.

MEXICO.—The Southern Presbyterian Mission at Matamoras, Mexico, has fifty-six members. There are two Sunday-schools connected with the Church, each numbering about thirty pupils. A lot has been purchased for the erection of a church edifice.

MOODY'S RECEIPTS.—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, states that during his stay in New York City, he received from friends about \$300, the greater part coming to him through anonymous letters, and that all he has ever received from friends has only placed him in barely comfortable circumstances. Said he to a reporter, "I have all the money I want, if it is n't very much. I

have just bought a little place to make a home for my wife and children; it cost \$3,500, and I have been putting in some repairs which will cost about as much more; and I do n't think I am ashamed to look any man in the face and tell him about it."

PROFESSORSHIP ENDOWED IN DREW SEMINARY.—The family of the late George T. Cobb, Esq., of Morristown, N. J., have endowed the chair of Hellenistic and Classical Greek of Drew Theological Seminary with \$40,000. This chair is very ably filled by Professor H. A. Buttz, D. D.

OUR CHINA MISSION.—The *Heathen Woman's Friend* says: "At the last meeting of the Foochow Methodist Mission, at which five missionaries, eleven ordained and forty-seven unordained native preachers were present, it was resolved to forbid altogether the practice of binding the feet of girls connected with the Church. As the meeting represented a native Chinese membership of 2,300 souls, the action is one of no little present and prospective importance."

LONDON CONGREGATIONAL UNION.—The third annual meeting of the London Congregational Union was held in London, April 4th. The object of the Union is to promote concert of action in the Congregational Churches in and around London. The Union now embraces one hundred and fifty Churches. Its income during the past year was £1,333, which its friends desire to increase to £10,000. One of the reports read at the meeting suggested co-operation with the Union of the Chapel Building Society, as it is the main object of the former to strengthen weak Churches. The Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D. D. was elected chairman for 1877.

ANTIOCH.—The Syrian Patriarch, alarmed at the reforms which the metropolitan, Mar Athanasius, had introduced among the Syrian Christians of Travancore, went to England two years ago for help. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave him the cold shoulder; but he succeeded in raising a considerable amount of money, in order to

aid his people, as he said, by introducing schools and teaching them the Bible. We now learn from *The Indian Evangelical Review*, that he has gone to Travancore, where, instead of opening schools, or teaching the Bible, he is inculcating saint worship, Mariolatry and the use of the Syriac, which is an unknown tongue to the people. His claim of supremacy over the Syrian Christians of Malabar will probably be referred to the civil courts for settlement; but a portion of the Syrians are resolved to stand by Mar Anathasius and his Scriptural reforms, come what may.

CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT.—The new Anglican Church at Cairo, Egypt, was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Jerusalem. It is not forty years since Christians in Cairo were obliged to live in designated quarters and conform to certain burdensome rules, while they were liable, as they walked the streets, to be treated with the utmost scorn, and to suffer all manner of indignities. Surely the world is becoming more liberal, and growing wiser as it grows older.

CONVERTS FROM HEATHENISM.—In his *Allgemeine Missions Zeitschrift* for November, Dr. Grundeman gives the total number of converts from heathenism connected with Protestant missions, in 1873, at 1,537,274, as follows: German and Swiss missions have 127,414; British, 1,116,227; American, 183,571; Dutch, 87,226; French, 14,000; Scandinavian, 8,836 converts. Assuming an average increase of one-tenth in two years (which is not extravagant), the total present number would be 1,691,001.

ROMANISM IN NEW MEXICO.—The territory of New Mexico is called the garden-spot of Romanism in America. There the Papacy has exclusive sway. What has it done for the education of the people? Nothing; absolutely nothing. In fact, it has resisted that education. In 1856 the adoption of a law for the establishment of schools was ignominiously defeated at the ballot-box. From that population, under such sweeping priestly domination, the project received only thirty-seven votes, while five thousand and sixteen were cast against it. Since that time, according to the explicit testimony of the United States Commissioner of Education, "ignorance has actually largely in-

creased in New Mexico." It is claimed in the papal Almanac that "most of the parishes have a parish-school, under the charge of lay teachers, during six months, from September to March." But the Secretary of the Territory says: "There are four or five schools under the supervision of the Roman Catholic Church, and two under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. The attendance is very small, and there is not a public school in the Territory." "A simple statement of this fact," adds the Commissioner, "ought to be sufficient to make the cheek of any honest American mantle with shame." New Mexico is acknowledged to be, on account of the rich natural resources, "the gem in the crown of the American continent." We do not wonder, however, that we are officially told that the better class of families leave such a section of country "solely for the purpose of giving school facilities to their children." Here is Romanism, pure and simple, in the United States; and these are its effects on the minds of the people and on the development of the land. How do intelligent Americans like the exhibit?

CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The *Congregational Quarterly* gives the statistics of that denomination as follows: "Whole number of churches, 5,438, of which 891 are without pastors; number of church members, 338,313; number in Sabbath-schools, 401,338. The additions last year were 29,945, a net gain of 12,840. Charitable contributions to the amount of \$1,241,014.39 are reported by 2,418 churches. The number of additions to the churches by profession (17,309), is greater than for seven years.

A DANISH ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The late Countess Danner, widow of Frederick VII, of Denmark, left her property, valued at nearly \$4,000,000, for the maintenance of an institution for orphan and deserted girls of Denmark. The castle of Jagerspris, in North Zealand, will be the central building of the institution, and accommodations for six or eight hundred children will be provided.

DECLINE OF IDOLATRY.—During the past five years, seven hundred temples of Buddha in Japan have been converted to other uses.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

MEN may honestly differ; and on both sides of every question much may be said. In the controversy between the two Methodisms, Dr. Myers recently contributed a volume in which he goes over the grounds of difference between the contending parties, and establishes to his own satisfaction, and that of his fellow-members, the legitimacy of Southern Methodism, and its claims to an equal, original, and legal standing with its great compeer. And now Dr. Fuller, in his *Appeal to the Records* (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati), traverses the arguments of Dr. Myers, and shows how something may be said on the other side. His review is a masterly one, and with its array of facts fortifies his conclusion, that the Methodist Episcopal Church South is a secession. If ever the two branches of Methodism come together into one again, there must be concessions on both sides. We may leave to them their own views and interpretations of the so-called "plan of separation," but they must allow us ours; and though we now "agree to disagree" on such really unimportant questions, if we can unite, as we certainly shall whether in organic fellowship or not, in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, in the teachings of the Fathers, and the general polity of the Church, it will be a union honorable to each side, and perhaps advantageous to both. Criminations and recriminations are not profitable. They settle no principle, convince no understanding, and enlarge no heart. And though it may be necessary to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to saints," it is not likewise needful to "bring railing accusations." Personally, we should rejoice to see the two Methodisms united; but this is not so important to us as to live in all good conscience toward God and man.

SCIENCE does not lag behind its sister Art, and the numerous monographs in this line of study show that attention is being peculiarly directed to scientific pursuits. On *Fermentation*, by P. Schützenberger, director of the chemical laboratory, at the Sorbonne,

is the latest volume of the International Scientific Series, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and sold by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. It discusses such fermentations as take place in yeast, in the production of alcohol, lactic and butyric acid, destructive decomposition, etc., and is written in a clear, straightforward manner, instructive and entertaining to those fond of scientific facts.

WERE there no other differentiation of man from the lower animals, the cooking of his food would be a marked characteristic. How to cook well, what to cook, and how to vary the cooking for the delectation of the palate and the nourishment of the body, has required more study and consumed more patience than almost any other domestic duty. And withal, how little good cooking there is! To assist in this most necessary art, as well as in the preparation of food for the table, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, Ohio, have issued *The Home Cook Book*, compiled from recipes contributed by ladies of Toledo and other cities. We have turned it over to a lady friend, and her best commendation of it is that she has tried it, and found it not wanting. (For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

AMONG the series of school and college text-books which the Harpers, New York, have produced, they have included a *School Geography*, with maps and illustrations prepared expressly for this work. The facts relating to our own and foreign countries are gathered from the latest reports and travels accessible; and the information is presented in a pleasing form, and well illustrated with cuts in the highest style of xylography. The maps are good, and as minute as their size will admit without being crowded with the names of places.

IT is several years since Dr. Jesse T. Peck's *Central Idea of Christianity* was first published, but its popularity as a faithful exposition of the doctrine of holiness has not waned; and we are glad to note that Nelson & Phillips have just purchased the book, and re-issued it in a revised edition. It is

loyal to our Methodist standards, and as a doctrinal work has few rivals in this department of the faith. Dr. Peck's style is clear, his argument sound, his statements well considered and put, and there is over all the glow of a spirit thoroughly suffused with the doctrine. Such books nourish the heart; and there is no fear of its misleading the quickened conscience and the awakened spirit. Alertness in the divine life will be promoted by its perusal.

To our friends who are about to spend the Summer months in travel, we commend *Appleton's Illustrated Hand-book of American Cities*. The volume comprises the principal cities of the United States and Canada, and points out the principal routes and most striking features along the way. It contains a number of wood-cut illustrations of scenes in and around the principal cities, and gives a great deal of information with regard to our country and its attractions.

OF all our poets, none is more thoroughly American than John G. Whittier, a *Centennial Edition* of whose poems has just been issued in cheap form (paper cover) by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. His poetry is penetrated through and through with the spirit of freedom; and though he writes with an unshackled pen, he is full of reverence. He profanes not the mysteries of life and being in daring mood; he lays no impious hand on sacred things; and though he braves man, he is awe-struck and silent in the presence of Jehovah. Yet there are human sympathies reaching forth to all classes; and he is no less a philanthropist because he is a citizen. With him the entire race is one brotherhood, and there is one God and Father of all. Mr. Whittier is thoroughly religious; but his religion is not bound by human creeds and interpretations. He reads nature and revelation together; and if he fails to read them aright, his failure is still an aspiration after the truth.

THE classics of literature continually reappear, and thus never grow old. Among the latest re-issues of standard works, the following appear in the neat Vest Pocket series of James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*; *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, by James Russell Lowell; *Lady*

Geraldine's Courtship, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. The size is square 24mo. They are handy to slip into the pocket to read between times, and are improving to the taste and culture of the readers. Years ago, when we were unmarried, and engaged in teaching, we often used to slip a small edition of "Horace" into our coat pocket to read while waiting for our meals at the house where we boarded. We thus not only became more familiar with the sweetest of Latin poets, but gained a better knowledge of Latin style and Latin thought. The same thing may occur with our best English authors, thus picked up and conned over, when presented in such a small and convenient size as these volumes.

THE world's progress is shown as well by new discoveries in science and the application of scientific truths as by the increase of wealth, the peopling of waste places, the building of new cities, and the extension of commerce to other regions. As an index to this progress, the *Annual Record of Science and Industry* for 1875, edited by Spencer F. Baird, and issued by the Harpers, New York, is well conceived and well executed. It is an improvement on the former volumes, and contains not only historical summaries of progress during the past year, but paragraphs communicating in brief the results of investigations by special scientists, or respecting certain subjects.

THE second and concluding volume of the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (Harpers, New York) contains the memorials of his later years, and is a worthy record of a long life spent in literary toil. Macaulay's ripper age fulfilled the promise of his childhood and youth, and his name and fame add a new glory to his country. His remains sleep among the honored dead of Westminster Abbey. Wherever the English language is spoken his works will be "a possession forever."

Ladies' Fancy work is the title of a volume prepared by Mrs. C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams, New York, and published by the latter. (Cincinnati, George E. Stevens & Co.) It contains hints and helps to home tastes and recreations, and is handsomely illustrated.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NOTE FROM THE NEW EDITOR.

To the Readers of the Ladies' Repository:

By one of the many unaccountable movements of the General Conference, now in session at this place, the undersigned found himself, some ten days ago, elected, by more than a two-thirds majority, to the editorship of the LADIES' REPOSITORY. It is alike true to the fact and just to my many friends for me to say that their expression of favor in that act was very decidedly gratifying,—and none the less so, because the place had not been, in any sense, sought after, nor my election to it even thought of as a possible contingency. To those who thus favored me with their suffrages, as my friends, I would tender my earnest thanks; and if any voted for me, in this case, as a partial compensation for any thing not done in another case, their action is also accepted with a qualified sense of gratitude. And now having, for more than a week, considered the subject in all its relations to my calling as a Christian minister, to the Church to which, under God I owe so much, and to the God of my life, who has hitherto so wonderfully and graciously guided me, my course of action for the immediate time is determined, while all beyond is contingent.

I shall enter at once upon the discharge of the duties to which I have been so suddenly and unexpectedly called; and as the LADIES' REPOSITORY is now midway of the year,—for the whole of which subscriptions have been taken and payments received,—good faith will require that it shall be continued, without material changes, to the year's end. My first duty will therefore be to bring out in succession for each month of the current year, a number of the periodical in substantially the same form and character

that it has hitherto borne, with only such changes as will naturally arise from the change of the directing mind at its head. Whether such changes will be for the better or the worse, its readers will be best able to judge. The new editor is not a stranger to Methodist readers, and by their knowledge of him as a writer for the press and a caterer to the public taste, they will form their expectations in respect to what he will probably do in his new position.

It is well known that he has not hitherto thought that our Church authorities have been doing all they ought to do in providing wholesome and acceptable reading-matter for the people; and this failure has been especially marked and conspicuous in the department of magazine literature. In the debates that immediately preceded his election in the General Conference, he freely expressed this conviction, and, though only imperfectly, indicated what seemed to him needful to remedy this defect. His election in these circumstances would seem to indicate the indorsement of those views by the General Conference, and the first and most important step toward their realization. It is, however, yet soon to say any thing definitely upon the subject of the probable course of these things beyond the present year, and the current volume of the REPOSITORY. A very few months will bring about some kind of a solution of all these questions,—of which the parties in interest will be duly informed.

The new editor considers his immediate work only that of a literary administrator charged with the duty of completing and winding up a business devolved upon him from the hands of his predecessor. That work shall be done to the best of his ability; and it is hoped that the acquaintance of the

readers with their new provider may be of some advantage in the future,—if, indeed, there is to be a continuance of our mutual relations. And if there shall be a new departure in the business of our magazine work, after this centennial year, then it is hoped that our present temporary acquaintance may be further extended in time, while the number of readers shall be very greatly increased.

It is no secret that the new editor is not in favor of continuing the publication of the REPOSITORY in the same style and character in which it now is and long has been. It now answers to no real requirement, either denominational or general. It has long since ceased to be a magazine specially adapted to ladies' tastes or requirements, and it may indeed be doubted whether there is any real need for a special department of magazine literature for ladies. If there is, the editor certainly doubts his ability to supply the demand. There can be no doubt, however, that there is both room and a demand for a first-class literary and religious magazine, in this country, and in Methodism; and if this want shall be duly and adequately responded to, the success of the attempt is scarcely a problem. Pending the developments of the near future, the publication of the REPOSITORY will be continued much as in the past.

DANIEL CURRY.

Baltimore, May 29, 1876.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—About *Ticonderoga* cluster many thrilling associations. Its fort was prominent in the English and French wars before our Revolution, and after the contest broke out between Great Britain and the Colonies it again became a point of great interest to the party holding it. A few prominent patriots of Connecticut, accordingly, planned a scheme for obtaining possession of it. Two hundred and seventy men, mostly of that brave and hardy people, under the leadership of Colonel Ethan Allen, were speedily collected at Castleton, which was appointed as the place of rendezvous.

Here they were joined by Benedict Arnold, recently appointed Colonel, and it was agreed among them that Colonel Allen should be the commander-in-chief of the expedition, and Arnold his assistant. They proceeded without delay, and arrived in the night at Lake Champlain, opposite to Ticonderoga. Only a few boats could be procured, and when day broke on the following morning, May 10th, but eighty-three men had succeeded in crossing. With this mere handful, for the rest could not be waited for, Allen, with Arnold by his side, made a dash and gained the entrance of the fort. A sentry snapped his piece at them, but was driven in, and the brave mountaineers immediately followed and drew up in line. The commandant, Delaplace, was surprised in his bed, and was immediately summoned to surrender. "By what authority?" demanded the astonished officer. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen, drawing his sword. Delaplace had no alternative, and the garrison, numbering forty-eight, were surrendered without a blow, as prisoners of war. Thus this fortress, which had cost Great Britain eight million pounds sterling, was captured in ten minutes by a company of undisciplined provincials. A hundred and twenty cannon, and all the military stores, fell into the hands of the Americans. Two days after, Crown Point was also taken without loss of life.

Our books of American history are, for the most part, largely filled with the daring adventures and brave deeds of our forefathers; but the mothers behind them, that helped them in their great work, are little celebrated. The women of our heroic age should not be forgotten, nor their names left unrecorded.

Abigail Adams, of whom we give a sketch elsewhere, was one of the noblest women of the Revolutionary period, and well deserves a place in the gallery of American worthies. We are sure our readers will welcome her portrait as that of a wife and mother whose life was valuable to her country in one of the most trying periods of its history.

Independence Hall still exists, the souvenir of a by-gone age of patriotism, and a reminder to men in the present age of the valor of their ancestors.

AUGUST,

1876.

THE LADIES' Repository.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1876.

GEORGE TABOU; KING OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

"AND kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord." This passage of Scripture is remarkably fulfilled in the career of the person with whom we desire to make our readers acquainted. He is the reigning monarch of the Friendly Islands, in the Southern Pacific, and since 1865 has been the acknowledged sovereign of the three groups of which the islands consist. At the time of his Christian baptism, he took the name of George, and his queen that of Charlotte. He has proved himself worthy of the high position which he fills, and his sovereignty is acknowledged by England, America, and France.

Like the rest of the Friendly Islanders, the family of the king were accustomed to worship idols, and so much was his father given to idolatry, that when his son was a boy he cut off both the child's little fingers, and offered them in sacrifice to the gods. At the time of his conversion, he was king of one group of islands only. Having heard of the wonderful effects of the Gospel at Tonga, he went thither himself and desired a missionary to be sent to his people, but no missionary could be spared; however, a native teacher was sent, but the King was not well pleased with the appointment, as he thought it was not sufficiently honorable to be put off in that way; however, Peter Vi, the teacher, went in the name of the Lord,

and, by means of his consistent deportment and the faithful proclamation of the truth, he not only won the hearts of many of the people, but also overcame the prejudices of the King, who eventually resolved to abandon idolatry and embrace the true religion. His public acknowledgment of the truth caused some heathen chiefs to take great offence, and even threaten his life; indeed, poison was administered unto him, and his life was in danger, but by the timely administration of emetics, and, no doubt, in answer to prayer—for there were many prayers offered—his valuable life was spared. The priests foretold the vengeance that the gods would soon inflict; but to show his defiance of their power, he caused them all to be hung by the neck near his sleeping apartment, at the same time challenging them to hurt him if they could. This was in 1830.

For some years, His Majesty seemed to be doing well in religion, but, like many others, he left his first love and became a backslider, though he never went back to heathen practices. In 1845 there was a glorious revival of religion which swept like a tidal wave of mercy through all the islands, in which several hundreds of persons found redemption through the blood of Christ. Among others was a Chief who had been very obnoxious to the King, and when His Majesty saw the offending Chief at the feet of Jesus, it

seemed as though he too must submit to the Savior, but to be reconciled to the Chief was an almost insuperable difficulty; however, in a little time the King and the Chief embraced each other. Both became Christians and both became local preachers; and on Sabbath-mornings they would be seen going to various islands, like other local preachers, to preach the Word of Life. There are more than five hundred of these useful laborers of the Church in the Friendly Islands, but for whom the work of evangelization could not be carried on.

It may be proper here to explain how George Tabou became king. It has been said that he obtained the throne by improper means, and that he is a usurper. But this is not so. In 1833, the King of Vavan died, and it was his wish that George, King of Haabai, should be his successor. All concerned agreed in this request. A few years subsequently the Tonga group was added to his dominion in a similar manner, so that now he sways his benign scepter over all the groups.

When a king has to be appointed, the different chiefs make the selection. A *Kava*-meeting is held, that is, a meeting at which a preparation of kava-root is diluted and drunk by the persons assembled, according to certain rules of etiquette. Two chiefs, who are called fathers, sit, the one on the king's right hand and the other on the left. Their office is to relieve the king, and to act on his account. The other chiefs sit on either side, forming a large circle, the bulk of the people being in front. The kava being prepared, before it is served out the chief on the king's right hand opens the business of the meeting by stating the object on which they are assembled. The different chiefs and their king also speak in turn. When the king's kava is poured into the dish, he is saluted by the chief on his right hand with the name expressive of his office or dignity—*Tinkanokobolu*. When George Tabou had thus been declared king, he and most of the company repaired to the church, where Rev. John Thomas preached to a deeply attentive congregation.

During the thirty years that this monarch has swayed the scepter in the Friendly Islands, there have been occasions when some heathen chiefs, instigated by some Romish priests, have attempted a rebellion; but His Majesty has proved himself equal to all emergencies. On one occasion, the rebels succeeded in erecting two fortresses, and the King was compelled to make war upon them. The campaign lasted five months, during which many lives were lost on both sides. But on the side of the King it was a real Christian warfare. Throughout all the villages and in the King's camp, daily prayer-meetings were held, and a missionary, who was often present, declares that he never heard one unchristian sentence uttered in prayer, nor one revengeful feeling put forth in any conversation. The termination of the war was very different from former conflicts. The rebel leaders were promised pardon on condition of laying down their arms. This they did, and were brought into the King's presence with ~~56~~ leaves round their necks, expressive of deep humiliation and expected death. They walked slowly between the lines of armed men. As they drew near the spot where the King and his ministers were sitting, they were so overpowered with a sense of shame, and with a fear that after all they might be put to death, that they shrunk to the ground; but just at that moment the King's herald called aloud that they should live, and suffer no degradation of rank.

This was a great deal more than they expected, and furthermore, the King ordered that the rebel chiefs should remain in his camp that night, and, at family prayer they were so much convinced of the superiority of the new religion, that they there and then cast in their lot with the people of God; and thus the unhappy war was brought to an end; but, from the Christian way in which the King acted during this sad period, a great impetus was given to the cause of religion. A British ship of war was in the harbor of Tonga when the rebellion closed, the

commander, Sir Everard Hope, Bart., witnessed the pardoning of the rebels by the King, and said, "it was the most sublime sight which he had ever seen. King George can only be compared to Alfred the Great, of blessed memory. He is worthy of being called a King. He is the greatest man in these seas."

One of the chief difficulties with which King George has had to contend has arisen from the influence of the Romish priests, who have a thousand adherents. In the reign of a former king, Romish institutions were introduced into Tonga. After the French protectorate was declared at Tahiti, the priests became more bold, and, according to the accounts which we have received, they did not act honorably, for not only did they endeavor to proselyte Christian natives, but even sought to perplex the teachers with puzzling questions. Romanism has, however, always been intolerant, but the Friendly Islanders are not likely to be drawn away by its dogmas, though the priests may stir up political strife as they have already done, and involve the rulers in trouble.

When the first attempt was made to establish Popery in one of the groups, the King said to the bishop who came to the island on board of a French war vessel, "I and my people have all turned to God." The bishop told the King that his own religion was the old and true faith, and that the religion taught by the Methodist missionaries was one that had lately sprung up. The King said, "We know but one God and Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom we have all turned." The bishop then said he only wished to leave the priests for two or three months to learn the language. The King saw through this at once, and doubting whether they would learn much of the language in so short a time, stated in reply, "If they are to go away in two or three months, why could they not as well go away in the vessel that brought them?" The bishop still pressed for permission to leave the priests, but the King resolutely said, "It is not my mind that they should stay."

Great consternation was felt at Tonga by the sight of a French war vessel, whose captain had orders from the Popish governor of Tahiti, to examine certain complaints made against the King by the Romish priests of Tonga. The King quickly obeyed the summons of the captain and went on board, taking with him his State-paper box, in which he had copies of all his correspondence, especially that with the Romish priests. This correspondence he laid before the captain, who viewed the King and his papers with astonishment. At the close of their long interview, which lasted five hours, and throughout which the King conducted himself with the greatest Christian propriety, the French captain expressed himself entirely satisfied, and stated to the King that "the French Government, through him, acknowledged George as King of the Friendly Islands, and that the only condition he would impose was, that if any Frenchman chose to reside in his dominions, he should be protected so long as he obeyed the laws; and that if any of the King's subjects chose to become Roman Catholics they should be allowed to do so." To these conditions the King readily agreed. The captain afterward said, that he "had seen and conversed with many chiefs in the South Seas, but that he had not seen one to be compared in knowledge and ability, in courage and dignity, to George, the King of the Friendly Islands."

For many years past the King has used his utmost endeavors to promote the welfare of his people, by encouraging trade and commerce. He owns several schooners, mounted with small cannon, and carrying a national flag. The trade of the islands consists mostly in the manufacture and export of cocoa-nut oil. This is the chief source of revenue; taxes are light, for though there are several salaried officers besides the King, they are not expensive, as His Majesty does not keep a large retinue of attendants. A recent traveler, who visited Tonga, said that he found the palace to be a weatherboard house. The King lives very plainly, but

he occupies a position which many monarchs might envy, as he dwells in the hearts of a loyal people.

Though necessarily much occupied with the affairs of his kingdom, King George always attends public worship, and never fails to keep his appointments as a local preacher. He also regularly leads a class, as also does the Queen. They both take deep interest in education, and are teachers in the Sabbath-school. The Sunday-morning prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, which was quite an institution among the early Methodists, has been introduced by the missionaries to the Friendly Islands, and among the most regular attendants are the King and Queen, both of whom take part in the exercises.

In 1862, a code of laws was adopted for the regulation of the affairs of the Friendly Islands. Our space will not allow us to quote the entire code, but they were all approved by the chiefs who hold office under the King, and the day of their adoption was a gala day in the islands. Thousands were convened at Tonga from all the islands, and the day was one of great rejoicing. The Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL. D., thus speaks of the said code of laws:

"In the first place, it was not written at the 'circumlocution office.' In the second place, it is altogether free from what John Wesley called 'the villainous tautology of lawyers,'—in plain, straightforward speech, it announces its meaning, which nobody can misunderstand. It is not faultless, of course. People do not expect the first code of laws of any nation to be absolutely without blemish. That is not very common in British legislation (nor American either). It is enacted, if any are determined to fight, they shall go into the bush and fight it out, but he that commenced the quarrel is to be fined six dollars, and if both are to blame, both are to be fined. Then it enacts, that spirits are to be sold only by license from the King, and only on certain conditions, one of which is, that on no possible pretense shall they be sold on the Sabbath-day. Then there is another enactment,

that if any man dares to speak evil of ministers, he shall be fined ten dollars forthwith. Then there is another, that if any person neglects to send his children to the schools, he shall be fined ten dollars immediately."

King George having realized the blessings of the Gospel, has ever since taken a deep interest in its spread to other groups of islands. He was the means of sending native teachers to Samoa, the Navigator's Islands, and also to Fiji. A letter which he wrote to King Thakombau was the means of causing that monarch to embrace Christianity. Recently a new mission has been commenced in British Guinea.

Thus it will be seen that George Tabou is not only a king, but is also a subject of the King of kings. During the tour of the Rev. Robert Young in Polynesia, where he was sent as a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he was often brought into contact with the King, who even accompanied him to New South Wales, and Mr. Young said that though he was with him night and day for two months, "yet during that time he never heard a foolish word drop from his lips, nor did he see him manifest a single act that was not in accordance with his devotedness to Christ."

As far as can be ascertained, King George is more than eighty years of age, and as he can not long continue by reason of death, it is sometimes asked what will become of the Friendly Islands when he passes away,—will they be annexed as Fiji has been? We trust that when the sovereignty of the Friendly Islands has ceased to reign, his words will not be forgotten. "We are a people without power, and we lie, as it were, in the dust. But even if powerful countries come and take hold of us, and dash us down; and should an angry people who wish our overthrow strike, and strike again, until we are broken; still, for all that, let us hold fast our religion, and let us continue to embrace Jesus Christ, so that our souls may live forever."

EDWARD BARRASS.

BOOKS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IT is difficult in these days, when books seem to descend like a paper snow-storm on one's reading-table, and threaten to burst all bounds in the crowded library; when they are turned out in thousands by steam, both as to printing and writing, until the embarrassment of riches is hopelessly perplexing, as to what shall be read and what left unread; it is difficult and well-nigh impossible to bring at all accurately to one's thoughts that state of things in those days of non-printing, when a single volume was a highly cherished possession, being the handiwork of some "pious and painful" scribe, and the fruit of long years of self-denying toil.

The gift of a book to a church or a religious house was believed to give the donor a claim to eternal salvation; and the cherished offering would be laid upon the high altar with the most imposing ceremonial, while an irrevocable sentence of damnation was pronounced on whomsoever should dare to purloin the treasure. This was, perhaps, the origin of the old couplet,

"Steal not this book, my *honest* friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end!"

We read with wonder of the labors of Venerable Bede, and many others, who gave up love and luxury, and spent long years in copying books for the benefit of others; of Guido de Jars, who began at the age of forty to transcribe the Holy Scriptures on vellum, with rich and elegant decorations, and patiently pursued his labor of love until, after the lapse of half a century, he tottered on his ninetyeth year, and *finis* was written on his life and work together.

As late as the reign of Henry VI, when the invention of paper had greatly increased the number of manuscript volumes, the persevering student must have been greatly hampered in his researches; for the ancient statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, contain this order: "Let

no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most, lest others shall be hindered from the use of the same." The scarcity of parchment was often greater than that of scribes ready and able to perform the tedious transcription of the books; and there is a record of 1120 that a certain Master Hugh, who had been appointed to write a copy of the Bible for the Convent of St. Edmondsbury, could find no parchment in England.

In 855, the Abbot of Ferrieres, in France, sent two of his monks to Pope Benedict III to beg a copy of "Cicero de Oratore" and "Quintillian's Institutes," with some other volumes, on the plea that although the convent had part of these books, there was no whole or complete copy of them in all France. Albert, Abbot of Gemblours, prided himself on his library, consisting of a hundred volumes on theological, and fifty on general, subjects, which he had collected through almost incredible labor and expense. In Spain, books were so scarce at the beginning of the tenth century, that the same copy of the Scriptures, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, was often used in several monasteries.

In 1072, Archbishop Lanfranc, among his Constitutions to the Monks of England, made the following injunction: At the beginning of Lent, the librarian was to furnish each of the religious with a book, which he was allowed a whole year to read; and at the next penitential season, the monks who had neglected to read the books they had received, were commanded to prostrate themselves before the abbot, and supplicate his indulgence. This arrangement was partly owing to the low state of literature in the English monasteries, and partly to the scarcity of suitable volumes.

Two centuries later, we find the Bishop of Winchester borrowing of his Cathe-

dral Convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, the "*Biblia Bene Glossata*," or the Bible with marginal annotations, in two large folio volumes; and he gives a bond for its return, which is drawn up with great solemnity. This valuable volume had been left as a legacy to the convent by his predecessor, Bishop Nicholas of Ely, and for this bequest, and the additional consideration of one hundred marks, the monks instituted a daily mass for the bishop's soul.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Dean of York presented several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, with the condition that the students who read them should always deposit a pledge for their safe return. The library of the university, before 1300, contained nothing more valuable than a few tracts, which were either chained or kept in chests in the choir of St. Mary's Church.

Books were naturally enormously dear in the Middle Ages. Bede's "*Homilies*" and St. Austin's "*Psalter*" were sold by the Monks of Dorchester, in 1174, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall covered with silver embroidery which represented the history of Birinus converting a Saxon king. In 1400, a copy of the "*Romaun de la Rose*" was sold at Paris for forty crowns; and in the reign of Edward III, Isabella de Lancaster, a nun of Ambresbury, received about a thousand pounds for a book of romance which was purchased for the king's use.

The English monasteries encouraged the transcribing of books; and every great abbey was provided with an apartment called the Scriptorium, where writers were constantly employed in transcribing not only the Service-books for the choir, but also volumes for the library. The Scriptorium of St. Alban's Abbey was built by the Norman Abbot Paulin, who ordered many volumes to be written there in about 1080. Archbishop Lanfranc furnished the copies. Estates were often granted for the support of the Scriptorium; and that at St. Edmondsbury was endowed with two mills, while the tithes of a rectory were appropriated

to the Cathedral Convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester.

Seven hundred volumes, which must all have been produced by hand work, were destroyed in the burning of Croyland Abbey, which occurred in 1091. About the year 1300, fifty-eight volumes were transcribed at Glastonbury during the government of one abbot. The library of this monastery was the richest in England, and the records of 1248 show that it contained then more than four hundred manuscripts.

The mere transcription of these volumes of a past age is worthy of admiration; but still more are our wondering eyes arrested by the beauty with which they are adorned. In many manuscripts almost every line is decorated with richly brilliant illuminations, finely tinted paintings, and quaint and striking ornaments. It is a great loss to the world of beauty that so few have survived the storms and changes of the centuries; but this small proportion are treasured in the principal European libraries,—in the Vatican of Rome, the Imperial at Vienna, St. Mark's at Venice, the Escorial of Spain, and the principal public libraries of England.

The lost art of illuminating manuscripts is of very ancient origin. Mention is made in Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus of purple and yellow skins on which books were transcribed in gold and silver. And among the eastern nations similar rolls, exquisitely done, are often found of a later date. It is supposed that the Greeks learned the art from Egypt or India, and transmitted it to the Latins, who seem to have practiced it early in the second century. The earliest specimen of purple or rose-colored vellum on record was presented to the Emperor Maximinus the Younger, in the beginning of the third century, by his mother; it consisted of the poems of Homer, written in gold letters on purple vellum. Such work was then very rare. The most ancient specimen now in existence of this gorgeous style of calligraphy is probably the celebrated "*Codex Argenteus*" of Ulphilas, which is

illuminated in gold and silver lettering on a purple ground.

In the fourth century, this style of writing had become quite common; but in later years, purple vellum Greek manuscripts were represented as "scarcer than white crows." St. Jerome evidently disapproved of these "purple leaves covered with letters of gold and silver," and adds: "For myself and friends, let us have lower priced books, and distinguished not so much for beauty as for accuracy." Mabillon says that these "purple treasures" were only for the princes and noblemen of the times; and another authority pronounces it not in good taste "to write upon purple vellum in letters of gold and silver, unless at the particular desire of a prince."

The subject of the manuscript had much to do with the style of executing it; and those Christians of the dark ages did not offer to God that which cost them nothing. In an epistle of Boniface, bishop and martyr, to the Abbess Eadburga, the latter is requested "to write the Epistles of St. Peter, the master and apostle of Boniface, in letters of gold, for the greater reverence to be paid towards the sacred Scriptures when the abbess preaches before her carnally-minded auditors."

The outside of these magnificent volumes was quite worthy of the contents; and they were often

"In velvet bound, and 'broider'd o'er"

with the richest devices of needle-work. The first binding was probably a plain and unadorned oaken cover. And the earliest ornaments were of a religious character: a representation of the blessed Virgin, the Infant Jesus, or the Crucifixion. A Latin Psalter of Alfred's time is mentioned, with this substantial binding, and a large brass crucifix riveted on the oaken board. Also a manuscript copy of the twelfth or thirteenth century, containing the Latin Gospels in oaken covers, inlaid with carved ivory, representing our Savior with an angel above him, and the Virgin and Child.

"But as the taste for luxury and ornament increased, and the bindings, even the clumsy wooden ones, became more gorgeously decorated,—the most costly gems and precious stones being frequently inlaid with the golden ornaments,—the shape and form of them was altogether altered. With a view to the preservation and the safety of the riches lavished on them, the bindings were made double, each side being, perhaps, two inches thick; and on a spring being touched, or a secret lock opened, it divided like the opening of a cupboard-door, and displayed the rich ornament and treasure within, while when closed the outside had only the appearance of a plain, somewhat clumsy binding. At that time, too, books were ranged on shelves with the leaves in front; therefore, great pains were taken, both in the decoration of the edges, and also in the rich and ornamental clasps and strings which united the wooden sides. These clasps were frequently of gold, inlaid with jewels."

At a later day, the wooden frame was covered with leather, vellum, or velvet; though the last style of binding does not appear before the fourteenth century. Almost every thing rich and rare was impressed into this service; and Queen Elizabeth carried about with her a small volume of prayers bound in solid gold, which was suspended by a gold chain at her side; and a small devotional book that belonged to King Charles I is still preserved, richly-bound in tortoise-shell and finely-carved silver.

Needle-work covers, consisting of rare and beautiful devices on velvet or brocade, were very popular in Queen Elizabeth's time; and the high-born dames of that day frequently employed themselves in ornamenting the most valuable of the volumes that were now finding their way into almost every house. It seems probable that the needle had been similarly employed long before this; but the perishable nature of such work must have rendered it necessary to replace it with more durable binding. The earliest specimen of this style of cover is in the

British Museum, and has an illuminated title-page, which represents the author in a kneeling posture before the pope, to whom he is presenting his book. It is dated 1471, and is decorated throughout with illuminated letters and other old time ornaments; for long after the invention of printing, blank spaces were left for capitals and headings to be filled up by the pencil. Sometimes, these spaces have not been filled up, which gives the book quite an unfinished appearance.

After illuminating, came red ink ornamentation, a style with which most people are familiar. A description of the Holy Land, written in French, in the reign of the seventh Henry, and illuminated, is described as bound in rich maroon velvet, with the royal arms; the garter and motto embroidered in blue, the ground crimson, and the *fleurs de lys*, leopards, and letters of the motto, in gold thread. A coronet or crown of gold thread is inwrought with pearls; the roses at the corners are in red silk and gold; and there is a narrow border round the whole in burnished gold thread.

An edition of "Petrarch's Sonnets," printed at Venice in 1544, is in excellent preservation. It belonged to Edward VI, and the back is of dark crimson velvet, with a royal coat of arms wrought on each side in silk and gold, highly raised.

A book of prayers, copied out by Queen Elizabeth before she came to the throne, is covered with canvas, worked all over with needle-work of rich crimson silk and silver thread, by the hands of the royal scribe. The ornaments are H. K. intertwined in the middle, a smaller H above and below, and roses in the corners, all raised high, and worked in blue silk and silver. This is the dedication of the book: "Illustrissimo ac potentissimo Henrico octavo, Angliæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæque, regi, fidei defensori, et secundum Christum ecclesiæ Anglicanæ et Hibernicæ supremo capiti. Elizabetha majest. S. humillima filia omnem felicitatem precatur, et benedictionem suam supplex petit."

Among the manuscripts in the Bodleian Library are the Epistles of St. Paul, printed in old black letter. The binding of this volume is another specimen of Elizabeth's skill in needle-work. In the beginning are the words in the royal handwriting:

"August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning; eate them by reading; chawe them by musing; and laie them up at length in the hie seate of memorie by gathering them together; that so having tasted thy sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

CONSECRATION.

OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Savior's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self and none of thee!"

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;
Heard him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,—
"None of self and all of thee."

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER V.

MANY years have rolled by since the day when M. Pâris returned once more to the Reformed faith. The little children of that by-gone time have grown almost to the full stature of men and women. The two sons of Gillome, who were mere infants when this history began, have been preserved to the love and care of the good wife and mother, while another little daughter has been added to the family group,—this happy circle, who laugh and sing about the premises all the day long!

Her eldest son, William, has been educated for the army, and is now just completing his studies. The boy's sentiment as to the profession of arms may be gathered from one sentence spoken to his father:

"The Reformers can have hope here, in the service of the States, to achieve an honor and renown which they never could reach in that of his most Christian Majesty of France."

The fond mother always breathed a little sigh as she listened to the enthusiasm of her oldest living son. True as the words were, Gillome had ever continued to cherish a fond affection for France, kept alive still more vividly by the interchanges of love with her family, still resident there.

But she never dreamed or wished to return to the ungrateful country,—never desired it for herself, her husband, or her children. These latter had indeed become thorough Hollanders. All their loyalty belonged to the United Provinces, and nothing could exceed the passionate admiration they felt for William of Orange, now become King of England. His favor, also, toward the French refugees, who had been the chief power in placing him on the throne, was constant and unwearied. His regiments, always open to those who desired to enter the

army, sometimes grumbled, or made protest against what they called unjust partiality on the part of William. Thus, to be commanded by men of larger experience, mayhap, than themselves, but who had fought less under the French standard than they under their own, brought about, at times, an acrid feeling. It was of brief duration, however, and the veterans turned with pleasure to the younger sons of the exiles, to whom they accorded the greatest good will, because, forsooth, they had studied in the same schools, and passed through the same discipline as they did when children. "They belong and are one with us, you know," they said to each other.

M. Pâris had once more become the head of a prosperous commercial house. Endowed with the full rights and privileges of citizenship; through the generosity of magistrates exercising rule in Rotterdam, permitted to remit all imposts for the term of twelve years; and having been able to retain in possession a considerable sum of money brought with him from France, M. Pâris commenced an energetic business life in his adopted city, under bright auspices for success.

He effected negotiations with his friends in Caen, on the same terms, and in like manner, as, in former years, he had carried on marine interests with Holland, when Normandy was still his home.

His first agreements were, to allow ship-owners half-profits from the cargoes of old wines, French liquors, and fine porcelain, brought from Caen. By degrees, he chartered vessels at his own risk, in which he ventured on voyages to Friedland and Guelders, to negotiate for large supplies of cheese, the manufactories of which, in those countries, were extensive and celebrated.

To these ports he conveyed woollen fabrics, yarns, or wool in fleece, and, oc-

casionaly, various grains brought from England as an exchange.

From Normandy, his ships returned laden with eggs, vegetables, fruits, and poultry; now and then with flax, or mixed goods of linen and wool, as also the beautiful Norman lace.

He became once more a rich and influential man, while the blessing of God rested upon himself and his household. It seemed as if every project to which he laid his hand, or devoted his thought, prospered.

The multitude of porters, that might almost be styled an army, who loaded and discharged these cargoes; the numerous clerks, engaged in storehouses and counting-rooms, were all exiles from foreign lands, and nearly the whole number were Normans.

The ever-active, ever-patient Gillome watched with tender care over the wives and children of these employ  s; but to no living ear did she confide the secret of her own need of just such constant attendance.

The first, in the morning, to be found at the office, by the side of her husband, she took cheerful part in all his labors, she gave him wise counsel in all his mercantile perplexities; she instructed her daughters on every intricate point, that, if so ordained, they might replace her in the future.

The passing years, marked as they had been by an exile from home, by griefs submissively endured, by many cares silently borne, had undermined the vital strength of this brave, tender woman. Many white strands overlapped the dark brown hair of her once luxuriant tresses; and Phillis, so awake to every change in her adored mistress, and upon whom time had left no adverse trace, would exclaim, as she made her simple toilet, seated before the mirror:

"Alack-a-day! it is odd; but I, who once looked old enough to be the mother of Madame, might now pass her off for mine!"

Michel Bas  rat and his wife; the first of this devoted company who trod a for-

eign soil, were no longer pilgrims and sojourners there. They were laid away in the church-yard of one of their own modest sanctuaries, having escaped the darkness and turmoil of a fugitive's life. Their health rapidly changed under a strange sun, and the strong sea air proved unfriendly to their already depressed vitality.

Two children were born to them in Holland, to console their lonely hearts in exile. But the heart of the mother remained more than faithful, filled rather with a passionate love, to the daughters that had been ruthlessly torn from her arms in their helpless babyhood, and thus shut out forever from a mother's care. They were both fully grown, and had been always taught, by their Catholic guardian, to murmur at and condemn the religion of their parents, despising them in their hearts for what they deemed a false faith. Without taking the veil, they were yet devoted Romanists, permanent inmates of the convent where placed in childhood, and there tranquilly enjoying the ample fortune belonging to their parents,—now, alas! at so vast a distance,—which was administered for their benefit by their Catholic teachers. These latter were nearly all of them apostates from the Reformed sect, whose sleepy consciences would not be upbraided, nor cry to them with the loud voice that had so awakened M. P  ris to danger.

Michel Bas  rat had sought, indeed, for an energy of will sufficient to give himself up to commerce. But he had not succeeded in it. The whole bent of his mind was averse to its details. As he had erewhile refused to associate himself with his father in trade, so now his experiment ended with his Cousin P  ris by his urging the latter to draw up a schedule of stock on hand, then make valuation, and release him from all bonds.

A few months subsequent to this event, M. Bas  rat, weary of his exiled state, crushed by disappointment and adverse fate, after confiding his young son Pitre,

and daughter Martha, to the care of his faithful and beloved sister, died in great peace, fully resigned to leave a world which, since the days of his youth, had been crowded by anxious fears and much real sorrow. In six months, his wife followed him to her grave, while the aged parents still remained alive at Caen.

Suzanne and Madeleine had not as yet married, continuing with their brother in his home, until he died, and never weary of their hopeful endeavor to second him in any business interest he might prefer. Finding this a vain hope, they then pursued, on their own account, a small commerce, at first for mere occupation, and afterward to lessen an ever-increasing despondency. Their main delight consisted in cultivating in their small garden a variety of lovely flowers, which, in former years, had constituted a happy recreation to them in Caen. They had brought seeds with them that were gathered in Normandy, and thus, little by little, was the diminutive parterre brightly embellished. The entire atmosphere surrounding the quiet mansion exhaled a balmy, delicate perfume. Many of the passers-by stopped on their way to contemplate this beautiful coronet of flowers, of which the larger number were new in Holland. Not content with mere sight-seeing, these interested ones began to inquire if there were seeds or bulbs for sale. Suzanne, delighted with such questioning, would hasten to cut the most charming bouquets, as an incentive to purchase, and an attraction for others.

"Perhaps it will be possible for us in this manner to reap profit enough to keep our *ménage* without touching the sum left us by Michel," she said to her sister. "After a while we can have our friends send us other blooming plants from France, such as carnations and daisies. Flowers seem to be a passion with the people of this city; and having such fondness for them, I am certain we shall, in the end, reap a profitable revenue from their sale."

Pitre Basêrat and his sister Martha had thus been reared in the very midst of a

true rose-bower, and were often employed the livelong day in arranging the most tasteful groups for their soon numerous purchasers. But Pitre had far different instincts, even a desire for a much more extended commerce, and of enterprises in which the labor would be greater, and the risks proportionately large. He had just attained his fifteenth year, when he one day very boldly announced to his aunts his purpose of sailing for France.

"My Uncle Jean has lived a great many years in Normandy, without abjuring," said he, "and I do not see why I can not do the same. We have a nice lot of relations there, and why should I leave my cousins to gain every thing?"

"Thy Uncle Jean has never openly apostatized," answered Madeleine, "because his wife has always held him back from the edge of this miserable precipice," and, as she spoke, a dark cloud fell on her face. "I do not know the sister he has given us, but I am well assured that she is one who fears God and keeps his commandments. But you, my son, will have no such guardian there. On the contrary, thou wilt be tempted on every side. Thy uncle and his sons will not be able to give thee a room in their dwelling, and, although thou canst find a home under the roof with thy grandparents, they are very old, very infirm, and, if the good Lord takes them to himself, what is then to become of thee?"

"I know very well what I mean to do, my aunt," resolutely affirmed the boy. "I will interpret and teach foreign languages until all Caen shall admire me. That is one of the positions still left open to the Reformers in France, because they alone are educated for such high offices."

His Aunt Suzanne gazed at him with a half-amused, half-surprised expression, to find such precocious development in one they considered still a child. She recognized in it that instinct for active business engagements and practical work which had always been her own peculiar forte,—talents which had been brought vividly to the surface by adversity.

"Yes, thou canst speak German and

Dutch, it is true, and both must prove of benefit."

"But I have studied English and Spanish also, aunt," exclaimed Pitre, in triumph; "and I practice every day on the pier with the sailors who come from those countries, and I understand them very well, while they make out all that I say to them."

"Nice companions these for a Basèrat!" cried Madeleine, shrugging her shoulders. She could foresee that her more yielding sister would give up the point to her nephew, while her own contempt and distress at the thought of seeing him depart from Rotterdam, to place himself, as she believed, in circumstances that would endanger the salvation of his soul, could harbor nothing of palliation.

"We know very well how the Reformers live in France," she continued, but Pitre turned a deaf ear. Enchanted at finding a champion in his Aunt Suzanne, he laid open to them, without reserve, the project which had been so deliberately prepared by him in its every detail.

Madéleine stood leaning her elbow on her nephew's shoulder.

"And Martha?" she asked; "wilt thou leave her alone with us?"

Pitre colored as he replied:

"I wished to take her with me, but she would not hear of it!"

Madéleine's hot indignation rose to the surface.

"What! take Martha!" she cried, "to be sent to a convent prison, to join her sisters there,—to despoil us of every one of our treasures at once,—we who could never, never be persuaded to leave this country to return to, and forsake, the true faith in France; for thou *wilt betray* it, thou wilt fall away, thou wilt lose all principle, thou wilt be without faith, without the fear of God. Thou lovest well thy repose, thy ease,—they will torture thee, and then thou wilt sign thy name as a traitor to all good,—thou wilt go to mass, thou wilt forget all we have taught thee with prayers and tears, thou wilt break our hearts!"

Pitre was moved by this wild appeal, but it did not shake his purpose.

"I know well all that I owe to you, Aunt Madeleine," he said gently, and then added in a firmer voice, "but I know, also, what I owe to myself, and I promise never to forsake the creed my aunts have taught me. Remember, I pledge myself to that, in a solemn vow!"

Suzanne had fixed an observant and earnest eye on the lad while he spoke; then, turning toward her sister, she said, with tender dignity,

"My nephew will no sooner be guilty of apostasy than we ourselves would!"

Within the past few moments, she had fully recognized, in her young relative, that sentiment of honor and respect for the traditions of the past, which was in itself a guarantee against denial of their religious dogmas to the Reformers, when even the faith for which they suffered had no very vital action within their hearts. She fully understood the present feelings of her nephew, because of the firm principle betrayed in it; which experience, rather than any warm ardor of attachment, had ever sustained her own courage and her constancy.

She had often, in communion with herself, and then contemplating others, sighed with a regret that had in it, for a passing moment, something like envy, that she did not possess, as did her sister Madeleine, her Cousin Gillome, or even M. Pâris himself, that depth of religious fervor which ever preserved a warm atmosphere of devotion around them.

"Well! they have an interior something, that I have not,—so much is certain,—an inward enthusiasm which never can be mine, I suppose." Then, as quick as the thought was born, would come its bright reply, as her mind rose to a more just and dignified estimate of herself: "If it must be so, let it be! But what can hinder me that I should not be as good a Reformer as they?"

Pitre left Rotterdam, in pursuance of his plan, on board one of his Cousin Pâris's ships, sailing for the first time under the Holland flag. He carried with him gifts

for his old grand-parents, for his uncle Jean, the wife and children,—as also for the unknown ones, buried in convent-life among their bigoted Roman Catholic guardians.

Suzanne and Madeleine both preserved with pious reverence their family peculiarities, and the elder had not quite renounced her fancy for converting her neighbors. She wrote to her brother Jean, and sent by the hand of Pitre :

"Never was surprise or grief greater than ours at this moment, when the boy Pitre is about to leave us. But of this we will not speak.

"You told us, a long time ago, that your son was learning mathematics. The sciences are always a good thing to know, although I do not believe they add much to one's capacity for earning a livelihood. And when his course is finished, then will he not go over to the Jesuits? Ought you to suffer it?

"If he takes this step, it will surely lead to another still worse, and to us it will prove a fresh heart-sorrow; for he is our nephew, as near to us by blood as Pitre.

"Happily, this latter, who brings you my letter, can have no occasion to go into situations so dangerous in order to learn his calling; for the Jesuits, wise as as they profess to be, have not half the knowledge of different languages as your nephew, and it is by this acquirement we hope he may soon be able to find a good position. We recommend him to your kind care, and to that of our sister-in-law, to whom he is charged to deliver the spiced bread and Holland gin which we send to her with our love.

"MADELEINE."

Pitre was commissioned, at the same time, to present durable stuff for a coat, destined for young Claas Basèrat, whom his aunts affectionately bore in mind, spite of the crime he had committed, in their eyes, of studying mathematics with the Jesuits. From the time he was seven years old, the little boy Claas had kept the books of commercial correspondence for his father, and was now applying his

mind to a more complicated branch of business, in the hope of bringing to the firm a new and more useful department.

"Claas is more steady, and thinks deeper at seven years of age, than Hans will when he gets to be twenty!" wrote Jean Basèrat to his sisters, in his usual querulous way.

Strange as it may seem, these Norman children all bore foreign names, having had their godfathers and mothers selected for them from their relatives living in Holland. It was, nevertheless, essential, in order to make the children French citizens, to baptize the newly born, according to Roman Catholic forms, which, however, they assured the Reformers, was considered simply a civic ordinance. On such occasions, the Church substituted Catholic servants, living in the families of the Reformers, or they even called in two straggling mendicants that might happen to stand at the door of the cathedral.

Every time that Gillome learned by letter of the birth of a child among her relatives in Caen, she looked with loving gratitude at her last daughter, the young Rachel, who had been baptized by the good pastor M. de Bosq, with free, untrammelled hands, and pure heart that knew no fear.

"If we have the misfortune to live far away from our dear kinsmen in Caen, and are in exile as well, we are at liberty to walk in the truth as we see it," often soliloquized the pious woman. At the bottom of her heart, warm as her attachment had never ceased to be toward her native land, there lay a secret blame, almost contempt, for those who had not summoned courage enough to break the links that bound them to France, for conscience' sake.

Then Gillome would reproach herself for what she considered a hard judgment of others, and a lack of Christian charity,—her spiritual pride, as she was pleased to call it, though in truth never was soul more lowly!

On the next sailing day, after these inward murmurings at her absent kinsfolk, the ship would leave port, conveying

playthings of most curious device, corals, games, and sweet *bonbons* for the "poor children brought up in France, who were obliged to submit, even from their cradles, to a yoke of service, that would become, every day they lived, more insupportable for them to bear!"

After the departure of Pitre for France, so greatly in opposition, not only to the advice of his aunts, but also that of the other cousins, M. and Madame Pâris, the heart of Martha, his only sister, sank at prospect of the loneliness that must necessarily fall upon them all at Rosebower. The house of her aunts, at best, was a silent and serious one, none of the Reformers, indeed, having brought from France any save the most austere habits, so that young girls to whom, in other circumstances, life might have been full of elastic joy, were reared in a monotonous routine of domestic labor and religious duty. Pleasure, or even recreation, had no place among them. In France, their own country, there had been the cheerful reunions among friends and families, excursions to shady parks or rural villages, guests coming and going from distant provinces, that brought an occasional gay festival to the pious households, spite of their demure ways. In Holland, on the contrary, the only change in Martha's quiet life must be found in the frequent visits, accompanied by her aunts, to the residence of their cousin, M. Pâris.

But even this placid enjoyment was henceforth to be mingled, overshadowed rather, by a deep sorrow.

The lovely Gillome, true friend, fond wife and mother, had perceptibly declined in health for many months previous to this time. Each day now increased her feeble state. She had known it herself long before any other had remarked upon this languor, and she had fully set her house in order.

"Now that my children are so nearly grown," she often said to herself, "and do not need the care of a mother as in their younger years, I can let myself rest in the hands of our Lord."

Her husband, engrossed as he was by

the complications of a maritime commerce, scarcely gave himself leisure to perceive the ravages of disease in his wife. How could one who always greeted his coming with a happy smile of welcome, and fond words of good cheer, be ill? No! M. Pâris did not see.

And the daughters were young, and without experience,—how could they know? As for Phillis, she dared not breathe so dire a thing as imminent danger to one so beloved, even to herself. On a certain day, however, her trouble grew to proportions that could not keep silence any longer; and so it ended by her arresting the steps of Mesdames Basèrat, as they were leaving the mansion of their cousin, and curtly putting the question:

"How did you find Madame to-day?"

Suzanne stayed her progress onward, and cast a scrutinizing glance on the poor woman, with an evident endeavor to learn how much of the dread secret had been divined by the faithful servant. Phillis did not shed a tear as she thus questioned Suzanne, but planted her great feet and ankles yet more firmly on the stone landing, as if determined sturdily to resent any adverse opinion. Yet her trembling hand did not cease to tie and untie the corner of a handkerchief she held, in perceptible agitation.

"I fear she is going to die," answered Ma'm'selle Basèrat, with drooping, tearful eyes.

Phillis turned, with a brusque step, without a word, entered the kitchen, closed the door in a quick, sharp way; then wearily sank on her wooden seat, and bent her head under the terrible stroke, like an animal suddenly stricken by a sharp hatchet.

Only Madame Pâris saw Phillis on this evening, although it was late when she waited on her, and a dim twilight pervaded the room, when she came slowly out of her close retreat, with her face enveloped in a handkerchief.

"It is because I have bad teeth, that ache," she replied to her mistress's inquiry as to the cause of the muffling.

Gillome did not feel satisfied with the answer. Long scrutiny on the part of Madame Pâris had convinced her that Phillis's eyes were at length open to the swift-coming danger.

The gentle mistress of this household knew herself to be passionately beloved by this faithful domestic; so she waited until an hour, on the ensuing morning, when Phillis usually came to her apartment to receive orders for the day, to speak of that which lay so near her heart.

Until very lately, Madame Pâris had been the first on foot of all the house; when, descending to the kitchen, she would spend a busy half-hour in an oversight as to the state of the larder and domestic management in general. Now, such inspection had no place for any hour in the day. All that activity had passed away, and the peaceful invalid remained late within her upper room, Phillis carrying up her breakfast, which the mistress barely tasted as she still rested on her bed.

The tireless waiting-maid came softly forward on this calm morning, placed the small tray on the table by the side of her mistress, and was about turning away, when Gillome stretched out her hand and grasped that of the serving-woman, drawing her toward the couch.

"My dear friend, thou knowest how it is with me,—thou comprehendest it all?" said she, in a low whisper, looking at the same time steadily in the face of her humble friend.

Phillis averted her head, but answered, in broken, sobbing voice:

"Yes, yes; only too well. Do n't—do n't speak any more, dear lady!"

"But, Phillis, true, faithful friend and sister, I can and must open my heart to you now. Soon it will be too late. It is you who must now care for thy master and the children. Say that thou wilt never leave or forsake them, never cease thy watch over them, by going to live elsewhere. Promise me, old friend!"

Phillis laid hold of the tongs and poker, as if the fire required all her attention, brightening up the smoldering

coals in the grate; but not a word escaped her lips,—only a kind of suppressed moan.

"Thou dost not speak to me, Phillis, my woman; and yet thou knowest what a blessed comfort it is to be able to tell thee all. Ah, how it relieves my heart of its keenest anxiety!"

"Take me with you! O, take me with you!" was now the agonized cry of the devoted servant, just as she had said to her mistress in the old days, when Gillome explained to her their project of leaving Normandy.

The Madame smiled faintly as the almost frantic words of Phillis fell on her ear, and she murmured, in softest tone:

"In the place where I so soon am going, dear friend, God alone commands the voyagers!"

And then the distressed maid went out from the presence of her dying mistress. She had promised nothing,—she had not even made response to the overflow of heart-confidence poured into her ear by the cherished invalid; but the untiring watch of protection that she kept over the children, the redoubled care she threw around the father, anticipating his every need, were assurances stronger than speech, to Madame Pâris, of the full confidence she might place in the fidelity of her old domestic.

"What her two strong hands can do, I know will be done; and as for the rest, that belongs to our good Lord," Gillome often repeated to herself.

The family in the small dwelling now styled by all the refugees "Rose-bower," were at breakfast, a few mornings after the interview between mistress and maid in the sick chamber of Madame Pâris, Martha about to serve out the tea to her aunts,—this beverage, so popular in Caen with them, had rather increased in favor, and always made part of the more valuable gifts sent to their friends in France, its importation to Holland being a much larger traffic than in Normandy,—when Phillis rushed, at this early hour, into the dwelling, without apology, and almost without breath.

Suzanne tried to question her, but language seemed dead on the poor woman's tongue. Madeleine left the table in haste, divining trouble of some kind at her cousin's home; wrapped a mantle about her shoulders, and, throwing on a loose hood, followed the servant in silence. When they entered Gillome's sleeping apartment, she lay stretched on her low couch, wan, placid, resigned.

An hour before, while her second daughter stood assisting in the preparation of her mother's daily toilet, Gillome had been seized with spasms, so violent that a wild terror struck the heart of Rachel. It had long been her part of domestic duty thus to aid in the morn's robing of Madame Pâris, and always made up one of the most pleasant hours of the day to the young daughter. She found strength to lay the dear, convulsed form down on its usual resting-place; and then, with sobs and low cries, fled down the staircase for help.

Both hastened again to the upper room; but the quick feet of Phillis outran those of the young girl, and, reaching first the apartment, she sent out of it every one except her master.

"Do not let any person come up here," said she to the frightened children, who would fain have tarried; and, as one after another of the gentlemen with whom M. Pâris held daily interviews on commercial matters sought the private office of the merchant, each one experienced a surprise to find there a delicate young girl seated before the importer's desk, with red eyes and trembling hands, whose answer, in low, sweet cadence, was invariably the same:

"My mother is ill, Monsieur, and no one can see my father to-day."

When tranquillity succeeded in some measure the first overpowering fear and agitation, Phillis hastened to the home of Madeleine and Suzanne, to apprise them, as far as her tumult of grief would permit, of the great sorrow that was falling over them all. She paused on the way at M. de Bosq's to notify him also, in broken, unintelligible speech, of the dangerous

state in which she had just left his much-loved parishioner. The pastor followed the summons at once, and the three friends entered the now darkened, lonely apartment at the same moment. The experienced eye of M. de Bosq could not be deceived. He had stood too often on the sill of those doors whose rooms were portals to eternity, and well he knew that the time was indeed short for her who lay before them so languid, yet so calm.

"Peace be to this house!" was his solemn benediction, as he stood by the bedside of Gillome, lifting up his arms and eyes toward heaven. Then he took the emaciated hand of his dying friend, and spoke some gentle words of hope and courage to her always meek heart.

"Is there yet time for me, M. le Pasteur, once more to take the bread and drink the cup of my Savior?" she asked, raising her serene eyes to the minister's tearful ones.

M. de Bosq bowed his head in assent, and departed instantly in quest of the sacred service and emblems. The dying saint turned toward her Cousin Madeleine and, in a faint whisper, said:

"He will be very lonely, dear."

"No, not alone with his God," replied Madeleine, placing at the same time her arm about the fainting invalid.

"If he should wish, some day," continued Gillome, not heeding her cousin's answer,—*"if he should wish some day;"* and again she hesitated. . . . "my children are yet young and need care. . . . If he should ask you, Madeleine, to take their mother's place, you will not say no?"

She fixed her eyes in a suppliant way on her cousin. Mademoiselle Basêrat pressed the dear hands she held so tenderly, at first without reply, then she said:

"Nicholas will never marry again."

For an instant the woman and mother was in the ascendant at Madeleine's answer. Gillome closed her eyes with a little sigh of satisfaction, but, opening them as soon, she let the prayerful gaze rest once more on her cousin's face. Madeleine gave no more promise than

did Phillis; but with this one, also, the dying mother knew that her work and desire would be fully accomplished.

They raised Gillome to a half-reclining posture on large pillows, while around her bed stood an afflicted group of those who were nearest and dearest to her of all on this earth, to receive, for the last time together, the blessed communion of our Lord. Kneeling close at her side was the husband, plunged in a despair so deep and mute that scarce strength enough remained within him to join with his adored Gillome in that solemn feast of broken bread and consecrated wine, tendered to them by the grief-stricken pastor.

Madame Pâris extended her tremulous hand to M. de Bosq after the holy cere-

mony was finished, and pressed it to her lips. Then turning her dim eyes on M. Pâris, who had risen from his knees, and stood bending over the wasted form, she said, with inexpressible depth of love:

"Fold me once more in your arms, my dear one, those kind, protecting arms, as they have always been to me. It will be our last fond good-bye."

Soon her weary head drooped forward on her husband's breast, the eye-lids slowly closed, her sweet lips were forever sealed; and when M. Pâris raised himself from this parting embrace and kiss to his beloved, the one he held in his arms had escaped from every earthly bond, to her own country, even a heavenly. The mourner was left alone in his exile.

MADAME. DE WITT.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S WRITINGS.

THE time has passed when *all* novels are condemned by the religious world. We are learning to recognize the gifts of the poet, the artists, and the novelist as designed not to be idly laid aside in a napkin, but to be used reverently and earnestly in the Master's cause; and if the novelist, more than any other of earth's gifted ones, needs a strong incentive to a complete consecration of his God-given powers, he may find it in the fact of the many hearts who seem to have closed most of the avenues by which wise thoughts and holy aspirations may enter, while this one lies open and unimpeded.

But is there not danger that such views and feelings may interfere with the successful prosecution of novel-writing as a work of art? Will it not confine a writer to the narrow limits and artificial restraints of the technically religious novel? By no means. Does moral conscientiousness interfere with the painter's suc-

cess in an artistic point of view? Does it compel him to restrict himself to subjects technically recognized as sacred? Certainly not. It leaves him open to the gratification of all innocent emotions; he may paint a group of wild flowers, an idealized human face, a picturesque or sublime landscape, or he may indulge in the broadest caricature; but through it all, he must be careful that there is nothing to vitiate the taste, to lower the moral standard, or to weaken one's sense of reverence for that which has true dignity and holiness. Should he fail here, his mission as elevator ceases, the fine gold of his genius becomes dim, and he is recreant to the trust imposed in him. So with the novelist; with pen in hand he may make vivid word-pictures; he may depict natural scenery, till we seem to see it with our bodily eyes; he may make his ideal characters so live and move before us that to our inner consciousness they grow more real than

many of the people we meet in actual life; he may show their loves, their friendships, their guilty passions, and the agony of their repentances; he may make us weep or laugh just as he listeth; but in proportion to the greatness of his power shall be the measure of his responsibility; therefore, he must make no jest of that which should excite our reverence; he must, if he would be a moral power in the land, never confound our sense of right and wrong, but while depicting evil, he must always recognize it *as* evil, and good *as* good.

He must also remember that he is called upon to exercise his conscience in the choice of his subjects. Many things could be selected by the painter for pictorial delineation which would serve no end, moral or æsthetic. None but a depraved appetite, he instinctively knows, could view them with other than repulsive feelings. So there are spiritual conditions so morbid that only a vitiated moral sense can be gratified or created by the vivisections to which a novelist subjects them.

I am aware that it is late in the day to question the moral influence of Miss Brontë's writings. I know that they are sometimes placed by careful, fastidious mothers in the hands of their young daughters; that they take their place unchallenged on the shelves of circulating libraries, over which a rather rigid censorship is exercised; that, elegantly bound, they occupy posts of honor on center-tables, from which an acknowledged immoral book would be sedulously excluded; and yet, in the face of all these things, I question their moral tone, and earnestly ask, Who has ever felt quickened to a better life by their perusal? In what I am about to say, I confine my remarks mostly to "*Jane Eyre*," as the best known, and probably most powerfully influential of all her writings. And first, I call attention to the fact that there are but few Christian characters in the book. We are first introduced to a family, every member of which is repulsive. First, Mrs. Reed, who takes the orphan

child (her husband's niece), a holy trust committed to her care by her dying husband, and fulfills the letter of the bequest while systematically violating the spirit, giving long years after, on her death-bed, as a justification of her conduct, the assurance that she *hated* her. Throughout the whole life of Mrs. Reed down to a death-bed that is utterly repugnant to all our better feelings, we look in vain for one redeeming trait of character, unless we may consider as such the love she lavishes upon children whom she foolishly indulges and spoils, and from whom she wins no atom of filial affection. The other three members of the family, two daughters and a son, are not more lovable. The boy is a violent tyrant; the one girl, frivolous and vain of her beauty; the other, stern and harsh, with the singularly unchildlike trait of extreme penuriousness in a high state of development. There may possibly be such strangely unattractive families in the world, but most of us would want very strong inducements ere we would seek their acquaintance in real life. But the scene changes, and the little orphan leaves the house which has been no home to her, for the shelter of a boarding-school. Here we meet two really beautiful characters, Helen Burns and Miss Temple,—a gentle, gifted scholar, and a rarely sympathetic teacher. These two, their love for each other, and their conscientious discharge of difficult and distasteful duties, form the only pleasant, green oasis in the dreary desert of life at Lowood Institute.

Here looms up the first clergyman of the book, the most disagreeable specimen of a profession that fares badly at Miss Brontë's hands. I may remark, in passing, that the ministers she pictures are almost all hypocritical or ambitious or frivolous or violently egotistic, and many times these traits are all combined in the same luckless individual. But to return to Mr. Brocklehurst, the patron of Lowood Institute (which, by the way, is a charitable institution for orphans). The extent of his parsimony can only be

characterized by the expressive Saxon adjective, "stingy;" he is a Paul Pry, examines the stockings hanging on the clothes-line to see that the teachers make the pupils keep them in a creditable state of repair, and visits the laundry to see that the pupils are limited to a single tucker a week. When the scorched porridge has been sent away by the conscientious teacher because it is uneatable, and a lunch of bread and cheese served instead, he administers a reproof that, to a sensitive mind, borders on profanity:

"You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is not to accustom them to habits of luxury and self-indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental spoiling of a meal occur, the incident should not be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and subverting the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on these occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity to refer to the sufferings of the primitive Christians, to the tortments of martyrs, to the exhortations of our blessed Lord himself, calling on his disciples to take up their cross and follow him; to his divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' O, madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burned porridge into these children's mouths, you may feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

In the very same scene between Mr. B. and the teacher, we are treated to a view of his holy horror as he raises his hands at the sight of a girl with "curls!" a horror that is not allayed by assurance that the hair twines itself into natural ringlets.

"Naturally!" he says. "But we are not to conform to nature. I wish these girls to be the children of grace. That girl's hair must be cut off to-morrow. There

are others with too much of the excrescence," etc.

And while he talks, his wife and daughters enter the room (for it is their visiting day at Lowood) rustling with silks, gay with feathers, velvet, and furs, and with a profusion of elaborate curls! Appropriate commentary.

An act of cruel punishment, which wins him the hatred of our heroine, follows, and this day's visit to Lowood is at an end. He never reappears in a more winning light.

Bad food in insufficient quantity, malarial influences, etc., bring typhoid to Lowood, and there is but one bright spot on the record, the trusting, hopeful death of the gentle, much-trying Helen.

Years passed on, and Jane Eyre finds herself a governess. A beautiful house, with beautiful surroundings, is Thornfield Hall, her present home. A bright child, Adele, is her pupil; Mr. Rochester, the master of the home and the guardian of the little girl, is away, and a very quiet life apparently stretches before the three who now live together. Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, Miss Eyre, the governess, and the little Adele. But the plot grows terribly intense in interest, the master returns, wins the love of the poor governess, woos her, and nearly consummates a match, which is only broken off at the altar by the strange information that the bride-groom has a wife, a raving maniac, sheltered under the very roof where they have all been living. So much by way of refreshing my reader's memory in the plot which many of us read years ago. It is the character and not the plot which just now engages our attention.

Why Mr. Rochester's wooing should have prospered at first is a mystery to many of us; all of Miss Brontë's strong men are domineering, they *command* love and secure it. When first introduced to Miss Eyre, he says, in a commanding tone, "Let Miss Eyre be seated;" and Miss Brontë adds, "there was something in the tone that seemed to say, 'What the deuce is it to me whether Miss Eyre

be there or not?" But Miss Eyre regards his "eccentricity" as "piquant." The man's dictatorial manner continues; he overlooks the drawings of his governess, saying, "Fetch me your port-folio if you can vouch that its contents be original; but don't pass your word unless you are certain. I can recognize patch-work."

He alludes to the little girl, her scholar. "I am not fond of the prattle of children. . . . It would be intolerable for me to pass the whole evening *tête-à-tête* with a brat." Alluding to the gentle old lady, his housekeeper, he says, "I do not particularly affect simple-minded old ladies." A few evenings later, Miss Eyre describes a rather different mood, "less stern and gloomy;" "a sparkle in his eye, probably from wine." Instance after instance of a dictatorial manner, which would become intolerable to most women, only fascinate Miss Eyre and make the odious man an interesting study to her.

Ugly in person, unpleasant in manners, perhaps there was something in his past life, that, when he chose to confide it to her, won her pity, and thus her love. Let us see: at first he speaks enigmatically of a "gush of bilge-water that had turned his life to fetid puddle;" he speaks of himself as being "hackneyed in all the poor, petty dissipations with which the rich and worthless try to put out life." Then follow more circumstantial details. The reader will remember that the following confession is made by an innocent, pure-minded girl of eighteen:

"Adele," he says, "is the daughter of a French opera-dancer for whom I once conceived a 'grande passion.'" The whole history of the intrigue, of the jealousy aroused by the discovery that she is faithless, is poured into Jane's ear, and she listens and occasionally questions. Shall I transcribe some of the details? The world calls it a *moral* book. Why should I not?

"Opening the window, I walked in upon them, gave Celine notice to vacate the hotel, furnished her a purse for present exigencies, disregarded screams, hysterics, prayers, protestations, convulsions.

Next morning I had the pleasure of encountering him; left a bullet in his poor etiolated arm, feeble as the wing of a chicken in the pip, and then thought I had done with the whole crew. . . . Some six months before, she had given me this fillette Adele, who, she affirmed, was my daughter. . . . I acknowledged no natural claim on the part of the child to be supported by me, for I am not her father; but hearing that she was quite destitute," etc.

His manner changes, grows generally more cordial, "still imperious," but "'t was his way;" the courtship is a "fierce" one; the unsuspecting bride is led to the altar, there to find the banns forbidden, and to hear the unwelcome truth of a wife still living. Listen to the seducing words this strange man uses, when he insists that Jane shall still share his life, though so fatal a bar exists to the legal solemnization of their union. Jane has refused.

Now for the hitch in Jane's character. Like a reel of silk it had run smoothly, but here comes the tangle. . . . More solicitations. "'Jane! will you hear reason?—he stooped and approached his lips to my ear—because if you won't, I'll try violence.'"

Jane quits him and flees from him, but not till he has made this plea in extenuation of his actions: he is describing "the character of *that* woman, and the circumstances attending his *infernal* union with her." His father had arranged the marriage because it was a wealthy alliance. "Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me; a marriage was achieved almost before I knew where I was." And yet this brave hero was a man in years at the time of this marriage which afterward became so hateful to him! "I was dazzled, stimulated, my senses were excited, and being raw and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. What a pigmy intellect she had, and what giant propensities! . . . I knew that while she lived I could never be the husband of another and better woman, and yet her

body was stout in proportion as her mind was infirm. . . . Madness came on, superinduced by her own excesses."

And this man, legally bound to another one, stands by the side of her he had attempted to deceive, and whom he still urges to a life in foreign countries where she shall be known as his wife, and details even more shameful connections than the one with which she is already familiar; he tells of an Italian mistress, and of a German one, and now nothing will satisfy his nature's need and lift him up to a higher plane but a life (albeit it must be an illegal one) with the petite English girl whose love he has won. And yet these revelations, and the base attempt to deceive her, do not remove the glamour her love has cast over him. She resists his entreaties. She quiets his violent threats, eludes his vigilance, and escapes him. Later on in the book we have another stern commanding man with manners as imperious, but with a purer record, than Mr. Rochester. He, Mr. St. John, is *one* of her best types, if not *the* best, of a devoted minister of the Gospel, and yet he is obnoxious. He sacrifices the woman he loves and who loves him to a stern sense of what he conceives to be duty; he urges marriage with a woman whom he makes no pretense of loving, because he believes her adapted to the life he has marked out for himself, a life which is a grotesque mixture of worldly ambition and religious devotion. But I forbear to make further extracts; and only ask, What is the influence upon the reader of the perusal of this strange book? Does it refresh and rest him? Rather, does he not rise from it dazzled by its genius, charmed with its rare descriptive passages, excited by the rapid transitions and terrible situations in the plot, and yet feeling that he has been dragged through filth, that some portion of the terrible "bilge-water" has been injected into his life, that he has been eating forbidden fruit and has gained a knowledge of evil? In short, is it not a book that leaves "a bad taste in the mouth?"

I have already alluded to the fact that the moral character of Miss Brontë's writings is now comparatively unquestioned; and yet at first this was not the case. Lying before me is a copy of an English magazine containing a review of this first book, while the author's name and sex were still a secret. The writer argues, not only from the masculine style, but from the writer's acquaintance with so much of evil, that it was the production of a man. The book was generally denounced as "bad." Miss Brontë knew of this; she was not surprised when Thackeray said to her: "Miss Brontë, we have one point in common. The world accuses us both of having written bad books."

It is not at all unusual for a writer's genius to remain unnoticed for many years after he has ventured to publish his thoughts, though he finally may win an audience and recognition. Hawthorne will occur to many minds as an illustration of this; others there are whose productions are not unnoticed, but their genius denied, and a storm of obloquy poured upon their methods, and yet they may patiently bide their time and find the verdict reversed and themselves crowned with laurels. Such was Wordsworth's fate. But when contemporary critics condemn the moral tone of writings, whose magnetic power no one disputes, the verdict is rarely reversed, posterity pronounces it correct, and the book is read stealthily, if at all, and soon sinks into oblivion. But this is not the case with the writer under review.

We turn from the old criticisms in stately quarterlies which said the "general tendency of the book is to show that all Christian profession is bigotry, all Christian practice hypocrisy." We turn from the old charge of "extreme coarseness," to find Charlotte Brontë's name a household word, to find young American women, when traveling in Europe, making, with something of a pious feeling, pilgrimages to the shrines her genius has consecrated. The solution of all this must be, that we have learned to love the

woman when her sad life has been revealed to us, and so have forgiven the author's faults.

Surely few human lives that have ever found a biographer are fuller of pathos than that of Charlotte Brontë. When a great modern preacher,* after telling of the "men and women waiting in the market-places in all sorts of ways, watching for the coming of the master to set them to work," casts about him for an illustration, he can find none more fitting than this "shrinking, timid, near-sighted woman, among the Yorkshire hills, saying to herself, What shall I do?" He has spoken of the "weary, patient eyes," "the hungry look," "the tingle and beat in nerve and brain," "the eager wistfulness and readiness in the faces of the waiters," and in none of those he selects as typical of this weary, expectant waiting, do we find all the signs meet as in her. "It has been a long sore trial to wait and watch as she has done. In her life-time she has known not a few of her own age who have already solved that problem; some are wedded and happy in their homes; others have found their true places, as teachers, writers, or artists, and are already crowned with honor. This woman has had great sorrows and sore losses, and her day is wearing on into the afternoon; still she has heard no voice bidding her go work in the vineyard. There is a letter written to Wordsworth † while she stands there in the market-place waiting for the master, that is, in my opinion, the most pathetic cry ever heard in our life-time. 'Sir,' she says, 'I earnestly entreat you to read and judge what I have sent you. From the day of my birth to this day I have lived in seclusion here among the hills, where I could neither know what I was nor what I could do. I have read, for the reason that I have eaten bread, because it was a real craving of nature, and have written on the same principle. But now

I have arrived at an age when I must do something. The powers I possess must be used to a certain end, and, as I do not know them myself, I must ask others what they are worth; there is no one here to tell me if they are worthy; and if they are worthless, there is none to tell me that. I beseech you to help me.' What she sends to Wordsworth then is poor; she has written many volumes, all poor; has waited in the market-place and done no work; but at last the master walking there, sees her wistful face turned toward him, and says, 'Go into my vineyard.' Then she bends over some small folded sheets of coarse paper till her face almost touches them, and in one book she storms the heart of England and America, and in the one hour that was left her she 'won her penny.'"

Following this strange life, we forget to ask the value of the "penny" she won. We see the crotchety father, who, from principle, feeds his children exclusively on potatoes; who, horrified at what seems to him the sinfulness of worldly conformity burns "the pretty red shoes of the baby," and cuts his wife's silk dresses to pieces; we follow the little motherless group at their strangely precocious occupations, grow so indignant at the account of the Cowan Bridge School that we can almost forgive any exaggeration in the caricature to which she afterwards subjects it under the title of Lowood Institution; we grieve for the survivors after Maria's happy release; strive in vain to fathom the character of the enigmatical Emily; but our feelings rise to something akin to horror when the only brother, the talented and idolized Branwell, shows himself as an incarnate fiend. We no longer wonder at the strange knowledge of evil which Jane Eyre reveals when we hear of the infamous confessions which Branwell pours into his sister's ears,—confessions which the biographer but hints at, but which reappear in Charlotte's writings in all their prurient details. We find that the foul blasphemies they hear, are supposed by these girls, living a life of isolation, unused to the world's ways,

*Robert Collier, of Chicago, in "The Life That Now Is."

† Was not the letter addressed to Southey?

to be but common accompaniments of genius. We see the sister composing "Jane Eyre" when Branwell is at his worst; and we no longer wonder that these girls shut up in seclusion among the hills, and to the lonely life of a country clergyman's daughters, should be so familiar with strange forms of guilt; they painted vice unblushing and rampant, because as such they saw it in the "only man, except their father, with whom they were brought into close contact, whose minds they could read." All three of the girls wrote books; but the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Anne, and "Wuthering Heights," by Emily, unredeemed by the rare genius of Charlotte, and blotted by her faults of coarseness, soon sunk into oblivion.

Thus admitted to the private life of this much suffering woman, is it strange that when we learn that a suggestion of evil is the one thing that pains her in the criticisms of her works, the last drop to the cup of bitterness she is called to drink,—is it strange, that critics grow sympathetic, drop their objections, and dwell rather upon that which admits of praise? Who could resist such an appeal as this, written by the author herself, which I copy from an old number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, dated July, 1857?

"HAWORTH, NEAR KEIGHLY, YORKSHIRE, }
July 8, 1853. }

"To the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*:"

"SIR,—I think I can not be doing wrong in calling your attention to a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the *C. R.* for April. I mean an article noticing 'Villette.'

"When first I read that article, I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable; of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since arisen so heavy as to lead me to revert to their origin. . . .

"The passage to which I particularly allude characterizes me as an 'alien, it might seem, from society and amenable to none of its laws.' . . .

"Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded person nor unjust thinker. . . . [Here follows a long explanation in regard to the circumstances of her life.] Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he can not now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped the shaft he shot at me, but when again tempted to take aim at other prey, let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the Golden Rule.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,

C. BRONTË."

But life grows broader to Miss Brontë; the literary world opens its arms to receive her; the horror drops out of her own home, for Branwell dies. For her sake, we thank God for the lucid interval, the few days ere life departs, when natural affection reasserts itself, and the sin-worn, burdened man is the loving brother again. With fresh experiences of men, she draws purer ideals. "Shirley" is a better book; and yet, does it invigorate? Do we feel that we are in the atmosphere of breezy, moral heights? Is the book a *tonic*? Alas! no. The trail of the serpent is still perceptible. I have no space to deduce illustrations; I only give the general impression. But there was a purifying influence at work.

We all know the history of George Sands' novels,—at first, so impure that only their rare genius enabled them to live; but toward the last, gentle, pure tales to which the sternest moralist needs offer no objection, and not only thus negatively good, but with a positive element which moved the reader to holier purposes and higher aspirations.

Such, we feel sure, must have been Miss Brontë's career had it not been cut short by death. Peace to her memory. Remembering that no criticism hurt her but those which struck at the *moral* quality of her work, we yet feel sure that with her large brain and good heart, the time would have come when she herself would have condemned those first attempts.

V. C. PHÆBUS.

THE NEWS WHICH CAME TO ASHER'S.

THE cattle stood up to their knees in the creek, and every bird in the woods sat silent or whirred about in a languid, discouraged way, it was such boiling Summer weather. The men were afraid of sunstroke, and would not go back to their threshing before two o'clock, in spite of Job Asher's exhortations. Both great doors of the barn were open, and some lounged on the floor in a pleasant breeze, while others lingered on the east porch of the house, or even explored the prim dark parlor. Thirteen strong voracious threshers were quartered for the day, and perhaps for several days,—the length of their stay depending on the amount of grain to be thrashed and the durability of the machine,—at Job Asher's. They had eaten a huge dinner, and there was only one woman to wait on them all. She was not standing in the cool creek along with the happier cattle, at that time of day, I warrant you, nor resting herself in such air as might be stirring, after the morning's labor of cooking for her army. While the men lounged and Job Asher fretted, his sallow, sad wife went stooping around her kitchen, washing the dishes, and preparing things for supper. Really it seemed that her vitality must be exhausted at the next step, but she knew she should keep on walking and working like a machine until all which was required of her was finished. She had long survived that period when she could find any pleasure in accomplishing tasks or the thrift to which her husband exhorted her. Poor Mrs. Asher was a broken spring—a stretched out bit of elastic. She wished Jule were there. If Jule had gotten home in time for the threshing, she should n't have had it so hard. Jule sort of rested her, just by being in the house! She really smiled slowly, and with a wan glistening of the face, as she thought of her bounding, ruddy seventeen year old girl. Jule meant to get home, but school was not out until that

very day, and the child's father did not want her to miss any of the advantages which cost him so much cash.

Mrs. Asher recollected, as she rubbed the dishes off, how long she and the dear girl had besieged the father for the privilege of that one year at boarding-school, and how reluctantly he consented. Julia went away the September before. She had been gone nine whole months, during which time they had not seen her face. It is doubtful whether Julia would ever have seen the inside of a boarding-school had not Pettibone been sending his girls to one; and whatever Pettibone did, Job Asher was bound either to contest or outdo. There was a feud between the two farmers, which began with some sheep and dogs when they were young men just getting a foothold on the soil of which both now owned so many acres. In those days Pettibone had called Job Asher a "wooden-headed skinkflint," and Job Asher had called Pettibone "a puffed up booby," and they had lived their neighborly lives, keeping up mutual annoyances ever since. If Pettibone favored a preacher, Job Asher set his face against that innocent man. If Job Asher was put forward for agricultural honors of any kind, Pettibone sneered at him all the time he was discharging his duties. The Pettibone girls and Jule Asher quarrelled at district-school. Mrs. Asher and Mrs. Pettibone never dared to become friendly at social meetings; but in their later years, both the overworked women, who felt they were being pushed down to the grave long before their natural time, thought how foolish the disagreement between their families was, and perhaps in Sunday afternoon prayer-meetings they said kind, encouraging texts especially for each other. Not thus was it with Job Asher and Pettibone; if Asher made a prayer, he did so beg the Almighty to bring down the stiff-necked and the proud, and to show them the

judgments of Sinai, that Pettibone at once felt called on to rise, puff out his portly person, and deliver himself in pertinent remarks on the subject of people's making so little progress in spiritual life, and remaining in their first narrowness and meanness!

Pettibone prospered in a better way than did Job Asher. He made his home comfortable, and it became quite a thoroughfare of hospitality. He handled stock, and took shares in banks, and became quite the great patriarchal father of the soil. Job Asher, on the other hand, set out with a greedy hunger for land. He lived in the same old house his forefathers occupied, and added no improvements. He allowed his wife no help, and kept down the social and refining wants of both wife and daughter. He was always "land poor." It was harder to cajole five-dollars from his pocket than to earn five times that amount at hod-carrying. Pettibone's ways were not his ways; yet he was not going to let Pettibone carry a high hand over him; he did n't choose to spend and not spare, but his daughter would sometime ride over the thriftless Pettibones, and she should be educated as well as they were. So she was allowed to go to boarding-school, but in a way which made her the butt of the Pettibone girls, and taxed her proud spirit more than she would ever tell. Job Asher would pay the exorbitant school bill,—and she might have extras if the Pettibone girls did,—but clothes were another matter. Clothes were a fleeting and evanescent vanity—Job Asher aimed at the solid. Julia Asher went through her collegiate year clad worse than any other girl in the institution, and stinted and mortified in every way. But she had a brave, sensible nature, and taking hold of her advantages, she tried to live in them, and forget her mortifications. But who likes, especially at seventeen, to be an oddity and a sort of pariah? Times were when her life was a burden in spite of all the long desired advantages. But she found a friend in Charley Pettibone, an unex-

pected ally even in the midst of the enemy's camp.

Charley Pettibone was the oldest son of the family, and had been a year or two at college,—a college for both young men and young women,—before his sisters came. Jule Asher's calico and rough boots first attracted his attention from very elegant and befrizzled young ladies who were her classmates. Her apt recitations and questioning mind made her a comrade for him. He had been brought up to think little of the Ashers; yet he beheld one of the class who challenged not only his respect but his admiration. Julia was a child; he felt quite a man; and, therefore, when he found her one evening in the dusky chapel crying passionately over some mortification, and as passionately determined to endure it without asking her father to do any thing more for her, he undertook to console her. He leaned against the window while Jule dried her eyes, and delivering himself of his own and his father's opinion, declared,

"It's a shame! your father has n't any idea of the decencies of life, Jule!"

It was the clan call. Julia straightened herself.

"I said I was silly enough to cry because Nora Dickinson had no better breeding than to laugh about my everlasting calico, and I did n't mean to ask father for any thing more. But I did n't dispute my father's judgment in putting me in calico, did I?"

"Well, you know he is stingy," urged Charley, uneasily, finding himself in the predicament of having his sympathies thrown back on his hands.

"Well, I'm thankful he has n't the faults of some other people," retorted the Asher.

"I do n't think my father's perfect," proceeded Charles; "and I must say, I do n't see why the two families have to bicker always."

And returning to the subject at intervals, the young man eventually found out that two members, at least, of the rival families, need never differ any more.

They grew to be quite of one mind. They consulted frequently on hard questions in mathematics; they had something to say on the languages—and perhaps in a language—to each other. The affair grew right up before the Pettibone girls—before they could believe their eyes; but when they did believe their eyes, they wrote home to father, and by that time vacation had come.

Pettibone had threshers at his house on that hot day when the letter came, stating explicitly that Charley owned to being engaged to "that Asher girl." One of his men brought the mail, and the ro-tund farmer read this bit of news after a delightful dinner, which in nowise mollified him. Threshing at Pettibone's was not a labor to disturb the flow of family life. There was an abundant table and the usual army of laborers, but a cook and her assistant shared the trial with Mrs. Pettibone, whose only desire was to get through with this necessity of farm-life, and have the house in order before "the girls" came home; the girls who were going East with a party of school-mates for a few weeks, to return and flood the place with company until September. Her overwork was a different kind from Mrs. Asher's, and perhaps carried more pleasure with it, but was overwork all the same.

"It'll be a very easy matter to settle Charles." Pettibone was angry, but in a lofty and benevolent way which became a man of his avoirdupois and influence. He would just meet Charles at the depot and have a talk with him; there would be a good opportunity, for the girls were not coming home, and they would have the carriage to themselves. Charles was his eldest and his pride. He would send the young man East for awhile until he overcame this fancy. He did n't know though but it would be better to let the boy see that Asher set at home; *that* would cure him! Pettibone left his threshers to attend to their business, and drove slowly away toward the station to meet the train. It was a very hot day; he was inclined to get along slowly, and

as he passed the lane leading up to the Asher's, it occurred to him to go in and have a word with Job. If Job's girl had any designs on Charles, he would have it out with Job himself.

Asher's men had gotten reluctantly up to resume their labors, and he was perspiring with an inward fire of haste as great as the outward heat of the sun. Job Asher was a lean, brown, sharp-eyed man, and Pettibone looked at him with all his old dislike intensified. Mrs. Asher, hearing carriage-wheels, came to the door and looked out eagerly; the eagerness died out of her face, and she shrunk back hiding her soiled apron as she saw her neighbor. She thought Jule had come from the train. Her husband had no time to go after the child to-day. He said some of the neighbors could bring her over, and he would get her trunk home some time when he went to town with grain. He was too busy to take out a team just to bring her in. She had been gone nine months, and her mother's heart was almost breaking to see her, and her mother's back was literally breaking for the relief her willing young hands would bring. But threshing is one thing and women are another. Of the two subjects, Job Asher was most devoted to threshing.

"Hullo, Job!" said Pettibone, drawing his lines, and giving his neighbor a curt nod.

"Well, Pettibone," replied Asher, coming forward with ill-will in every line of his hard face, and chaff from the grain covering him. He carried a wooden rake in one hand, and tried to look the contempt he felt for the man riding in his carriage.

"Hot day, is n't it?"

"Yes, powerful hot. Threshing to-day up your way?"

"Been at since five. I'm just going over to the train now to meet my boy."

"Comin' from school, eh? I expect my girl to-day, but I hain't got time to look after her. I've got to look after her sustenance and providin' for her future; so I can't afford to loll around in

carriages and let my farm go to the dogs, just now."

"If you mean to intimate that my farm's going to the dogs," said Pettibone, his black eyes snapping, "I can assure you I ain't intending to let you have it. You're always standing with your mouth open ready to snap up any piece of land around. I'd rather see my family decently circumstanced, if I was you, than to be heapin' up what I could n't take with me."

"You can't take nothing you've got with you, I bet," exclaimed Asher, hotly. "And for all the airs of some people in this neighborhood, my daughter will be better fixed than any of them—after while."

"She's her father child," said Pettibone with a sneer. "Looking out for the future and sparing no pains to help herself to all she can. Do you know, sir," cried the fat farmer, giving way to the wrath boiling within him, "that your girl has got my boy to promise to marry her?"

The lean farmer struck his rake on the ground.

"That is n't so, sir. My daughter would n't take up with none of the Pettibone set!"

"I tell you it is so, sir; and it's got to be stopped!"

"And I tell you, sir, that your son can't have my daughter; and if he comes 'round here I'll set the dogs on him."

"Set the dogs on my son, sir! I'll horse-whip you if you do, sir!"

"Get off my place, sir!"

There was a pause in the threshing, and the threshers, winking and nodding to each other, drew nearer this conference.

"You're a contemptible, narrow-souled snail," hurled Pettibone, perspiring plentifully, as he began to turn his horse's head; "you're in the same little shell that your grandfather started in. If a son of mine ever dared mention to me that he wanted to marry your girl, I'd cut him off without a cent; so that's your warning, sir. Tell her that she'll

get nothing by that transaction, if she tries to carry it out."

"And your warning, sir, is the same old warning," shouted Asher. "Your dog came and killed my sheep once, and the whole tribe of you have been trying to prey on me ever since. Your dog'll be shot like that un was afore, so keep the puppy at home."

"That's a way for Church brethren to commune!" observed one thresher to another.

Pettibone started out of the farm-yard gate, even his sorrel horse seeming to shake the Asher dust off his hoofs, but the way was blocked by a messenger bringing a warning different from those which the two men had been sending to each other. This was Abijah Pence; his nag was dripping, and the tall, lean colt behind it looked but the spirit of a colt.

"My gracious!" cried Abijah Pence, shaking two fingers at the farmers, "have n't you heard the news?"

Now, Abijah being always as full of news as a walnut is of meat, nobody felt startled by this introduction; but when he proceeded, Pettibone drew his lines with a spasmotic grip, and Asher ran up and down like an insane man.

"The two-twenty train from the East off the track down here—hundreds of passengers smashed in the wreck—a burning axle caused it—and the whole on fire!"

"What are you saying, Abijah Pence?" called Pettibone, hoarsely. "That's the train my son's on!"

"That's the train my daughter's on!" cried Asher, jerking one of the horses insanely. "unhitch this beast this minute. The threshing'll have to wait, men. I've got to go over there, and see to my daughter!"

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Asher, coming down to the barn lot, with her kitchen sun-bonnet on.

Pettibone had lashed his horses; but he paused and stood up in his carriage.

"Get in with me, both of you," he called, his face white and stiff. "Get in Job Asher; our children's burning to

death, if they ain't mangled corpses already. There's no use quarreling about *them* now."

The lean farmer, without a word, helped his half-fainting wife into his enemy's carriage, and his hickory shirt-sleeve rubbed Pettibone's frantic elbow as it urged the galloping horse to the scene of the disaster. Job Asher was a mean, miserable man, but he *was* a man, as God knew. His jaws were set like iron, while poor Pettibone's plumper face worked spasmodically.

"Pears like you could make more speed if we was out, neighbor Pettibone," he said, humbly. "I do n't want to hinder you."

"O, do n't speak of that," begged Pettibone; "do you think I could leave you behind, and go on to see my son, and your little girl, maybe, cryin' to you all the time?"

"Oh, my Julia!" wailed Mrs. Asher, rocking herself and wringing her hard hands. "The kindest, lovin'est child that ever was born! 'O, mother,' she says in her letter, 'I'm getting the good education, but I'll be so glad when the holidays come, so I can come home and help you. I'm afraid you work too hard, mother,' says she. Lord, how can I give up my child? O, Lord, lay not this burden on thy tired, tired handmaid! Oh, my child, my child!"

"She was mine, too, mother," put in Job Asher, hoarsely.

"And mine, in a measure," said Pettibone, "if my boy was wantin' to marry her. She *was* a likely, fine little girl. My boy was a fine boy, too."

"That he was," assented Job Asher. "As bright and forward a young man as I ever see. Do you s'pose there's any hope that they may be saved? Abijah Pence loves his tall stories so."

Pettibone lashed his galloping horse afresh.

"I was in a railroad wreck once," said he. "It's a chance if they escape; but the wreck being on fire!—"

They dashed on at a furious rate.

When they reached the scene of terror,

the poor, panting animal was ready to stand of his own accord, and the three distracted people ran around seeking their children. A crowd had already gathered; men were trying to force open the heaped up cars with axes and crow-bars. The train was thrown into a dry ravine, known in that neighborhood as Black Lick. The buried engine fired the rest of the heap. Job Asher looked down and saw a swimming panorama of men panting up the bank with helpless and groaning shapes in their arms; of long cars, half-shattered, half-bent; he heard shouts and yells and the long *s-s-s!* of escaping steam, the roar of ascending fire, and he felt its terrible heat. Pale, yellow tongues of flame were gathering color and volume. Mrs. Asher hung to Job's arm, trembling in every limb and shrieking with all her remaining strength. The capable and energetic farmer, who always wanted the head and direction of every business, was dazed and half-senseless. He followed Pettibone's lead when Pettibone dashed down the bank among the rescuers, and he found himself chopping and shouting with the rest; but through every yellow sheet of flame, through every panel of the smoking carriages, he seemed to see his dear girl's face reproaching him. "Yes, it's too late now, father," her silent voice said. "I'm lost to you. You can't do any thing for me any more. I know you were living for me, but you made my life just as hard as if you were living against me. What good does all your pinching and stinting do now? You have more land than any man in the county; but you bought it with mother's comfort and mine."

Of course Julia Asher would never have spoken so to her father; she was too loyal to him for that; but the farmer's conscience, still taking the dying girl's face and voice, continued to reproach him.

"You had't time to bring me home, father," it continued; "you had the threshers to attend to. But God had time, though he had the universe to attend to."

Nearly fifty persons were brought out,

but not one of the agonized faces was familiar to either of the farmers. At last the smoke and heat drove all the workers back.

"We can't do any thing for 'em if there is any more inside," said a man who was singed and bleeding from his reckless exertions. "They 're dead 'fore this time. They dispatched for a relief train to Norwalk; it'll be on hand in a minute. I wonder how many passengers there were!"

"I was looking out of a window," explained a passenger, who had one of his eyes bound up and half his whiskers burned away, "when I noticed the air became literally filled with chips. I knew it was a broken axle cutting the ties, and scarcely a minute afterward, we were precipitated down that gulch."

Pettibone and Asher turned away from this talk and walked up and down, the fat man wiping his white face and the lean man clenching his hands.

"They 're dead," said Pettibone. "No power on earth could save 'em. My son that I was so proud of."

"My girl—all I had," muttered Job.

Mrs. Asher sat on the ground, her desolate head on her knees.

"We 're nigh together in affliction," said Pettibone to his enemy.

"God have mercy on us both!" uttered Asher.

"O God, our hearts are broke!" exclaimed the more impulsive man, stretching out his empty arms under the burning sky. "This punishment is more than our weak flesh can bear!"

The two men got hold of each other's hands and held on, their natural antagonism banished for the time by a common woe.

"You have more grace than I have, brother Pettibone. I'm a hard sinner. I've never made no progress, and now I can't lean on the Almighty in this affliction."

"No, brother Asher, I'm a heady, self-willed creature. I ain't ready to give my son up."

"Well, father," said a sweet, deep

basso voice near by, "were you frightened about us?"

Mrs. Asher lifted her head and saw Julia standing there holding to a young man's arm. The farmers were too astonished to speak.

"Were you frightened, father?" repeated Charley Pettibone. "How do you do, Mr. Asher? Mrs. Asher, I've brought Julia back safe and sound."

"Where 'd you come from?" asked Job Asher, shaking his daughter's hand in a limp way, and kissing her as if ashamed of the act. But Pettibone embraced his son like a woman, and thumped him on the back, and wiped his own nose, and praised the Lord as fervently as did Mrs. Asher, who held her child until a conveyance could be gotten which would take them all back together.

"Where have you been to escape this disaster, you lively rascal!" cried Pettibone, affectionately, to Charley, while brother Asher, with startling disregard for expense, was seeing about the conveyance.

"Well, I persuaded Julia to run off and marry me; but she repented being so persuaded, and declared we would come home and marry properly, or not at all. But while we were deciding and repenting we missed the train and had to take the next."

"And so saved each other," laughed Pettibone. "I heard of your behavior, young man. Now, do n't you think you'd better step up to the young lady's father, and ask for her like a gentleman? She's proved herself to be worth some pains, sir."

"Well, I don't know, I don't know," said Job Asher, pliant and gentle as a willow, as he drove the team home; and his wife, Pettibone, and Julia rejoiced and talked happily behind him, and Charles on the seat beside him propounded the important question.

"The mornin' 's been full of mercy. The Lord's finger 's in many things that we can't see. If you and her had n't fancied to marry and cut that freak, we 'd 'a lost ye both to-day. She 's young, but

you 're a likely boy. Yes, I 'm willin' if your father is. Your father 's a man with grace in his heart more 'n I ever got. Brother Pettibone," said Job, turning to his neighbor, "I 've been thinkin' of buildin' some of these new kinds of pens for my sheep. Do you think I 'll find 'em worth the expense?"

"Well, yes, brother Asher, I think they 'll prove perfectly satisfactory. I like mine first rate. I have n't suffered any from the dogs since I 've used that pound."

"O, I did n't think any of your dogs ever hurt my stock," said Job. "There 's always ill-favored stray curs hangin' round to pester sheep. Well, brother Pettibone, I 'd like your advice about getting them pounds made. Seems like we had a common *interest* now, the way these young folks is talkin'."

"That 's so," replied brother Pettibone, smilingly.

And the young folks knew that the old family feud had been burned up in the fires at the railroad wreck, and that their cause was won.

"How things have changed between Asher's folks and Pettibone's folks," said Abijah Pence to the threshers as those

heavy Arabs struck their noisy tent to glide into the next neighborhood. "Ever since I took that news of the railroad mishap to Asher's, they can 't be good enough to each other. Mis's Pettibone and Mis's Asher runnin' across the field to see each other, and consultin'; and Pettibone down at Asher's, bossin' sheep-pens; and Jule over at Pettibone's walkin' with Charley, and Job Asher sendin' to town for dress goods and furniture, and takin' kindly to Pettibone's notions of a wing to his old house,—why it does beat all! Well, 'let brotherly love continue!'"

And brotherly love did continue. A little yielding to established prejudices, a little graceful acknowledgment of another's good judgment, a less obstinate putting forward of "I" and "mine," and a common faith in and brotherhood under God, bridged over the old quarrel between these men, and made them hearty helpers and appreciators of one another. The news which came to Asher's, though it came clothed terribly, was good news of brotherly love; news of being kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, "even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

MARY HARTWELL.

A SKETCH OF PHILOSOPHY.

PERHAPS there never was a higher expression of worldly wisdom than those two words "Know thyself." Yet we are placed in a world of such interesting mysteries; so many wonders of sea, earth, and sky claim our attention, that we are loth to leave this macrocosm, open to sensation and perception, for the microcosm *ego*,—that complex entity, at the same time the observer and the thing observed.

"Man," says Pascal, "is to himself the greatest prodigy in nature; for he is unable to conceive what is body, still less

what is mind; but least of all is he able to conceive how a body can be united to a mind."

Although in the study of this great mystery we are shut out, as it were, from our fellow-men, in that we are unable to profit by their experience, and obliged to take nothing that does not come directly from consciousness; though we are unable at the time to analyze the thought, feeling, or desire, and dependent upon memory for the *data*; perplexed and confused though we may be by reason of our limited capacities and hopeless ignorance,

we can not exempt ourselves from the task. From our very mental constitution it is a necessity for us to philosophize. Wonder and that "unspeakable desire to see and know," that Milton writes of, prompt us to examine things; to reflect and to arrange our acquired knowledge according to unity.

Philosophy is a term of Greek origin, and means literally the love of wisdom. Hamilton says, "There are two kinds or degrees of knowledge. The first is the knowledge that a thing is, *rem esse*; and it is called the knowledge of the fact, historical or empirical knowledge. The second is the knowledge why or how a thing is, *cur res sit*, and it is termed the knowledge of the cause, philosophical, scientific, rational, knowledge."

Naturally the first philosophers, in attempting to explain the enigma of external nature, dealt only with the first kind of knowledge. From Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, to the Sophists, the tendency was to find some original element or principle into which they might analyze existence. Thales himself proposed, as a solution, water; Anaximenes said air; another, original chaotic matter. Pythagoras made "number the essence of things," having mathematics for his only object.

The Eleatic philosophers, instead of the sensuous principle of the Ionics, or the symbolic of the Pythagoreans, adopt an intelligible principle. They make a complete abstraction of every thing material, and this they take as their principle and call it pure being. Here closes the first course, or the analytic. Next, we have the synthetic, which unites being and existence by saying that *becoming* is the absolute principle, and force is the cause of the movement of matter. Anaxagoras rose to the conception of a first force, and makes this force a world-forming intelligence. Herein philosophy gained a great point; namely, an ideal one. But the Sophists, with their empirical subjectivity, destroyed the whole edifice of thought thus far constructed. This school closes the first period of an-

cient philosophy. We now turn to the second, where we find the immortal trio, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

There is properly no Socratic doctrine, but a Socratic life. Socrates, born 469 B. C., was the son of a sculptor, and followed that profession in his youth, not without skill, as "The Three Graces" demonstrate. He afterwards devoted himself to the education of youth. His mode of instruction was conversational, popular. Starting often from insignificant objects, he derived his proofs and illustrations from the common matters of every day life. Extremely ugly, always going barefoot, and showing very little affection for his wife and children, he was, nevertheless, a just, pious, and happy man. Accused of being identical with the Sophists, who had occasioned much mischief, this noble victim to misunderstanding was tried by three insignificant men, condemned, and poisoned 399 B. C. Well might Hegel call this "The Tragedy of Athens."

In Socrates the human mind turned itself in upon itself, upon its own being, conceiving itself as active, moral spirit. The philosophizing was of a purely ethical character; so much so that it even expressed contempt for the entire previous period, with its natural philosophy and mathematics. Self-knowledge appeared to him as the starting point of all philosophy, and the only object worthy of a man. He shared with the Sophists their great fundamental thought, that all moral acting must be conscious; but while they had for an object confusion, and the making of all rules relating to outward conduct impossible, he, instead of referring moral duties to the caprice of the individual, referred all to his knowledge. The Socratic method has a two-fold side, negative and positive. The former is the well-known method of irony; the latter, the method of induction, or the leading of a representation to a conception.

Plato (born 430 B. C., died 347 B. C.) is properly the founder of philosophy. He was the pupil of Socrates for more

than eight years, and afterward at the head of an academy in Athens. But instead of carrying philosophy into the streets, as his master had done, he lived entirely withdrawn from the public, satisfied in influencing his pupils. Among his earliest works are dialogues that treat of Socratic questions and themes in a Socratic way. All his reasoning was as *subjective* as that of his great model. He says: "The cause of all impurity and irreligion among men is that reversing in themselves the relative subordination of mind and body; they have, in like manner, in the universe made that to be first which is second, and that second which is first; for, while in the generation of all things, intelligence and final causes precede matter and efficient causes, they, on the contrary, have viewed matter and material things as absolutely prior in the order of existence to intelligence and design; and thus departing from an original error in regard to themselves, they have ended in the subversion of the God-head."

The Platonic system (Socrates objectified) may be divided into three parts,—logic, ethics, and physics. The order which they should take he has not declared. He had some Pythagorean doctrines, such as the pre-existence and transmigration of souls, the conception of love, etc. He tried to prove the immortality of the soul, but he did not convince even himself, and recognized the great truth, now so apparent, that this question does not belong to the province of reasoning, and calls for a special revelation.

As Plato was the only true Socratist, so Aristotle was the only genuine disciple of Plato. He was born 384 B. C., and stands out for the most part as a thoughtful observer. Kant has remarked that since the time of this Grecian sage, logic has made no progress. He devised the syllogism and was the father of modern psychology. The great difference between Aristotle and his predecessors is, that they began with any principles whatever, perhaps imaginary, and he began the sciences only with established facts. And

though, as Draper says, "Conflict between Science and Religion," this latter system "implies endless toil in the collection of facts, both by experiment and observation, and implies also a close meditation of them," the grandest of results has been reached. Plato devoted himself to the higher faculties of the mind; Aristotle analyzed those faculties that were more nearly related to the senses. Draper compares Plato's philosophy to a gorgeous castle in the air, while Aristotle's is a solid structure, laboriously founded on a rock.

Aristotle's method was induction, and he was the founder of a new school, differing from the Platonic in that while the latter holds a dualism of material objects and mental ideas, the former is of the opinion that phenomena, whether material or spiritual, are in the things themselves and not behind them.

"While the Scientific school of Alexandria was founded on the maxims of one great Athenian philosopher, the Ethical school was founded on another, for Zeno, though a Cypriote or Phœnician, had for many years been established in Athens. His disciples took the name of Stoics. His aim was to furnish a guide for the daily practice of life, to make men virtuous. He insists that education is the true foundation of virtue, for if we know what is good, we shall incline to do it."

Zeno, with his stern commands to control the passions, to regulate life by reason, and submit to the law of necessity, is still the type of the highest teachings of science unaided by religion, and he was no more successful than are the moralists of to-day.

In the intellectual decline of Alexandria, indolent methods were preferred to those necessitating laborious observation, and alluring imagination was oftener followed than severe reason.

Neo-platonism is the last great product of Greek Philosophy. It had for its object pantheistic eclecticism; it endeavored to ally the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato to the theosophy of the Orient, and tended to mysticism and theurgy, or an

imaginary science supernaturally revealed by their gods. Of course magic and sorcery were the legitimate results of such beliefs.

Ancient philosophy descends to us in two well defined schools, the Platonic and the Aristotelian. The grand characteristic of the former is innate ideas; the latter holds that the mind is created without any ideas whatever.

Bacon and Descartes are the founders of modern philosophy. "The sciences," says Bacon, "have hitherto been in a sad condition; philosophy, wasted in empty and fruitless logomachies, has failed during so many centuries to bring out a single experiment of actual benefit to human life."

The praise of Bacon is founded, not upon his skill in any particular branch of knowledge, but in his great comprehensive understanding that took in almost the whole extent of universal science. He was not a philosopher, not a discoverer, but he taught others how to philosophize; he opened the way for discovery. Though he foresaw the true explication of the tides, the cause of color, etc.; though he suggested chemical processes, and suspected the law of universal attraction, no one of these allured him from his great work. His whole genius was occupied in framing a method for future research, "Instauratio Magna," and the vast Verulamian cycle has been carried out in its several departments of physics, metaphysics, morals, and politics by Kepler, Galileo, Stewart, Reid, Herschel, and others.

"*Cogito ergo sum*," was the proposition Descartes advanced, and upon this the certainty of all other knowledge depends. The watchword of these two great thinkers, and the guiding principle of all philosophy since then, is *analysis*. Bacon taught how to analyze *nature*. Descartes taught how to analyze *thought*. Thus we have the two schools of modern philosophy, the German and the British. Of the former we have Descartes, Kant, Cousin, and all modern German and French philosophers. Of the latter are Bacon,

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Hobbes, Hamilton, and all modern Scotch and English philosophers. The German begins with principles and ends with facts. The British begins with facts and ends with principles. The former assumes most. The latter proves most. The former is transcendental; the latter is experimental.

These schools are in reality descendants of the two ancient ones, and the leading difference is still that open question, *innate ideas*. The German mistakes the same old position with the Platonic, that certain ideas of time, space, right and wrong, cause, and personal identity are inherent, intuitive. The British, with Aristotle, deny the intuitive power, though they tacitly recognize the existence of some of its ideas. Hamilton says, "Lectures on Metaphysics," page 284, "But the mind not only possesses a great apparatus of a *posteriori* adventitious knowledge; it possesses necessarily a small complement of a *priori* native cognitions." And again later, "While we can never understand *how* any original datum of intelligence is possible, we have no reason to doubt from this inability that it is true." Yet, in treating of cause and space, he classes them among ideas gained by sensation, and saying that we can neither conceive of them as finite nor as infinite, he would have a law of the conditioned or thinkable, midway between the two. (*Query*.—Can we conceive of any idea derived from sensation as infinite or finite? Is any maximum or minimum cognizable by the imagination any more than by the senses, those analogues of fancy?)

Haven, with many of our American philosophers, argues in favor of the intuitive power.

But there are other important questions the consideration of which has divided philosophy into various schools. To bring out some of them we shall notice the five prominent systems of modern philosophy. First: *Sensationalism*: the doctrine that all our ideas consist of sensations transformed. This doctrine is held by Hobbes and Condillac. Locke

and Hamilton are also generally included, though both have partly, at least, acknowledged the existence of primary truths. Second: *Idealism*: the direct converse of the former, making every thing consist in ideas, and denying the existence of material bodies. Here we find Descartes, Fichte, Stewart, Hegel, Schelling, and perhaps Carlyle. Third: *Skepticism*: universal doubt, which maintains that no fact can be established on philosophical grounds. In this system are Berkeley and Hume. Fourth: *Mysticism*: this refuses to admit that we can gain truth with absolute certainty either from sense or reason, and points us to faith, feeling, or inspiration as its valid sense. The poet-philosopher Coleridge, Thomas Taylor, Greaves, and Fourier, support this doctrine. Fifth: *Eclecticism*: a system not following any model or leader, but selecting and combining from all and any tenets or works. On this roll we find names of no small distinction; among them M. de Biron, Cousin, Mme. de Staël.

The tendency of sensationalism is to attach undue importance to the senses, to make the soul synonymous with the brain, and God but the abstraction of nature.

The tendency of idealism is to raise the idea of nature above that of mechanism, and impart to it a life and soul.

The common sense of the world has pronounced skepticism to be a reproach. Yet there is a doubt, a means not an end, upon which the success of philosophy depends. Paul says, "Prove all things." Malebranche says, "We doubt through passion and brutality, through blindness and malice, and finally through fancy and from the very wish to doubt; but we doubt also from prudence and through distrust, from wisdom and through penetration of mind. The former doubt is a doubt of darkness, which never issues to the light, but leads us always farther from it. The latter is a doubt which is born of the light, and which aids, in a certain sense, to produce light in its turn."

Religious disbelief and philosophical

skepticism are not by any means the same, nor have they really any natural connection; for while the one must ever be a matter of regret and reprobation, the other is deserving of applause. It will not do to take one man's opinion, great as he may be, on every subject. The grand and beautiful science of spectrum analysis would have been unknown had not some one doubted Newton's emission theory of light.

David Hume had united in him both phases of skepticism; he was "the man who gave the whole philosophy of Europe a new impulse and direction, and to whom, mediately or immediately, must be referred every subsequent advance in philosophical speculation."

Men had fallen into a lethargy over their dogmatic systems, and it was Hume who, like an electric spark, enlivened their dormant energies, and awakened them to the necessity of considering these questions in other aspects, and subjecting them to a more critical analysis. His influence was felt both in England and Germany. Kant explicitly acknowledges that it was by Hume's *reductio ad absurdum* of the previous doctrine of causality that he was roused. And Reid confesses that he would never have been led to question the legitimacy of the common doctrine of perception, involving though it did the negation of an external world, had Hume not startled him into hesitation and inquiry by showing that the same reasoning which disproved the existence of matter would also, if fully carried out, disprove the existence of mind.

Though there is nothing national in philosophical investigation, and it would seem strange that there should be so great a difference in writers of different nations, yet we find almost as great a variety of opinions and ideas in the several authors as their respective nations exhibit.

Among the Germans, as prominent authors, we find Kant, Spinoza, and Schelling.

Kantianism, which shows *a priori* con-

ceptions and intuitions the true foundation of knowledge, and which is called transcendental philosophy, professes to have detected as firm a basis of sure evidence for metaphysics as for mathematics or natural science; to annihilate skepticism by showing the precise limits of knowledge, and also the extent and degree of belief which we are compelled to give to certain notions not susceptible of certain evidence; it refutes Locke's famous principle that all our ideas are derived from sensation. Kant says, "External objects are necessary conditions,—the *sine qua non* of ideas,—but there must also be in us a capacity of being affected. In order to arrive at knowledge there must be a *matter* and a *form*; sensation furnishes the former, the latter exists in the mind itself. As for example, take a magic lantern; in order to show off the figures there must be a bright spot on the wall; this is an image of the mind. Without figures, the luminous spot is an empty nothing, like the human mind till it has objects of sense. But without the spot the figures would be invisible, as without an *a priori* capacity to receive impressions we could perceive none. According to Leibnitz, the figures are ready-made on the spot. According to Locke, no spot is necessary.

"Experience gives us the materials of knowledge, consciousness is the ultimate source of all our notions, beyond which we can not go, for we can not step out of ourselves. This consciousness teaches us that we have a primitive, productive faculty, *imagination*, whence every thing is derived; *sense*, which opens to us the external world; *understanding*, which brings external objects to rule; and *reason*, which goes beyond all sense and experience, a faculty by which we attain ideas. There is a perpetual conflict between these two latter faculties, and the disputes are of the following nature: The reason postulates a vast number of truths which the understanding in vain strives to comprehend; hence the antinomies of pure reason; hence it is easy to demonstrate the eternity and non-

eternity of the world, the being and non-being of God, etc. All these ideas have their foundation in the nature of the mind, and as such we can not shake them off. But whether they have any outward reality the mind itself can never know; and the result is, not skepticism, which is uncertainty, but the certainty of our inevitable ignorance.

"On the same basis of consciousness we find the fact of a certain moral feeling, *I ought*; this includes in it *I can*; and as speculative reason is quite neutral on these ultimate points of absolute knowledge, practical reason on this basis raises the vast structure of moral philosophy and religion. The want of knowledge is supplied by faith; but a faith that is necessary, and to an honest, sound mind irresistible. Its objects are God, immortality and freedom,—notions which all unsophisticated minds readily embrace, which a certain degree of reason destroys—['a little learning is a dangerous thing,' says Pope], but which reason in its consistent application shall again present for universal acceptance. The seeming skepticism of speculative philosophy is favorable to the interests of religion, by keeping the coast clear. I can not demonstrate the being of God, nor you his non-existence. But my moral principle,—the fact that I am conscious of a moral law,—is something against which you have nothing."

But Spinoza lacks the element of religious faith. Where all activity is but the modified activity of one universal Being, there is no individual, no personal action. As Froude says, "Moral life, like all life, is a mystery; and as to anatomize the body will not reveal the secret of animation, so with the actions of the moral man. The spiritual life which alone gives them meaning and being glides away before the logical dissecting knife, and leaves it only a corpse to work upon." Spinoza's fundamental position is divine immanence in all things, as distinguished from the ordinary anthropomorphic conception of God, which gives him human power.

He says, in "Ethica," "God is a being absolutely infinite; a substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses his eternal and infinite essence. I say absolutely infinite, not infinite *suo genere*, for what is infinite *suo genere* only has finite and not infinite attributes. Whereas what is infinite absolutely contains in its own essence every thing by which substance can be expressed, and which involves no impossibility."

Coleridge heartily embraced Spinoza's doctrine, but was anxious to guard it from Pantheistic conclusions, and everywhere asserts divine intelligence and divine will against the necessitarian and materialistic assumptions and vague, negative generalities of Spinoza. A late writer says of Spinoza that "he, in common with all metaphysicians before him, Böhme, perhaps, excepted, began at the wrong end, commencing with God as an object. Had he, though still dogmatizing objectively, begun at the *natura naturans*, he must have proceeded *per intelligentiam* to the subjective, and, having reached the other pole-idealism, or the 'I,' he would have reprogressed to the equatorial point, or the identity of subject and object, and arrived finally at a clear idea of God."

Schelling's school is speculative philosophy, as opposed to the empiricism of Locke, the skepticism of Hume, and the critical school of Kant. Coleridge thought both Fichte and Schelling erred when they deviated from Kant, but he regarded the former as a great logician, and the latter as a greater man.

Viewing all the varied and complicated

systems of philosophy, each the life-work and ambition of earth's greatest and noblest men, and yet the subject even still of so much debate, confusion, and unrest, remembering all those gigantic efforts that oftenest resulted in signal failures, one involuntarily cries out with Faust:

"Who hopes to find repose
Up from this mighty sea of error diving!
Man can not use what he already knows,
To use the unknown ever striving."

Yet success does come as the result of patient investigation, thought, and toil. Incalculable are the benefits derived from science, and wonderful are its achievements!

Philosophy and Christianity have this in common,—both are searching after truth. Both require a renunciation of prejudices and conclusions formed without a previous examination. And yet we grow up with such a load of beliefs—beliefs owing to the accident of birth and country, from the education we receive and the people we meet—that when we would study into these vital questions, lo! we see every thing through these already formed habits of thought, feeling, and action, as through a prism, and vision is distorted.

To free ourselves of this medley of true and false opinions, to clear away the rubbish of second-hand notions, is the first step toward truth. Freedom, simplicity and teachableness are the requisites for the student of God in nature and in revelation. As truly of the former as of the latter he has said: "Except ye become as little children ye can not enter."
EMMA G. WILBER.

SOUNDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

THE memory retains pictures more readily than sounds; yet there are certain of these associated with my young days that bid fair to last as long as I live. These sounds I remember belong to myself. It is a curious pride one takes in solitary possession, and I take pleasure in believing myself the sole proprietor of these valuables,—none the less that I am not in the least danger of being envied by any body.

The baying of fox-hounds, as they scour the Winter woods and fields, is common enough to people living in the country; yet the sound of these animals as I first heard them long ago, I shall believe to be perfectly individual. It has never been the same to me since. At half-past four o'clock in early Winter, the sun has gone down behind the hills, and school-children, who have a mile and a quarter to walk over a lonely road, must be lively pedestrians to escape the shadows of night-fall. The road which my childish feet traversed in all weathers, through sand, rain, mud, and deep snows, was one of the loneliest I remember. After leaving the village street, a solitary brown cottage perched on a rocky hill-side was the only link which connected civilization with my home. The Irishman who owned it was a stout, broad-faced, somber-looking man, with long black straight hair, who spoke with an unintelligible brogue; and his wife was to me a perfect ghoul. She had a wild eye, and the carriage of her head always frightened me. This peculiar pose may have been owing to a large goitre which horribly disfigured her neck, but it only added to the terror with which she inspired me. Harmless though these people were, they, their strange ways, the seclusion in which they dwelt, were far from reassuring to a fanciful child, and I sometimes dreaded to pass the place.

One night when the darkness seemed coming on faster than usual, as my com-

panion and I were climbing the long, steep hill which approached this spot, a strange, deep, reverberating sound broke upon the stillness; we had never heard any thing like it. On one side of the road was a kind of ravine, filled with a growth of trees, through which a brook ran, and on the other a steep bank shutting off the view in the direction from which the sound came. At the first notice of it, my mate took to her heels, but a kind of paralysis seized upon me, and I could hardly get a foot forward. I had heard stories of wolves and bears, and, indeed, the locality where my parents lived took its name from the latter animals, and I immediately connected the sounds with these fearful creatures. At first they seemed distant, then grew nearer, rising higher until the Winter twilight was filled with them. As the wind bore them toward us more and more distinctly, I felt my heart faint with vague, awful dread. They were not by any means unmusical, yet my ignorance of their source made them weird and terrible to me in the gloom and loneliness. Just as we reached the top of the hill, our frightened eyes saw half a dozen slender, agile creatures, leaping fleetly along the edge of a wood, their cries now grown sharp and imminent. I knew then they were hounds in pursuit of game. Nevertheless it was a great relief to see them hold straight on their northward course, keeping close to the hills as they went, instead of coming in our direction.

Another sound I remember is associated with a Summer landscape and the glowing sky of noonday. It was a place where two roads met, leaving a triangle of green turf. On one side an immense swamp stretched away for twenty acres, a wandering edge of upland running round it, and a somber little brook making its way out under a bridge crossing one of the roads and built high up from the bottom with stones. That bridge was

a kind of mammoth cave to me; and I have always had a better conception of the Kentucky labyrinth from my dreamings at the end of it. I used to stand there, and bending down, look through the gloomy passage with feelings of awe. My first fish were caught between those black walls of stone, and on the same occasion a small eel, which I mistook for a snake, and was afraid to pull from the hook.

There was a good deal of mystery associated with this place, for the main road in one direction made a sudden turn just beyond the bridge, and the by-road ran up a steep little hill and hid whatever was beyond. One could never tell what might be coming. On another side, the stony uplands of my father's farm seemed climbing into the sky; there was an orchard of gnarly apple-trees by the road, and in one corner of a rough grain-field was a thicket of elderberry bushes. It was a spot full of rugged, homely charm, where a child could spend hours of quiet pleasure.

One day I remember from all others. It must have been in August, for the elderberry heads hung black and heavy on the stone wall, and I had gone there with a servant to gather them for pies. The sky was without a cloud, and brilliant with noonday light, but softened with rich haze. A range of hills in the west not shut in were purple in the distance, and seemed melting into the heavens. The brilliant, warm, brooding atmosphere transfused every thing, and seemed a part of the dreamy stillness.

As I talked with my companion, nothing could be heard but our own voices, and perhaps the cry of locusts; but sitting on the stone wall, gathering the berries, a new and controlling sense of the beauty of the world seized upon me, and held my tongue.

In a minute I became conscious of sound—deep, vast, omnipresent—filling the whole air. It was not loud, but pervading. The clatter of a stone from the wall made it inaudible. I could trace it to no particular point of the compass;

the more I tried to localize it the more it baffled me; it seemed to come from every-where, and to be a part of the universal world. I had learned how swiftly the earth rolled in its orbit, and knew from experience what sound was associated with the rapid whirring of any object through the air, and I instinctively reflected that it might be the solid globe humming through space, made audible in the palpable stillness of Summer noon.

My companion was more alarmed, and made wild speculations as to the cause of the sound. She foreboded immense disaster, and roused my childish mind to an intensity of excitement. Just then the Adventists, or the Millerites, as I heard them called, were looking forward to the immediate end of all things, and I had heard some of their melancholy prognostications. These had made considerable impression on me; but I now received my first poignant apprehension of a curious occurrence. The idea of the beautiful world being destroyed, burned up, whirled into black spaces, smote sharply upon my heart. The potent loveliness of the scene made the thought most keen; and the idea of my own life being quenched, swallowed up in some mysterious way, took overwhelming possession of me.

The deep, mellow, vibrating noise kept on as we sat hushed and awed by the sandy roadside. There was nothing to account for it; all our wonderment ended in nothing, and after a little we sought to forget it in lively talk. It was a mystery then, and it has always remained so. There was no mill in the neighborhood with thundering machinery, and if it were the earth slightly quaking, the sound was too continuous to be satisfactorily accounted for in that way. Perhaps my childish fancy of the humming of the globe through space was not so bad a solution of the phenomenon.

The bellowing of the bull is not regarded as a romantic sound, and I do not remember to have read any poetry celebrating it, but a single specimen of it happens to be one of my pet recollections.

It was at nightfall, and I was at my grandmother's in the valley. The dusk was fast wrapping the hills and settling down over the June fields. A golden glow lingered in the west, and shone through the tree-tops. All sounds repeated themselves with startling distinctness. In the silence, some bovine from beyond the hills set up his deep roar, and in a minute the shadowy, slumbering valley was alive with it. Beginning with a deep, heavy thunder, the voice gradually rose higher, swelling out in long, lingering cadences, curiously half pathetic in character, then vanishing in a perspective of sound, until they almost died away,—again rising still higher, and repeating themselves in breathless succession, weirdly among the hills. I remember that my grandmother was much impressed also, and readily fell in with my idea of the immense distance the sound proceeded from. Her casual remark that the animal might be three or four miles away made a powerful impression on me, and my imagination started at once on a journey over the rough hill-road to the west, through lonely woods, past green meadows, by farm-houses and barns, and through the long, long covered bridge, which I well remembered, and which was a wonder of architecture to me. I do not know how long this mu-

sical entertainment lasted, but it was of the rarest sort, and my literal appreciation of the distance connected with it fixed it indelibly in my memory.

The peculiarly beautiful song of the wood-thrush is well known to lovers of birds and country scenes. This thrush is of shy, secluded habit, seldom singing in open fields. On my way home through the pastures with the cows one Summer evening, I probably made my first acquaintance with this rare singer. Hurrying down a steep slope edging deep woods, where the shadows were already getting black, a strain of such wild sweetness broke upon my ear as I had never heard. It was the very soul of simple pathos filling the twilight woods. It seemed almost like a human voice, clear, mellow, penetrating, exquisitely delicate in quality. I well remember the ecstasy of emotion it stirred in me. I forgot my errand, letting the cows loiter as they would, and stopped to listen. I was ignorant of the name of the bird, and it was not until many years after that I learned to associate that wildwood song with the thrush. Some noise in the woods must have startled the singer, for suddenly as it had broken out, the divine melody came to an end, and my heart fairly ached with the passion of regret I felt.

JENNY BURR.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down
 And brightly beckon as they go,
 I see the land of fair renown,
 The land which I so soon shall know.
 Above the dissonance of time,
 And discord of its angry words,
 I hear the everlasting chime,
 The music of unjarring chords.
 I bid it welcome; and my haste
 To join it can not brook delay.

O song of morning, come at last!
 And ye who sing it, come away!
 O song of light and dawn and bliss,
 Sound over earth and fill these skies!
 Nor ever, ever, ever cease
 Thy soul-entrancing melodies!
 Glad song of this disburdened earth,
 Which holy voices then shall sing;
 Praise for creation's second birth,
 And glory to creation's King!

H. BONAR.

SOUL POSSIBILITIES.

AN inspired writer, lost in a maze of wonderment as he contemplates the infinite possibilities of a redeemed soul in the future life, cries out, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

The enlargement of a single mind, and its advancement in knowledge, in this short life, is matter of wonder. Here lies a helpless babe in its cradle. If we did not know to the contrary, we would suppose that it belonged to some of the lower orders of animals. In many respects it is inferior to them. It is wholly dependent on mother or nurse. But mark the progress of that child.

Forty years from to-day it shall hold parliaments and senates as with a spell by the charm of its eloquence; or it shall command an army whose march and movements shall shock the globe; or it shall master the languages of twenty nations, and converse in each as in its mother tongue; or it shall push its inquiries so far into the unsolved mysteries of matter and mind as to show its kinship to Deity; or it shall so subject the forces of nature to its own will, and hold them subservient to its own plans and purposes, as to seem to challenge the power of the Highest.

To-day, Seneca is a wild boy of Rome; to-morrow, he can repeat two thousand verses at once in their order, and then rehearse them backward again in the same order. To-day, Cyrus is a youth of Persia, of no more than ordinary promise; to-morrow, he commands a large army, and can call every individual soldier by his name. Cyneas, who is sent to Rome on important business, is able, the day after his arrival, to salute every Roman senator by his proper name, as well as the whole order of gentlemen in Rome. To-day, Mithridates is plodding over his lessons at school; to-morrow, he is governor of twenty-three nations, all of different languages, and

converses with each in its own tongue. Dr. Dick tells of a man who was born blind, and who could repeat the whole of the Bible, from beginning to end, and could give any chapter or verse that might be called for, the moment it was demanded.

This vast susceptibility of a human soul to enlarge and acquire knowledge is but the outflashing of its immortal destiny and the proof of its boundless possibilities. Liberated from the clogs of the body and the limitations of time and sense, who can measure its rapid flight, or foreshadow its possible attainments, as the eternal cycles march their solemn retreat?

"Say, can a soul possessed
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous power
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits, dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then forever lost in vacant air!"

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But that there will be perpetual progression in knowledge, and endless enlargement of capacity, is alike the teaching of reason and revelation. Nor will there ever be a limit to the excursions and explorations of a soul "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Said Sir Isaac Newton: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Newton has passed the border line, and entered upon that undiscovered ocean. After he shall have explored it for millions of ages, he will doubtless still seem to himself as a mere boy in his attainments, so much will yet remain undiscovered.

The redeemed soul is to "inherit all things." No finite intelligence can fathom the extent of his inheritance, or map out

the boundary lines of his celestial possessions. With infinite delight and tireless interest will he forever survey his heritage, while on his return from each successive excursion through Jehovah's empire, he will join with rapture in the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

The body which will be the vehicle of the glorified spirit will also be worthy of its celestial tenant, and in every way adapted to its illimitable expansion and peerless grandeur. Matter is capable of indefinite changes, combinations, and refinements. The exquisitely beautiful hues of the rainbow are but a faint prophecy of the possibilities of matter. I looked upon a picture, the other day, of two little boys. The artist had done his work after the boys were dead, the outlines being made before their burial. With the aid

of pencil and paint, the work was most skillfully executed. To me the picture looked other than human; but to the parents it was a faithful representation of the forms of their dear children. So the Divine Artist will recollect and recombine the scattered dust, and touch and tinge with celestial hues, until a glorified form shall stand forth, all fitted and furnished for the habitation of the blood-washed spirit.

On the summit of a mountain, in the land of Judea, God was pleased to push out from the unseen world the Form of One after which the bodies of all his saints are to be patterned. "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." "When he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Then he "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

W. K. MARSHALL.

ANCIENT MOSAICS IN THE CHURCHES OF ROME.

WHEN the early Christians emerged from the obscurity of the Catacombs and erected edifices in the city of Rome, or took possession of the deserted pagan temples, they frequently ornamented them with mosaics or frescoes, in imitation of the beautiful models of antiquity. Protected by the Emperor Constantine and defended by the power of the state, as well as enriched by powerful members, they had no longer any fear of persecution, and began to occupy themselves in embellishing their churches. Some of these mosaics have endured until the present time, and they are interesting historical records of the doctrines and modes of thought of the Christians of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. These, it is true, were not the primitive Christians, and the corruption of doctrine which has ended in the present Roman

Church had already begun. But it is evident, from a study of these enduring pictures in stone, that the ancient owners of the churches in which these mosaics exist were much more Scriptural in their views than those who occupy them now. The Christian mosaics and bas-reliefs of the fourth and fifth centuries represent subjects taken from the Old Testament, and from the life of Christ before the crucifixion. They present no picture of the Virgin seated, with the Child in her arms and a halo around her head, except in such pictures as the Adoration of the Magi, when she would naturally be seated. The worship of the Virgin had no special hold upon the people until about the ninth century, when the veneration for her increased, and mosaics and pictures in her honor were placed over the principal arches, and in the other most

conspicuous situations in the churches. There is no representation of the God-head in the mosaics of the first four centuries, and the crucifixion is not seen until two centuries later. Christ is generally represented seated upon a throne, or standing majestically in the midst of the clouds, with the apostles, saints, and the Virgin around him.

The silent, mysterious transformation of the pagan into the papal Church, which took place in the early part of the Middle Ages, is one of the most wonderful events of history. The Church gradually took possession of the deserted pagan temples, and the new worship often took a character similar to that of the ancient gods who had before occupied them. Thus the Pantheon, which had been the temple of all the gods, was dedicated to All Saints or Martyrs. The saint to whom a church was dedicated always resembled in some characteristics the ancient god before him. The Church endeavored in this way to win the sympathy of the pagan population for the new faith which aspired to take the place of the old. The temples were remodeled or destroyed, in order to build others with the precious materials. The marble columns of various churches in Rome, such as Ara Coeli, Santa Maria in Trastevere, Santa Agnese, and Santa Cecilia, are of various qualities, heights, and diameters. Some have Ionic capitals, others Doric or Corinthian. Some are elevated upon pedestals, to reach the required height of the arches they sustain; and some have sculptured upon them the names of ancient pagan emperors, or the symbols of Iris, Serapis, or Cybele. The portico of the Church of St. Clement has four columns of different diameters, two of which have Ionic capitals and two Corinthian. Three of these columns are of granite and one of cipollino. Inside of the church there are sixteen ancient columns, of five different kinds of marble, all of them relics of the past grandeur of Rome.

Rome was a prey to the Romans, and

not only to them, but to all the neighboring cities, and also to the Byzantine Empire. It is said that Constantine carried away sixty exquisite statues, to decorate his capital in the East. Relics of ancient Rome may be found scattered all over Italy. In its desolation, the golden city, *aurea Roma*, the pride of the ancient world, which was crowded with statues of bronze and marble, and noble temples, and indescribable richness of alabaster, cipollino, jasper, Egyptian marble, and granite, became a sort of marble mine for all who cared to avail themselves of its treasures. The marble was even burned to make lime, and many families of that age bore the name of *Calcarius*, to indicate the business of lime-burner.

The Church of Rome, while it is in part responsible for this destruction of the monuments of antiquity, has also the merit of having preserved to the present time that part of the ancient treasures which suited her purposes. The numerous old churches are really monuments of antiquity, where precious columns and sarcophagi have been preserved for centuries. In some cases, even the building now existing was formerly a pagan temple. If the Pantheon had not been conceded to her, it would long ago have been destroyed; and she has also preserved the noble columns of Trajan and Aurelius, by placing statues of St. Peter and St. Paul upon them. The beautiful little temple of Vesta, near the bank of the Tiber, one of the most perfect specimens of that style of architecture, has been a Roman Catholic church for centuries. The early Christian mosaics have also been in her custody, and they still remain enduring traditions of the customs and doctrines of those first centuries. The Goths and the Saracens have visited and sacked Rome; but these mosaics, some of them as old as the fourth century, have preserved the primitive types, although many of them have been subjected to repairs and alterations where they were injured by time.

The art of mosaic represents all the

objects of nature by means of solid materials, such as stones, marble, shells, or glass. The forms and colors of landscapes, buildings, and animals are depicted in this manner with truth and beauty. The blue of the sky, the expanse of water, and the gloss of the skin of animals, or the feathers of birds, are reproduced with all their shades of color. "Mosaic," says an old writer, "is a sculpture painted, and a painting sculptured, which, escaping the ravages of time, transmits to posterity specimens of the art of various centuries." The hardness of the material guarantees duration, and there is nothing to fear from the restorations of ignorant artists, as it only needs cleaning to restore it.

The first mention of the art of mosaic is in the Book of Esther, where the palace of Ahasuerus is described: "There were white and green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble: the beds were of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble." It is thought that the application of the art to pictures, and the copying of paintings in oil, was invented by the Etruscans. The Greeks, however, were consummate masters of the art, and many of the mosaics in Italy were wrought by Greek artists. The first mention of mosaics in Rome is made after the conquest of Greece. The art of mosaic has had three periods: the ancient or golden age, during the reign of Augustus; the early Christian; and the present. It followed the rise and fall of the arts of painting and sculpture, as, instead of inventing new subjects for itself, it generally followed the best models of the sister arts. Like painting and sculpture, from the fifth to the fourteenth centuries its conception and execution indicated the reign of ignorance and decline of art. From want of marbles, Italy almost lost the art of mosaic during the Middle Ages; but, with the revival of art, the Florentine schools led it back to the pure style which had been lost during the Byzantine rule, and it was brought

to great perfection by the Venetians in the sixteenth century. The present factory, on the island of Murano, near Venice, produces mosaics made of glass and gold enamels, which are considered superior to the ancient, and had great success at the Vienna Exposition in 1873. St. Mark's Church, in Venice, combines in itself the whole history of the art from the thirteenth century. It is covered within and without with gold and mosaic pictures, and the factory of Murano is now furnishing a mosaic pavement of colored glass. Rome, Florence, and Venice are rivals in the art. The Vatican manufactory, which has ornamented St. Peter's and St. Paul's Churches with such exquisite mosaic pictures, is famous all over the world. The construction of these pictures is under the direction of the most eminent artists, and one painting occupies four or five of them for ten years. The manufacture of small mosaics for jewelry commenced in Rome a century ago, and has arrived at such perfection that often it is impossible with the naked eye to distinguish the pieces of which the jewel is composed. It is now an industry as well as an art, and one of the principal sources of profit in the city.

The ancient mosaics are made of marble, or hard stones of various colors, cut in cubes and cemented together. The modern are made of a composition of glass, which offers greater variety of tints, while its transparency enables the picture to exceed the beauty of fresco paintings. Since 1861, the tints of the enamels have been so multiplied that there are now no less than seventeen thousand various colors used in the manufacture of the pictures. The artist is thus able, by the juxtaposition of analogous shades of enamel, to imitate the art of the painter, who mixes various colors upon his easel in order to produce a new one.

One of the most interesting ancient specimens of this art is the celebrated Doves of Venus drinking out of a vase, which is now in the Capitoline Museum. It is described by Pliny, who admired its

exquisite fineness and polish, and thought it wonderful that one hundred and sixty cubes could be placed within a square inch. It was discovered in Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and was made, says Pliny, by the Greek artist, Loso. The pavement in the hall of the Rotonda, at the Vatican, representing the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; the Battle of Alexander, found at Capua, and now in the Neapolitan Museum; the colossal head of Medusa, found in the house of Diomede, at Pompeii,—are fine specimens of the ancient art. In the Church of St. Antonio, at Rome, is a very ancient mosaic, representing a tiger tearing a bull. It is made of small bits of marble, of various colors, united with great accuracy. The ground is of irregular pieces of serpentine, the tiger's body of antique yellow marble, the skin of serpentine, the eyes and teeth of white marble, and the tongue red. Other beautiful ancient pagan mosaics are, Hercules after killing the marine monster, now in the Villa Albani; the Rape of Europa, in the Barberini Palace; and Perseus liberating Andromeda, in the Capitoline Museum.

But the oldest and most remarkable Christian mosaics existing in Rome are in the churches of Santa Maria Maggiore; San Giovanni, in Laterano, and its baptistery; St. Paul; Santa Pudenziana, and Saints Cosmo and Damiano. These are all of the fourth or fifth century. Those of Santa Maria Maggiore are considered the most remarkable, and date from the middle of the fifth century, when the church was erected by Sextus III. They are the only ones in Rome which represent the development of Christianity by the stories of the Old and New Testament. They were evidently designed by a single artist, as there is a constant unity in all of them, and they are considered the most continuous that exist. These thirty-six rectangular mosaics, above the columns and along the walls of the central nave, represent Melchisedec and Abraham, the three angels visiting Abraham, division made by Abraham and Lot, Isaac's

benediction of Jacob, Jacob asking for Rachel, lament of Jacob to Laban, Jacob again asking for Rachel, division of flocks between Jacob and Laban, Jacob telling Leah and Rachel that he will depart, his meeting with Esau, and other scenes in the life of Jacob. Then follow sixteen scenes in the lives of Moses and Joshua. The first are the most beautiful, and represent the idyl of patriarchal life with the grace of pure ancient art. They seem to have been the precursors of those small pictures with which Raphael ornamented the Loggia of the Vatican, and which are called Raphael's Bible. In all the battle-pieces of the story of Joshua, the artist, says Agincourt, has imitated the cold manner of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan. The mosaics over the arch of the principal tribune belong to this period, but are so much in the shadow that it is difficult to examine them. That in the tribune itself, brilliant with gold enamels, and representing the crowning of the Virgin, is of the thirteenth century, and was made by Jacopo Turriti. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the corruption of doctrine than this close proximity of these mosaics. In the early ones, outside of the arch, the Virgin receives no such homage; her head is without the halo or the crown, and she stands humbly at one side, in a reverent attitude, while the Child itself is seated upon the throne, even in the Adoration of the Magi. These pictures are distributed into four compartments, corresponding on opposite sides of the arch, and representing scenes in the life of Christ. In the middle of the arch is a throne, before which is the mystical book with seven seals. At the sides are Peter and Paul, and the animals symbolizing the four evangelists, the calf, lamb, lion, and eagle. The second picture is the Annunciation, in which the Virgin is seated, and receives the announcement of the angel, while two other angels stand behind her. The third picture is the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, in which Mary holds the Child in her arms,

while around his head alone is the halo of glory. The second series of four, on the opposite side of the arch, represent the adoration of the Magi; Christ disputing in the Temple; a scene in the life of Herod, the meaning of which is not clear; and the massacre of the innocents. These are the celebrated mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore, which, in the Iconoclastic wars of the eighth century, were quoted in the Council of Nice. They excel all others in Rome for purity and unity of composition, and, approaching the pure style of the ancients, are a fine monument of the last splendors of Roman art in the fifth century.

The ancient mosaics of St. Paul's Church outside the walls, which were preserved from the great fire of 1823, are over the arch which separates the nave from the transept, and were placed there in the fifth century, by Galla Placidia, the sister of the Emperor Honorius. These admirable mosaics represent a gigantic half-figure of Christ, who, with a rod in the hand, is watching over the faithful, but with an expression of countenance which, instead of being tender, is calculated to inspire terror. The symbols of the four Evangelists are on either side, and lower down are the twenty-four elders, while at the extremities of the arch are figures of Peter and Paul. It is seen from this mosaic, the date of which is A. D. 440, that the worship of the Virgin had not yet begun.

In the church of San Giovanni, in Laterano, the only ancient mosaic is in the center of the arch of the tribune, all the lower part being of later date. This was preserved from the fire of 1308, which took place while the priests were singing vespers in chorus. It is a head of the Savior with a majestic expression, and the fingers of the right hand raised in benediction. Twelve seraphim wrapped in wings that cover all but the head, are below; the ground is dark blue, and the clouds are represented by yellow streaks. The corruption of doctrine which ensued in later centuries is illustrated by the mosaic of the thirteenth century below in

the convex part of the tribune, which represents the crowning of the Virgin.

One of the most delicate and beautiful early Christian mosaics in Rome is in a small chapel on the left of the baptistery of San Giovanni in Laterana, a small circular building erected in 440 by Sextus III. This is the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, and the fine mosaic represents the spotless Lamb in Paradise. The golden ground of the mosaic in the arch is as fresh as if new, except in one part where the sun has beaten upon it and faded it a little.

The center of the arch is occupied by a small figure of the Lamb crowned with a garland of flowers. Flowers are scattered all around, and there are two doves with a vase of flowers between them, and a peacock, the emblem of the resurrection. The vase of flowers is often repeated, and the garlands lead along the joints of the arch from the center to the straight wall. This is the most beautiful of all the ancient mosaics in Rome, and entirely Scriptural.

The opposite oratory, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was formerly covered with mosaics; but they fell off about twenty years ago, and the walls are now quite bare. Having read a description in Ciampini's "History of the Monuments of Rome," an old work in the Angelica library, of these mosaics, I went especially to see them; but after a long search and many questions of a young priest in charge, I found they were not there. Although they no longer exist, their description is interesting. Ciampini says they were never described by any one before him, and that even when he wrote they were so dim and defaced that it was difficult to discover their subjects, which were peculiar and evidently of high antiquity. They are a head of the Savior wearing three crowns, and having two fingers raised in benediction, four Roman ships, such as went to the siege of Jerusalem; Titus seated and listening to an account of the tower of Antonia, with a reference to the history of Josephus; Constantine granting certain privileges in

Italy to Pope Sylvester; the baptism of Constantine; the beheading of John the Baptist; Pope Sylvester, who, with the sign of the cross, kills the dragon that had infested the Tarpeian Rock; figure of the Pope, seated in a chair similar to that now in St. Peter's; and John the Evangelist, tortured in a caldron of boiling oil.

Other mosaics, which no longer exist, but descriptions and designs of which remain, are those of ancient St. Peter's, the church that existed on the present site for so many centuries before the building of this edifice by Michel Angelo. St. Peter's Church was built on a corner of the old Circus of Nero, where there was a temple of Cybele. Here human sacrifices were constantly made, in pagan times, to that vile and dreadful goddess; and on the very spot once purpled with the blood of saints and martyrs the early Christians erected their church. Instead of events in the lives of emperors, the pictures and mosaics represented scenes in the lives of saints and martyrs, and the primitive and scriptural idea of the Savior. The earliest mosaics of which we have any description in the ancient building are scriptural in their ideas. The front was ornamented by mosaics placed there by Gregory IV, which probably replaced other more ancient ones. They represented Christ seated on a throne, blessing with the right hand, and holding an open book in the left. At his right stood Mary, and below her the Pope, kneeling and offering a piece of money to Christ. At the left of the Pope, and below the Virgin, stood Peter, and two old men were offering crowns to the Savior, while five others were adoring him. There were also the four evangelists, each with a book in his hand, and the four animals which symbolize them.

In the Constantine mosaic, the convexity of the vault was sown with stars on a blue ground. There was a gemmed throne, and upon it a gemmed cross placed on a cushion. Beneath the cross there was a Lamb with a diadem on the head, seated on the summit of a mount-

ain from which ran four rivers. At the left was a Pope, with clasped hands, and eyes turned toward the cross. The miter of Peter had a single crown, because, as the ancient book writes, "the custom of encircling it with three diadems was not yet adopted." A woman, representing the Roman Church, held in the right hand a rod surmounted with a cross, and in her left a book resting on her breast. These Constantine mosaics lasted until the seventh century, when they were replaced by Pope Severin, and even these were sufficiently Scriptural. The Savior was seated in the midst, upon a throne, in the act of benediction. At the right stood Paul, with a scroll, upon which was written, "For me to live is Christ." Peter was at the left, with another scroll, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Behind the two apostles were several palm-trees, and from under the feet of the Savior issued four rivers, alluding to those of Paradise, and symbolizing also the four evangelists. Several stags drank at the rivers, indicating the faithful who drink at the fountain of eternal truth. Below the rivers was a Lamb, signifying Christ, seated on the top of a hill, with a cross on its head, and a wound in its breast, from which issued blood that ran over into a chalice. There were seven sheep issuing out of the city of Jerusalem, and seven from Bethlehem.

Later mosaics, of the tenth century, in old St. Peter's Church, represent Christ between Peter and Paul, and Peter's kingdom had so far increased that he carried three keys. The celebrated "Bark of St. Peter," made by Giotto in the fourteenth century, has been removed and restored several times, and is now over the portico of the principal entrance.

One of the most interesting and oldest churches in Rome is that of St. Pudengiana. It is said to have been built on the site of the house of Pudens, where St. Paul stayed when he was in Rome. It is twenty or thirty feet below the level of the present street, showing how the soil of the modern city has gradually

covered the ancient one. The mosaic of the tribune is among the oldest in Rome, and dates from the fifth century. Mr. Hemans, the archæologist, thinks it more interesting than any others, and certainly it has more grace of style, skill in coloring, and truth to Scripture, than any others. It represents Christ seated upon a golden throne, wearing a gold dress and crown, and a narrow blue scarf. The right hand is raised in benediction, and the left holds an open book. The other figures, apostles, saints, and the Madonna, are standing or seated in various and graceful attitudes, while their faces, instead of wearing the usual frightful expression of ancient mosaics, are natural and beautiful. There are the usual emblems of the four evangelists, the cross, and the two cities of Christ's birth and death, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. This mosaic presented a very beautiful effect the morning that I visited it, with the sunlight streaming through the windows of the arch above upon the picture, and illuminating the gold and blue stories.

Parts of the plain white mosaic pavement of the ancient church still remain, and form a striking contrast to the rare marble pavement of the Gaetano chapel at the left. There is an old and singular inscription in the church, which says: "In this, the most ancient church of Rome, once the house of St. Pudens, Senator, and father of the holy virgins Prassede and Pudentia, was the first lodging of the holy apostles Peter and Paul. Here they baptized those who became Christians, and this was the place of meeting to hear mass and receive the holy communion. The bodies of three thousand martyrs are buried here, together with a great quantity of their blood. Those who visit this church every day will have an indulgence of three thousand years and remission of a third part of their sins."

Saint Prassede, the sister of Pudentia, did not have a church built in her memory until the ninth century; but it yet exists, and is situated near St. Pudentiana.

The mosaics are very elaborate; but, as the period was later, they are far less artistic, and less Scriptural. There is the usual figure of Christ standing in the clouds, which are here of blue and dark red, saints and apostles, twelve sheep, the two cities, and palm-trees. The vision of the Apocalypse is also represented: the twenty-four elders, four angels, four beasts, and seven candlesticks. There is in this church a small chapel, where women can enter only on Sundays in Lent, which contains a marble column said to be that to which the Savior was tied during his flagellation. Outside the door of this chapel there are mosaic busts of the Savior and the twelve apostles, and beneath this another semicircle of saints and virgins, with the Madonna in the center. Although the period is late, her picture is unexpectedly Scriptural, as she wears only a dark-colored cowl on the head, while the only halo surrounds the head of the Savior.

Another very ancient church is that of Saints Cosmo and Damiano, near the Roman Forum. The vestibule, which is circular, is said to be an ancient temple of Romulus. It certainly is very ancient, as the marble columns without the door are more than half buried in the earth. The church itself is said to be of the sixth century, and the mosaic is of the same date. It is exceedingly rough, and the figures, although their forms are majestic, have a fearful expression of countenance. Christ stands upon the red and blue clouds, which look like serpents' tongues on the dark blue ground of the mosaic. There are six saints, all without crowns, while the Savior wears one.

This contrast between the more ancient mosaics and those of later times is striking. As the corruption of doctrine increased, the subjects of the pictures changed. Instead of referring to the life, death, and resurrection of the Savior, they are selected from the lives of the Virgin or of the saints and apostles. The Holy City is no longer Jerusalem, but Rome; the holy rivers are the Tiber and the Aniene; the Madonna no longer

stands humbly at one side, but is seated upon a throne, or crowned in the clouds by the Almighty Father. Often the mosaics, like those numerous and gorgeous ones of Santa Maria in Trastevere, made in the fourteenth century, are all scenes in the life of the Virgin. Christ is no longer represented blessing his people, or giving proof of his tender love to them as the Good Shepherd. He is no longer standing majestically upon the clouds, or seated as a judge upon a throne; but appears a helpless babe in the arms of the Virgin, or a dying man upon the dreadful cross. He is robbed

of all his majesty and dignity, which are given to the Madonna, the apostles, and the saints.

Thus has the Roman Church preserved her own condemnation in enduring marble upon the walls of her churches. Thus do the early Christians testify against her by means of those marble pictures, which she is too blind to perceive are a perpetual proof of her corruptions, and which she cherishes as 'her rarest treasures. She is the jealous custodian of the most convincing testimony against her corrupt doctrines, and he who runs may read the marble lesson. SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

A SONG OF "DRACHENFELS."

WHERE the westward Seigenborges,
Frowning on in shade and shine,
Lean as if in wayward longing
Toward the radiant river Rhine,
In the days afar, primeval,
When each rock was made a shrine,
Mid the dusky mountain cavern,
Dwelt a dreaded thing divine.
And the pagans,—thus Tradition
Gray and grim her story tells,—
Shuddering at the grewsome horror,
Named the heights the "Drachenfels."
Like their forests upward reaching
Giant branches toward the sky,
Olden, shadowy superstitions
Waved their noisome boughs on high.
And men dreamed; the gods, beholding,
Gorged themselves with mortal pain,
And, on sacrificial altars,
Smiled to see the murder stain.
Thus a dragon-monster, raging
Near and far, in stormy strife,
Ever learned to quaff the fountains
Bubbling up from human life.
On the right hand river margin,
Rugged chiefs of rugged bands,
Dwelt two warriors strong in battle,
Proudest princes in the land;
But across the sunny waters,
Clad in lily-robe of peace,

Reigned the meek Redeemer's Gospel,
Giving prisoned souls release.

In her hand no iron scepter
Holding, but two wond'rous keys,
All whose gems had won their luster
In the depth of crimson seas;
Yet the heathen raged against her,
Surging oft a savage horde,
In wild billows through the woodlands
O'er the legions of the Lord.

And they gathered sad-browed captives,
Men whose aged heads were white,
But whose souls had grown so holy
That the angels loved the sight;
Bore away young forest maidens,
Whose sweet eyes were like the flowers,
When the sun and dewdrop meeting,
Kiss them in the morning hours.

Once, when twilight lay a-sleeping
Mid the balmy Summer air,
While her shadow children wandered
Through the woodland every-where,
Came with eyes a-light in triumph,
Came with heads erect and free,
Homeward from their dark marauding,
Chanting songs of war-like glee,
Those wild pagans bearing captives;
Mid them one whose spirit sweet
Broke in odorous prayers, anointing
Every morn her Master's feet;

And young Rinbod, nobler-hearted
 Of the rugged princely train,
 Looking once upon her beauty,
 Loved her. Ere he looked again,
 Cried aloud in lover's ardor,
 "This star-maiden shall be mine;
 On the warrior's dusky dwelling
 Her young radiance shall shine!"
 Then outspoke the stern-browed Horsrik,
 While his eyes in lurid wrath,
 Flashed their lightnings on his rival,
 As to smite him from the path.
 "Say'st thou so, Sir Prince? then surely
 By the great god Woden's name,
 Since thy blood-drenched sword has won
 her,
 Thine own blood shall test the claim!"
 Toward the chieftain grim and darkling,
 Hand on sword-hilt at his side,
 'Twas not love that hovered o'er him,
 But a fiend of jealous pride,
 When uprose a form before him,
 Grandly as some mountain height,
 With the midnight fallen 'round it,
 Sudden glooms upon the sight.
 Eyes whose keen, cold rays of anger
 Seemed to cleave the very air;
 Brow like cliff by tempest beaten,
 Midst a foam of snowy hair,
 And a hand to heaven uplifted,
 As to draw down vengeful fire;
 Voice that made the wild bird's nestling,
 Cower in dread of dangers dire.
 Cried the high-priest of his nation,
 "This fair maid be no man's prize;
 Her warm blood shall feed the dragon,
 Woden, bless the sacrifice!"
 Day dawns flush, and sunsets vanish,
 Shines at last the fateful day,
 And amid her hissing captors,
 Meek the maiden treads her way.
 Low drooped head whose locks fling 'round
 her
 Filmy aureoles of gold,
 Hands serene, in mute petition,
 Crucifix within their hold,
 White calm on her half-hid forehead,
 In the deep of sea-blue eyes
 One could dream there still were lingering
 Dewes of early Paradise.
 As the sacrificial fillet
 Rests upon her forehead bare,
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Rinbod's heart ascends in worship,
 But its incense is despair.
 Yonder gnarled oak-tree is tossing
 His scant locks to say them nay,
 As they bind her helpless beauty
 'Gainst his mantling, shaggy gray.
 Hist! The monster dread advances,
 Flash his scales with thousand dyes,
 Borrowed from the morning sunbeams,
 Glare his horrid, hungry eyes;
 From his jaw of ghastly venom
 Gleam the teeth of triple line;
 Pond'rous serpent-tail out-reaching,
 Round the victim see it twine.
 One hushed moment, then a shudder,
 Pulses through the gaping crowd,
 And with roar that shakes the mountain,
 Waking echoes long and loud,
 Writhing on the rocky rampart,
 Reeling on the river brink,
 Downward plunging, now careering,
 See the mighty monster sink.
 For the maiden still before her
 Holds the image of her Lord,
 And those voiceless lips are stronger
 Than the high-priest's magic word;
 With her face illumed and holy,
 Speaks the virgin of his name;
 And her sweet voice soars triumphant,
 Like a heaven-ascending flame.
 While a line of light descending,
 Seems to meet its silver sound,
 As an angel guard were watching
 O'er a sister newly crowned,
 Rinbod, joyfully upspringing,
 Breaks her bonds with eager hand,
 While the multitude are shouting:
 "Hail, the princess of our land!
 Hail, the Christian God forever!
 He is mightier by far
 Than the mightiest we worship,
 He shall reign in peace and war."
 Goldenly the years flew onward
 Over Rinbod and his bride,
 Where the Drachenfels uplifted
 For all eyes its castled pride.
 And to-day the fairest picture
 Shining 'gainst the ancient height,
 Is the vision of a maiden
 Clothed upon with spirit-light,
 By her holy faith a victor,—
 Heaven's appointed virgin knight.
 FLORA BEST HARRIS.

OLD AND NEW MACKINAW.

TO the patriotically inclined who expect to join the huge caravansera in its travels eastward toward headquarters in the brotherly, broad-brim city of Philadelphia, and who may chance to select a marine way of locomotion rather than transit by steam-carriage on land, we would suggest, as they recline at ease in their floating homes, or with field-glass take surveys of the peaceful, fertile shores they must pass, that they will also recall the fact that the coasts of these inland seas are dotted all over by the most weird and terrible histories. There is one small point, in especial, that looms up in mid-lake, which few travelers in our country have not, at some period of their lives, watched with excited interest from the deck of some mammoth steamer as it ploughed along its onward course, until the vast expanse of water seemed like a furrowed field. The island of Mackinac! historic from the tragedy wrought out a hundred years and more ago, on a peninsula jutting into the lake about eight miles distant from the present American Gibraltar, where we will pause for a while before crossing over to its more ancient namesake.

The geographical relations of the island are easily defined, and indeed well known. Situated on the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan, it was established as a military post of the United States in 1810.

Its circuit is nine miles, the cove, a small town, backed by a steep cliff about one hundred and fifty feet high; two or three streets running parallel with the lake, and the place now, as ever, a resort of fur-traders, pleasure-seekers, and invalids; visited also, in Summer, by hundreds of Indians on their way to Drummond's Island, to receive their presents from the British Government. The Straits are forty miles long from east to west, and four miles wide at the narrowest part. The fort, on the cliff at its greatest sum-

mit, is about three hundred feet above the lake. As one approaches it the aspect is noble, hard, independent, where perhaps one would not care to live, for it is in fact merely an insulated rock, a fortress, and such a place is something of a prison. Yet we have passed many agreeable days there, and studied its every phase of humor from the balmiest of Summer months to the melancholy waning sunshine of Autumn, as it fell on the faded foliage and dropping leaves; misty and chill it certainly was, but never hopelessly doleful.

The hill-top is an undulating plateau, which the plan of our Government to convert, together with the staid old fort, into a national park, is not a wild vagary, but rather a practical and commonsense project. Extending to the rear of the island, on this high ground, are a few well-cultivated farms, and although all agricultural products are of later ripening than in other localities of the same and adjoining States, they are often of prodigious growth, and always of fine flavor. In small fruits, the strawberry and currant do not reach their perfection until July in the former, often as late as September in the latter, yet the yield is good, and the quality excellent. The weather-beaten dwellings, low, irregular, and for the most part of logs, stuccoed with the powdered shells and tiny pebbles, white as lime, of which the soil is composed, have the antique dormer-windows and other quaint architecture that bespeak their French origin. The premises are every-where marked by an exterior tidy and trim, always an index of what we shall find within doors.

The stores are not well-stocked by a general style of goods, but are rich in a variety of Indian and Canadian manufactures, worked in porcupine quills, and beads. The paths are smooth and dry, the streets mostly a hard, shell concrete, which, with other *débris* cast up from the

lakes, has created an adamantine pavement that it is difficult for the most persistent grass spears to invade.

The anchorage is fine, and it is seldom a hard matter to make the port, as, spite of something of an ocean swell, there is not that heavy surf and rampant waves which one might look for in so exposed an island. Boats ride close to the low shore, even under the very shadow of sugar loaf arch, and fort rock, at neither of which can we now tarry. Yet we must say, *en passant*, that whoever desires a realization of Charles Wesley's oft-sung stanzas:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
"Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,"

it can be found by sitting on the granite hill-side, with arch rock as a gateway into infinity, or what seems at least the grand poetic idea of Dr. Kane, the Unknown Sea, materialized. We gaze through the arch to the boundless waters outside, and, for the moment, deem it nothing earthly, but a strange something located between earth and heaven, "like a piece of the antediluvian world," according to Leigh Hunt,

"Looking out of the coldness of ages."

The fishing grounds are so excellent and abundant that Mackinac trout and white fish are of national repute, while Mackinac potatoes are also quite as renowned, and neither of the trio ever to be resisted by well-trained palates.

The inhabitants, most of whom belong to a half-caste race, are like their progenitors, care free; their light-hearted French blood always culling amusement enough even for the short days, long nights, and icy months of what seems, from its stronghold on the straits, to be an ever-enduring Winter—an ice-bound coast that is tight-locked by the 15th of November, and not set free until the Summer days of May.

Apart from all these dull statistics, there remains a lovely picture so clearly photographed into our very souls, that we look at it with delightful reverence, and there it is forever.

OLD MICHILIMACKINAC.

As you stand on the steamer's deck lying in harbor, or on the rocky plateau of the island (so called Mackinac, meaning *Turtle*, from a fancied resemblance in its conformation to that reptile), and extend your glance across the strait, one can easily discern with the naked eye, at the distance of eight miles or thereabouts, a low headland that juts out into the bay, and which ancient settlers of the little sea-girt hamlet will tell you is the site of old Fort Mackinac. It was built by order of the Governor-General of Canada, in the year 1735, and garrisoned with a small body of English soldiers. Its area includes about an acre of ground, which, being inclosed with pickets of cedar wood, was placed so near the water's edge that, according to an old chronicle, when the wind set in the west, the waves broke against the stockade.

In compiling this sketch, there floats back to the writer's mind a morning three years gone by, which, while it can not be recalled as one of storm and tempest, was certainly a gala time for wind and wave, that handled the party to which she belonged most pitilessly, vexing the inner man by a solemnly rolling sea, even after the sailing craft lay alongside the stanch old pier at Mackinac. Sitting on deck with no prospect of rest for ship or sea-gull, my eye chanced to wander off toward the distant peninsula, that I am striving to bring out in as strong relief as may be for the benefit of my readers.

There it lay, placid and low, yet bearing an outside so fresh and green that one might have fancied the spot a warm, rich meadow asleep on the blue waters, that only seemed to plash and bubble over the graveled beach, or hurried past as if loth to pause on a spot so lonely and so sad. The dark bushes clustered far away backward from the shore, and the few tall trees scattered around denoted what might simply turn out to be a pleasant rural life, and we peer about almost in expectation of quiet home-

steads and browsing cattle. But in fact, there are no green, unbroken fields, no paths leading over meadows or stile, no hay harvests in July; and although wild flowers do not refuse to spring up here and there, it is, and has been, during the century just past, a lifeless, gloomy, silent point of land.

It was a calm, starlit evening that brooded over the old fort on the eighth of June, 1765. The Indians, who had continued to arrive in great numbers throughout the day, were lying apparently in quiet slumber, having cast themselves down every-where about the stockade. They had purchased within the few hours of their arrival, a supply of tomahawks from the government stores, and spent much time in a close scrutiny of various armlets and other silver ornaments that savages wear,—the latter as a blind no doubt to all suspicion of their purpose. The morning of June 9th rose sultry and close, while a quivering haze trembled over the broad lake.

A Chippeway Indian had been early commissioned to notify the traders and their employes, outside the garrison bounds, that his nation were about to engage in the game of "Bag-at-away" with the Sacs, another savage tribe, having obtained the consent and approbation of the English commandant, Major Ethrington, who thought such contest in sport a fit celebration of his Majesty's (George II) birthday.

A few persons ventured to expostulate with the officer in command, suggesting a fear that the Indians might possibly have some sinister motive in view. But all such hints were ascribed to undue timidity, and a smile of unbelief made up the only reply of Major Ethrington to those who tendered him the warning.

"Bag-at-away," so called by the Indians, and in Canadian parlance, "*Le feu de la Crosse*," is an exceeding rough, boisterous, and pitiless game, as the writer can testify, having witnessed it on a certain July 4th, in company with Rev. Edward Cooke and family, from Boston (he being at that time president of a col-

lege in Northern Wisconsin), and which was contested, by broken heads and bleeding limbs, on the Government reservation for the Oneida nation.

The bat is about four feet in length, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground at a considerable distance from each other—sometimes nearly a half-mile—each party having its position. The skill of the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of its adversary. The ball, at the commencement, is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavors as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as in that of the adversary's.

From the description, it will be seen that it is necessarily attended with much violence and noise. In the ardor of contest the ball, as has been suggested, if it can not be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary.

At such a time, therefore, as the one on which we see them engaged, nothing could be more natural, or less likely to excite alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, which premeditated accident was effected in an early stage of the game by the Chippeways. Having fallen within the parade-ground, it was followed on the instant by all the combatants of the play, both parties eager, struggling, shouting—all in unrestrained pursuit of a rude, athletic exercise.

The sequel proved it to have been a most cunningly devised and well executed stratagem, that brought its full reward to the two savage nations,—uniting each to the other, heretofore so malignant in their enmity, with a bond both fraternal and fond.

Every soldier had been enticed within the pickets, and as many of the English *attachés* belonging to the fort as could be found were there gathered together also. No lack was there then of unsuspecting victims, as the fatal war-whoop, from the half-naked wretches, sent its long, loud

reverberations through densely wooded thickets, and over the broad, calm lake.

There is something very quaint and touching in the details of M. Henri, an officer who had accompanied General Amherst, in his expedition against Canada, in 1760, as he tells us of the ghastly scene, first observed as he stood before his window, looking out for an expected canoe that was to convey himself, servant, and peltries to a more secure market, and which reason had furnished sufficient excuse, after the warning given to Major Etherington, for declining to be present at the game. Standing there in quiet expectancy, the war-cry reaches his ear, and on the instant began the work of destruction; the Indians furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman at hand. Let me repeat the words of M. Henri himself:

"The first victim whose fate I plainly witnessed was Lieutenant Jemette. Then I seized my fowling-piece, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms; but all continued silent as death, except the howls of rage.

"I then saw my companions fall in every direction, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who scalped the victim while he was yet alive.

"Shelter or safety for me there seemed to be none; but, realizing how futile would be any attempt to stay the massacre, I besought a slave of the French commandant, the one commissioned by King Louis XV as Governor General over the Indians of the North-west Territory, to hide me, as her master had refused to place me in safety.

"She led me to a garret, at the same time bidding me conceal myself where I could. From an aperture in the roof I could see what was passing without, the whole area of the fort being also exposed.

"To behold is one thing—to describe is another; and no language can tell of the shapes so foul and terrible, the triumphs so ferocious, as were those of the barbarian conquerors.

"The dead were scalped and mangled,

the dying were writhing and struggling under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, while from the bodies of some who had been literally torn open the butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of victory.

"Horror and fear seized upon me, so that I seemed to be actually suffering from the torments I witnessed; but no long time elapsed before every one was destroyed of the English that could be found.

"Then there went up a general cry from the savages:

"'All is finished!'

"A few minutes after, I heard Indians in the dwelling—for only a single layer of boards covered the floor—and they asked if there were not an Englishman in the house. M. de Langlade replied 'he could not say,' he 'did not know of any,' and added, 'You may examine for yourselves.' Saying this, he brought them to the garret-door, which was placed at the foot of a narrow stairway.

"For a little time there was search for a key, which left me a few minutes to look for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of birch-bark, used in maple-sugar making. The door was unlocked, thrown open, and the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening under the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The savages walked in every direction around the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered, owing, probably, to the dark color of my clothes, and the want of light in a room that had no window.

"After taking several turns around the room, during which they told M. Lang-

lade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they all returned down stairs.

"I sank down exhausted on a feather-bed that lay on the floor, and as soon as the door below was again barred on me I fell asleep, and remained thus till the dusk of evening, when the door opened a second time and awakened me. The person who now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who had come to stop a hole in the roof, as the rain had commenced falling. She seemed surprised to find me there; but told me not to feel uneasy, as the Indians had killed most of the English, and she hoped I might escape. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

"No sooner did I awake in the morning than the master of the house began to ascend the stairs again, the Indians following upon his heels. Further concealment was in vain; so I rose from my bed and presented myself full in view to the savages. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except a strip of cloth tied round the midst of their bodies. One of them, Wenniway, I had known previously. He was upward of six feet in height, and had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only a white spot of two inches diameter encircling each eye.

"This man walked up to me, and seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly upon mine. At length he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' to which he added that he had frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on one occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musington, and that I should be called after him."

The glad reprieve is now dilated on by our author, who subsequently, however, passes through fresh peril and torture, but is always protected in the sequel by his fiendlike guardian, Wenniway, who does the best he is able for the helpless

victim placed among demoniac furies, "who foam at the mouth in their wild rage."

He is finally dragged out from his several hiding places, and offered bread in token of amity,—“but bread,” he exclaims, “with what an accompaniment!” They had a loaf which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre,—knives still covered with blood! The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen!

"On the arrival of their chief, 'Le Grand Sable,' who had just returned from his Spring hunt, the honor was reserved for him of putting to death with his own hunting-knife, the seven men who were shut up in the prison-lodge. Then two Indians, selecting the fattest of the dead bodies, cut off the head and divided the whole into five parts, one of which was put into each of five kettles, hung over as many fires kindled for this purpose at the door of the lodge.

"A summons to the feast was now given by the master of it, 'Le Grand Sable,' the cards of invitation consisting of small cuttings from cedar-wood, about four inches long.

"My friend Wenniway returned in the course of half an hour, bringing in his dish a human hand, and a large piece of cooked flesh, which, although he did not relish it very well, he must follow a custom universal among all barbarous nations, even that of a great war-feast!"

We need not tarry longer among these ancient legends of the brave old English Canadian trader, whose bones have lain for near a hundred years under the sod. He lived long enough to see the mild French domination in Canada and around the great Northern Lakes melt away under a more arbitrary rule of an English monarchy; when, peace being declared, "the traders and a few other settlers saved from the massacre were sent to 'Bay des Puantes' (Green Bay), to be protected by the Ottawas until finally and freely

ransomed at Montreal." Burke did not live long enough to take shelter beneath the flag of our own Republic, which in so few years after floated above the island fort, and has never since dropped its colors before a foreign foe.

On the 10th of June, the day succeeding the slaughter, the Indians, in fear of an attack from the English too strong for them to resist, agreed in council to remove themselves, prisoners, venison, and peltries, to the Island of Mackinac, as being a more defensible position than fort Michilimacinac. This journey being accomplished in a few hours, the first reveillé was sounded on the lonely citadel, June 11, 1765, by the Indian "tum-tum," as it beat a call for the muster-roll. There were found on it three hundred and fifty fighting red men, the first garrison of

warriors that ever occupied this "Islet of the Sea."

And now, when the intelligent traveler approaches the island, when he ascends the gentle mountain that rises in its center, and looks over the restful bay, to the low peninsula beyond, have I not given him something to meditate upon? If one desires an entire change of programme, then let him or her "paddle their own canoe" to the very spot itself, and then stroll for an hour or two along the shore beneath the shade of trees, wherein scarcely a sign of life shall be perceived. Or one can sit down to rest within the circle of the old cedar stockade, now made green and rich in grass and clover, above the graves where the murdered garrison of a hundred men lie buried.

E. S. MARTIN.

PRINCETON AND PHILADELPHIA IN 1761.

WE have before us the manuscript note-book of a minister or missionary among the Indians in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, about the middle of last century. His own name is not in the book, and is lost to us. But the journal contains curious glimpses of social as well as religious life in the New World, when the American States were yet colonies of the old country. We quote the greater part of the entries in the journal for one year, the year being 1761, memorable as that of the accession of George III, during whose reign independence was achieved.

In my late journey to Pennsneck and Salem, which was by presbyterial appointment, I suffered much by reason of the severity of the season. I returned on the 7th of January, 1761, as has been already related in the close of the preceding journal; and the next Sabbath, which was the 11th of the month, I convened the Indians together, and attended two

exercises of divine worship; and the Wednesday following, a meeting in the evening.

Thursday, Jan. 15. — Rode several miles to a cedar swamp, to visit an afflicted family, they having one child lying dead in the house, and the mother in a very weak and low state.

Lord's-day Jan. 18. — Performed divine worship twice with the Indians and others that attended; and spent some time the ensuing week in visiting them at their houses. And the next Sabbath convened them again, and discharged the duties of the day as usual.

Lord's-day, Feb. 1. — Spent the Sabbath at Bridgetown, and in the forenoon preached a funeral sermon for his late Majesty King George II,—his present Majesty having been proclaimed in this province the preceding week. Afterward touched on the happy accession of King George III; and in the close of the latter exercise read his Majesty's royal

proclamation for the suppression of vice and encouragement of virtue.

This week I went to Philadelphia, intending to return toward the latter end; but having the melancholy news of the death of Rev. Mr. Davies, President of the college of New Jersey, I thought it my duty to go to Princeton and attend his funeral. And being desired by several ministers present, I tarried over the Sabbath, and preached one part of the day in the college hall. And being necessarily detained by business, did not return home till toward the end of the week.

Lord's-day, Feb. 15.—This being the first Sabbath of my being at home after the proclamation of his Majesty King George III, in this province, I thought it proper to inform my congregation of the late king's death, and the accession of his illustrious successor, our present rightful sovereign, and gave them a discourse suited to the occasion. In the afternoon I preached a sermon with reference to the much-lamented death of the late reverend and worthy President Davies. Spent considerable part of several days this week in visiting the Indians; and on Wednesday evening convened them for public worship. Toward the latter end of the week I went to Great Egg Harbor; and on Saturday preached a lecture at the house of John English, about forty miles from hence.

Lord's-day, Feb. 22.—Rode fifteen miles, and preached twice at the house of William Reed, on the sea-shore, to a numerous congregation. Rode ten miles the next day eastward, and preached a lecture at Chestnutneck; and after sermon stayed the heads, or principal members of the congregation, to discourse about building a meeting-house. And the same evening rode about twenty-five miles homeward. The next day I passed my own dwelling, and rode to Bridgetown, being called to meet the trustees of the college at Princeton the next day at eleven o'clock. Accordingly, I set out very early in the morning, and arrived there about twelve, having ridden near thirty miles. Business and stormy weather

detained me till Saturday, when I returned home.

Lord's-day, March 1.—Spent the Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the usual manner; and on Thursday evening convened the Indians again, and attended the worship of God. Spent some time this week with the Indians about their temporal business, particularly with regard to preparing their ground for corn and other seed.

Lord's-day, March 8.—Spent the Sabbath at Nefhamina, about forty-five miles from hence, by order of presbytery, Mr. Beatty not being yet returned from Europe. The next day I preached a lecture at Abington, in my way to Philadelphia, the Rev. Mr. Treat, minister of that congregation, being confined by sickness. Had a very ill turn in town, probably by a cold I had taken, the weather having been very stormy and uncomfortable; but through divine goodness, it did not continue long so sharp. As soon as I was a little recovered I returned home, but was obliged in a great measure to confine myself to my house for some days.

Lord's-day, March 15.—I ventured to the meeting-house, though under great bodily indisposition and some danger, and performed divine service in my usual manner. The next Thursday I convened the people together again in the afternoon for divine service, and gave them a discourse pointing out the duty of Christian neighbors one to another; and when divine worship was ended, settled a temporal affair about which there had been some difference.

Lord's-day, March 22.—Preached to the college in Nassau Hall, at the request and by order of the trustees, and returned home the next Friday; and the ensuing Sabbath performed divine service twice among the Indians, as usual. The same evening I conversed with two persons about the great concerns of their souls, one of whom was under considerable awakenings. The next day I preached a lecture to a company of people who are working at a cedar swamp a few miles

distant, at the request of some of the company. And the Wednesday following I convened the Indians in the evening, and gave them a discourse upon industry, pointing out the great evil of idleness, and exhorting them to honest, diligent industry, as being friendly both to their temporal and spiritual good.

Lord's-day, April 5.—Rode to Woodbury this morning, the preceding day having been stormy and unfit for traveling, and attended two exercises of divine worship; and the next day preached a lecture at Timber Creek, and returned home the same evening.

Lord's-day, April 12.—Spent the Sabbath among the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in my usual manner; and the Wednesday following attended an evening meeting. The next Friday I rode to Wading River, twenty miles on my road to Manuhocking, and preached a lecture to a considerable congregation. Proceeded on my journey to the sea-side, and spent the Sabbath at Manuhocking, attending two religious exercises. The Tuesday following I rode up the shore northward about sixteen miles, and preached a lecture, and returned home the latter end of the week.

Lord's-day, April 26.—Kept Sabbath at home, and performed divine service twice, preaching two short discourses—one for the Indians, the other for the white people—at each exercise; and the next Thursday attended an evening meeting.

Lord's-day, May 3.—Kept Sabbath at Pennsneck, upwards of fifty miles from hence, and attended two exercises; then rode to Salem, and preached an evening sermon in a private house. The next day I preached a lecture in the courthouse, and the day following left Salem, and came homeward.

Lord's-day, May 10.—Spent the Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the manner above related. The next day I set out for Salem again, upon special business relative to the mission and my

residence among the Indians, and returned toward the end of the week. After I came home, I was seized with an extraordinary epidemical cold; but, as it took me just before the Sabbath, I was not disabled from performing divine service, though afterward I was confined to my room for several days. This week the synod began to sit in Philadelphia.

Lord's-day, May 24.—Being now considerably recovered of my illness, I was able to attend divine worship both parts of the day, as usual. The next day I rode to Philadelphia, where the synod was sitting; and, business being concluded on Tuesday evening, set out the next morning, in company with a number of my brethren, for Princeton, to attend a meeting of the trustees of the college, and continued there the remainder of the week.

Lord's-day, May 31.—Kept Sabbath at Princeton, and heard two of my reverend brethren with much satisfaction and delight, and continued in town two days after. The principal business of this meeting was the election of a president, to supply the place of the late reverend and worthy Mr. Davies; and several of the trustees being sick with that epidemical cold above mentioned, it was with great difficulty that a quorum of the body could be obtained, without which neither this nor any other business could be transacted; and those of the corporation already convened were obliged to send several expresses to distant members, which occasioned so long a tarry at Princeton. In the conclusion, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Finley, minister of the Gospel at Nottingham, in Pennsylvania, was elected. Being appointed to transact some business in Philadelphia relating to the college, I did not return home till toward the end of the week.

Lord's-day, June 14.—This week I took a journey to Cohonsey, about fifty miles. Preached three lectures, and returned on Saturday evening.

Wednesday, June 24.—Was kept as a solemn fast, in compliance with an order of synod, and two exercises were relig-

iously attended. The next day I set out for Princeton, and in my way thither preached a funeral sermon at the desire of one of my brethren.

Lord's-day, June 28.—The Rev. Mr. Finley not being yet arrived, I performed divine service in the college hall, by the appointment of the trustees at their last meeting. The next day I rode eighteen miles homeward, and preached a lecture at Bordentown, and administered the ordinance of baptism.

Lord's-day, July 5.—Convened the Indians together, and attended two exercises of religion in our usual manner. The next day I rode fifteen miles to the Forks of Egg Harbor, and preached a lecture; and on Wednesday convened the Indians, and gave them an evening sermon.

Lord's-day, July 12.—Kept Sabbath at home again, and performed divine service both parts of the day, as usual. This week I rode to Cohonsey, upon some personal business, and returned by Woodbury, where I spent the next Sabbath, attended two exercises, and in the close of the latter admitted a person (with whom I had previously and repeatedly conversed on this subject) to renew his baptismal covenant, and administered baptism to his infant child. The next day I preached a lecture at Timber Creek, and came fifteen miles homeward, but was prevented coming any farther by a heavy thunder-storm. Spent part of this week in visiting the Indians at their respective habitations; and the next Lord's-day convened the Indians from their several settlements in those parts at Bridgetown, and attended three religious exercises, one peculiarly calculated for the Indians, a very considerable number of whom were present and gave devout attention to divine service. On the Wednesday and Thursday of this week I assisted at the examination of those who stood candidates for the first honors of the college, and the next morning set out for New England; but, being hindered by the rain, got no farther than New York this week, and there kept

Sabbath. Prosecuted my journey on Monday morning, accomplished my business in New England, repassed New York, and got to Eliza Town the next Saturday. The next morning I rode to Westfield, and there kept Sabbath, the people being destitute of their minister for that day. The day following I preached a lecture at Springfield, and on Wednesday assisted at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Roe in Woodbridge. The next day came to college, and so onward to my own habitation amongst the Indians.

Lord's-day, Aug. 30.—Kept Sabbath at Bordentown, to accommodate a small number of Indians who reside opposite to this town in Pennsylvania. I had likewise a view to the white people, who are destitute of the Gospel ministry in these parts. Performed one exercise for the Indians, and another for the English.

Lord's-day, Sept. 6.—Spent the Sabbath at home, and attended two religious exercises; and at the close of the latter administered the ordinance of baptism to an English child, the parents residing near this Indian settlement. The next day I rode to Cohonsey, and returned the Thursday following; and the next day preached a lecture at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor, about fifteen miles from hence.

Lord's-day, Sept. 13.—Kept Sabbath at home, attending two religious exercises; and toward the close of the latter administered the ordinance of baptism to an infant, a child of one of the Indians.

Friday, Sept. 18.—Convened the Indians together this evening, and attended divine service in our usual manner.

Lord's-day, Sept. 20.—Spent the Sabbath again with the Indians, and attended the worship of God both parts of the day, as usual. Also administered baptism to an infant, the child of Dutch parents in this neighborhood. Attended commencement this week at the college in Princeton.

Lord's-day, Oct. 4.—On my return from Princeton, I kept Sabbath at Penns-

borough, the place where the Indians reside, mentioned August 30th. Attended two exercises among the Indians; then crossed the river, and preached an evening sermon at Bordentown. The next day but one I rode to Philadelphia, and was detained there with business till the latter end of the week.

Lord's-day, Nov. 1.—Toward the end of the week I rode to Manuhocking, and there spent the next Sabbath, attending the usual exercises of divine worship in the day; and likewise in the evening, at a house about a mile distant, to accommodate a person who was not able to come out. The next day I rode twenty miles, and preached at Wading River, and the day following returned home.

Lord's-day, Nov. 15.—Performed divine service in the forenoon with the Indians; in the afternoon at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor; and the Tuesday following attended an evening meeting with the Indians.

Lord's-day, Nov. 22.—Spent the whole Sabbath-day at home, and performed the usual exercises of God's worship both parts of the day. The next day I visited a sick person, spent some time in conversation, and concluded with prayer. Toward night, I set out on a journey to the southward, and lodged at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor. The next day I rode near twenty miles, and preached toward the head of Great Egg Harbor River to a larger congregation than heretofore in this place. The day following, I rode down the river eight or ten miles, and preached again in a private house to a crowded audience; and the next, near the mouth of the river, accommodating some on the sea-shore; then crossed the bay, and preached an evening sermon on the north end of Cape May. The next day I rode about twenty-eight miles on the cape, and preached an evening sermon; and the day following returned, and preached again at the north end of the cape; and crossing the bay the same evening, rode about five miles to my place of lodging.

Lord's-day November 29.—Rose early

this morning, and rode thirteen miles on the sea-shore northward, and officiated twice to the largest congregation I had ever seen in this place. The next day I preached near the mouth of Little Egg Harbor, about ten miles to the northward of the place I was at on the Lord's-day; and the next, at a place called Cedar Bridge, fourteen miles on my way homeward; and the day following, at the Forks, ten miles from the last mentioned, and came home the same evening. In this round of lectures, I promoted a subscription for the settlement and support of the Gospel ministry in this large township of Great Egg Harbor, and got near eighty pounds subscribed, to be continued annually for that pious use. After my return home, I was very unwell for two days, and unfit for any business. On Saturday next, being the 5th of December, I convened the Indians together, and spent a suitable portion of time in the holy exercises of religion.

Lord's-day, Dec. 6.—Rode this morning about fourteen miles to Wepinck, the old Indian town, and attended divine worship there, accommodating myself to the Indians, and likewise to the white people, a number of whom were present. In the afternoon preached at Bridgetown to a crowded assembly. The next day I proceeded eastward, spent some time at the college in Princeton, transacting some business relative to the mission. Then rode to Perth Amboy, to pay my duty to Mr. Hardy, a gentleman lately arrived with the King's commission to take the seat of government in this Province. Performed the several businesses I went out upon, and returned home the next Saturday evening.

Lord's-day, Dec. 13.—Spent the entire day at home, and, having convened the Indians, attended the usual exercises of the Sabbath, and an evening lecture Wednesday following.

Saturday, Dec. 19.—Rode about seventeen miles, and preached in a Dutch neighborhood; and the next day kept Sabbath at Timber Creek, and performed the usual services.

Monday, Dec. 21.—Convened some of the Indians, and assisted them about a secular affair.

Lord's-day, Dec. 27.—Spent the whole Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the usual manner.

Tuesday, Dec. 29.—Assisted the Indians again in some of their temporal concerns. The next day I rode to Philadelphia to procure some necessaries for housekeeping.

The note-book from which these extracts are taken, and many letters from Jonathan Edwards, Witherspoon, Burr, and other distinguished divines of New Jersey, are in the possession of the representatives of a family in Scotland, with whom these good men corresponded. The present extracts, while having special interest to those who are acquainted with the history of Princeton, afford curious glimpses of life in America more than a century ago.

ONLY HANNAH.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years ago that old house on the corner of Frink Street looked a great deal older than it does now. The front has been raised up, and a new story put under it; the bay-windows have been added, and pretty green blinds screen the once unsheltered doors and windows from the scorching rays of the Summer sun. Inside, the old house has been remodeled and touched up with new paint and paper, new carpets and spruce furniture, till it has scarcely a suggestion of the place where Hannah was born, thirty years ago.

Not even the view from the windows remains the same. None of the New England towns which have undergone the wonderful change from a farming to a manufacturing district has been more altered in its general features than this. I remember it well when a few straggling farm-houses with their inevitable out-buildings were the only reminders of human life within an area of two miles. Now this space is thickly populated, crowded with business of many kinds; and tasteful residences, costly churches, and other public buildings, lift their showy spires, towers, or cupolas as proudly as if they were ages old, rather than the achievements of yesterday. On either

bank of the river, far up toward its fountain between the mountains, are long streets lined with new homes and the manufactories whose presence has wrought all this marvelous change since Hannah was born, thirty years ago.

It is difficult to realize she ever had a season of babyhood like other children. It must have been shorter than the cooing, petted, trustful days belonging to infancy in general; for the mother died when she was only two years old, and she was not quite three when another mother arose who knew not Hannah.

The new mother was not unkind to the little orphan, who shrank timidly from her notice when she was first placed under her care. She was simply indifferent. There had been no one to fill the child's head with foolish prejudice against step-mothers, and she was too young to understand the relations which the stout, bustling woman held to her. There was no pretense of affection on either side.

"She'll never set the world afire with her beauty," said the step-mother, after one scrutinizing glance that took in every detail of the little figure before her. "Light hair, pug nose, eyes of no color in particular, and complexion the same. Humph!"

"She is a good little girl," said Mrs. Gerry, who was the nearest neighbor, and who had often been in since Hannah's mother died to offer assistance to the broken family. "One of the sweetest tempers in the world," she went on, stooping down as she spoke to kiss the wistful face upturned to hers.

"That may be true; but any one with half an eye can see that she has no gumption."

Can any one outside of New England define gumption? or give one-half of its manifold meanings? It has no relation to society manners or accomplishments, and the word faculty but partially expresses it. It is comprehended by instinct. It can be understood, but not explained. And when Mrs. Hartley declared that Hannah, in her third year, was destitute of it, she might as well have pronounced her deficient in common sense.

"You'll see," said Mrs. Gerry, shaking her head oracularly. "Just wait till she gets old enough to show what she is."

But no one waited for that to ascertain the child's capacity. Indeed, no one in her home seemed at all interested in the matter. Her presence was as nearly ignored as it could be and allow her an existence. She was not four years old before any thing that concerned her was summarily settled by the brief question, "What does it matter? It's only Hannah?"

It was curious and pathetic also, to notice how very soon the child's natural freedom and playfulness changed into a quaint womanliness that cared thoughtfully for every interest excepting her own. The little face at first often wore a puzzled look, as if she were trying to understand how she happened to be an inhabitant of the world, and yet be of no account in it. Not that she ever rebelled against the injustice of her position, but there must have been through all her life an under-current of speculation upon the subject. It is not in human nature to become "only Hannah" without giving a thought to the subject; and she

must have begun very early in life to ponder over the mystery of her existence without any rights or any acknowledged identity. In whatever method she settled the question, it did not sour her temper, or make her dissatisfied with her condition.

No one was positively unkind to her. She was not abused or scolded. She had plenty to eat, and was comfortably clothed; not clothed, indeed, in the fanciful dresses that bedecked her brothers and sisters who were born under the new *régime*; there was never a gay ribbon tied around her waist, or a bit of embroidery put on to finish her little sleeves; there were no flowers or laces to set off her best hat, and no fancy slippers or boots upon the active little feet.

"Comfortably clothed!" That expresses it so far as the physical nature was concerned, and Hannah was not credited with æsthetic tendencies. Yet, inasmuch as the lack of beautiful adorning may have helped her to secure the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price, and so enabled her at last to wear the white robes prepared for God's beloved ones in heaven, we will not lament that never, in all her life, was she seen with a bit of useless finery upon her person.

There was another difference between her lot and that of her half sister and brothers. She was never brought forward to show off her accomplishments before company, for it never occurred to any one that she might have any talent to exhibit. Mabel was drilled patiently to repeat the childish hymns that are so prettily lisped by baby lips at the Sunday-school, and Hannah was permitted to assist in the drilling by a constant repetition of the words till they were caught by the memory of the young learner, and were ready for the delectation of admiring visitors.

"I do wish," said one of these, after a call on Mrs. Hartley, in which Mabel had shown off all her attainments, "I do wish I could stay in that house five minutes

without being called upon to flatter that red-headed young one. It is such a bore."

"Yes," said the friend who had accompanied her, and whose face wore an unusually grave look as she listened to this unflattering comment, "it is a bore. But is it quite right, do you think, to express such admiration for what is really so tiresome?"

"Was it that notion that made you so silent?"

"Not wholly, though I do think it wrong to bring children forward in that manner. It soon takes away the pretty shy modesty that is a child's chief grace, and no after training can ever restore it. It is a sad sight to see a mother go deliberately to work to make her child bold, and therefore disagreeable. But I was thinking of that pale little girl who was carrying that big baby around in the kitchen. Did you not see her through the door when Mrs. Hartley went out to get the sugar that paid her little one for the trouble of showing off?"

"Yes, I saw her. The last time I was in there I saw her in the same employment, and inquired who she was. I thought she might be some child who had been benevolently taken from the poor-house."

"Is that the case?"

"No; though I did not learn so much as that from Mrs. Hartley. She answered indifferently, 'Oh, it's only Hannah,' and then went on glibly to speak of the budding excellencies of the boy-baby in the little girl's arms. I learned afterward that she was the step-mother of the tiny nurse."

From her position in the background, Hannah was permitted to admire the brilliant juveniles around her. This she did with all her heart, and without a question of their superiority to herself. Her memory retained the childish verses that they recited, and she was fond of singing them to herself over her work.

She was always at work. She could not remember when she began to darn old stockings and knit new ones. The lighter parts of the kitchen work had

been hers from the time that she was large enough to handle a broom, and all the disagreeable domestic drudgery slipped into her hands before she was a dozen years old. All day long the willing little feet ran hither and thither to save the steps of other little feet as well as older and stronger ones. Alas that no loving appreciation of her labors should have cheered the lonely childish heart; that no genial sympathy in her efforts or herself made the burdens light!

Older people turn naturally to their fellows for words of encouragement. True, they do not always find what they seek, or gather cheer in the hour of sorrow from the happier ones around them. There are many "only Hannahs" scattered even among the Christians, whose Master's mission on earth was to establish a kingdom of love.

A widow lady whose early life, and the best of her mature days, had been spent in active service for the needy ones around her, found herself, in old age, a helpless invalid. She had outlived all the dear ones who had made life desirable.

"If there were only one to care when I suffer," she said once, when, for a moment, her strong spirit bowed before her constant bodily torture, "I think I could bear it cheerfully. It makes me worse to speak of it to indifferent people. The human heart craves sympathy. God has made it so. Why, I think sometimes that if my husband or my mother could come back from the grave long enough to say 'I'm sorry for you,' I could suffer for months, without again losing my courage."

Hannah had no memories of love or sympathy to aggravate her loneliness. Mrs. Hartley would have opened her eyes with indignant astonishment if she had suspected that the child presumed to feel lonely when she was not allowed to be a moment by herself. And perhaps it was best that she had no time to brood over her trials. Especially as it is doubtful whether she thought she had any troubles to lament. She just lived and

thought and moved for other people, and left herself out of the question.

"Here, Hannah! Come here! Where are you? I want my cap!" shouted sturdy little Asa, running into the kitchen one morning. Hannah was half hidden behind the huge piles of milk-pans and breakfast dishes that she was preparing to wash, but she came forward as soon as she heard his voice.

"I want my cap," he repeated.

"Where did you leave it?" asked Hannah.

"I don't know. Somewhere. You come and find it for me."

"Yes. Go, Hannah," said his mother. "Or stay a moment and measure Mrs. Gerry's milk. She is coming after it."

"I can't wait," said Asa. "Come along now, Hannah."

"Can't wait for what?" asked Mrs. Gerry, who looked with any thing but favor upon the spoiled boy. He did not answer, but pulled Hannah's sleeve, and so managed to make her spill part of the milk she was handing to Mrs. Gerry.

"Do be careful, Hannah," said Mrs. Hartley, impatiently. "Just look at that slop on the floor. Take the pitcher back and measure the milk again."

"Get my cap, Hannah; I can't wait. I want it now," screamed Asa, beginning to hop across the floor, in imitation of a toad that he had been worrying in the back-yard.

"He's so full of life!" said the fond mother. "Now, Hannah, run and find the hat. And be quick,—the work is all behindhand this morning."

"Does Asa never wait on himself?" asked Mrs. Gerry.

"Not often. He is never still enough to do any thing. He will have to learn some time. Hurry, Hannah!"

Hannah came in out of breath, but without the hat. Asa stopped his play at once.

"Now, Hannah," he whined, "why did n't you get it? I want it."

"I can't find it. You must have left it out of doors."

"Well, why don't you go out and see?"

"The dish-water is getting quite cold, ma'am," said Hannah, turning to the mother.

"I can't help it. There will be no peace till the hat is found. Look in the back-yard. Of course the hat is somewhere."

Hannah ran out again, and Asa recommenced his noisy sport. Mrs. Gerry waited curiously to see the result of the search.

Presently a loud cry from the yard brought them all to the door. There lay Hannah, who had fallen from the top of a high wood-pile, upon which she had climbed in her efforts to disengage the missing cap from an upright pole where the boy had himself hung it.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the startled mother; "it's only Hannah. How you did scare me! I thought it was Tom or Mabel. I sha'n't get over it to-day."

Hannah picked herself up in silence. She evidently expected no sympathy. The fact that she was "only Hannah" seemed to be a sufficient reason, even to herself, why her aches should pass unnoticed. She went quietly into the house, and gave the cap to the boy, who received it with a loud laugh.

"I hid it up there," he said, exultantly.

"O, you young rogue!" exclaimed his mother, laughing; "you do beat all! What will you be up to next?"

Mrs. Gerry's eyes followed Hannah pitifully.

"There is a bruise on your forehead," she said, kindly. "I would put some brown paper and vinegar on it, if I were you."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Hartley, coloring, as she detected the shade of pity in Mrs. Gerry's voice. "Oh, that is nothing."

"It is swelling rapidly, Mrs. Hartley."

"Is it? Well, I never should have thought you would be one to notice every little bump that a child gets. They expect rubs and knocks, and get used to them. If you had as many children as I have, you would have your hands too full

of work to get time for needless fussing. Put something to that little bruise if you want to, Hannah. But hurry about it, for the dish-water is getting stone cold."

Hannah did not avail herself of the ungracious permission, but went resolutely about the work assigned her.

The kind neighbor left, with her whole soul, as she expressed it, boiling over with indignation.

"I shall never be able to tell why I did not shake that hateful boy," she said to her husband, when he came in to dinner. "And his mother too, for that matter."

"I am very glad that you saved your strength for home use," replied her husband, who had listened to her account of the morning's adventure with the most aggravating calmness. It was a way he had when she was over-excited.

"Hannah's hurts were of no account!" she continued. "If it had been Mabel, the child would have been petted and coaxed half a day. It makes all the difference in the world whose back aches. There are some poor creatures who are supposed to enjoy pain. I shall give those Hartleys a piece of my mind yet."

"Oh, no, you won't; because it would do no good, and you would only get their ill-will for your reward."

"If Mr. Hartley had the spunk of a mouse, he would interfere."

"Perhaps he sees no reason for interfering."

"He is n't quite a fool, Robert, though he acts like one. He can't help seeing what goes on under his nose. I tried once to stir up his sense of justice. I might as well have talked to Carlo."

"What did he say?"

"Not much. He has a way, that some other men have, of not appearing to hear what is not agreeable to him. Do you remember the time when you tried to convince him that it would be a good thing for the town to have a railroad through it? He did not seem to hear your arguments, but prosed away on his own line, as if there had not been a word said on the other side."

"Yes, Fanny, I remember it," said

Mr. Gerry, laughing as he recalled the time she mentioned.

"Well, he acted just so when I spoke of Hannah. I said it was a shame to let such a mite of a child work from morning to night, without a moment for rest, to say nothing of play."

"That was plain enough, certainly. What did he say?"

"He said it would be a prime day for making hay, if the fog should blow off."

"So you gave up the idea of stirring him up, as you phrase it."

"Yes. I went in there last evening after my milk, and there was such a noise in the keeping-room that I thought the house was coming down. Mrs. Hartley laughed at my astonishment, and explained that it was that young Tom's birthday, and the rest were celebrating it. 'They are all cutting up as if they were possessed,' she said; 'but, as I tell John, birthdays come but once a year, and we can put up with the racket for a few hours.' 'Yes,' said John Hartley, who sat in the corner, as straight and about as handsome as a stove-pipe, 'yes, I like to see children have a good time.' 'I saw a light in the back-kitchen,' I said, as pleasantly as I could, for my voice grew sharp in spite of me, 'and I thought there was some one at work there.' 'Oh, that was only Hannah. She is paring and quartering apples,' said Mrs. Hartley. 'Speaking of apples,' said John Hartley, 'do you know if Deacon Allen has many this Fall? Ours are gnarly and small, and we have but a few bushels, any way.' 'No; I don't know any thing about Deacon Allen's fruit. But if I were Hannah I should be glad you have so few. They will be cut up and strung the sooner.' 'Oh, as to that,' struck in Mrs. Hartley, 'Hannah do n't mind. She likes to cut apples as well as to do any thing else.' Now, Robert, can you tell me why I did n't ask if Hannah's birthdays were celebrated? Or why I did n't tell them that it was a sin and a shame to slight the poor child, besides over-working her?"

"I suppose it was restraining grace

that kept your tongue from evil," he answered, seriously. He was sorry for Hannah in his own way, though he never encouraged his wife in her comments upon the child's condition.

"I shall do it sometime," she went on. "I know I shall. If Alice Hartley can look down from the skies and see how her motherless child is treated, I think she can scarcely be happy in heaven."

"Is the child unhappy, Fanny?"

"Well, no. That is the most aggravating part of it. She has no idea that she was intended for any thing except for 'only Hannah.' She was actually singing over those miserable apples that were all skins and cores just like their owners."

"Then she can sing. That is worth something, surely. The rest of the family have not much music about them, have they?"

"About as much as a parcel of tree-toads. Hannah takes the gift from her mother. Alice Hartley was the sweetest singer in all this region. Hannah has to sing the small Hartleys to sleep every night. I believe the old folks manage to get to sleep without her help. The worst of it is, that Hannah seems to like it. She will sing one piece after another for hours, if they require it. Where she ever learned so many is a mystery. Her eyes light up when she is singing, and she seems to fancy herself in paradise."

"I think your pity for her is thrown away. She must be a happy child, after all."

"But not happy *like* a child, Robert. Can't you see the difference. There is a thoughtfulness about her that is not natural. It goes to my heart. She never laughs out merrily and carelessly like other children. All the cares of the household rest on her slender shoulders. It is not right."

"Still, as she is happy and no one really abuses her, I think—"

"I think," interrupted his wife, "that it *is* abuse to let a child live alone in the world. To give her no motherly love, no family sympathy, no words of tender

personal interest. I should rather be snubbed and scolded all day than to have the folks around me ignorant of my existence otherwise than as a useful machine. If I die, may the good Lord deliver my children from such a fate!"

Robert laughed at her earnestness, and pointed significantly at two girls who stood by the window noisily contending for their separate rights in some bits of colored prints that they were fashioning into dolls' dresses.

"There is no occasion for you to worry on that score," he said. "They seem capable of asserting themselves at present. Neither of them exhibits a decided leaning toward saintship."

There were other neighbors who showed at times a pitying interest in Hannah; but, as Mr. Gerry remarked, the pity seemed to be thrown away, because the child herself had apparently no idea that she needed it. It would have been no act of kindness to open her eyes to ills that she did not realize, especially as they could not be helped. As the years passed, people outside the family became used to her being "only Hannah."

It was wonderful, if any one had taken pains to notice it, how she secured any thing like a common education in books. She could not be spared to attend school regularly,—but fortunately, if not providentially, the younger Hartleys were all dull scholars, and so it became one of Hannah's duties to read the lessons aloud and repeat them over and over, till they were impressed upon their reluctant memories. Of course, she could not do this without acquiring an accurate knowledge of the lessons. Her naturally fine mind took in eagerly the wisdom that was so distasteful to the unwilling students for whose sole benefit they were repeated, and afforded her many pleasant thoughts when her hands were busy with the household labors.

In process of time Hannah grew into a comely maiden of sixteen, eighteen, and so by gradual steps up into the twenties. But she was "only Hannah" still. Her brothers and sisters grew likewise, and

their wants kept pace with their growth. Two baby-sisters died in one week of scarlatina. They were twins, and had been a heavy burden upon Hannah's hands, yet the unselfish sister mourned deeply over their early removal to a better world, not seeing the danger of their growing up to be utterly selfish if they remained in this. Mabel was not suffered to come near them for fear of contagion, and the other children were removed from the house. "Only Hannah" was allowed to risk her life by a steady watch in the sick-room. Even the mother was careful to breathe the fresh out-door air as much as possible.

Death is not always a misfortune. It is rarely so when it comes to the innocent babe, and takes it away while its soul is unstained by sin. For the children born into wordly and selfish families, where the most powerful influence that is brought to the culture of the immortal spirit is "of the earth earthy," death is to be desired rather than life.

Mabel, at sixteen, had developed a fondness for dress and display. If she had also been gifted with a corresponding delight in fashioning her pretty garments, her taste for finery would have been less inconvenient for others. Instead, she had grown indolent as she grew older, and her laziness was dignified by being supposed to result from delicate health. She was never strong enough to do any thing disagreeable. She could rove over the hills and through the woods

for miles in search of ferns and flowers, but her back was too weak to admit of her clearing away the litter that she made in arranging them. No one ever expected any useful work from her.

Sewing machines were not then in common family use, and the only machine for sewing that the Hartleys could depend on was Hannah. There was no end to the work that Mabel made for her. There was always something to make up or alter. The alterations were the most trying, for Mabel was "very particular," as her mother phrased the caprice that no changes could quite satisfy.

The boys, or rather, the young men, who had been waited on as children, made incessant demands upon the elder sister's time and patience. They were stout, healthy fellows, who assisted their father manfully in out-door labors, but who seemed to lose the power to help themselves as soon as they entered the house.

And the mother, who had not been remarkable in her youth for her love of work, became yet more indolent as increase of flesh rather than increase of years, made it more difficult for her to get about. She would sit in her great rocking-chair by the window all day, just jogging herself backward and forward, and making suggestions in regard to the work of Hannah or the recreations of Mabel. Especially was it her delight to watch her daughter as she tried on the various bits of finery that made up her dress.

H. C. GARDNER.

SWEET little bird ! along the path
 Where fallen leaves and flowers lie,
 Thy mellow song sweet music hath
 To turn the shadows in mine eye.
 Full of strong life, thy voice is heard
 Amidst so much that speaks of death,

Singing when every other bird
 So little in my garden saith.
 When it shall be my time to die,
 Come to my window, little bird,
 That I may say a last "good-bye,"
 And hear again this song just heard.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

MID low green mounds where sculptured marbles gleam,
 And willows' graceful branches bending sweep
 Above fair lilies, whose sweet blossoms seem
 To speak of those who gather here to weep,
 There lies a grave untended and alone;
 No willow bends, no snowy lilies nod;
 At head or foot there stands no sculptured stone
 To tell who slumbers underneath the sod.

One nameless grave among so many known
 And cherished in the heart's recesses deep;
 So many all are proud to point and own
 As friends beloved, and fallen here asleep.
 One nameless grave! But o'er the wide green earth
 Wherever foot of man has dared to tread,
 And mortal life ends in immortal birth,
 Beside our loved ones lie the unknown dead.

Whether their lives were sad with hope deferred,
 Or blessings on their heads were showered down,—
 Whether the Master's call with joy they heard,
 And gladly went to wear the promised crown,
 Or, pale and fearful entered death's cold deeps,
 No everlasting arms around them thrown,
 We can not know; but God the record keeps.
 Why should they lie untended and alone?

They are not ours we say; they are not missed
 From out our homes. With us they had no share.
 Not ours; but other lips have fondly kissed
 These speechless lips that can not ask our care;
 And other eyes for them with tears were wet
 When time and distance broke each tender tie;
 Perhaps for some, dear friends are watching yet,
 Not knowing how they died, or where they lie.

Ah! we would weep in bitter grief to-day
 If one we loved from the home-nest had flown
 And fallen in some region far away,
 His final resting-place to us unknown.
 Then, while we stand beside each sacred mound,
 Where deathless love in many an emblem waves,
 Oh, let it all alike be hallowed ground,
 And place a tribute on the nameless graves.

SADIE BEATTY.

GREEN LAKE, COLORADO.

[WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.]

GREEN LAKE, in Colorado, is one of the many wonders of the Rocky Mountains. It is a most beautiful and romantic scene; and the sight of it is well worth a trip, not only across the plains, but even across the Atlantic. The surroundings of this lake are among the wildest and most rugged in Colorado. It occupies an altitude of ten thousand feet above sea-level. There are but very few higher lakes in the world. One on the southern slope of Gray's Peak lies at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet; but it is small, having an area of not more than perhaps an acre. The Rawan Rhud Lake, on the Himalaya Mountains, the source of the Rutledge River, is said to be fifteen thousand feet high, and Lake Sirikol, from which the river Indus takes its rise, is nearly fourteen thousand feet above the Indian Ocean.

Green Lake is about three thousand feet long, two thousand wide, and eighty deep, and contains about three hundred million cubic feet of water, and there is water enough passing through it to supply a large city. Georgetown, three miles below, has an altitude of eight thousand five hundred feet, consequently there is a fall of fifteen hundred feet in three miles, which would give it one of the finest water-works in the world; but as it is already supplied by the same pure snow-water running through it, there is no need of Green Lake for a reservoir.

The formation of this emerald gem of the mountains, and the color of its water, may be of interest to the readers of the REPOSITORY. There is nothing remarkable in the formation of an ordinary lake in low lands, for lakes very naturally form themselves in flat, level lands; but the formation of a lake ten thousand feet high, where there is no soil, and nothing but huge rocks, is a most extraordinary

phenomenon. Before we present our theory of its formation, it will be necessary to give the topography of all its surroundings. It is located on the eastern slope of one of the eastern spurs of the Snowy Range of the Rocky Mountains. These huge spurs are nearly all about twelve thousand feet high, and from ten to thirty miles long. It will therefore be observed that the spur on which the lake is situated rises about two thousand feet above it, and as this spur is not very steep, and the summit is covered with snow the year round, there is a considerable stream of water flowing down the ravine in which the lake is found. Evidences of an ancient glacial gulch, running from east to west, are easily seen by the practical geologist; but just before the little gulch stream comes to the southern end of the lake, it turns due north. When the snows are deep on the mountain, and rapid thaws set in, this stream becomes large, and rushes down the mountain-side with great impetuosity. During the Glacial Age, which terminated some sixty thousand years ago, the floods must have been much greater than at present. This is very evident from the immense drift deposits every-where found. The evidences of enormous moraines are seen all over the Rocky Mountains. These enormous avalanches in shooting down the mountains, by their great weight, plowed deep channels in the soft gneissoid rock, and scooped out the bed of this lake. Here we have the incipient stage of its formation.

As yet we have nothing but the expansion of the lake, as in the Sea of Galilee, which is an expansion of the Jordan. Something more was required; and that was another avalanche of rock at the northern outlet of the stream. This avalanche came from the south-west, and

carried an immense amount of rocky *débris* into the north end of the lake, thus finishing the lake by throwing a high breast of bowlders across the stream. In this manner the lake was formed without human hands, and it is as perfect a lake as ever was made. We say nature made this lake, but what do we mean by the expression "Nature?" We mean God, the great Author of nature. He made it by the operation of laws which are well understood. The evidences of such an operation are clearly seen; there are the loose, square bowlders thrown together pell-mell, forming the breast of the dam, and thus completing the lake.

Nor need we go back to the Glacial Age for such phenomena, for similar avalanches are of common occurrence even in the present day all over the Rocky Mountains. Many have occurred since we have been in the mountains. One, very much like that which formed Green Lake, occurred in Georgetown in 1872. An account of it will help the reader to understand the formation of the lake as we have described it. In the Spring of the year the snow which had lain very deep on the mountains, melted very rapidly. Between Republican and Democrat Mountains there is a deep gulch running nearly due south, and in a rapid thaw large quantities of water flow through it. Whilst this gulch stream was at its highest flow, an avalanche came sliding down from the east and filled up the whole of it to the height of

fifty feet, damming up the water, and making a temporary lake. Had the *débris* thus carried down into the gulch been rock instead of snow, we would have had another mountain lake near by as high and large as Green Lake. But as the breast of this lake consisted of snow, the water from above soon worked its way through, and produced an inundation below. This we consider a strong confirmation of the correctness of our theory.

There is something remarkable about the color of this lake. When standing on the bank and looking at the lake, it appears as green as grass, and when you look at it from a distance of four or five miles it appears as green as a newly mown lawn after a refreshing shower; and yet when you take the water up in a glass vessel, it is limpid, and clear and colorless as crystal. Various opinions are entertained as to the cause of this color. Some of the many *savants* who have visited this lake attribute its color to the existence of an aquatic chlorophyl produced by fresh-water algæ; others ascribe it to a minute aquatic insect, or infusoria, perhaps the mycoderm; while others think it is caused by the existence of some mineral substance which the water holds in solution. This is the opinion of the writer, and the mineral held in solution is very probably the chloride of lime. The chloride of soda gives water a blue tinge, as we see in the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic.

R. WEISER.

OLD AUNT CLARA.

"A THOUSAND recollections weave their bright hues into woof," as I write the name of poor Old Aunt Clara.

There was Myrtle Bank Seminary, situated on a commanding bluff, and occupying a whole square of the quaint old city of Natchez. I can see its romantic walks and sylvan retreats; its rose-

wreathed bowers and vine-clad Summer-houses; its spicy groves, ringing with the incessant trill of a hundred mocking-birds; its hedge-rows and ornamented thickets, almost hidden from sight by a profusion of Cherokee roses; and finally the old-fashioned school-building, the Seminary itself. It was spread out like

an immense mushroom, all latitude and longitude, with not even a low cupola to make up for its decided deficiency in altitude. And just in the rear of this odd-looking structure, shaded by a clump of cottonwood, stood the little cabin of Aunt Clara. To her skillful hands the school-girls of Myrtle Bank were indebted for the most delicious rice-cake, corn-rolls, and crackling-bread, besides a host of other dainties, of which Northern students must necessarily remain in ignorance, because none but a Southern cook, with Southern material at hand, could ever manufacture them. She was, moreover, the confidential friend of every girl in the institution; and it was no uncommon thing to see one or more of them seated by her side, reading to her from the Book of Job her favorite chapters. She was very fond of poetry, and could repeat many a poem by heart; but being very deaf, and somewhat forgetful, she did not always quote according to the "best authority."

Like the most of her race, she was very superstitious, as well as exceedingly credulous; but in cases of real doubt she would generally consult some one of the teachers, feeling sure that they would not impose upon her.

One day she came to my room with a little book in her hand, and, pointing to an illustrated page of an old, worn-out, bareboned horse looking pitifully at his corpulent and apparently well-fed master, she said:

"Miss May, what do you reckon dat ar means?" and she repeated slowly but correctly these lines, which were printed beneath the wood-cut:

"And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say;
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door."

"Why, Aunt Clara," I said, laughing, "the old horse was quite a poet, was he not?"

Her countenance immediately brightened, and she exclaimed:

"Then he did write it hisself, after all! Miss Hattie is mighty peart; but she's

fooled me a heap o' times, and she looked like she'd laid off to do it now; but she 'sisted the beast wrote the potry hisself. She said that in ole times animals of all 'scriptions could talk and read and write, and this poor creeter jest dipped his tail into a mud-puddle and writ the vases on a board fence, and the printer-man come along and copied 'em into his book; and I say that any dumb brute with such an edecation should be 'lowed his free papers."

It is unnecessary to say that I sought a private interview with Miss Hattie, and imparted to that young lady some valuable instruction on the importance of always speaking the truth.

Aunt Clara was fond of music, and it was really a pleasure to listen to her singing, though I have good reason to believe that many of her hymns were composed at the very moment that they were set to music. She had a curious way of pronouncing the word lovely in three syllables, giving the last syllable the long sound of the vowel, making it sound like lov-e-li. She would go about her work singing:

"O come, my lov-e-ly brethring,
And don't you want to go
And wear that long white robe,
That hangs down behind,
And see your lov-e-ly Lord,
With silver slippers on your feet,
To walk ole Jordan round."

The "silver slipper" possessed a great charm for her, and she never mourned the death of a friend so long as there was the faintest hope that an exchange had been made for the silver slippers. In listening to the conversation of the girls she had picked up many a quotation from the poets, none of which were correct; though they had doubtless taken some pains to mislead her, that they might enjoy a laugh at her ludicrous mistakes. The poor old creature was grievously tormented by the misconduct of her undutiful son, whom she called by the classical name Cicero. He was the impersonation of selfishness and treachery, and would rob his mother of any comfort to

secure himself a pleasure; and she, mother-like, was always forbearing and always ready to excuse his short-comings. I once told her that if Job received the first medal for patience, she would certainly be entitled to the second prize. To this she replied, in a tragic voice and with uplifted hands, "Ah me! how sharper than a serpent's tongue it is to have a toothless child!" When the long vacation arrived, she begged to go "Norf" with us, and we finally permitted her to do so. I am sure I shall never forget the laughable events of that journey. Had she been thoroughly posted on Lord Bacon's advice to travelers, she could not have more faithfully followed out his directions. As the cars were crowded, she could not always sit near us, and on such occasions she would glean all the information possible from those next to her. At one station she was quite interested in a tall, white advertising column, and eagerly inquired whose tombstone it might be? An impish little newsboy, just behind her, immediately informed her that it was the monument of Plantation Bitters, Esq., and pointed to the name in proof of his assertion. She was so delighted to ascertain the last resting-place of this distinguished individual, that she presented the young scapegrace with an orange which I had just given her. When we returned South in the Fall, her acquaintances came from far and near to hear her relate her adventures. She assured them that she had become so "*wanured*" to the perils of travel that she could go from "Norf America" to Natchez without a guide.

But poor Aunt Clara's troubles were yet to come. Her wayward boy became so unmanageable that he was sold to a planter in New Orleans, and his mother's last words to him were, "Cicero, you've done broke my heart, chile. I feel sure and sartin that the boards are now sawed what shall prove my winding-sheet;" and for a long time she wandered about the premises abstractedly, not even rallying sufficiently to sing her favorite hymns. One day she said to me, "I wish Cicero had never been borned, then I shouldn't

feel so desolate like." "Not so, Aunt Clara," I said; "you must remember, 'It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'" She evidently caught at my meaning, though she did not fully understand my words, and I could hear her repeating it to herself as she hurried away. But a few days after, I was shocked to find that she understood me to say, "It is better to have loved a hoss than never to have loved at all." I corrected her at once, not caring to have such a quotation go abroad as my chosen sentiment.

But, alas! Aunt Clara's cup of bitterness was not yet full. Her husband had been hired out in Georgia for a term of years, and shortly after Cicero was sent away, her heart was gladdened by her husband's return. I am sure no conjugal pair were ever more rejoiced to meet after a long separation, or ever greeted each other with more genuine demonstrations of affection; but their happiness was of short duration. He was brought home one night and laid on the little cabin pallet, cold and lifeless, his clothes dripping with the turbid water of the river in which they found him. He had been ordered to go upon the Promenade Bluff and clear away some underbrush along the edge. He had worked his way just below the edge of the declivity, when his foot slipped and he fell, from the height of a hundred feet, into the river below.

Aunt Clara sat down by the straw pallet on which her dead husband lay, and rocked her body to and fro in a most pitiful manner, refusing all comfort, and repeating, with cries and groans, the old wish that she and hers had never been born. It was weeks afterward before I could summon courage to speak to her on the subject of her bereavement. She heard me in silence, and as I turned to leave her, she said, "Oh, Miss May, when you lose a chile, it is like one of your limbs had been cut off; but when your husband goes, your body is cut right in two!"

Poor old creature! she needed no quotation to express the grief of that dark

hour, her own words were sufficiently forcible to reveal the desolation of her heart. She survived her husband but a few months, and I have no doubt she

was well worthy to receive the "silver slippers" which she had so long and so earnestly desired.

MERIBA B. KELLY.

THE SECRET OF UNWORLDLINESS.

MEPHIBOSHETH, the grandson of Saul, with whom the king had graciously dealt, was at Jerusalem. It was during the conspiracy of Absalom. David had been driven from the city by his enemies. Mephibosheth, though devotedly attached to him, had been obliged to remain in Jerusalem. The city was under the sway of a usurper. Most of the inhabitants had submitted to his rule, and accepted the new order of things. Every thing, doubtless, was done to make men forget David, and to render them contented under Absalom's government, and the large majority were satisfied.

The condition of Jerusalem, at that time, reminds us very forcibly of the present condition of the world,—its rightful Lord and Ruler absent, driven out by his enemies; a usurper, the prince of this world, exercising authority in it: the majority of men submitting to his rule, apparently satisfied, taking very great interest and finding very much pleasure in things as they are, though they help to support the reign of evil.

Mephibosheth, however, at Jerusalem, held himself aloof from the party of Absalom. He gave no sanction by his conduct to the usurpation. He manifested no satisfaction with what was then being done. It was no time for him to rejoice, or to be seeking his pleasure or profit among those who were doing what they could to support and prolong the rule of Absalom. He stood aside and only looked in sorrow upon what was transpiring there. He could not take part in it with any zest or joy. He had no heart for what he saw around him, for his heart was with the absent David. That was

the real secret of his conduct. He loved the king, and so long as the king was absent he could find no real comfort and peace in what was being done at Jerusalem, for all the chief actors in that scene were the king's enemies. He could have no sympathy with them in their efforts. He could not stand by and encourage them. David was absent; that was the thought uppermost in his mind; and while the king's exile continued, he could only regard in sorrow what occurred about him, taking the least possible part in it, because it was done either without regard to David, or in opposition to the interests of his kingdom.

Now Christians in the world are very much as was Mephibosheth in Jerusalem. There is much now to awaken worldly ambition, and to gratify selfish pride and carnal desire. There are flattering prospects of profit or pleasure or advancement in some way, if they will take things as they are in submission to the God of this world, and make the most of them. They can have much of the good that pertains simply to the world if they are willing to act as worldly men act. But Jesus is absent, banished from the world as it were, by these same worldly men.

It is only through fellowship with the risen and ascended Savior that we are able to overcome the power of this present evil world. We can not find our life and joy in that in which he has no part nor lot. We can not delight ourselves in the midst of scenes from which Jesus is absent, and where his presence would be an unwelcome intrusion. Fellowship with him will alone enable us to maintain and exhibit an unworldly character.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ACCORDING to the Papal organ in Rome, *The Voice of Truth* the Maid of Orleans is about to be canonized; that is, to be raised to the catalogue of the saints, four hundred years after her cruel death at the stake. The history of the Maid of Orleans has always been one of great interest to the Catholic Church, and has filled a large place in its annals. When France had been beaten by the English at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and virtually lay at the feet of the foreign invader, there suddenly appeared Joan of Arc, a simple peasant girl from the border districts of France, and by her valor and wonderful courage saved her country from total destruction. This marvelous deed has always been held in memory of the Church; for she performed all her works in the name of an overruling Lord, and the head of this Church now steps aside to give her an exceptionally brilliant place in the Papal annals.

In her thirteenth year she is said to have heard a sweet and gentle voice, which said to her that through the favor of God she would be called to rescue France from ruin. For five years she kept this secret to herself, and pondered over the great mission assigned to her. Then, however, it broke upon her in power, and she openly declared that God had called her to deliver Orleans from its enemies, and lead the King of France to Rheims for coronation. All who heard her declared her to be insane, and her parents and relatives did what they could to restrain her from this strange task. But in vain; her faith and zeal overcame all obstacles, and she found her way to the king for some five hundred miles through a hostile country. The king himself would avoid her, but she recognized him among a crowd of courtiers, and pressed into his presence. In

order to prove the pretended God-sent messenger, the theologians of Poitiers subjected her to a strict examination, and were at last convinced of the genuineness of her mission. She received a coat of mail, a standard, a chaplain, and a page, and bid them bring her an ancient sword which lay, as she said, behind the altar of the old Church of St. Catherine. Thus provided she placed herself at the head of the army, and in a week raised the siege of Orleans. Victory soon followed victory, and she then fairly forced the young and indolent king to follow her into the hostile province of Rheims, where she again conquered all opposing forces, and finally led the king to the altar and consecrated him in the sacred spot with the holy oil of France. This great deed ended her divine mission; and had she listened to the voice from above, she would have hastened home; but she lingered amidst these earthly vanities, lost her supernatural power, and finally fell into the hands of her English foes. Her triumphant enemies now subjected her to trial and finally to torture at the stake, whilst the French scarcely raised their hands for her deliverance. But, as the *Voice of Truth* declares, the Church never deserted her; but shortly after her death declared by solemn allocution that she was entirely guiltless of the charges of witchcraft, on which she was burned at Rouen. The vultures, however, had the innocent dove in their hands, and her appeals then to the pope were of no avail, because they were not allowed to reach his ear. As she ascended the funeral pyre, she cried to the attendant monk, "Hold the cross so high that I may see it till the last," and as the ascending flames suffocated her, she expired with the name of Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! on her lips. Some of the Englishmen fainted

at the sight, and others declared they saw a white dove ascend from the flames. When Calixtus III ascended the Papal throne, he appointed the Archbishop of Rheims as President of a Court to examine all the charges against the Maid, and she was declared to be pure and spotless as an angel. Calixtus would then have sainted her had the hatred between France and England at that time not been so great. But her memory has thus been preserved in the annals of the Church, and as Pius IX cares now but little about heretical England, he raises to the list of saints the beautiful girl whom the English once burned as a witch.

PROVINCIAL France still preserves a great many of the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and even now has, at periods, processions in honor of legends that have found credence in the breasts of the peasants for ages. The zealous Catholic population of the beautiful province has had for centuries no more picturesque, quaint, popular festival than the one known as the "Fête of St. Ferreol." This St. Ferreol has the credit of being the patron saint of maritime cities, a character often played by St. Nicholas in the coast cities of the Baltic Sea. On his annual festal day a numerous procession marches through the Grand Court of Marseilles, which, in honor of the festivities, is adorned with flowers and decorated with altars. For centuries the honorable guild of butchers have been present at this festival in the most picturesque costume. They are easily recognized by the ax, the emblem of their profession, as well as the long garments and the peculiar hat in the style of Henry IV, which adorns their stalwart forms. They surround a giant ox, with gilded horns, and on whose broad back, covered with a beautiful rug, sits a handsome youth, dressed as John the Baptist. In the rear follows a numerous company of young girls dressed in white, and decked with ribbons and flowers. Some of these appear as nuns, representing St. Agnes, or St. Ursula, as well as St. Theresa, the patron saint of music. The most beautiful girls appear as Mary Magdalene, bearing a crucifix in their hands. Others choose the garb of the Gray Sisters. Little boys follow them sometimes as angels, and again as

monks, with occasional miniature editions of the angels Gabriel and Michael. Then appears a company of shepherds surrounding their patron saint John, who is clothed in a sheep-skin which partly covers him, as he leads a lamb adorned with ribbons. And now comes a band of singing boys, who swing baskets filled with fragrant flowers, which at a given signal are to be scattered at the feet of the dignitaries. With pious gallantry these little fellows scatter their floral wreaths also to the ladies, who form the spectators to the procession; so that many of these latter are soon adorned with flowers and wreaths that are laid at their feet. Thus the stately procession reaches the port of Marseilles, which is one of the most extensive and lively in the world. All the quays have long been filled with curious crowds, so dense that not a foot can be seen. The deck of every vessel in the naval or the merchant service is crowded with persons in holiday attire, and especially with sailors in gala dress. As the procession passes, the whole assembly bow the knee before the holy image on the crucifix, and the hardy, sun-burned sailors extend their hands to the priests, who impart to them a blessing from the canopy that protects and covers them. The deepest silence and the most fervent devotion prevails among the countless multitude. When the act of blessing is concluded, all the multitude arise, the bells peal forth their merry sounds, the cannons roar, and the festal procession repairs slowly and solemnly to the cathedral whence it set out. On witnessing these mediæval ceremonies it is quite impossible not to seem transferred to other times, and to marvel at the power of that Church which can thus hold in hand the masses that no other power in France seems able to control.

THE Scandinavian lands of Northern Europe have been largely neglected by the average tourist, and but little has been known as to their national peculiarities and customs. Of late years more has been seen and said regarding them, and we learn that the stream of travel is rapidly turning that way during the Summer season. The people of Denmark have of course a struggle with adverse elements in comparison with those of favored Southern climes, and they

afford many examples worthy of copy in their endeavor to meet and conquer adverse circumstances. One of their prominent publicists and philanthropists has recently taken the field against the vices of drunkenness and gambling, which he declares to be greatly encouraged by the long Winter evenings which there prevail, and which are, of course, inducive to idleness among many classes whose occupation can only be carried on in Summer and by daylight. His object is to offer these people acceptable and profitable occupation, which will cultivate a taste for art, and at the same time afford an honorable gain, while it keeps them away from drinking and gaming resorts. To this end he has founded, in various cities and villages of the country, associations, that now number over one hundred and fifty, at the head of which there are teachers who can instruct them in the arts of straw-plaiting, brush-making, wood-carving, inlaid work, and all similar occupations. The surprising success of this experiment has already given rise to the proposition to introduce such occupations into the schools of Denmark, which has been done in some instances. Here, also, the matter has taken so favorable a turn that the Danish ministry has taken it up, and is now in favor of introducing the acquirement of manual skill in these various employments into the common-schools of the land. And this has extended the desire still further until it has invaded the family, and become what they now call a species of domestic industry. The boys and girls around the evening fire are taught the art of making straw hats, lamp-stands, table-mats, baskets, etc., in straw and willow, and spoons, plates, and all sorts of wooden ornaments, and so through the whole category of brush manufactory from the simplest kind to the finest hair-brush. The Danes contend that by this occupation, partly learned in the school, and continued at home, the young people are taught to find labor a pleasure, and are frequently led to a choice of profession for life. And they also maintain that the variety thus afforded in the school and in the home exerts there an excellent influence. The inventions and discoveries in the field of modern industry have nearly banished the loom and the spinning-wheel from the household, and it seems

necessary to introduce some substitute for these, especially in the land of short days and long nights, during which Satan is sure to find enough for idle hands to do.

ONE of the noblest philanthropists of Germany is the now venerable Schulz Delitzsch, who has spent a long life in the endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes, and by teaching them the philosophy of living, enable them to secure a little of this life's good to compensate for the sour sweat which they expend in the endeavor to obtain a livelihood. In a recent lecture he gave a very pleasant picture of a training school for girls, which has been one of his special pets. It was opened in January last, and has for its special object to bridge over the chasm between the school and actual life, especially among the classes that need to earn their own livelihood. The course was opened with three hundred pupils, and would soon have had many more had the locality chosen admitted of greater attendance. The plan of teaching is to gather the girls three evenings in the week to instruct them in various kinds of handwork, as well as their own language, arithmetic, bookkeeping, drawing, etc. The zeal with which the pupils accept the advantages offered them is quite encouraging, and gives hope of a wider extent of the system. Arrangements are now being made to have a greater number of the schools established in the course of the year. A committee of ladies has undertaken the task of providing certain proper amusements for the pupils, that the temptation to other and less desirable places may not be too strong. One evening in the week the girls assemble for social enjoyment solely. These consist of popular lectures, singing, and innocent games. Some of the overseeing ladies are always present at these, and are delighted to see the propriety with which these children of the working classes there demean themselves in their amusements, so contrary to the wild and loose habits of the same class of girls when at public places of amusement. This to the lover of the race is the most pleasing feature of the experiment; for the most dangerous temptations to which the young women of the period are exposed are the public places of resort.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE eleventh female county superintendent was recently elected in Iowa. Mr. Huff, who was the defeated candidate, contested the election of Miss Cook, the successful one, on the ground that a woman was ineligible to the office. Judge Mitchell decided that, under the constitutional test of citizenship, all women in Iowa were ineligible, and therefore Miss Cook could not hold the office, neither could Mr. Huff, as he had not received a majority vote. So the office must remain vacant until a new election. The State Superintendent, the day after Judge Mitchell's decision, drafted a bill which said: "No person shall be deemed ineligible by reason of sex to any school office in the State of Iowa." This was presented to the Legislature and passed the same day, taking effect upon its passage. Mr. Huff has, therefore, the pleasure of knowing that in contesting Miss Cook's right to hold office in the schools of the State he has been the means of forever after settling the question by legislative enactment. Are there not Huffy men in other places that will go and do likewise? Several of the Western States have made fair tests of the ability of women to fill these offices during the past ten years. If the women had failed in discharging the duty required of them, the people would certainly not have elected others to the same positions.

—Mrs. C. R. Lowell was nominated by Governor Tilden, of New York, as a State Commissioner of charities, and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate. This is said to be the first instance of a woman receiving an office from the State of New York. The appointment is for seven years, and as there is no salary attached to the office, there is little doubt that Mrs. Lowell will be undisturbed in the possession of it, and perhaps be allowed by the greedy Labans of our age to "serve" like Jacob, other seven years also.

—At the anniversary meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cincinnati, the Secretary reported of the work of the Union as follows: "We have

committees which regularly visit the jail, the hospital, the work-house, and the home for the friendless, and hold religious services, and converse individually with the inmates. They also distribute tracts, religious reading, Bibles and Testaments."

—At the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, it was stated that the receipts for the year were seventy-seven thousand five hundred and sixty-one dollars, all of which had been applied to the use of the object for which it was raised.

—At the anniversary of the Cincinnati Baptist Church Union, the work of Miss Maggie Schmucker, the female missionary among the Germans, was reported thus: During the past year she had made thirteen hundred and thirty-five family visits, thirty-four visits to the hospital, four visits to the jail, and had distributed fifteen thousand pages of reading-matter, four Bibles, and eighteen Testaments.

—The State of Indiana had, in 1875, eight counties having no saloons; during the current year the number has decreased to three. The recent State convention memorialized the Legislature: "That a State asylum be established for inebriates, where such shall be treated as diseased persons; where such may place themselves voluntarily; or where persons who persist in habits of intoxication may be placed at the instance of relatives and friends."

—During the last Winter the Young Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia furnished 13,539 meals and 1,006 lodgings. The number of applications for employment received was 404; the number of applications from employers, 685. During the last quarter, 633 books were taken out of the library, which now numbers 1,257 volumes. A resolution was passed by the managers to the effect that the unoccupied rooms of the Association should be arranged for the accommodation of women during the Centennial Exhibition. The Seaside House of the Association opened for

boarders June 29th. It is intended for the benefit of working women, and will accommodate eighty persons.

— The male citizens of Toledo, desiring to draw the inhabitants of the Maumee Valley into a Centennial Fourth of July celebration, sent an invitation to the Woman Suffrage Society of Toledo to send representatives to take part in the election of an executive committee. The women politely returned thanks for the implied recognition of their citizenship, but declined the invitation, saying that "American women manifestly have no Centennial to celebrate, as the Government still withholds from them their political rights, and, in a word, holds them in a condition of political serfdom, denying to them the greatest right of citizenship—representation." They recognized the great results which the century had achieved for men, and that there was reason enough for a *he*-Centennial; but they remark that with women it is quite the reverse: "In an equal degree, we feel it inconsistent, as a disfranchised class, to unite with you in the celebration of that liberty which is the heritage of but one-half of the people."

— Says Jennie June in a letter to the *Baltimore American*: "If any hope exists for women outside the drudgery of hard labor, it is in business, in working into the office of distribution, now so largely monopolized by men; but this was voted 'vulgar' by the Women's Department of the Centennial; competition in exhibitions from business houses presided over by women was at first strictly prohibited, and afterward only so far modified as to admit of a few very small and totally unfair and inadequate displays. The consequence is, that there is nothing but mediæval lace and needle-work, good in itself, but offering no new or hopeful possibilities to woman, and the promising, but crude, achievements of the schools before mentioned, to stand as the result of the time, the labor, the money, and the strength expended upon the Women's Department of the Centennial during the past year. This then explains why 'the articles exhibited in the Woman's Pavilion lean rather to ornament than use;' why, it is shown there that the century's progress for women 'has left them carvers of wood and drawers of water-

colors, and embroiderers of bedclothes in divers kinds of needle-work, and decorators of china-ware, and experts in female handiwork;' why, 'there is no one thing therein which displays original inventive power or distinctive capacity,' as has been said by newspaper reporters from every section of the country. The number of models of inventions exhibited by American women is, however, greater than people have supposed. There are seventy-four of them, including a blanket-washer, a mangle, a frame for stretching and dyeing lace curtains, an ironer, bedsteads, easels, a composition building material, window-fasteners, lunch-heater, bureau, traveling bags, life-preservers, dress-elevators, flower-stands," etc.

— Chili is the first country in the world to admit women to the privileges of the ballot throughout the nation.

— The Buffalo school-board has adopted a rule which excludes all married women from being employed as teachers.

— The young ladies of Wellesley College are organized into a fire brigade, and are regularly drilled in their duties.

— A New York lady recently paid a dentist's bill of twenty dollars for dental work performed for the relief of her poodle, which was suffering from the toothache. A poor widow in Kansas, when the thermometer was 14° below zero, and when there was not a particle of fire or fuel in the house, put all the covering she had on her children, and froze to death herself before morning.

— The ladies of all denominations of Cleveland, West Side, have established the Pearl Street Friendly Inn, designed especially for young men, and based on the principle of prevention rather than cure. It is located in a section of the city containing forty thousand inhabitants, and four hundred and forty-five liquor and billiard saloons. It includes a first-class restaurant, perfectly neat in all its appointments, and, so far, very successful. Its free reading-room is well stocked with dailies, and the best magazines of the country. Young men are resorting thither already. The formal opening of the Inn witnessed one of the greatest crowds ever gathered on the West Side, and netted a handsome sum to the ladies.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

CLASSIC PROPHECIES.—Two very extraordinary instances have been pointed out of predictions fulfilled to the letter, without straining or roundabout interpretation; where no gift of prophecy was darkly assumed, no imposture intended, and no supernatural agency can by any possibility be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his preface to his sermons on prophecy (1768–9). It is part of a chorus in the “*Me-dea*” of Seneca :

“*Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus Tiphysque* novos
Detegat orbes.*”

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante’s “*Purgatorio* :”

“*J’ mi volsi a man’ destro, e posi mente
All’ altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch’ alla prima gente.*”

This is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the South Pole, and yet Dante is known to have written in the early part of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of the Southern Hemisphere.

A MISTAKEN PROVERB.—“Feed a cold and starve a fever,” is a common saying, which, when taken in the literal sense, has led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, “If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever.” Sensible and useful as our English adages are justly reputed, the tongues of warmer and more southern lands possess a strength and piquancy of which ours is unconscious. With how much more force does the Spaniard express our “Misfortunes seldom come alone,” when he says to the frowning visitor, ill-luck, “*Ben vengas, si vengas solo!*” (“Thou art welcome, if thou art unaccompanied.”) There is a touching humil-

ity in another saying of the same nation, to which we have no parallel: “*Defenda mi, Dios! de mi.*” (“Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.”) The Italian “*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere!*” (“Misfortune does not always come to injure”), is better than “’Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;” while our “When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,” etc., is by no means so comprehensive as “*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.*” (“When the danger is over, the saint is cheated.”) Neapolitan and Sicilian sailors use their saints after a singular fashion. When there is either a storm or a calm, they put up an image of St. Anthony against the mast, and call upon him to send a fair wind immediately. If he is sullen or dilatory, they thump him vehemently about the head, or against the deck, depose him for another, and so run through the whole calendar, kicking, cuffing, imploring, and blaspheming, until their wishes are accomplished.

FALLING INTO SCYLLA.—There have been many disputes as to the origin of the line:

“*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*”
“Trying to avoid Charybdis, he falls into Scylla.”

Erasmus quoted it with a dissertation, yet acknowledged that he was utterly ignorant of the author. It runs well and smoothly, as if it came from an ancient classic, and has a Virgilian sound. Many bets have been made and lost that it occurs in the third book of the *Æneid*, where the Trojan hero relates to Dido how, when he was in Epirus, the prophet-king Helenus cautioned him to avoid sailing through the Straits of Messina lest he should be wrecked between the rocks and the whirlpool. But the line is not there. It is to be found in a poem little known, by Gualterus Gallus, called, “*De Gestis Alexandri*,” a poor version of Quintus Curtius into Latin hexameters. The passage in which it is introduced is as follows, and speaks of the flight of Darius from the field of Arbela :

“*Quo tendis inertem,
Rex periture, fugam? Nescis, Heu Perdite nescis
Quem fugias. Hostes incursis, dum fugis hostem;
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*”

*Tiphys, it will be remembered, was the pilot of the good ship *Argo*, in the Golden Fleece Expedition. See “*Virgilii Bucolica*.” Ecl. iv, 50, 34; and “*Valerius Flaccus*,” *passim*.

SOLIDITY OF ANCIENT STRUCTURES.—The "Tower of the Winds," at Athens, was built B. C. 550, by Andronicus. The temple of Theseus, at this day the most perfect specimen of the kind, about one hundred years later. Trajan's Pillar, still remaining at Rome, stood in the center of the Forum. It dates from A. D. 100. The architect Apollodorus, expressed himself lightly on a plan submitted to his judgment by Adrian, for a temple. He told the emperor, that if the goddesses and other statues which were seated in the area should take a fancy to rise, they would break their heads against the ceiling; an untimely pleasantry which cost him his life. The Mole of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected A. D. 120, by Detrianus, who bears the repute of having been a worker of miracles, as well as an able architect. He conveyed the temple of the "Bona Dea" from one station to another long before the *Casa Santa* of Loretto began to travel from Galilee to Dalmatia, and so on to its present resting-place. The miracle of the monks thus loses all claim to originality. Adrian's sepulcher is a huge mass, with little to admire beyond strength and antiquity. The Roman sovereign, in his architectural taste, is well designated by Lord Byron, as the "Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles," and "colossal copyist of deformity." The oldest religious building in a perfect state is the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, built by Anthemius and Isidorus, under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century. It is, therefore, twelve hundred years old. In dimensions and general beauty it is not to be compared to St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's, London, or many of the Gothic cathedrals; still it is an object of great interest, from its immense antiquity, and the historical associations. All the Greek emperors, from Justinian, were crowned there, and several murdered at the altar. Six of its pillars are of green jasper, from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, from the temple of the Sun, at Rome. The dimensions are small; length, 269 feet; breadth, 243 feet. The effect of the interior is perhaps increased by the total absence of all ornament or decoration, while the dome is so light that it almost looks suspended in the air.

AN ACTED CHARADE.—Boursault, in his "Letters," relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII, to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, and endeavoring to get rid of some of the many heavy hours mixed up with the gayeties of a court, by playing with her domestics at the game of proverbs, expounded by gesticulation. She had already found out several, but endeavored in vain to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself, "Madam," said he, "my proverb means '*One fool makes many.*'" The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence forever.

REVIVAL OF OBSOLETE WORDS.—There is at present a very strong tendency to the revival of obsolete English and Anglo-Saxon words, and the effect of an increasing study of our ancient literature is very visible in the style of the best prose, and more especially poetic compositions of the present day. Our vocabulary is capable of great enrichment from the storehouse of the ancient Anglican speech, and the revival of a taste for Anglo-Saxon and early English literature will exert a very important influence on the intellectual activity of the next generation. The pedantry of individuals may, no doubt, as the same affectation has done in Germany and Holland, carry puristic partialities to a length as absurd as lipogrammatism in literature, but the general familiarity of literary men with classic and Continental philology will always supply a corrective, and no great danger is to be apprehended in this direction. In any event, the evil will be less than was experienced from the stilted classicism of Johnson or the Gallic imitations of Gibbon. The recovery of forgotten native words will affect English something in the same way, though not in the same direction, as did the influx of French words in the fourteenth century, and of Latin in the sixteenth; and the gain will be as real as it was in those instances.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

"PLUCK."

"I tell you, I won't do it. My mother do n't think it's right to play 'keeps,' and I'm going to please my mother, whether you boys make fun or not."

I was passing down a street in the city of I——, when my attention was called, by the words just quoted, to a group of boys playing marbles. I looked and saw a little fellow, about ten years old, standing erect, with his head thrown back, and his fine eyes flashing with excitement.

Ah! thought I, there is a plucky boy; I would like to see him when he grows to be a man. I had only gone a little farther when I heard another boy say to his friend, as they paused in front of a billiard-saloon, "Oh, come along; I'd have more pluck; 'tain't no use to be so squeamish; what's the harm? We do n't mean to drink, but it's lots of fun to see them play." And they passed out of my sight behind the green doors.

I sighed. For I thought how little of promise the future holds for these. Boys, I wonder how often you think of the real meaning of that word "pluck." Are you not apt to think it "plucky" to do independent things,—to disobey your parents, or even to take God's holy name in vain? I saw a boy pass my window this morning with his cap on one side of his head, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth. As he strutted by, a little boy, scarcely half his size, carrying a heavy basket, tried to pass; but he pushed him rudely off the walk. No doubt he thought he had acted in a very plucky manner, but good people would say it was a very rude and unmanly way to act.

Pluck is an American word, and I like it. I do n't think there is another word in the language more full of meaning. It always makes me feel sorry to hear it abused, as it is by so many of our boys, and I am afraid sometimes by grown-up folks. It is the very best capital you can have in business, and the best armor in battle; and, better than all, it is the foundation stone of our liberty. It is only a little while since Ohio and Illinois were considered out West, and

we felt that we had almost left civilization behind us when we emigrated to those States. But now "pluck" has driven the West away beyond the Rocky Mountains, and we clasp hands with the Orient before we acknowledge we have been West. As a people we do n't like the idea of "setting suns." Pluck landed the frail *May-flower* at Plymouth Rock; but now, at the close of our one hundredth year, pluck plows the ocean with iron-clads, and ties the continents together with telegraph wires.

But it seems to me the pluck that carries boys into saloons, and into disobedience to parents and teachers, would never have been a good kind of stone to build a nation on. No indeed, you spoil the word; you mistake cowardice for pluck. That was a plucky boy who dared the boys to do their worst, make fun all they pleased, his mother's precepts should be obeyed no matter what came or went; but it was a very cowardly boy who could be enticed into sin because he had not the moral courage to say no to his wicked companions. What the country wants just now is plucky boys. We are starting on another era; the boys of to-day must make or mar our next centennial. You bear a very small part in this one; you have lived too late, so must be content to be lookers on; but the next, 1976, will be *your* record, and is full of great possibilities for plucky people.

MRS. M. L. WELLS.

"LOSING THE HAPPY."

"CHILDREN," said Mrs. Jay, "you may play anywhere in the yard, but do n't go beyond the garden gate. Do you hear me, Peter?"

"Yes, mother," said Peter, looking up from his wheelbarrow. "'Do not go beyond the garden gate.'"

Peter and Jessie, his little sister, had a nice time together. Their play this afternoon led them down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a gate, hasped inside, which opened into a thick underbrush and trees, sloping down to a lower part of the village. This was the forbidden gate.

"I wish we could get into the woods," said Peter; "perhaps we could find a bird's nest. Peter unhasped the gate, and he and Jessie looked round and saw the pretty woods. "But what did mother tell us?" asked Jessie.

"Perhaps she was afraid of bears," answered Peter, "or the water in these woods, or something; but there are no bears. Oh, there's a squirrel on that tree! See him! see him, Jessie!" And away ran Peter to the woods, and away ran Jessie after him. The squirrel hid, and the children went on, hoping to find another. They strayed down a bank, and came to a brook and a little pond. "Mother thought we'd fall into this pool, and that's the reason she cautioned us against coming here," said Peter; "but we sha' n't, shall we, Jessie?" "No," answered Jessie, "we won't." And so they ran round and tumbled about, and picked flowers, and at last got back to the garden gate, safe and unharmed, without any body knowing they went. "Jessie," said Peter, "do n't you tell." "Not if mother asks?" asked Jessie. "She won't ask," said Peter.

Mother did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and all went on at home as usual. Saturday night, after the children were washed, and Jessie had gone to sleep, Peter and his mother talked a little longer together, as they often did on Saturday night. Peter said, "Mother, I have been in the woods beyond the garden gate this week." "When did you go?" she asked. He told her all about it. "You lost something that afternoon in the woods," said his mother. "Lost something!" said Peter; and he thought of his knife, and his slate pencils, and his ball, and a penny piece in his pocket; he had n't lost one of them, he was quite sure. "Yes," replied his mother, "think a moment what you have missed, for I know you have lost something." Peter for a moment thought his mother must be some spirit; for how could she know when he did n't know himself? "You will recollect if you think," said she. Peter put his head under the bed-quilt, for he began to see he had lost something. "Mother," he at last said, in a little sorrowful voice, "I did lose something in those woods, I did. I lost the *happy* out of my heart." Ah, that was it, and a sad loss it is when a child loses "the happy" out of his heart.—*Sunday-school Banner.*

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WHAT MILLY FOUND.

GRANDPAPA is milking
The red and white cow,
While Milly, too restless
To wait by him now,
Climbs up the long ladder
Into the hay-mow.

A bright little sunbeam,
A blossom, a star,—
All these and much more
Is the child to grandpa.
Ah, what will he say
To her climbing so far?

She would roguishly hide
From his sight if she could;
But see! he has missed her;
The place where she stood
Shows no curly head
In a little red hood.

Hark! now she is calling,
"Look, grandpa, this way;
I's found somfin booful
Up here in the hay."
Milly's eyes shine as bright
As the sunbeams in May.

How grandpapa trembles!
What wild pulses beat,
As he springs up the ladder
With quick, eager feet,
And clasps to his bosom
The truant so sweet.

She shows him, close hidden
From neighbor or guest,
The old Tabby-cat
With four kits at her breast,
All cuddled together
In one hollow nest.

Very proud is old Tabby;
She smooths the soft fur
Of her four little kits
Whenever they stir,
And lulls them to sleep
With her musical purr.

Two kittens are gray,
And two are snow-white,
And one has a tail
As black as the night;
Did ever one see
Such a beautiful sight?

Pet Milly looks on
With her heart full of bliss;
She silently gives
To each kittie a kiss;
No language has she
For a picture like this.

Among all the treasures
Of childhood to-day,
What is there more charming
Than kittens at play?
Such kittens as Milly
Found up in the hay.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE is best studied in detail, yet there are advantages in examining some of its departments in their relations to each other. The physical structure of man can be made a study by itself, but specialties in anatomy or physiology can best be learned after the structural affinities in the animal kingdom have been mastered. Professor James Orton has just prepared a manual on *Comparative Zoology* (Harper & Brothers, New York), in which the whole animal kingdom is treated as a unit, and the development and variations of organs and their functions are traced from their simplest to their most complex state. Without encumbering his volume with particulars, it is yet complete enough to present the established facts and principles of zoölogy, and to serve as a text-book for undergraduates in college classes.

Early Man in Europe, is the title of a volume by Charles Rau, and published by the Harpers, New York. The papers constituting it appeared last year in the *Magazine*; and thus intended for popular reading, the author has avoided technical terms and learned criticisms, and has given rather a summary of what is known of the condition of the primitive inhabitants of that continent. Many desire to obtain a general knowledge of the subject, who have no time for perusing the more exhaustive works treating of these historical questions; and this book contains just what they want. It is printed from large type, and copiously illustrated with figures and drawings of the rude cave habitations, stone implements, first carvings on bone, and earliest ornaments of European immigrants. The story is a fascinating one of our barbarian ancestors, and though we get but glimpses of the primitive man of Europe, we know enough to say that he did not live in the age of gold.

KINDRED with the foregoing book, but of a very different character, is Dr. J. W. Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, in two duodecimo volumes, by the same publishers. It is written in a style that will prove generally attractive, and we have read it with intense interest; but we

do not adopt the author's theory, nor do we regard the facts that he adduces as proof of his conclusions. With him, history moves only in cycles; that as in a man there is a period of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age, and of decline, so there is in nations. They have their rise, their grandeur, and their decay, and they must perforce go through all these stages and permutations; nor is the human race, as a whole, different from man as an individual. He finds, as did the Hebrew sage, that "all is vanity;" that there is at last an end of all perfection; that our civilization, our philosophy, and our religion, are all subject to decay, and do decay, and there is nothing beyond. It is the philosophy of despair rather than of cheer, of doubt rather than of faith. It is a philosophy which limits man to time and space. His grandest achievements are of the earth, earthy. His immortality is limited; his successes fettered by circumstances; even his character developed or molded by climatic influences and the places of his habitation. From such an aspect of human history we turn to revelation; and though we may not be quite sure of the meaning of the prophecy, we have still faith to believe that there shall be new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

It is no easy task to write a religious tale without falling into the sentimental, tiresome, milk-and-water vein; and yet Mrs. Maria Louise Charlesworth has again shown that it can be done, in *Oliver of the Mill*. (New York, Robert Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.) The success of her "Ministering Children" is of itself a guarantee of the writer's excellence; and in looking into the pages of this volume, we are not disappointed. The story is happily told, and the attention is not wearied by tedious talk and barren episodes.

In the study of the classic languages there can be no substitute for the grammar and the dictionary. Editions of text-books have latterly been so much encumbered with notes for students, and with a vast deal of learned nonsense that a reaction has taken place;

and we are now getting the writings of the ancients in neat volumes, carefully edited, but without note or comment. In this style the Harpers have recently issued most of the classics used in college, and have just added to the list *Select Orations of Cicero*, from the edition of Reinhold Klotz. If the pupil will learn to depend less on glossaries and interpretations, and more on his syntax and his lexicon, he will make a better scholar, and his teacher can supply what lack there is of annotation and commentary.

CHURCH HISTORY at large is made up from the histories of separate Church organizations, sects, or creeds; and the history of a denomination is in like manner gathered from the annals of the several congregations composing it. As a contribution to the history of our own Church, Gilbert E. Currie has written a *History of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn, New York*, which N. Tibbals & Son have just issued. It is prepared with great detail, and contains many local facts, names, and dates that may be of value hereafter.

A PLEASANT volume, in 16mo. size, for the leisure hour is *Roadside Poems for Summer Travelers*, edited by Lucy Larcom, and published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, who send us also their centenary edition (8vo, paper covers) of *Longfellow*. In the first mentioned of these books are many favorite poems from standard authors, together with occasional fugitive verses that have decided merit, but whose writers are little known. The editor has done her part of the work with discrimination and taste. The edition of *Longfellow* is neatly printed, and embellished with illustrative wood-cuts.

IN *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, Professor J. R. Green has collected a number of papers, originally printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review*. The writer is the author of "A Short History of the English People," which attracted many readers both at home and in this country. And we have in this volume the same generous sentiments, the same picturesque style, and the same judicious reflection which marked the history. It is published by the Harpers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WHO is not acquainted with Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard?" In *Select Poems of Thomas Gray*, published by the Harpers, New York, William J. Rolfe has given us a most carefully edited copy of the celebrated poem, together with the best of the other poems by the same author, and has enriched his volume with a sketch of Stoke-Pogis, where Gray resided, and a series of illustrative notes. The whole is adorned with well-executed wood-cuts.

JUVENILES.—From Nelson & Phillips, New York, we have received *Nobody but Nan*, by E. L. P.; *The Cross in the Heart*, by T. Taylor; and *Arthur and Bessie in Egypt*, by Sarah Keables Hunt. From Robert Carter & Brothers, New York (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), we have received *Rays from the Sun of Righteousness*, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. We have also received *Benjamin Franklin*, by John S. C. Abbott, the last of the series of American Pioneers and Patriots; a fitly told story of the philosopher, statesman, and patriot. *Familiar Talks to Boys*, by the Rev. John Hall, D. D.,—a capital series of lectures, plain, forcible, direct, and practical, originally delivered without manuscript to the pupils of the Charlier Institute, reported in short-hand, and afterward edited by the speaker for the printer. Both published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

FICTION.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *The Dilemma*, by the author of "The Battle of Dorking;" *The Prime Minister*, by Anthony Trollope; *Dead Men's Shoes*, by Miss M. E. Braddon; all in paper covers. George Eliot's new story, now running through the magazine, *Daniel Deronda*, is to be issued in two volumes, 12mo, cloth, of which the first has reached us. The author has not fallen behind her "Middlemarch" or "Adam Bede" in this story, and we predict for it a like success. *The Land of the Sky*; or, Adventures in Mountain By-ways, by Christian Reid, New York, D. Appleton & Co.

PAMPHLETS.—*Centennial Newspaper Exhibition*, containing complete list of American newspapers. Catalogue of *Drew Theological Seminary*. Catalogue of *Ohio Wesleyan University*. Catalogue of *Cincinnati Wesleyan College*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AND THE REPOSITORY.

OUR modest and unpretending monthly was made the subject of an exceptionally large amount of discussion, at the late General Conference; and since important results as to its future may grow out of what was then and there said and done, our readers may be interested to see the whole matter set forth in order. We accordingly reproduce the debates from the official reports, abridged in some of the unimportant particulars.

On the fourth day of the session, Dr. L. R. Fiske of Detroit Conference, presented a resolution in these words:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on the Book Concern be requested to consider the expediency of so changing the character of the LADIES' REPOSITORY as to connect it with a monthly devoted to the higher educational wants and culture of the people."

The next day Rev. S. W. Lloyd, of Kansas, offered a preamble and resolution, recounting the fact that the LADIES' REPOSITORY had very greatly declined in circulation till it had become barely self-supporting, and recommending that it should be discontinued after the present year. Both of these resolutions were referred to the Committee on the Book Concern, without debate.

Of what was said and done in the Committee, relative to this subject, no detailed report was given, though it was understood that a large share of attention was devoted to it, and important modifications projected. On the eighteenth day of May, the subject was brought up in the Conference, in a somewhat irregular way. The elections for General Conference officers were in progress, and that for editor of the REPOSITORY was next in order, while as yet the Committee having that matter in hand had not yet made their report.

At this point J. M. Buckley moved to postpone the election of the editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY until after that part of the report of the Book Concern Committee had been acted upon. He remarked,—

If this General Conference proposes to allow the Agents and the General Book Com-

mittee to alter the name and extend the scope of the periodical, that fact would have a bearing upon the selection of a suitable person to edit it, and the Conference should first understand what kind of change was contemplated. It was very clear that there were men who were competent to edit the LADIES' REPOSITORY who would not be capable of editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as we have no idea of the nature of the changes to be proposed we can not now proceed intelligently to the election of an editor.

G. W. Hughey said some thought that the very best thing that could be done was to make the magazine what its name purports—a *Ladies' Repository*—and elect a lady to be the editor. He hoped the election would be postponed, and leave the arrangements with the General Book Committee at Cincinnati, and so afford an opportunity to present the name of a lady pre-eminently qualified for that work.

Luke Hitchcock reminded the Conference that, by order of the General Conference, the editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY is also the editor of books for the Western Book Concern, and in the selection of an editor for the REPOSITORY you must have reference to that arrangement. Get the man who can edit the books, and who at the same time can make a live magazine, and when you came to the determination of the future status of the magazine, give your instructions to him accordingly.

C. D. Foss thought it very desirable that the motion to postpone the election of editor of LADIES' REPOSITORY should prevail. Very possibly it would affect the character of the REPOSITORY. If the magazine should be given a larger scope, it might even be attempted to make it one of the very best magazines in the country, and hence we should know what is determined upon before we select an editor.

D. Curry said:—It is perhaps known to every delegate on this floor, that for causes which may seem mysterious to some, and to others not so mysterious, that the LADIES' REPOSITORY has not of late been in so much favor with the Methodist community as in the times past. That is seen in the subscription list. He was prepared to say, having been a reader from the beginning of the REPOSITORY, that the falling off from the subscriptions was not owing to any want of ability in the recent editors, and yet we are circulating little more than one-quarter the number now of what we were sending out formerly. The magazine has done a good work in the Church. It has done much to educate our people, and has been a wholesome

influence in the Church and country. But nothing is more evident to those who have kept themselves abreast of the literature of the times, than that we have drifted away from the status of that periodical as to our magazine reading. He had always regretted as a calamity, that the magazine, started more than twenty years ago, should have been discontinued. We have never wanted more than now a general magazine of acknowledged power. The great decline of the LADIES' REPOSITORY is the natural outgrowth of the literary condition of the country. There are probably fifty thousand Methodists in the country who are the constant readers of magazines. In very many of our families, the secular and often infidel magazines are taken and read, and our young people are being poisoned in their own homes. We have failed at a capital point. We provide no adequate literature for the demand, and the consequence is, our people are reading that which does not tend to the knowledge and love of God. He held that the Methodist Episcopal Church owes it to her people to furnish them with wholesome reading-matter, and since the magazine is the favorite form, let such a one be prepared which, while avoiding the faults of others, shall combine all their excellences. He hoped, therefore, that this Conference would see to it that the right thing should be done, and then elect an editor in view of that purpose.

R. M. Hatfield said that this matter which had come up and is now under discussion is one that has commanded the attention of the Methodist Church for many years. He desired first of all to express his conviction that there was no fault or want of ability on the part of the present editor of the REPOSITORY which may account for the decline of its subscription list. But the time for the LADIES' REPOSITORY as a ladies' magazine had gone by.

The ladies of our day do not want a ladies' magazine, except the few who want the frills and furbelows of fashion, and they go elsewhere than to the LADIES' REPOSITORY to find them. The very title is a millstone about its neck, which effectually forbids its general circulation. There was no man or woman who could take its editorial work as a distinctively ladies' magazine, and make it a success. These are among the things which have perished in their using.

With regard to a magazine to have general circulation and high literary character, he would say that there are a great many things which, in the abstract, might be very desirable, but which are also impracticable. To make a respectable experiment of a first-class Methodist magazine, would require an expenditure of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. Has the Methodist Church to-

day any surplus funds to invest in enterprises of that sort?

Then he was in serious doubt whether it was the function of the Church to go out into this almost exclusively literary realm to compete with well-established periodicals like *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Yet, if there was a field between our grand *Quarterly* and our weeklies, let us have it.

Something must be done for the REPOSITORY, or it is as sure of death as death itself. It has now a galloping consumption. The agency of the grand man who is there as its editor can only prolong its life temporarily, and if the Agents and the Book Committee can see a way by which it could be made a success, let them enter upon it.

D. N. Cooley said the matter was very fully discussed in the Committee, and the motives by which they were influenced were very fully set forth by the preceding speaker. It was presumed that the editor and the Book Committee and the Agents could better decide what was necessary to keep this magazine alive than we could on the floor of this General Conference. In Committee it came out that the subscription had fallen off from over thirty-four thousand to less than ten thousand. The Committee thought the plates might be dispensed with which cost five thousand dollars a year, or twenty thousand during the quadrennium, and if this money was put in brains for intellectual articles, it would make it a paying concern. We want a man of ability, and we believe the Committee could name him.

The next day, May 19th, the subject came up again, when J. M. Buckley remarked:

This magazine started a long time ago, and was one of a certain class for which there was then a demand; but in view of the large number now circulating among all classes, the demand for the LADIES' REPOSITORY, in its present form at least, was a thing of the past. He objected to its title, LADIES' REPOSITORY, and thought both terms defective, and hoped the Agents would be empowered to change the name. He wished also to see the character of the magazine changed, so that it might be adapted to, and popular with, all classes. He was thoroughly in favor of one of two propositions, either the suspension of the LADIES' REPOSITORY as an institution that has outlived its usefulness, or its modification so that it will become a *live* magazine.

J. Miley said:—It is suggested to change both the name and character of this magazine. Yet what is proposed leads practically to the suspension of one and the origination of another. He raised the question whether any great publishing-house in this country, proposing to do so great a thing, would submit the doing of it to merely business men. Have these Agents the capacity for

determining in so important an undertaking? Were they familiar with periodical literature, and did they know what was demanded by the Methodist Episcopal Church and what will meet this demand? As yet they did not know who the Book Committee might be, or whether they would be competent in deciding such a question. If the thing had to be done, he would prefer a special committee, selected with reference to their competency in this particular regard.

J. M. Walden desired to give some facts relating to the subject. Whenever, during the last eight years, we have thought of modifying the REPOSITORY, we have not advanced far before we have found ourselves so restricted by the Discipline that it was impossible to make the changes which were desirable or demanded. The report of the Committee on the Book Concern is designed to enable us to make these very modifications. If the limitations were removed, the magazine might be so altered as to find a much greater circulation among the families of Methodism. He thought the report of the Committee might be improved so as to refer the changes to the Book Agents, Editor, and the Western section of the Book Committee, who could then reach it in time so as to enter upon the improvements by 1st of January, when the subscriptions begin.

On motion of J. M. Walden, the Conference proceeded to elect an editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The following were nominated: E. Wentworth, J. F. Marlay, S. H. Nesbit, George M. Steele, R. Wheatley, B. F. Crary, and Miss Frances E. Willard.

The tellers then proceeded to collect the ballots, after which they had permission to retire for the count. The tellers were announced, and the Chair declared the result as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 308; necessary to a choice, 155. G. M. Steele received 104; Miss F. E. Willard, 55; S. H. Nesbit, 41; E. Wentworth, 32; B. F. Crary, 18; R. Wheatley, 8. No one having received a majority, there was no election.

A motion to adjourn then prevailed.

On the 20th of May, before the hour designated for the special order, to-wit, the second ballot for editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, R. Wheatley presented the following, namely:

Resolved, That the bishops be, and hereby are requested to select seven men of thorough literary culture and intimate acquaintance with the intellectual and religious wants of the Church and country, and that the brethren thus selected be added to the Committee on the LADIES' REPOSITORY, provided for in the third resolution of Report Number IV of the Committee on Book

Concern, and advocated its adoption. He said that the Church needed a monthly magazine he thought was obvious to all; and that there was room for it was evidenced by the fact that so many magazines were imported into the country and extensively circulated. He had no doubt that if such a committee was appointed as the resolution contemplated, men who were familiar with the current literature of the country and the needs of the Church, such a magazine would be projected as would render great service to Methodism, and be a source of revenue to the Book Concern.

E. Wentworth said: This introduction furnishes me with as good an opportunity, perhaps, as I shall have for running along on the same line of thought that was projected yesterday and the day before, and that has been followed up this morning. If I may be indulged with a personal remark or two in the peculiar position which I occupy, I shall be greatly obliged. I have felt that in some way I ought to render an account of my stewardship as editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, either to the Committee on the Book Concern or to this General Conference.

My first study upon taking my post, was to make the REPOSITORY just such a magazine as is contemplated in this resolution, and in the speeches made upon this subject during the past two days. My first point was thoroughly to inform myself as to the cost of running a first-class magazine; and I wrote letters and made inquiries in every available direction as to the cost of such magazines as *Scribner's* and *Harper's* and the like, and I found that they cost for literary contributions and illustrations from two to three thousand dollars per month. There is allowed for illustrations and correspondents in the LADIES' REPOSITORY some *ten thousand dollars a year*, less than one-half as much as these other magazines expend. I heard once of a benevolent lady in England who gave several young ladies twenty pounds each to be used in getting husbands. One of the girls brought to the lady a homely customer, and when asked if she could find no better husband than that, replied "Lord, mistress! what can you expect one to do with twenty pounds?" So what can you expect us to do better than we have with what has been given us? We, that is, the publishers and myself, have been victimized by circumstances. In the West we have been victimized by the failure of our premium matter, upon which I shall not enlarge here, but the history of which every Western man knows. With that failure the REPOSITORY lost six thousand subscribers in one year.

Our next failure was the effort to gratify the perpetual cry we hear from all quarters, to modernize the REPOSITORY. We cut

down the size from that which it had borne, and added sixteen pages to its thickness, but people seemed to think that because it was smaller in size it must be less in quality, and there was a loss of subscription. It is a little singular that in this discussion thus far no reference has been made to the hard times upon which we have fallen,—times that have reduced the missionary contributions in some of the Western Conferences from one dollar to twenty-five cents per member. This is a very important factor in the consideration of this case.

Another hampering fact is our agencies. The REPOSITORY, like our other periodicals, is circulated by the preachers as our agents. We are often applied to for our club-rates, and if we could give club-rates we could have clubs all over the country, and could sell it at the news stands and in the cars; but when asked for our club-rates we have to say that we have none, and that application must be made to the nearest Methodist preacher, who will furnish it at our regular rates. We have at least ten thousand traveling preachers, and all these are our agents, and if each preacher had sent us but a single subscriber, and it is to be supposed that there is at least one family upon each charge who can take the REPOSITORY, we should have ten thousand subscribers, and this would pay expenses of publication.

Another thing by which we have been victimized is this conflict of opinion with regard to the magazine. We have poured in upon us a constant stream of suggestions of changes,—Make it a Missionary magazine, a literary magazine, a Guide to Holiness, change its character, or the form, or the type, or the illustrations. Why, sir, as I have sat here for the last two days I have imagined myself in my own sanctum, as these numerous propositions for change have been poured forth. This conflict of opinion is perfectly marvelous. Some want a higher class of art, some a lower; some one kind of poetry, some another. One man went so far as to say that there had not been a piece of genuine poetry in the REPOSITORY for years.

A word now in regard to a lady editor. It is a ladies' magazine, and I went to it with the settled purpose to make it a literary magazine of the first character, with a religious flavor, for the entertainment of Christians; and yet one brother wrote to the Agents that "that old superannuated editor does not seem to know that there is a sinner upon the face of the continent." I wrote back, that I regarded the LADIES' REPOSITORY as more particularly intended for the benefit of Christians; sinners do not read it much, and they would not like it if they did. As it is a ladies' magazine, however, I have always given the preference to articles written by ladies. We have one hun-

dred contributors, and seventy-five of these are ladies. When two articles of equal ability have come in, one written by a man and the other by a woman, I have always given the preference to the latter. Whatever may have been the character of the REPOSITORY, you have always had the best that has been sent to us from all quarters. I have solicited matter from all available sources, have written all over this nation to bishops and editors and literary men and women, and have got and given you the very best I could, and I am not responsible for it if it has lacked brains, as has been said by some. It is not my fault if the best brains of the age are in the heads of Unitarians and skeptics and infidels, as some say, and not in the great Methodist Episcopal Church.

I wanted assistance in the editorial department, and could get it in one of two ways. One was to get an assistant in the office, and the other was to farm out the various departments of the work to men who are *au fait* in the several specialties or departments. This latter course I was compelled to, and a professor in an Eastern college, one of the best scholars of his day in modern languages, has had charge of the foreign department, and has culled each month the best matter from foreign periodical literature for the REPOSITORY. Another college professor has had charge of the art department, and his wife is an artist as well as himself, and they have culled and gathered, from month to month, for this department. Thus we have farmed out the various departments, until we supposed that the editorial work was well done.

I think, sir, that the character of the literature of the magazine is misunderstood by very many. To learned men magazine literature is the least attractive of any. Such merely skim it, glancing at the index and headings, and reading very little of it, but finding occasionally something that is valuable, and if they find a single new idea of importance in a year, they can afford to throw away all the rest.

It has been said that we have outgrown the REPOSITORY. Well, sir, we have outgrown a good many things. We have outgrown Clarke's "Commentaries," and we are outgrowing class-meetings, and probation in the Church, and the presiding eldership; and it would not be strange if we had outgrown the REPOSITORY,—but we have not all outgrown it. These preachers might have sent in several subscribers. I would like to see a hand-vote of those present who have sent in one; but many have not sent in any, and because they have outgrown it they imagine others have. They forget that there is always a rising generation coming up, who ought not to be educated by the foolish novels of the day, and by the published ac-

counts of the Brooklyn scandal; but have something put into their hands that they can read without soiling their minds or sullying their morals. This the REPOSITORY has been and is. In my judgment there is still room for such a periodical as the REPOSITORY, and there is room also for a magazine between it and our grand old *Quarterly*. We ought to dispense with none of these.

Now there has been a great deal of flip-pant talk about brains. Brains, sir, are the most costly commodity in the world, and few are aware how costly are the materials that build up our great city dailies. Then some things are as merciless as death, and this modern newspaper is one of these things. Whole herds of elephants are slaughtered, and their bodies left to perish, just for the two tusks of ivory. There is a bird in the Sandwich Islands that has two beautiful feathers in its wings, and myriads of these are killed for these feathers, and the cloak of the king is made of them. So our papers are published and made at the expense of the lives of not a few who are sacrificed to them. It would take the brain-power of the whole Methodist Church in a single issue to come up to the ideas of some men upon this floor.

All I claim is that, with the means at my command, I have done the best I could, and as well as could be expected; and yet I am sure, since the vote of yesterday, that I am practically dropped, and so I feel free to speak my mind. I did not seek the position. It has been pleasant to me in some respects, but in others it has been excruciating, and if the General Conference shall see fit to relieve me and let me go back to some circuit or station, I shall accept it, and be thankful.

J. F. Hurst said that the resolution offered this morning, by Mr. Wheatly, seems to be a great relief to things as left yesterday. He thought all the time spent in this discussion was a clear gain, and if similar statements to those just made by Dr. Wentworth were made by other editors, and oftener, it might bring them nearer the heart of the Church. He thought the proposition to take a part of the Committee from the East, the only way to prevent making the magazine a Western magazine, and to make it truly cosmopolitan in its character; he thought it would be proper to have two editions, one bearing the New York imprint and the other the Cincinnati imprint, with the same contents. He thought Dr. Wentworth had done the best possible under the circumstances. Now let us re-enforce the Western Committee by the strongest men in the Church, and give them this power of modifying and changing the magazine, that we may have one that will meet the highest demands.

Luke Hitchcock explained that the reference of the matter to the Western section of the Committee, was purely accidental, and arose from the fact that they will meet earlier than the Eastern section. There was nothing sectional about the magazine. The greatest patronage is from the West, but the editors have been for twenty-four years from the East. This shows that it is not sectional. He favored the appointment of the Committee as now proposed, but thought the Agents at New York should be on that Committee.

Dr. Curry said he felt a good deal of delicacy in occupying the floor at this time. He would, however, ask them to hear him patiently.

He had been all his life-time, he might say, in constant contact with the periodical literature of the country. He had read more papers and more magazines, that were not worth reading, than some other men who ought to know more than himself. For the last twelve years he had been in touching contact with the whole line of this literature. There have changes occurred in many things, as they tell us in the Centennial speeches, and as he had lived to see more than half a century, of his own observation he could state, that the change in the character of the literature of the country had indeed been very great. What was timely fifty years ago, was out of time twenty-five years ago; and what was a wise thing in this respect twenty-five years ago, is not right for the times to-day. Some of us remember when the great magazines of the country first made their appearance. He readily recalled going into one of the great publishing houses, nearly thirty years ago, when a magazine was handed him which was a new thing in the country. It was a venture, but it seemed that the publishers had builded better than they knew. The thing was timely; and most timely was the money they expended on it; for they never spared money to buy that costly thing—brains. The statements respecting the amount of money spent on the LADIES' REPOSITORY would alone solve the difficulty in the case if there was nothing else to do it. No magazine can be made, which the people will read, on which more has not been spent than there has on that one.

He was prepared to say, from his personal knowledge of the case, that it would have been impossible to have made our weekly papers succeed as they have at so small a cost, except that the men working upon them gave their services very cheaply, on account of Church relations, or because they had been assigned to the work by the Church authorities. A celebrated preacher in Brooklyn, whether at the Tabernacle or Plymouth Church, would preach on Sun-

days, glance over the periodicals, and edit a paper, at from five to twenty thousand dollars a year. He had compared notes with one of these popular papers, and was told that the weekly cost for editorial work was about four times as much as ours, and he, the speaker, did not think it was any better than ours, and, judged by the subscription list, he knew he was right, for the paper referred to had seriously lost, in the last four years, while ours had increased.

No one could very well determine beforehand of any one's fitness as an editor. "Journalists are born, not made." Unless a man is born to it, the journal in his hand will be a heavy thing. Some man whom you may call by name has made each of the successful journals of the age and community. In the New York papers you have the names of Bennett, Raymond, and Greeley, and though these men have died, yet in their lives they gave such an impulse and momentum to the papers of their creation, and their successors have so imbibed their spirit as to perpetuate to them the influence of the great names which gave them their position. It is exceedingly difficult, unless by accident, to get a man by election who has not yet demonstrated his ability to fill the expectation of this great Methodist public, and realize this demand of success at this time.

With regard to the LADIES' REPOSITORY, he was inclined to think that a decent burial would be a decent thing. There is no doubt that it once met a demand in the Church, and it is equally evident that some things have outlived their day, and that some men live too long and hold on to their places too long, and that things are allowed to continue when they should be taken away. If the REPOSITORY ever succeeds, it will be because you put the right man there, who will make it succeed.

And here I will utter something that may be unpalatable to some, but the truth demands it. *There is only one place in the United States where you can successfully publish a magazine such as is here contemplated; and that is not west of the Alleghanies.*

J. M. Walden said: Dr. Hitchcock stated correctly just what my own impression is when he offered the amendment yesterday. As the resolution stood, it would necessarily have carried the determination of the change of the REPOSITORY beyond next January, inasmuch as the General Book Committee would not meet until February. It seemed desirable, therefore, to have a supervision of the matter provided for, and as the Western branch of the Book Committee meets earlier, he had proposed its reference to them. It would seem wise to have on the Committee some of these wise men alluded to. He thought the idea obtained that

the LADIES' REPOSITORY was a Western magazine, and yet such an opinion was not based upon the facts. The very thing which Dr. Hurst thinks would be well to do for the REPOSITORY has been done ever since it was published, and may be found there to-day. It has always had upon it the imprint of the New York house, and the people taking it in New England do not know that it is printed beyond the Alleghany Mountains. The fact has been alluded to that the magazine has been conducted by Eastern editors, and a large proportion of the money paid to contributors has been paid to Eastern writers. He submitted that of these seven men who are named, two of them shall be the Eastern publishers, and the other five taken from this constellation of greatness wherever found. He therefore moved that the advisory committee of seven shall include the two Eastern Agents.

R. Wheatley said it did not necessarily follow that brethren who were members of the Book Committee had the requisite ability to determine these matters in question. He had the profoundest respect for the Book Agents at New York, but thought that there were men in the Church better qualified to serve on this committee than those whose time was fully occupied in other interests of the Church. He had listened with great interest to all that had been said on this subject, and every argument adduced has demonstrated the propriety of passing the resolution before them. He had listened with profound sympathy to the exposition of Dr. Wentworth, and every fact brought forward by him had demonstrated the necessity of bringing together these men of acknowledged ability, in order to solve the question as to how the Methodist Church can have the best magazine on the Continent.

Luke Hitchcock said, this was not simply a literary question, but a practical business question; and while perfectly willing to have five men on the Committee who should look after the literary part of the work to be done, we wanted at least two who would look carefully after its business features.

It was moved and carried that the two Eastern Book Agents be added to the Committee. The resolution, as amended, was then read by the Secretary, and, on motion, adopted.

J. M. Walden moved that we now proceed to the election of an editor for the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

L. D. Davis presented the following, which was read, and, on motion of F. C. Holliday, laid on the table.

Resolved, That the election of editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY be postponed until the character of the magazine shall be established by the Agents and Committee already

provided for, and that when this is done, the said Committee shall be authorized to fill the vacancy.

The motion to proceed to an election for an editor of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*, then prevailed.

The Secretary read the list of candidates as follows: G. M. Steele, Miss F. E. Willard, J. F. Marlay, S. H. Nesbit, E. Wentworth, B. F. Crary, and R. Wheatley.

E. Wentworth considered himself practically dropped by the smallness of the vote yesterday, and he had determined to withdraw his name from the canvass, and would like to do so in favor of some other candidate; but his friends objected.

J. W. Caughlan asked whether it would be in order to nominate another candidate, and being informed by the chair that it would, said, I nominate Daniel Curry.

S. H. Nesbit withdrew his name as a candidate.

The tellers then collected the votes, and retired for the count.

The tellers having returned, the result of the ballot for editor of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY* was here announced as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 287; necessary to a choice, 144; of which Dr. Curry received 87; Dr. Steele, 83; Miss Frances E. Willard, 36; J. F. Marlay, 17; S. H. Nesbit, 7; E. Wentworth, 52.

The Chair requested the delegates to prepare their ballots, and the tellers proceeded to collect the ballots, and retired.

The tellers having returned, the Chair announced the ballot as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 284; necessary to a choice, 143. Daniel Curry received 200 votes, and was declared elected editor of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*.

The announcement was received with enthusiastic cheers!

H. Buck said, In view of the announcement just made, I submit whether there ought to be any further controversy in the Church on the question of the resurrection of the dead!

So closed the action of the General Conference on this matter.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE recurrence of the sessions of the General Conference each fourth year distributes our history somewhat after the manner of the Greek Olympiads, into quadrennial epochs. That held during the month of May of this Centennial Year was the seventeenth in regular order of the delegated Conferences which, in 1812, took the place of the aggregate assemblies of the traveling

preachers, all of whom previously to that date were members of the General Conference. At first the basis of representation was one delegate for seven members of the annual conferences; in the last it was one for forty-five. In 1864, and again in 1868, the General Conference consisted of two hundred and sixteen members, all ministers. In 1872, lay delegates were admitted, equaling about one-half of the number of ministerial delegates, who then numbered pretty nearly three hundred. In 1876, the whole number of delegates was a little over three hundred and fifty, divided between the two orders in about the proportion of two ministers to one layman. In 1864, the session began with six bishops, and three more were added by elections. All these remained in 1868, and, although two of the number were incapacitated for labor by age and ill health, yet no more were chosen. During the next four years no less than four of these died, leaving only five at the opening of the session of 1872, and one of these was quite too old for service. Eight additional bishops were then chosen. At the late session, the twelve bishops were present (the senior bishop having died in the interim), to preside over the deliberations, and to aid by their counsels in shaping the determinations of the assembly. No new bishops were elected.

Baltimore, the place of the meeting of the late assembly, is historical ground for Methodism, and especially for the General Conference,—since no less than seven of the seventeen sessions of the delegated General Conference have been held in that city. For the accommodation of so large a body, and at the same time to make room for the large number of spectators that might wish to witness the proceedings, a spacious non-ecclesiastical edifice was used,—a theater instead of a church,—as had been done at Brooklyn four years before. Saying nothing about the propriety or good taste of this substitution, the hall itself was not the most suitable for such a purpose. The stage was a good place from which to speak, and the galleries afforded all desirable facilities for seeing and hearing, but the body of the auditorium affords but very imperfect opportunities for deliberation. Under the very best

of circumstances, an assembly of three hundred and fifty persons is quite too large to be compatible with either convenient or profitable deliberation. The speaking in such a case must be of the character of a public harangue, instead of the quiet interchange of views in which the very essence of true deliberation consists. Only a few of the many present will engage to any considerable extent in these public discussions, and those who do are not always the wisest nor the best exponents of the mind of the assembly. All these embarrassments and their resultant evils were painfully experienced at the late session.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, its only legislative assembly, and having also large executive and judicial functions devolved upon it, meets only at intervals of four years, and then its sessions are, by necessary limitations, shut up to a single month. A vast amount of business is devolved upon it at each session in reviewing the work of the past four years, and quite as much more in making the necessary arrangements for the coming quadrennium. All the changes and new legislation that may seem to be called for, must be brought forward, examined,—first in committees, and then in the open Conference,—perfected and adapted within this brief period. To this must be added the infelicities arising from the magnitude of the body,—for it is a proverb that “large bodies move slowly,”—and from the fact that most of the members are but little used to such proceedings, and that they are largely strangers to each other, and need to become somewhat acquainted before they can co-operate advantageously. All these things properly considered will sufficiently account for any failures to do many things that might otherwise have been reasonably required of the General Conference. It certainly was a very hard-working body, and not disposed to fritter away its time upon trifles. Nor do we see how these evils can be remedied while our system of Church action remains as it is. Whether or not more frequent sessions of the General Conference are desirable, is a question quite worthy of consideration. The Presbyterians, with less than half our ministry and membership, and with a vastly less compact organization, meet in General

Assembly every year. The Episcopalians hold their General Conventions triennially, though their diocesan conventions have much more power for the adjustment of their local affairs than have our annual conferences. How to obtain a more intelligent and thorough ordering of our denominational affairs is a problem that requires the earnest consideration of the best and most thoughtful of our ecclesiastical statesmen. The necessity for this is made painfully apparent by what was done and what left undone at the late session.

The session extended over just one month, beginning on the first and closing on the last day of May. The amount of work actually done will probably appear to be rather inconsiderable; and though some may have feared, at first, that the whole framework of the Church was about to be taken to pieces and reconstructed, the fact is that very little was actually done beyond the merest routine. When the new edition of the Discipline shall appear, whoever will be at the pains to compare it with its latest predecessor, will find that the changes made are neither many nor great. The Episcopacy remains as it was, as to both its *personnel* and its modes of action. Even the much mooted question of episcopal support is not essentially or considerably changed. The relative powers of the bishops and the annual conferences in respect to the laying out of the work and making the appointments,—including the famous presiding elder question,—remain as they were. The affairs of the Book Concerns received a good share of attention, and though some things about them seemed to call for decided and even heroic treatment, yet very little was done. The missionary work of the Church has seemed to many of those best acquainted with it to greatly need a thorough re-examination, and some marked readjustments; but, except some new arrangements made necessary by the growth of some of the foreign fields, very little was done; and that vast interest, with its terrible burden of indebtedness, is turned over to the care of its subordinate guardians for another four years' course. Here, too, the work has outgrown the policy of the administration, and affairs are left almost entirely to drift, or to be navigated by the wise and devout men who are charged with its details,

with scarcely any other methods than their own intense purpose to glorify God and save souls. In the departments of Sunday-schools and Church Extension and Freedman's Aid, all things remain nearly as they were. Evidently, the General Conference of this Centennial Year will not figure very largely in the future history of the Church, unless it shall be for what it failed to do.

But these doings and not-doings will be very differently estimated by persons holding different relations and of diverse habits of thinking. Men charged with administrative functions, held and exercised in continuity, are seldom reformers. They fail to appreciate the imperfections of their own works, as others do, while they are quick to apprehend the difficulties that stand in the way of even confessedly desirable reforms. They are accordingly for the most part earnestly devoted to existing methods, and disposed to "let well enough alone." Or, as others would express it, they incline to run on in their own ruts. And there is undoubtedly the appearance of wisdom in this discreet hesitancy on the part of the men who are charged with great and delicate interests; and conservatism is respectable even though redolent of the odors of the sepulcher. Methodism has beyond all question been eminently successful in its work, and that alone may be made an apology for any possible faults in its legislation or administration, though the fallacy of such an argument is manifest. Great successes are nearly always achieved in spite of the oppositions of some and the blunders of others of those charged with the work, and it would be something remarkable if none of these infelicities were not found in the practical working of Methodism. He who has charge of a complicated piece of machinery must himself be a machinist in order that he may avoid dangers and apply needed remedies, and render available any possible improvements. The keeper of a great edifice or pile of buildings should be himself an architect, that he may order the repairs wisely, and adjust all the parts as changes become necessary in harmony with the governing design of the whole system. So, too, they who are charged with the Church's affairs, in order that they may well and wisely discharge their high functions, should be, in

skill and wisdom, "ecclesiastical architects," that the things committed to them may not suffer in their hands. Our Church is not, however, a finished edifice, needing only to be saved from marblings and spoliations; it is rather a living growth requiring constant culture and prunings and readjustments, and, accordingly, to do nothing with it would be almost the worst possible treatment. It is therefore very questionable praise to say of the late General Conference that it left the affairs of the Church very nearly as it found them. If that was all that was needed, its coming together and its month of hard labor were all for very little.

If, however, it must be acknowledged that very little was *done*, it must be granted on the other hand that not a little was *said*. Elsewhere we give one chapter of the volume of words that were uttered in the body. The debates on the presiding elder question constituted a prolonged and well contested fight, conducted for the most part with great propriety and good temper, and ably on both sides, though it became quite evident that a subject of such large proportions could not be satisfactorily treated in speeches limited to fifteen minutes. As an attack upon an intrenched position, it was spiritedly conducted, and if it failed of its fullest purpose it displayed the gallantry of the assailants, who retreated in good order, and organized for another campaign.

There was also a lively debate over the "color line," in which men of both races appeared as champions on both sides. Those of the opposition contended for an idea, and insisted that the Church, in its legislation and administration, should refuse to recognize men as white or black, but should treat all alike in all things. They consented that the three distinguished "colored" conferences hitherto organized might remain for the present, but that no more of the kind should be tolerated. The other party were no less careful of the interests of the colored people, for whom they demanded equal rights and fair play in all things. But they treated the subject as one of facts, and the questions involved as though relating simply to matters of expediency, and they pleaded in behalf of the ministers of both races, that in cases where the thing seemed to be both practicable and desirable for the good of

the work, they might follow their preferences in the matter of separate conferences. And this was granted.

There was not a little discussion, first in the committees,—those on the episcopacy and on the Book Concern,—and afterward in the open Conference, about the manner of supporting the bishop. All seemed to agree that the funds needed for this purpose should be derived directly from the Churches and the people, and that the Book Concern should be entirely relieved in the matter; accordingly a plan for raising the needful funds was reported from both the committees, but it was rendered practically worthless by having attached to it a provision that, in case of a deficiency, the Book Concern should advance the needed amount up to a given proportion of the whole sum required. Practically this was very little more than a renewal of the provisions of four years before, under the operation of which the episcopal fund had made a deficit of about forty per cent in the gross sum of a hundred thousand dollars, which must be accounted for as a net loss by the Book Concern.

A marked feature in the proceedings were the reception of fraternal delegates from various outside Methodist bodies, and also from other evangelical Churches. Such Christian recognitions were exceedingly agreeable and edifying, and the papers read by the visiting delegates were able, and they breathed an excellent spirit of Christian brotherhood, and the addresses made were also both able and amusing. But a vast amount of valuable time was spent in thus receiving some eight or ten different deputations, with one, two, or sometimes three pretty lengthy speeches from each; of course, the matter became somewhat monotonous. Every body seemed to feel that, excellent as these greetings certainly were, it was exceedingly desirable to find out some method of conducting this business at a less expense of the time of the General Conference.

The review of the progress and present state of the Church's affairs presented in the action of the Conference was in nearly every department of the most encouraging character. Surely God has done great things for his people, for which abundant thanks-giving and praise are his due. But with

this wonderful prosperity comes also commensurate responsibilities, and our merely human prudence suggests misgivings as to the ability of the Church's leaders to properly manage such immense and almost infinitely varied interests. Shall we prove equal to the demands thus made upon us?

FUTURE OF THE REPOSITORY.

Now that our monthly has fallen into new hands, its patrons and readers very naturally feel some interest in respect to the future ordering of its affairs. Accordingly the editor-elect finds himself plied with almost innumerable inquiries about the proposed future. To all these it would afford him much pleasure to respond explicitly and fully, but unfortunately he is but very little better informed about the matter than any of them certainly are. Elsewhere in these columns will be found a summary of the debates had in the General Conference about the matter, and also the one brief resolution adopted by that body, which debates occurring just before the adoption of that resolution may be accepted as interpreting its meaning, while the election for editor, that followed immediately, seemed to emphasize that action, and in some sense to render it practical.

In that action a committee consisting of eighteen persons is provided for, to-wit: the four Book Agents, and the Western section of the Book Committee (nine persons), and five additional ones, named by the bishop, by order of the General Conference. This committee is charged with the direction and determination of the whole matter. When or where this body will hold its session, who shall call the members together, and what they will probably do when they come to act, are questions that this deponent is wholly unable to answer. Our present state is therefore one of the most complete uncertainty. We have before us only our work for the remainder of the current year, which we shall endeavor to perform as best we may, though it may seem like putting new wine into old bottles.

There can be no question that it was the sense of the General Conference that there should be a new departure in the conduct of the Church's monthly; either a thorough reconstruction, or a burial of the old and

the creation of a new one, and in its choice of one for its editor who had just then expressed most fully and decidedly his convictions of the absolute necessity, as a condition of success, for the most thorough treatment of the case, indicates as much. The new editor, therefore, understands that he was appointed by the highest authority in the Church to do quite another work than simply to carry on the LADIES' REPOSITORY as it has been and is,—to tread quite another way than simply to walk in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors. For more than ten years the magazine has been declining in the public estimation as measured by its subscription list, which is, after all, the best possible test of adaptation to the public demand. At length the case has become desperate; and in this moribund condition the magazine is passed into our hands, to be killed or made alive. In respect to this business the story of the simpleton, who, hearing a misformed dwarf exclaim pettishly, "God mend me," replied, "I think, sir, it would be easier to make a new one," would seem to apply; or like the Yankee's knife, which first needed a new blade and then a new handle, the REPOSITORY needs two things,—different literary material and a different form.

Our worthy predecessor complained of the incompatability of the suggestions made to him by his various correspondents as to what the magazine should be. On the contrary, our advisors are pretty well agreed, their only alternates being a thorough reconstruction on the one hand, or, on the other, the abandonment of the old, and the creation of a new one, with a decided inclination toward the latter. Nobody seems to think of it as either desirable or possible to continue matters as they are, though some tell us plainly that they consider the case in any possible condition a hopeless one. We do not, however, despair, provided the needed conditions shall be afforded. We fully appreciate all the difficulties of the case, and are aware that nobody else has so much at stake in the enterprise as he who may undertake this work of rescue. It is a forlorn hope that we are called on to lead, and it would seem but reasonable that all available facilities should be afforded for its success.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In our school days, when we studied geography, our great West between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast, was labeled "Unexplored." Since then, American enterprise has mapped out and planted settlements over nearly the entire region, and the government surveyors have told us of the wonders of that vast domain. The photographer and painter have accompanied the government expeditions, and brought back pictures of the more striking scenes. One of them, "Green Lake, Colorado," we have had engraved for this number. A description of the lake will be found elsewhere among our pages.

Our readers will be pleased to have a portrait of Dr. Wentworth, whose acquaintance they made during the four years that he remained editor of this magazine. We can only give a summary of his life, as prepared for the Alumni Record of the Wesleyan University, from which institution he was graduated in 1837.

Born in Stonington, Connecticut, August 5, 1813.

1838—Teacher of Natural Sciences Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, New York.

1841—Teacher of Natural Sciences in Troy Conference Academy. Became a member of Troy Conference.

1846—President of M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois.

1850—Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Received the degree of doctor of divinity from Alleghany College.

1854—1862—Missionary at Foochow, China.

1862—Returned to America, and stationed as pastor at North Second Street, Troy, New York.

1865-7—At State Street, Troy, New York.

1868-70—At Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

1871-72—At Amsterdam, New York.

1872—Elected Editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

In the debates before the late General Conference, a summary of which we have just given, the Doctor stated the principles upon which he acted while editor, and our readers know the character of the magazine as he made it. From this labor he enters again into the pastoral work, but we trust his pen will not be laid aside.

SEPTEMBER

1876.

THE LADIES' Repository.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

DR. M'CLINTOCK'S "LIFE AND LETTERS."*

[EDITORIAL.]

IT seems but a very little while ago that Dr. M'Clintock was among us, with all his activities of thought and actions, and with his remarkable versatility of intellectual and moral power; and yet the dates in his memoirs show that he has been gone from us more than six years. To these lapses of time we are occasionally awakened by a comparison of dates, and more sadly and perpetually by the felt absence of those whom we cherished in other days, and into whose place in our hearts no others come; and they whisper to us softly, yet audibly, amidst the hurry of life's activities, that our life-time must also be rapidly running away. During a few quiet hours, rescued almost by violence from the hurry of multiplied duties, we have recently glanced through the pages of the recently published "Life and Letters" of that rare man, our personal friend and associate for many long-gone but well-remembered years, Dr. John M'Clintock,—presented in a goodly but unpretentious volume, by the friend and former literary associate, Dr. George R. Crooks. The reading of this book has been to us at the same time a sad and a pleasing occupation. Six over-

busied years have swept past since he left us, and that sad event, as also his presence among us, seems but of yesterday. With the reading of these pages, therefore, there comes to us a kind of resurrection of the scenes and associations of those other days, when we lived and moved among a class of men whose names and forms are still present with us, but nearly all of whom are no more among us. And when we remember these, and compare them with their successors, like old Nestor among his juniors, we involuntarily make the contrast not to the advantage of the present.

Comparative solitude is among the drawbacks that are made upon a long life, in its later stages, however active it may be, and filled with duties, and held in lively sympathies with the men and affairs of the present time. To the few and steadily diminishing number who knew Dr. M'Clintock, as a man of learning and a Methodist minister and a Christian friend, this volume must possess a lively and peculiar interest. There is also a larger audience for whom the life-story of such a man is deserving of careful attention; for his good name, and the lessons of his life are, to all who can appreciate them, a heritage and a legacy, to be possessed and cherished; and yet it is not our purpose to rehearse that

**Life and Letters of Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., LL. D.*, late President of Drew Theological Seminary. By George R. Crooks, D. D. New York, Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden.
Vol. XXXVI.—13*

story, but simply in a few brief paragraphs, to note some of the salient points presented in this volume.

Its subject stands before us, first of all, an American youth of good Scotch-Irish ancestry, and endowed by nature with the peculiarities, both physical and mental, of his ancestral stock,—now blossoming into life, in the almost unbounded freedom of an American home. Of course, his childhood was devoted to school-going, and because his parents were God-fearing people, he was accustomed from early childhood to church-going and to the Sunday-school. And as soon as he was able to work to profit, he was set at work; and so he early learned the lessons of self-dependence. His surroundings were entirely favorable to the protection of his morals, and the nurture and development of the better elements of his nature, and he early became personally religious, in which conditions, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, he grew up into a religious character and life. He also, as he advanced in life, became the subject of an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and though he had good opportunities for reading, these failed to satisfy him. He aspired to a college education, and, despite all his discouragements, he obtained what he so much desired. That such a one should at length be found in the works of the Christian ministry was only what might have been expected; that he was hurried into its grave responsibilities was less his fault than that of his advisers, and of the prevailing sentiments of his Church at that time.

But his continuance in the regular work of the ministry was only for a little while; for very soon he was called away to Dickinson College to do the work of a Christian educator. Here he passed his next twelve years, which were most fruitful and effectively influential upon his whole after life; for during this time he grew up into maturity of manhood, as a scholar, a Christian, and a minister. He seems to have entirely escaped a danger by which many young men fail of the good results

made possible to them; for he appears not to have at any time suspected that his education was completed when he had graduated at college. Though closely occupied with his professional duties, and also frequently engaged in preaching, he pursued a wide and varied course of severe studies and readings, literally devouring the most abstruse treatises, resolved to become learned in all the more valuable departments of knowledge, and especially in whatever fell more particularly within his range as a Christian minister and teacher. It was often a marvel to his friends in his later life, how it was that he seemed to be thoroughly familiar with almost any subject that might be brought up for remark. His diary for these twelve years which contains an account of his reading and studies, explains this matter. During that period he made himself familiar with the German language and literature, in which he afterward so greatly profited; and from the stores of biblical and theological learning with which that language and literature abounded he drew largely. And yet it does not appear that even temporarily he suffered in his own firm convictions of the truths of the Gospel through the influence of the learned skepticism with which that literature, then even more than now, abounded.

Dr. M'Clintock's recognized proficiency in general learning pointed him out as a suitable person to fill the place of chief editor for the publications of the Church. He was accordingly, in 1848, elected to the editorship of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, a position that he occupied for eight successive years with equal credit and profit to himself and to the Church. During the preceding term of eight years under the management of Dr. George Peck, the *Review* had been advanced to a highly respectable position among kindred publications, and a superior class of writers had been secured as contributors. When, therefore, Dr. M'Clintock came into the place, with its already acquired advantages, it became a practical question of no little interest, whether, in-

deed, it would be advisable to attempt to conduct it on the highest plane of the periodical literature of the times. There was in some quarters something like a clamor in favor of making it more "popular" and "practical," though just what these terms might signify was not quite certain. Even one so learned and able as Dr. Olin advised to "make it less a *Review* and a little more a *Magazine*:" and by the use of a strong figure he attempted to show that there could not possibly be any real adaptation between our Church literature and a *Quarterly Review*. But with an abiding faith in the capabilities of the people to learn and to appreciate real excellence in literature, the new editor resolved to prosecute the experiment still further, trusting that as to both demand and supply the Church would respond to his faith; and, as is well known, he was abundantly justified by the result. It is, indeed, quite possible for people of great learning and culture to do injustice to "the common people," in respect to their abilities to appreciate and profit by really excellent literary matter. Not unfrequently some of the ablest and most thoughtful preachers have been the most popular, and certainly in the history of our Methodist periodical literature, the most learned and ably edited has uniformly succeeded best in gaining the favor and patronage of the people. Good sense is not an exclusive property of scholars and book-learning people, and not a few who never attempt great discourses or essays, can, nevertheless, appreciate them, and they can also distinguish the gold from the tinsel. So Dr. M'Clintock believed, and he ordered his official actions accordingly.

The record made by Dr. M'Clintock respecting American slavery, and the relations of the Methodist Episcopal Church to "the great evil," is somewhat remarkable, and not such as his surviving friends need not to be ashamed of, though it may not be justified at every point, as the wisest and best, as certainly it was not self-consistent in all its parts. It is known that at an early period he came

to entertain opinions and sentiments decidedly hostile to slavery; and though all his surroundings at Carlisle, and his social and domestic relations were such as to operate against any open declaration of anti-slaveryism, yet he did not entirely conceal his convictions and feelings on the subject. As early as 1841, writing to a friend (Rev. Robert Emory), he uses these clear and strong words:

"It seems to me that the Church can do only one thing in regard to so heinous a crime as slavery, namely: to bear her testimony against it, and use all her influence for its extirpation. . . . And will not God's curse come upon us, if, either directly or indirectly, we sanction slavery? . . . We have tampered with the evil too long already. Our Church has been quoted in favor of slavery,—I fear with too much truth."

Again, omitting other utterances equally emphatic, we come to the following, under date of the year 1846:

"My abhorrence of slavery grows apace. Year after year I feel more and more that something should be done by every good man in this land to deliver it. . . . I can not stifle my convictions. . . . Yet I am no Abolitionist, in one sense of the word. I do not believe that all slave-holders are sinners."

These extracts, which are only a few of many-utterances on the subject found in his diary and letters, indicate Dr. M'Clintock's attitude toward slavery,—an intense abhorrence, and a dread of its possible consequences, and yet a hesitation as to any adequate methods to be used for its utter condemnation and extirpation from the Church. In hesitating to believe that "all slave-holders were sinners," by which he evidently meant to say, that there might be cases of slaveholding without guilt, he went no further than probably nine-tenths of those stigmatized as *Abolitionists*, would have freely gone with him; and though he, no doubt, with entire sincerity and deep earnestness, had called on the Church "to bear her testimony against it [slavery], and to use all her influence for its extirpation," yet, when at the General Conference of

1856, such a declaration and an enactment looking to the demanded "extirpation" were proposed, he himself championed the opposition to them. And after the General Conference of 1860 had solemnly recorded its testimony against "the buying, selling, or holding, of human beings to be used as chattels," as "contrary to the laws of God and nature" (using almost the same words that he had employed more than twenty years before), he was found among the active opposers of that action. These things are here noticed, not to convict Doctor M'Clintock of want of consistency, for that, if done, would be a very small matter, and certainly not to intimate that he was unfaithful to his convictions of duty, for of that he was incapable; but to recognize the strong opposing influences that were brought into action in the progress of the conflict over slavery, in the Church no less than in the State, so that not only were good and wise men found on opposite sides, but even the same good and wise man seemed to be at different times, now upon the one side, and now upon the other. The instinctive rectitude of his feelings, and the strength of his devotion to the right, were abundantly demonstrated in the supreme hour of the conflict between freedom and slavery. The same causes that abolished chattel slavery and gave personal freedom to the millions of the colored race, also emancipated the millions of the other race of Americans upon whom the system of slavery had rested for ages, forbidding not only to speak the truth, but even to think, or to feel it. Multitudes who had long chafed under that yoke rejoiced in their own emancipation no less sincerely and deeply than for the negro.

It could not be otherwise than that such a man as was Dr. M'Clintock, when brought into intimate personal relations with so peculiar a system of ecclesiastical polity and action as is that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, should have somewhat definite and positive convictions in respect to it. And, indeed, it was not unknown, during his life-time,

to those with whom he was intimate, that he, to some extent, doubted the compatibility of that system with the proper freedom of its individual members, and especially its traveling ministers. This appears in a variety of cases in the extracts from his diary and letters given in this volume. In the former, under date of January 17, 1839, after some more definite remarks, which may be omitted, he proceeds more generally:

"There is too much *prescription* in the Methodist Church, and there is too much *proscription* for individual opinions. A man can hardly be independent with any hope of rising in the Church. This state of things causes a mean, truckling spirit to grow up among the young men, which, in a great degree, renders them intellectual slaves to a few not very intellectual masters. . . . 'The spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind,' is incompatible with this sort of mental bondage, and sooner or later the Methodist Episcopal Church will pay the penalty of her encroachments upon the absolute freedom of the individual mind, by storms and contentions, if not by her entire disorganization and dissolution, unless a wiser policy shall be struck out."

This "very plain and pointed" criticism is specially noted and commented upon by the biographer in a tone and style at once remarkable and suggestive:

"A system so centralized," he remarks, "as that of Episcopal Methodism tends to a severe restriction of the play of individualism. By a spontaneous instinct, it seeks to form instruments, and is fearful of deviations from its own method. The history of the organization shows, however, that it came most naturally by this spirit. Given an ecclesiastical scheme, created by scholars and handed over to men not trained as scholars, though able and practical, the latter will find their only safety in adhering rigidly to its prescriptions. They know this one thing: they have not the wide and various reading which will place at their disposal the rich fruits of universal experience. Their conservatism is their best safety."

The former of these extracts is a record of the solitary thinking of a young

man of five-and-twenty, written perhaps under some special provocation, from something suffered or seen (probably the latter), which perhaps a wider observation would somewhat modify, though there is no proof that any such modifications of his views ever occurred; but much appears that indicates that they remained substantially the same to the last. The commentary added by the biographer, on the contrary, is the mature reflection,—expressed to the great public,—of one who has passed into the quiet and maturity of conviction of life's afternoon, a life-long observer of the workings of the "centralized system" of Episcopal Methodism. But what is its import and purpose? Is it an apology *for*, or an indictment *of*, that system? Are we, indeed, to accept as the simple truth, the statement that our Methodism is a "centralized system," tending, by its essential nature, to a "severe restriction of individualism," which last word must mean personal freedom of thought and speech? Is our Church organism a kind of monster, "seeking by its spontaneous instincts," and with a "jealous dread of deviations from its one method," to reduce its agents to mere "instruments?" We have heard all this charged by its enemies; but it is something new for such a broad confession to be made by one who has been recognized as specially devoted to that system; and yet viewed according to certain possible constructions of the genius of Methodism, the theory there given has the virtue of self-consistency, and of internal harmony of its parts,—but in behalf of the thousands of our Israel, we repudiate the whole as a caricature of Methodist ecclesiasticism. Methodism is not designed to perpetuate and be perpetuated by a hierarchy of "scholars," who shall ordain "schemes" for a working force of "men not scholars," though "able and practical," to work and obey. If so intended, either originally or in its after use and administration, it would be self-doomed to failure, for there could be no assurance that the men who may succeed to the

"scholars," who created the system, would themselves possess those transcendent qualities that would constitute for them a patent of "royalty," entitling them to rule. Nor is it all certain that there could be found fitted to their hands a sufficient body of men "not trained as scholars, though able and practical," who would willingly obey orders, and effectively serve as "instruments" to accomplish the commands of their superiors. This whole theory, thus outlined and given in shadows, has much of the character of Jesuitism, and we do not know what more even Loyola could have required, since this commanded "conservatism" is only a euphemism for his demanded "obedience." We are by no means certain, however, that the remarks of the biographer should not be interpreted as a bit of exquisite irony; but in either case, we repudiate it as a caricature of genuine Methodism, which, properly administered, gives the freest "play to individualism," and has largely profited by so doing.

If, however, not much account is to be made of an entry in the private diary of a young man, the same can not be done in respect to his maturer utterances made in later years, publicly and formally, and when assuming a most important trust. In his address to the public when entering upon the editorship of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, in 1848, among other things, Dr. M'Clintock wrote thus:

"Nothing is gained to religion or the Church by attempts to cut off investigation, or to stifle honest opinion. Time was when this was thought to be a Christian duty. There are, doubtless, some who think it such still,—who would shut up men's minds forever in their own narrow inclosure,—putting a barrier to inquiry at the precise point which they have reached, as if wisdom must die with them. With such we have no sympathy."

"These," well says the biographer, "are the words of a brave and fearless spirit," but are they in harmony with the requirements made in behalf of Episcopal Methodism just before? "Brave words,"

unless as echoes, are out of place in the mouths of those who serve only as "instruments," and as subordinate parts of a system accepted from a higher source, and confessed to be quite too sacred to be criticised in any department of its "one method." How persistent this notion of "individualism" was in the mind of Dr. M'Clintock is shown by a remark found in a letter to his son, written some twenty years after the first above given :

"Revolutions are more generally the result of undue conservatism on the part of statesmen than of any or all other causes; I mean sticking to old usages, ideas, and laws when it is time to change them; or, as Carlyle says, 'trying to wear the old breeches when they have become too small.'"

His dread of the restrictive tendencies of ecclesiastical power in Methodism early induced in his mind a jealousy of an exclusively official Church press. Nor was he alone in this feeling; for we remember hearing Dr. Olin on a certain occasion deprecating the danger of such a monopoly of the organs of public opinion, and the vehicles for discussions, and pleading for either a well sustained unofficial paper to act as a balance to the official ones, or, perhaps still better, that the whole thing should be left to individual enterprise or voluntary associations. Dr. M'Clintock's early convictions on this matter evidently followed him through life, and determined his actions in at least one important public movement. In his diary of February 19, 1839, he wrote :

"Spent an hour in conversation with W. H. Gilder. Talked of attempting a weekly religious paper in this city (Philadelphia), in the Methodist Episcopal Church, designed to advocate the real interests of Methodism, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Wish sincerely that such a paper could be established."

The drift of his thoughts about this time is shown by another entry in his diary, made only two or three weeks later :

"Raked up from the dust of father's book-shelves the old numbers of Stockton's 'Wesleyan Repository,' and was much in-

terested in running over them. I *suppose*, though I am not sure of it, that the publication was very unpopular with the Methodist preachers at that time. It was too bold entirely; attributed too little infallibility to our system. The same spirit exists at this day to a considerable extent."

How this subject of a free press in the Methodist Episcopal Church appeared to him when, years afterward, he had come into the position of an official editor, is seen in the plan for his conduct marked out for himself at the beginning of his course. Respecting this his biographer justly remarks :

"In treating public questions, he rejected, as he heartily despised, the false conservatism, at once domineering and timid, despotic and servile, which would stand as still as possible when all the world is in motion. But no less did he disdain the 'morbid appetite for new measures which form some men's substitute for virtue.' He had the conservative instincts that come of large scholarship; but he loved progress, too, as every one will who has a hopeful and forward-looking mind."

In 1860, the General Conference adopted a declaration against slave-holding, very much in the spirit, and using almost the same language, that Dr. M'Clintock had indicated as the least that the Church ought to do in the premises. But against this a portion of the Church, especially in Maryland and Virginia, strongly protested, in which they were supported by not a few further northward. The issue was now fairly joined, and Dr. M'Clintock, with characteristic earnestness, arrayed himself in the side of the opposition to the advanced movements of the Church in respect to slavery, confessing, however, that he was largely affected in his judgment by his warm sympathy for those of the border. It was understood that the official press of the Church, through its new conductors, would sustain the action of the General Conference. It was therefore thought that an independent Methodist weekly was needed, to serve as the organ of the opposition, to which he gave his hearty adhesion, and ac-

cepted the position of assistant or contributing editor. In doing this he carried into practice the half-formed purpose of his early life, to engage himself in promoting an unofficial Methodist paper, though he could not fail to see that his apparent position in relation to the subject of slavery was not in harmony with the past records of his life; evidently, however, his action in this case had a broader basis than appeared at first sight. The new enterprise was begun with an unusual concurrence of favoring elements, both of money and mind, as well as of public demand; but its position on the subject of slavery was fatally unfortunate. And yet for a succession of years it proved no contemptible rival of the official paper by the side of which it was issued, though the latter was conducted by an editor of no less ability than was the late Bishop Thomson. It obtained a large circulation all along the border region, and also, in less degree, all through the length and breadth of the land. To some its unofficial position was an objection, and to others a recommendation, while the real ability with which it was edited, and to which the pen of Dr. M'Clintock contributed a part, made it desirable to very many of the best minds of the Church. The advent of the war of the rebellion told severely against its position on the slavery question, and at the same time cut off its Southern patronage. But in that emergency it came out grandly for the Union, in which new rôle Dr. M'Clintock, then in Europe, became especially conspicuous, and his letters from abroad became a marked and valuable feature of the paper. But he lived long enough to witness the success of his favorite scheme of an independent Methodist paper, chiefly because the rival official paper was conducted in quite as liberal and independent a method as any other could be. Perhaps, however, he may have suspected that all this was exceptional, and not likely to occur in any other combination of circumstances, and that possibly such freedom would not always be tolerated. How

all this appeared to him as late as 1864, will appear from the following part of a letter to Dr. M'Cabe of Delaware, Ohio:

"For twenty years, I have longed for an independent Methodist paper, loyal but firm. My residence in Europe has confirmed all my fears of the dangers of ecclesiastical corporations. *Nothing but free criticism can save them from rotting.* We Methodists are but men. . . . There must always be men in every ecclesiastical and political body, who shall work for the best good of the body without holding the form of power in it. I am content to be one of these men in the Church. All that I have of intellect, of culture, and of position in the world, I give to Methodism, because I believe Methodism to be the best form of American Christianity. But if Methodism does not want me in any of what are called the posts of power, I am not only content, but thankful and happy."

The last six years of Dr. M'Clintock's career,—from 1864 to 1870,—were in many particulars the most fruitful of his whole life, and yet their whole history is compressed into scarcely twenty pages. Why this was so ordered, we are at a loss even to guess. Surely the material could not have been wanting, nor yet the disposition to do justice to this best and richest portion of so beautiful a life, now in its fullest intellectual and moral developments. His work at Drew Theological Seminary, his appearance at the General Conference in Chicago, in 1868, the most brilliant in all his career, and his public and private labors in pulpit, press, and elsewhere, during these years, would themselves afford matter for a volume. The almost entire blank of this part of the record can not but be regretted by those who know how rich were its possibilities. The personal tributes, made by surviving friends of his youth, or early manhood, which make up the last chapter of the volume, are exceedingly pleasant, better, indeed, than the most highly wrought formal eulogium could be; and yet the name and character of Dr. M'Clintock demand this also. Some day, perhaps, it will be written.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

AFFLICTIONS, if sanctified, are good. They ungrasp our hold upon the world and lift the eye to God. Temptations are good; they make us flee to Christ and cling closer to his hands. Like spies from the enemy of souls, they serve to keep us on the alert. Good are our inward conflicts with sin, they make us yearn for heaven. God plucks from us our earthly friends that we may look upon him as he is—our very best friend. He foils our earthly hopes that we may not fail of the hope of heaven. He plunges us into sorrow here that we may escape the sorrow that is to come. He plants around the tree of pleasure angry briars that we may be induced to pluck the fruit of the tree of life. He, at times, gives this life a bitter taste only to give a keener relish for the life to come. If sanctified, every trial is a treasure; each wound a scar of glory; each drop of grief will glitter a diamond in the Christian's crown of bliss.

Are our trials sometimes great? Great is our reward. Sometimes the victims of disappointment here are tantalized by the hope of often offered but seldom tasted good. The branches of the tree of life do not withdraw themselves from the hand, and the water of the river of life never retires from the lip.

The mariner in the midst of a storm longs for the break of day. The storm-tossed Christian, too, sometimes feels that his night is long and dark and wearisome. Let him be of good cheer; behind it all is coming up a brighter day. By the eye of faith and the aid of revelation we can already see its streaks. At times we can almost feel the winds of that fresh morning breaking in upon us! Christians, never despond in temptation, nor repine under losses, nor murmur in afflictions.

Bear them with a smile, for the eternal joys of heaven far exceed the brief sufferings of earth.

He who was in afflictions, distresses, tumults, labors; who was beaten, stoned, shipwrecked, imprisoned; was in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea; who was in stripes, in prisons, and in deaths often, could say, I take pleasure in infirmities, necessities, reproaches, distresses, and persecutions. Why? For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are of no account in comparison with the glory hereafter to be revealed in us.

Now could that white-robed company be permitted to speak to us, we should hear them from the heights of bliss exclaim, in triumph, "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. The night is already past, the day is at hand. Then lift up your heads, for the time of your redemption draweth nigh."

And from the Captain of our salvation—made perfect through sufferings—there comes the exhortation, "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind; for if you suffer with him, you shall also reign with him. These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" The cup which my Father giveth me shall I not drink? "Why should I murmur?" said Henry Martyn, in his last sickness; "weakness, peril, and pain are but the ministering angels whose office it is to conduct me to glory." "Oh, what owe I," says Rutherford, "to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus!"

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

WINDSOR CASTLE.

TO Englishmen and their descendants Windsor Castle possesses especial interest as the favorite residence of English royalty. In situation, antiquity, and magnificence, it surpasses most of the royal and imperial residences of Europe. The Kremlin is not older, and its associations are of much less interest. The Louvre, now a mere show place, and a genteel almshouse for a decayed nobility, only carries us back to the chivalrous days of Francis of Angoulême. Holyrood and Stirling, interesting as they are, serve only to remind us of the tragic fate of Mary Stuart and the violent deeds of the Scottish nobility. The Escorial has been till within a few years a royal palace, but its historical interest extends back only three hundred years, and in connection therewith are chiefly prominent visions of the dark-browed Philip II, and a line of ignoble successors, whose crimes have made the name of Spanish royalty an execration in history. But Windsor Castle still enjoys the support and presence of a rich and elegant court. As a feudal castle and as a royal palace it claims the attention of nearly every class of humanity; for here they read the history of England in old walls crumbling to decay, and in the latest triumph of decorative art.

In the lovely valley of the Thames, upon a spot favored by nature with every combination of beautiful scenery, diversified with hill and dale, with luxuriant forests and verdant meadows, and beautified by the windings of a noble river, stands the royal structure whose history forms a part of the story of England's national magnificence. There, with its stately gardens and broad terraces, its matchless parks, its silver belting river, and its surroundings of proud and regal towers, rises Windsor Castle, with its history of a thousand years,—of storm and siege and sortie; of banquet and festival and tournament; of coronations and in-

trigues, and the romance and tragedy of a hundred royal personages who were born or lived or were buried beneath its roof. Crowning like a castled diadem the heights upon which it stands, its great round tower conspicuous for miles, and looking down in all its magnificence upon the pomp of woods and stream, and upon the twelve fair counties lying within its range of vision, Windsor is closely associated with all the long line of English history. As we look at the ancient walls pierced with loop-holes, from which the archers might send forth winged messengers of death; at the battlements from which the warder looked out and watched for signs of coming danger; at the heavy gates and the massive strength of the whole structure, we are reminded of the troublesome times in which it was erected,—times in which even an anointed king might find his only security in walls that could laugh a siege to scorn. Abbotsford has been called a romance in stone. What is Windsor Castle but petrified history, the "frozen music" of the joys and sorrows of crowned heads, who in succession have worn England's regal diadem, and swayed the destinies of the land?

The name of Windsor was probably derived from the winding shores of the river that flows in a meandering course beneath the walls. The Saxons denominated the place Windleyhoga. Afterward it was termed Wyndleshora, from which name one of the early chroniclers makes a slight deviation, calling it Windlesore. When the Normans came in it was contracted to Windsor, a name it has borne through all the after centuries, and which holds a high place in the royal records of Europe.

The Castle of Windsor owes its foundation to that great man, the first of statesmen and generals of his age, and the founder of the Norman line of English kings,—William the Conqueror. Popular

fable, however, gives its origin an earlier date. Part of the castle is said to have been of Roman foundation, and one portion still retains the name of Cæsar's Tower. It is also claimed that long before a Norman foot had pressed the soil, Windsor had been the home of the Saxon sovereigns. But however this may have been, it is certain that Windsor had no permanent place in history till the genius of the great Norman made it illustrious. In the very first year of his reign William began the erection of what has since become one of the largest and most magnificent structures in the world, by building a tower on a hill overlooking the Thames. Pleased with the attractive beauties of the situation, its conveniences for the pleasures of the chase, the purity of the air, and its vicinity to woods and waters, he established the post as a hunting lodge. Nor did he delay to render this spot subservient to the purposes for which he originally intended it. He formed parks and forests around it, for the accommodation of his favorite amusement of hunting, and framed a very rigid code of laws for the preservation of the deer and other game. In the fourth year of his reign he kept his court and ordered a synod to be held there at Whitsuntide. In the year 1072, three years later, he held another synod at Windsor, when the province of York was declared to be subject to that of Canterbury. William Rufus likewise kept his Whitsuntide there in the year 1095, his Christmas in 1096, and celebrated Easter beneath its roof in 1097. It seems, indeed, to have been the favorite abode of the Red King, notwithstanding the castle was originally designed for a hunting and military post rather than a royal residence. Henry I, like his brother, highly esteemed Windsor. It is said that he strengthened, enlarged, and beautified the castle with many fair buildings, and, in his tenth year, summoned his nobility thither to celebrate the feast of Pentecost, when great splendor and magnificence attended the event. This monarch was married at Windsor to his second queen, Adelicia, daughter

of Godfrey, Duke of Lovaine, in 1122. In 1127, he kept his Whitsuntide at the castle, when David, King of Scotland, and the English barons, swore fealty to the Empress Maud, the king's daughter, whom he had selected for his successor.

Proof that Windsor Castle was regarded as the second fortress in the realm is afforded by the treaty of peace between the usurper Stephen and the Empress Maud, in which it is coupled with the Tower of London under the designation of *Marta de Windsor*. At the signing of the treaty Windsor was committed to the custody of Richard de Lacy, who was continued in the office of keeper by Henry II.

In the reign of this last monarch many repairs were made to the castle, which then began to assume somewhat of the character of a palatial residence. Fabian relates a little story of this king, who, by the way, is as much distinguished in romance as in history, for being the lover of that Fair Rosamond whom the jealous Queen Eleanor pursued to her death in the gardens of Woodstock. Henry, stung by the disobedience and ingratitude of his sons, caused an allegorical picture to be painted, representing an old eagle assailed by four young ones, which he placed in one of the chambers of the castle. When some one asked the meaning of the device, he replied, "I am the old eagle and the four eaglets are my sons, who cease not to pursue my death. The youngest bird who is tearing out its parent's eyes, is my son John,—my youngest and best beloved son, and who yet is the most eager for my destruction." History records how the unfortunate king soon after died broken-hearted, the victim of his children's treachery and rebellion.

During the reign of King John, the castle was the scene of a foul and terrible event. Maud, daughter of Reginald de St. Valery, and wife of William de Braose, a powerful baron who had borne arms against his sovereign, having made her escape from a castle in Ireland, was seized by order of King John, on his subjugation of that island, and sent prisoner to Windsor Castle, where her resolute con-

duct so inflamed the ruthless king that he suffered her and her young son to be starved to death. In this same castle John was besieged in 1216 by a numerous army under the command of his disaffected barons, but he successfully defended himself and forced them to retire.

Henry III, an ardent encourager of architecture, added a barbican or outwork to strengthen the castle; and the three towers on the west side of the lower ward, now known as the Curfew, the Garter, and the Salisbury Towers, were erected by him. At the same time the interior was extensively improved and ornamented. Here, in 1260, Henry received a visit from his daughter Margaret and her husband, Alexander III, king of Scotland. The queen gave birth to a daughter during her stay at the castle, afterward the wife of Eric, King of Norway, and mother of Margaret, commonly called the maid of Norway, the last of a long line of noble sovereigns.

But the work of other monarchs shrink into insignificance compared with the labor and wealth and genius that Edward III lavished upon Windsor. One of the greatest princes that ever swayed the interests of England, this monarch has inseparably associated his name with the regal structure which owes all its subsequent magnificence to the affection which the heroic prince cherished toward the place of his birth. The improvements he made extended to nearly the whole of the ancient fabric, which, with the exception of the towers erected by Henry III, was entirely taken down, and the chief part of the structure, as it now stands, erected on the spot. The King's Palace, the Great Hall of St. George, the royal lodgings on the east and south sides of the upper ward, the Round Tower, the Chapel of St. George, and the whole circumference of the walls, towers, and gates were then completed substantially as they now remain. The building of these works was under the superintendence of the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, whose name gives additional glory to this im-

portant era in the annals of the castle. Originally a secretary to Edward III, he rose by slow gradations to be the first ecclesiastic in England. When he solicited the bishopric, it is said that Edward told him he was neither a priest nor a scholar; to which he replied, that he would soon be the one, and in regard to the other, he would make more scholars than all the bishops of England ever did. He made good his word by founding the collegiate school at Winchester, and erecting New College at Oxford. When the Winchester Tower was finished, he caused the words "*Hoc fecit Wykeham*" to be carved upon it; and the King, offended at his presumption, Wykeham turned away his displeasure by declaring that the inscription meant that the castle had made *him*, and not that he had made the castle. It is a curious coincidence that this tower, after a lapse of four centuries and a half, should become the residence of an architect possessing the genius of Wykeham, and who, like him, had rebuilt the kingly edifice—Sir Jeffry Wyattville.

It seemed the pride of Edward to render Windsor at once a school of arms and a seat of pleasure. The blaze of royalty lit up the whole edifice with pomp and pageantry, and many a stately ceremonial was here displayed during that age of splendor and chivalry. Here was established that earliest order of knighthood (that of the Garter), which may be said to have been the origin of those chivalrous distinctions which have so long added, and still continue to add, to the splendor of the courts of every European nation, and which, through all the intermediate changes and chances of time, amid the downfall of thrones and the ruin of states, has retained its consequence, its dignity, and original superiority to the present day. But the founders have long since turned to dust, and it seems right and proper that they should lie here beneath the time-worn roof, with their scutcheons and banners about them: the men of mail, the host of England's chivalry, with others who have worn the

highest order of knighthood, the "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" emblazoned on garter blue, ever since the day when the gallant Edward established the confraternity, and gathered around him as brave and illustrious a band as any that ever sat at Arthur's round table.

We need not follow the history of the castle to this time, through all the succeeding sovereigns. Henry V, Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Charles I, William and Mary, and all the Hanoverian kings after the first and second Georges, have made Windsor the scene of much of their royalty, and Queen Victoria has made it her favorite residence. Most of the English kings have lived here, but only two were born here—the heroic Edward III, and the meek, unfortunate Henry VI. The old castle has listened to the shouts of festival and coronation banquets, and it has witnessed the mortal endings of human glory. Here kings and great ones have worshiped, and here they have been buried. Architects, poets, painters, have woven the magic of their names with the stately pile; love tales have been whispered on its terraces, and many a court and political intrigue has been discussed within its corridors.

Windsor has also been a prison as well as palace. Others besides the unfortunate Lady de Braose have been held prisoners within these towers, and many a noble and gallant captive has left mementos of his loyalty and ill fate upon its walls. David Bruce, King of Scotland, the Lord Charles of Blois, and Ralph, Earl of Eu and Guisnes and Constable of France, were captives of war at the same time in Windsor. David, whose queen was Edward's sister, was shortly released on his parole, and the others were exchanged.

In 1357, John, King of France, defeated at the battle of Poitiers, by Edward, the Black Prince, was brought captive to Windsor; and on the festival of St. George in the following year, Edward outshone all his former splendid doings by a tournament which he gave in honor of his royal prisoner. It is re-

lated that John, commenting upon the splendor of the spectacle, shrewdly observed, "that he never saw or knew such royal shows and feastings without some after reckoning." The same monarch replied to his kingly captor, who sought to arouse him from dejection on another occasion,—"*Quomodo cantabimus canticum in terra alienâ!*" Valeran, of Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol, and cousin of the King of France, was a prisoner in Windsor for three years, from 1370 to 1373. Here he was so fortunate as to win the love of the Lady Maud Holland, the most beautiful and one of the highest-born ladies of England. After his release he married her, and never regretted the long imprisonment he had endured, seeing that to it he owed all the happiness of his after years.

A few years later, another illustrious prisoner was brought to Windsor,—the Prince James, the son of King Robert III, and afterward James I, of Scotland. This prince remained a captive for upwards of eighteen years; not being released till 1424, in the second year of Henry VI, by the Duke of Bedford then regent. James's captivity, and his love for Jane of Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and granddaughter of John of Gaunt, to whom he was united, have left a charm over the Round Tower, where he was confined; and his memory, like that of the chivalrous and poetical Surry, whom he resembled in character and accomplishments, will be ever associated with it.

Few are aware of the vastness of Windsor Castle. The towers exclusive of the terrace walks, cover more than twelve acres. Its length from east to west is fourteen hundred and eighty feet. As a royal residence it has every requisite, and for the opportunity of state pageantry, the arrangement of the apartments, and the connection of the various parts of the castle, afford ample scope. A grander or more magnificent structure does not exist in Europe. View the castle on the north, with its grand terrace of nearly a thousand feet in length, and high embattled

walls; its superb façade, comprehending the stately Brunswick Tower; the Corn-wall Tower, with its gorgeous windows; George IV's Tower, including the great oriel window of the state drawing-room; the restored Stuart buildings, and those of Henry VII and of Elizabeth; the renovated Norman Tower; the Powder Tower with the line of walls as far as the Winchester Tower,—view this, and then turn to the east, and behold another front of marvelous grandeur, extending more than four hundred feet from north to south, and displaying the Prince of Wales Tower, the Chester, Clarence, and Victoria Towers, with the broad pentagonal terrace and the great projecting windows. Proceed to the south front, of which the magnificent gateway of George IV is a superb feature, flanked by the York and Lancaster Towers with their machicolated battlements and oriel windows, and opening in a continued line from the Long Walk; look at St. George's Gate, Edward III's Tower, and the Octagon Tower beyond it; look at all these, and if they fail to excite a due appreciation of the magnificence of this royal residence, gaze at the triumph of the whole, and which lords over all the rest,—the Round Tower,—gaze at it, and not from one spot alone, but from the heights of the Great Park, and from the vistas of the Home Park, from the bowers of Eaton, the meads of Clewer and Datchet, from the Brocas, the gardens of the naval knights, from a hundred points; view it at sunrise, when the royal standard is hoisted, or at sunset, when it is lowered, near or at a distance, and it will be admitted to be a structure worthy even of England's royal greatness.

Internally, every thing is of corresponding splendor and importance. Around the south and east sides of the court a spacious corridor has been constructed five hundred and fifty feet in length, and connected with the different suites of apartments. Passing through the various rooms shown to visitors, we are struck on entering by the richness and odd contrasts. We enter by King John's Tower,—

King John who murdered Lady de Braose and the unfortunate Arthur. Once within, we gaze upon enchanting scenes. We see Coblentz tapestry of the time of Henry VIII, and pictures of great people most of whom have often passed through the rooms where their portraits are now displayed under the blazing ceilings of Verrio. There is furniture of the most approved pattern, modern upholstery of the latest fashion in contrast with ancient suits of mail. The past and the present are in close contact. Sovereigns, ambassadors, statesmen, and warriors of all ages, side by side, look down upon us from the walls; and busts and trophies, banners and relics, suggest strange thoughts of the swift course of time, which sometimes seem to lag so wearily. But there are not only portraits, but scenes presented; scenes of historic interest, from Hastings to Waterloo; scenes pictured in glowing colors, and celebrating on canvas the bravest deeds of England's great ones.

It is in St. George's Chapel, however, that the visitor will linger the longest and with the highest pleasure. The chapel itself is one of the finest examples in the kingdom of the perpendicular style of architecture. It is a cross church, with the transepts ending in octagonal projections, which have two heights of windows. All these are separated by screens, and they form monumental chapels. The roof of the nave is painted with armorial bearings, and the whole highly enriched.

The chapel is divided into two parts—the chapel proper and the choir—by a screen and organ-gallery. On either side of the choir are the stalls of the sovereign and the knights companions of the order of the Garter. A house of prayer, and a temple of chivalry, it is also the burial-place of kings. George III and his queen, George IV, William IV, and the Dukes of York and Kent, and other members of the Brunswick family, are among the illustrious dead whose remains are deposited within its vaults.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

LET US GO FORTH.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our backs on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We can not and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way.
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man nor self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
No wish that taunting to return;
No hatred can our hatred move,
And enmity but kindles love.
No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind.
No looking back on Sodom's plains,

No listening still to Babel's strains;
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

No vanity nor folly now,
No fading garland round our brow;
No moody musings in the grove,
No pang of disappointed love;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppress'd?
'Tis but a little, and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear.

'Tis but a little and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
Another year, it may be less,
And we have cross'd the wilderness,
Finish'd the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won.

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way,
Its ending is the endless day.
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between;
We welcome each descending sun,—
Ere morn our joy may be begun!

COMFORT.

"PAIN will bring thee joy at last,
When the fight is over-past."

"Yea, but pain is strong," she said.

"Pain will teach thee cunning lore;
Make thee rich in wisdom's store."

"The time is very long," she said.

"High as heaven will be the gain;
Nothing dost thou bear in vain."

"I can not look so far," she said.

"I faint beneath the present smart,
I bear the arrow in my heart,

Your words all empty are," she said.

Then through the dark there came a word;
A gentle, thrilling voice was heard,

"My daughter, it is I," He said.

"The hand that weighs thee down is mine,
The touch thou loathest is divine;

Wilt thou not have me by?" he said.

"Go not, my Lord, go not away."
Beneath the hand she smiling lay.

"Here would I ever dwell," she said;

"The pain that marks thy presence here
Is healing pain, holy and dear;

Where thou art, all is well," she said.

MARVELOUS FAITH.

"I think it would be the height of presumption for any man to say, that the conditions under which matter assumes the properties we call vital may not some day be artificially brought together." "I believe that, sooner or later, we shall arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat."—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

THERE is in the faith of skepticism something more marvelous than an Arabian tale. It has not credulity enough to believe the Bible, but can evolve a theoretic universe, on scientific principles, according to law, without the aid of a first great cause—or fundamental truth. It believes in the grandest possibilities of scientific achievement; but can not credit the Scripture record of a special creation. It once thought the "molecules of life" were beyond the reach of simple chemical law, but has now become reassured and "doubts not the ability to produce them all." Surely the dream of the old alchemists is not wholly an illusion! The arcana of life and transmutation have rewarded these patient toilers after truth, and we pause to see this new marvel

"Spring forth a Pallas, armed and undefined."

It is presumption to doubt!

The skeptical chemist, now reassured, can produce "all the molecules of life" and a "mechanical equivalent of consciousness." Now we shall see, not simply matter evolved, but conscious mind in matter as the savant's demonstration of a universe without a God. This prophecy lays down grandly what the skeptic *expects* to achieve; dare we ask what skillful chemist officiated, when life in its most primary form was first produced on the earth?

Let us consider what is here proposed—what it is presumption to deny; that is, to produce *consciousness*, or its equivalent. It is not to produce a single emotion, or mental faculty, as *love* or *imagination*: but that knowledge and conviction of *personal identity* in which intellect, sensibilities, and will all inhere. It is to produce that entity which is capable of reflection and volition, of cognizing, passing upon, and recording its own actions.

To produce this is, indeed, a master work; but we must not be presumptuous, and say it can not be done!

Look now upon these pictures which are the usual and natural acts of human consciousness. And, if consciousness is produced, these, or their equivalents, must follow mechanically, scientifically!

A boy in the bloom of youth and hope strays in green fields and beneath blue skies, dreaming of the future. He reclines in a shady spot, and imagination, aided by hope, begins the creation of an aerial world which lies in the pathway of his possible future. In this brilliant world ambition plays its part. No dark disappointment casts its shadow over the enchanted scene. Every aspiration seems already realized,—the brightest schemes accomplished,—riches, ease, honor, each conspire to give this fairy scene an air of composed and satisfied perfection. Piety also shares in contributing to make up, dignify, and ennoble a life that would not be wholly sordid and selfish, a life marked by a noble aspiration to be good, as the years roll along. And while magnificent temples, crowded with saintly worshipers, who adore that God whose glory is declared by the heavens, and whose handiwork is traced in every line of earth, come in to complete this scene; the dreaming youth beholds himself the chief among them all. In his inexperience, and through the fair but deceptive whippers of hope, no cloud gathers over the scene, and no sorrow falls on the hearts of those who encircle his hearth-stone. Hope portrays all in the fruition of life, health, contentment, and happiness. This picture has not been thrown on canvas by the masterly pencil of a Rebens; but a more skillful artist,—imagination,—has traced its lines on the youth's *con-*

sciousness, and there it abides, a living creation.

Time waves his ruthless wand over that youth with as little concern for his ideal world as Circe for the welfare of the companions of Ulysses, and all around is strewn with wrecks and marks of disappointment, contrasting strangely the real with the ideal. But ever in his consciousness are found these two classes of pictures; one drawn by imagination and colored by hope, and the other traced by experience shaded by fact.

Turn now to another. A mother is sitting with restless anxiety beside the bed of her suffering babe. She wets its feverish lips and bathes its burning forehead, and, as it gasps and groans, hot tears run down her cheeks. What vivid thought are written on her countenance as, with yearning anxiety, she gazes in its face. There is a transcript of her heart in her face, revealing the voiceless tumult of emotions within. No wail of agony could utter more. As we read the penciling of these voiceless emotions, we are reminded of the Hebrew king weeping over his fallen Absalom.

These emotions, with the sad event that occasioned them, are deeply imprinted on her abiding consciousness, and they can not be forgotten. When death intervenes and fills up her cup of sorrow, the pent-up tempest of emotions finds vent in "strong crying and tears;" but that picture of the past can never be erased; "Decay's effacing fingers" leave it unharmed. It is a remembrance of past joy finding its center in a buried form and dear departed days; a fondly cherished remembrance, darkly set with sorrows and blasted hopes.

One other scene must complete this gallery of conscious life, as experience has written it. An aged patriarch stands amid the scenes of his boyhood, and memory, like a geologist among his fossils, clothes the dead forms of the past with a new life. He forgets his weary years, freighted with so many disappointments, darkened by so much sorrow, and is a boy again. Each spot he visits calls from the tomb some well-remembered

form, and associates with it a scene of gleeful sport or mischievous caprice, which, though it had been long forgotten, now lives again as vividly as when first enacted.

Scenes and actors unknown to the present generation, and unseen by other eyes, spring into being under the touch of this strange enchantress, Memory. He lives his life over again amid these ideal forms, and thus, while "fond memory brings the light of other days around him," he discovers within a faculty that will not let the dead die forever, or consign to oblivion the forms of the loved who have passed away. They exist, not *really* but *ideally*, in his consciousness. So long as his personal identity remains he will be able to recall these scenes which bring the sunshine and fragrance of Spring to cheer the Winter of life. As it is the joy of youth to anticipate, so it becomes the delight of age to remember.

Can the skeptic who proposes to produce "a mechanical equivalent of consciousness" produce these usual and very natural acts of the human mind, or their equivalent,—the prospective, emotional, and retrospective,—presented in these pictures of human experience? What is there in the forces of nature that can be converted into that dreamy world of hope so gorgeously painted by youthful imagination, or that can supply the pictures of that weird enchantress, Memory? What, that can awaken that deep and tender sympathy seen in that mother clinging to, and weeping over, her dead? Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that heat, light, and chemical affinity are transformable "into those modes of the *unknowable*, which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought." This is perhaps a good scientific assertion; but since all true science is based on facts, we should like to review the facts. It is difficult to believe without evidence.

There are two phases of human consciousness it would be well for the savant to account for, or to produce by mechanical or chemical processes,—the sense of sin, and that of salvation from sin. The

consciousness of sin is almost universal. With the Hindoo or the Christian, with savage or civilized man, there are certain things which bring a sense of condemnation upon the soul. The woman who "was a sinner," that came behind Jesus and wept with penitence over his feet, is a type that finds its prototype all along the ages. Youth and age, prosperity and adversity, prince and peasant, all alike contribute their testimony to this truth, that the sense of sin is universal. The publican in the temple, with no outward accusers, by contemplating his own interior life, remembering deeds known, perhaps, to none save God and himself, is smitten with a deep sense of guilt, and cries to God for mercy. What a strange transformation under the action of light, heat, and chemical affinity, does this spectacle present!

Behold that old patriarch amid the graves of his offspring, and the desolations of departed earthly prosperity, diseased in body and mourning in soul, sitting silent with the friends who have gathered to condole with him. How heavily have the strokes of the Almighty fallen upon him! Will he stagger at these and turn to a blind and hopeless atheism, or will he cleave to his integrity and justify the ways of God with men? Harken, he speaks: "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?" He justifies God, but he also justifies himself, and insists upon his integrity.

Behold now a whirlwind! and from thence a voice, before which the old patriarch in humility abases himself, and laments his sins. He says, "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee?" "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

"My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all."

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What produced this sudden transformation from self-righteousness to self-condemnation—from conscious integrity to conscious guilt? This is one of the most common experiences of human life in the Christian world. There is a fearful sense of the lost condition,—of the utter helplessness and need of the soul consequent upon this awakening. It is at this point that Christ, presented, has power. The penitent in trustfulness cries out:

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine."

When the penitent is led from this contemplation of himself,—from this self-abasement and self-aborrence because of sin,—to the contemplation of an atonement, which by divine substitution takes away the guilt of sin, its pollution, and its power, then fear gives place to hope, and faith struggles to appropriate the promised relief. Sinful, self-condemned, helpless, unsaved, but not without hope, the burdened one comes to the mercy-seat, crying:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Just at this point, grasping the promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," with that unshaken trust which says:

"Savior, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior thou;
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now,"

there is a spiritual apprehension of the crucified Jesus. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines in the heart.

There is in some cases a wonderful transition from condemnation to justification and assurance, accompanied by the most ecstatic raptures. But there is in all cases a sweet peace and a conviction of security, a sense of forgiveness and

reconciliation possessing and keeping the mind. The first is thus expressed:

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

The second is expressed thus:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry."

These are clearly facts of human experience, as much so as any of which men take cognizance. They are within the range of every man's observation, and are possible experiences to all who seek salvation by way of the cross. It is useless to talk about phantasm, illusion, enthusiasm; men of sound mind, of the highest culture, and from every calling in life, are witnesses of these facts. They are as clear to those who know them, and are as substantially *facts* as any

other operation of the mind, or as their own existence.

Can those who produce a mechanical equivalent of consciousness produce in that prophetic creation this consciousness of guilt, and the consciousness of its removal? And, should they achieve this feat, can they, when it is done, account for the existence of these two very common phases of human experience?

We would not be presumptuous, and therefore do not say these things may not be, but simply wait for further light. There may be many scientific results attainable, which will astonish the Christian world when produced; but it would be preferable to witness them as accomplished, rather than have them heralded prophetically as wonders yet to be. Since there are some "prophecies" that "shall fail," and some "knowledge" that "shall vanish away," we deem it prudent to withhold assent and credence from this new faith, which supplants the Almighty, till the evidence on which it rests is more circumstantially established.

J. W. CAUGHLAN.

ALBRECHT DÜRER AND HIS ART.

IN August, 1868, I visited, among other places of interest, the quaint old city of Nuremberg, in Franconia, kingdom of Bavaria. It contains about sixty-five thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient wall with eight gates, and about seventy round and square towers, and a moat. The impression of quaintness and antiquity which the general aspect of the city produces is heightened by the prevailing Gothic style of architecture and the old-fashioned internal arrangement of many of the houses, their narrow fronts being in many instances adorned with paintings or texts of Scripture, poetry, or current proverbs. Among the many objects of interest to be seen there is a bronze statue of Albrecht Dürer,

erected by the city in 1840, in memory of its great son. It stands in the center of the "Albrecht Dürer Platz" (square), near the house in which he lived more than three centuries ago. Could the small rooms of that quaint old house speak, they would no doubt tell a wonderful story of the quiet life and hard work of that great old master, the amount of which is truly astonishing. Here he once received the Emperor Maximilian I, who, having repeatedly attempted to sketch with a crayon that ever and anon broke to pieces, wondered that the same thing did not happen to the artist. "My gracious lord," replied Dürer, "this is *my* empire; here *I* reign, and the crayon is my scepter. I do not wish that *you*

should be able to draw and paint as well as I do; else what would remain to me?" Here, too, Melanchthon, while on a visit to Nuremberg, sat often by the side of the artist, conversing with him about art and its use in the interpretation of Scripture. Many wonderful reminiscences are associated with that house.

Nuremberg has ever been a center of culture, but never more so than during the time of the Reformation. It was then the home of many distinguished men. But no two names have been held in such lively remembrance by the Nurembergers as those of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs. The latter was not only a "master shoemaker," but also a "master singer" and a "poet," or as a German couplet has it:

"Hans Sachs war ein Schuh-Macher und Poet dazu."

(Hans Sachs was a shoe-maker and poet thereto.)

Both these men were thorough Germans in their feelings and character, as well as thorough Christians in their life and conduct. Both have this in common, that the interest they excite concerns not alone the artist and poet, but human nature in its nobler aspects, so that the bond connecting them with the student of history and of art becomes almost a personal one.

Albrecht Dürer's father emigrated, as a young goldsmith, from Hungary to Nuremberg, where he arrived March 11, 1455. He soon found employment with one H. Holper, who, after twelve years of faithful work, gave him his daughter Barbara in marriage,—“a handsome, straightforward young girl.” From this marriage sprang eighteen children, fifteen of whom died before they got out of their “teens.” Albrecht, the third child, was born May 21, 1471. It will be readily perceived that in this family, so rich in children and so often visited by death, and so burdened with poverty, hard work, suffering, and grief were not unknown. Later in life, Albrecht wrote in his diary: “My father spent his whole life in much trouble and hard work, and had nothing for the support of his wife and children ex-

cept what he earned by manual labor. He has had, therefore, very little of this world's goods, but much care, sorrow and adversity. He was, however, well esteemed by those who knew him, for he was patient and peaceable toward all men, honest and just in his dealings, and pious toward God. He was a man of few words, and was seldom seen in society.” In these brief sentences we have a glimpse of the severe earnestness of the German people of those times. In the Pinakothek, at Munich, is a portrait of Dürer's father, painted by the son in 1497, showing a haggard form and a severe earnestness of expression.

Of his mother little is known. After the death of his father, in 1502, she resided with her son until her own death, twelve years later. She died in the hope of eternal life. He says of her that it was “her constant habit to attend church; that she frequently exhorted him and his brothers to avoid sin and be good; and that whenever he left the house, she said: ‘Go in the name of the Lord!’” Of both his father and mother he said that during their life-time they earnestly endeavored to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Under such circumstances Albrecht Dürer grew up to manhood. Of the amusements of his boyhood, if he had any, he says nothing. Though possessing a restless and ambitious mind, he had to be satisfied with the small opportunities for culture afforded him at home and at the parish school. As soon as he had learned to read and write, his father kept him from school, and put him to work in his own shop. He made satisfactory progress in learning his new trade; but he had a greater desire of becoming a painter than a goldsmith. His father having in vain endeavored to dissuade him from that idea, consented at length to apprentice him (November 30, 1486), for three years, to a master painter by the name of Michael Wohlgemuth. In its surroundings Nuremberg had, neither then, nor has it now, any thing remarkable in the way of natural scenery;

hence, landscape-painting was not then cultivated; but it was then, as it is now, rich in works of art. At every turn,—on the fronts of the houses, in the public squares, and in the grand old churches,—they met the eyes of the beholder. In this little world of sacred fancies and of venerable reminiscences, traditional forms, and variegated colors, the artistic tastes of young Dürer were awakened and developed.

A close inspection and comparison with each other of the various works of art that have come down to us from those times will reveal one specific trait common to them all, their *perfection of details*. They all exhibit great care of treatment. Nothing is left unfinished. The minutest details are fully elaborated. Seldom is any thing indicated by a mere stroke of the pencil or a touch of the brush,—a method considered by some modern artists rather strained and artificial. But these deficiencies are made up, in part at least, by a conscientiousness of attention to the unimportant as well as to the important parts. This may be accounted for by the fact that in those times the artist and artisan had so much in common that, up to a certain point, it was difficult to distinguish between the two classes. The goldsmiths and jewelers, not only technically executed the orders given them, but also made the necessary drawings and models. And on the other hand, the painters' apprentices had first to learn to prepare the colors and other requisites before they were allowed to try their hand on the canvas. Thus it came about that the same care was bestowed upon the smallest and most insignificant details, as upon the most important parts. A master painter carried on his art much in the same manner as a master-artisan did his trade. He employed apprentices and journeymen, who merely *helped* him to execute the orders he received. Hence there was much of the *mechanical* about his art, and his "productions" partook generally of the same nature. Method and enthusiasm were, for the most part, wanting; practice was every thing.

Such was "the school of art" in which Albrecht Dürer took a three years' course. "During this time," he writes, "God blessed me with industry. I learned well; but I had to suffer much from the journeymen." More he does not say about his apprenticeship. "When I had served my time as an apprentice, my father sent me away from home. I remained away until my father called me back." This is all he says about his "wander-years." In those days it was the universal practice for young artists and artisans of all classes, after the time of their apprenticeship had expired, to travel and work in foreign countries for at least three or four years before they were permitted to "set up" a business for themselves as "masters." Nor were they allowed to change their trade or profession. And yet these were the years in which his youthful ambition soared highest, and which exerted a decisive influence upon his future career. He was nineteen years of age when he left home, and twenty-three when he returned. We have very few data as to where he spent these years. We only know that he was in Basle (Switzerland), and in Colmer and Strasburg (Alsace). These cities were then the centers of the "High-German Art." This school of art, unlike that of Italy (which, though externally in the service of the Church, became gradually estranged from religious influences), preserved its intimate connection with religion. For this reason the forms and figures in paintings that have come down to us from that school, though often stiff and ungainly, usually have an expression of cheerfulness and tender sympathies that attract the beholder.

"After I had arrived at home," he writes, "Hans Frey negotiated with my father, and gave me his daughter Agnes in marriage, with a dowry of two hundred florins. Our wedding took place July 7, 1494." This is all he wrote about his engagement and marriage. This account of his "first love," "courtship," and "honey-moon," so utterly devoid of all sentimentality, seems to indicate that he

had nothing to do in the choice of a wife. It was the custom of those times for parents, so far as the marriage of their sons and daughters was concerned, to dispose of them according to their own good pleasure. The mutual likes or dislikes of the parties most concerned were but little taken into consideration. What amount of money, or how many acres of land, and even how many articles in her "trousseau," can a young lady bring to her "intended?" These were the questions to be satisfactorily answered by *her* parents before *his* parents gave their consent to the marriage. Sometimes the parties directly concerned never saw each other before the day of their wedding. With them it was a simple matter of necessity, not of choice. This was the case with Albrecht Dürer. In the above extract from his diary he stated the exact truth, nothing more and nothing less. His marriage with Agnes Frey was the result of a pure business transaction on the part of his and her parents. Her father is said to have been a well-to-do citizen of Nuremberg, who, during the latter part of his life, became a member of the city council. Agnes, judging from a pencil portrait of her by Dürer, still extant, appears to have been rather handsome. Her dower of two hundred florins (about one hundred dollars in gold), was, for those times, by no means insignificant.

Albrecht Dürer's wife has been accused of having been to him a Xanthippe, and of having "worried the life out of him." Willibald Pirkheimer, a rich and distinguished citizen of Nuremberg, and Dürer's most intimate friend, wrote a letter to a friend in Vienna, dated "Autumn, 1530," in which he charges her with having been the cause of her husband's early death. For a long time this charge has been considered in the light of a just and final verdict. Only in more recent times efforts have been made to clear her memory of this terrible charge. Pirkheimer's letter, the only written authority for the statement, was written two years and a half after Dürer's death, and only

a few weeks before his own; and his testimony, given under the influence of embittered feelings against her, can not be regarded as impartial. After a wedded life of only five years, Pirkheimer's wife died. He refused to marry again, preferring to lead "a free and easy life, after the manner of the ancients," and not at all in harmony with certain moral precepts of the Bible. Dürer's wife, having been brought up in strict conformity with these precepts, abhorred all laxity of morals. We can easily imagine that she did not like to see her husband associating with one whom she often chided for his ungodly life. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he should charge her unwillingness to see her husband in his company to domineering and fault-finding habits.

Neither in Dürer's letters nor in his diary is found a single word of complaint against his wife's manners. It is also true that no cordial or sentimental expressions occur therein in her favor. It was; however, according to the customs of the times to be extremely sparing in the use of sentimental expressions. The romance and sentimentality of the Troubadours had given place to sober realism and earnest, thoughtful work. That Frau Dürer was not intellectually the equal of her husband, none acquainted with the civilization of those times will suppose. Mrs. Dürer was a "house-wife" and a "house-keeper" in the twofold sense of the word. How far she was able to sympathize with him in his art, aside from the "money-making" part of it, we are not informed. She was thrifty and frugal, but not penurious. She allowed him much liberty and independence in the use of money. Though there was occasionally something "free and easy" in his habits, after the manner of artists, she did not begrudge it to him so long as it did not degenerate into conjugal infidelity or intemperance. On his part he was a faithful husband, and at his death he left her over six thousand florins,—a large sum for the times,—although he supported his mother and his younger brother for

nearly thirteen years. And that she, too, was liberal, and far from being miserly, as charged against her, is evident from the fact that she spent a thousand florins for the theological education of a young Nuremberg student, besides the liberal donations she made at various times to her relations. One reason for the seeming absence of tenderness or sentiment between them may have been the fact that their marriage was childless, and thus that peculiar bond which, perhaps, more than any other, unites a married couple in tender love and sympathy, was wanting. Otherwise their marriage proved no burden to them. It was characterized by simplicity, soberness, and earnestness,—the characteristics of those times.

At the time Dürer entered upon married life he was poor. Hard work was required of him—a young artist without a name or fame—to earn daily bread for his household. But with all his industry he did not prosper as did his Italian colleagues. He had no rich and influential friends as they had; no dukes and popes gave him orders and large compensation. True, the Emperor Maximilian was his friend and patron. He gave him many orders, but little pay. He only released him from paying taxes and gave him an annuity of one hundred florins. On the emperor's death the tax-franchise and the annuity were canceled. Nor was Dürer's native city more liberal toward him. The city council gave him few orders and still less compensation. In a letter to that body (1524) he complained that during his thirty years' residence in Nuremberg he had not received orders for five hundred florins' worth of work, "a ridiculously small sum," he adds. For his great painting, "The Four Apostles," which he presented to the city in 1526, the Council voted him a donation of one hundred florins, to his wife twelve florins, and to his servant who delivered it two florins. Only here and there private persons gave him orders for paintings. Thus the Association of German Merchants in Venice requested him to paint a "Rosary," for which they paid

him eighty-five ducats. This painting may still be seen in Prague, though in an injured condition. So, too, Jacob Heller, a merchant of Frankfort, ordered a large painting, "The Ascension of Mary," for which he received two hundred florins. But however conscientious and industrious he was, he earned little. Art was then but poorly compensated. Only after repeated representations on the part of Dürer did that merchant consent to pay two hundred florins for a painting worth at least ten times that amount. "My wife requests you to give her 'drink-money,'" Dürer wrote him in a letter that accompanied the painting. It was the custom in those times in Germany (and it still prevails) to give on the delivery of an ordered article, a fee ("drink-money," as it was then and is still called) either to the wife or journeymen or apprentice of the person who executed the order. The amount of the fee was generally in proportion to the value of the article. In this case it appears that Heller presented Dürer's wife with a velvet dress. "She will wear it in remembrance of you," he wrote in a letter of thanks. For another large painting, "The Ten Thousand Martyrs," ordered by Frederick Duke of Saxony, for a church in Wittenberg, on which he worked nearly a year, he received only two hundred and eighty florins. Most of his larger paintings that had been ordered were so poorly paid for that he was compelled to limit himself to smaller ones, designed for sale to the highest bidder, as well as to drawings for wood-cuts and copper engravings. The wood-cuts he had made by others, he furnishing the designs; but the copper engravings he made himself. In this particular branch of art he is acknowledged to have been the greatest master of his time. He made all his engravings from original designs, intended to illustrate historical or Biblical scenes. They consisted partly of single pieces, and partly of connected series, or books, as he called them, and were intended for sale at markets and fairs.

In the Spring of 1506, Dürer interrupted

his continued activity by a journey to Venice. Nuremberg had at that time a lively commerce with Venice. Many German merchants resided there, having their own exchange and church. It was therefore to his interest to visit that city in order, first to become acquainted with Italian art, and, second, to find a market for his "productions." Another reason, perhaps the principal one, was to obtain redress for an alleged wrong done him. His prints were held in so great estimation there that the engraver, Marc Antonio Raimondi, was induced to execute at Venice a set of Dürer's "Passion," and the "Life of the Virgin," with *fac-similes* of his monogram attached, which were sold as originals. Be that as it may, it is certain that he enjoyed his sojourn in that city. He made the acquaintance of many of the leading Venetian artists. At first they had much fault to find with his productions. They missed the "antique" in them. But they gradually learned to appreciate the grandeur of his conceptions, the originality of his designs, and the perfection of his technic skill. Giovanni Bellini, the great master of the Venetian school of art, honored and visited him much, and admired especially the exquisite fineness of the hair which Dürer painted with ordinary brushes. He continued his work. He soon felt at home in Venice, and his residence there proved, both mentally and physically, a great benefit to him. "Here I am a nobleman—at home a parasite," he wrote to one of his friends. The city offered him an annuity of two hundred ducats if he would permanently establish his studio there. It was the home of art. His wonderful creations surprised and delighted them. His fame reached Florence and Rome. Vasari said that he would have been an extraordinary artist had he enjoyed an Italian instead of a German education. Raphael had the highest admiration for his genius. Later, he sent Dürer a drawing executed by his own hand. On receiving the latter's portrait in exchange, he is reported to have said, "Dürer would have excelled us all if he had had the models

of antiquity before him." But notwithstanding the flattering offer Venice made to him, and the appreciation of his art by the Italians, his father-land was still dear to him. He declined the offer, and tore himself away from his congenial surroundings,—not, however, without a sad heart. "Oh, how I shall long for the Italian sun when once I am home again!" he wrote to his friend Pirckheimer, through whose kindness and liberality he had been enabled to stay a year in Italy.

After a visit to Bologna, made for the purpose of "learning art in its secret perspective," as he expressed himself, he returned home in the Spring of 1507. Though his taste had become more refined, his intellectual horizon more extended, and his confidence in his own powers increased, he appropriated nothing from the Italian schools of art. So firmly was he grounded in his peculiar style, that the graceful productions of these schools had no perceptible influence upon him. He remained a purely *German* artist. From the time of his return to Nuremberg ensued a period of singular artistic and literary activity. Fortune began to smile upon him. His fame increased constantly. His acquaintance and friendship were sought by many of the most learned men of his day, to whom his cultivation of letters, no less than his artistic genius, commended him. The Emperors Maximilian and Charles V successively appointed him court-painter, and many of the chief cities of Germany were emulous for the possession of some of his works. His comparative prosperity enabled him to carry out a long-cherished desire to visit the Netherlands, for the purpose of studying the peculiarities of the Dutch school of art; as well as of seeking a new market for his own productions. He entered upon this journey in the Spring of 1520, accompanied by his wife and maid-servant. In his Diary, he describes the minutest details of this journey, as well as of his stay in the Netherlands. It was a journey full of trouble

and vexation. Germany was then divided into many small principalities. On his way from Nuremberg to Frankfort he was searched twenty-seven times by the different custom-house authorities. But notwithstanding these annoyances, he was every-where honored. At Antwerp a public banquet was given in his honor. As may be well imagined, he was highly pleased with such demonstrations in his favor. Every thing he saw—the large cities, with their wealth and splendor and luxury and art, the manners and customs of the people—attracted him very much. But more especially did the Dutch school of art please him. It exerted a highly beneficial influence upon his own art. Melanchthon tells us that Dürer confessed to him, after his return from the Netherlands, that his previous works fell short of his present conception of the beauty of nature, and that he regretted bitterly that he had painted so many pictures void of that simplicity which is the greatest charm of art. Under the influence of this visit, says a critic, his subsequent works exhibit a soberer feeling, and a refinement of that exuberant fancy in which he formerly delighted. In them a modification for the better is perceptible in his strange attitudes, his fanciful draperies, his over-elaborate costumes and accessories, and the Gothic element, so to speak, that pervades his previous works. They show that he was not too old to learn.

After having spent nearly a year in the Netherlands, he returned to Nuremberg, but not before the damp climate of that country had sown the seeds of a wasting fever. He never got rid of it; on the contrary, his vital energies were gradually consumed by it. A comparison of his portrait, from this period, with those of former periods, produces a sad impression upon the mind of the beholder. Dürer, in his prime, was perhaps one of the handsomest men of his day. He had a magnificent head, resembling that of the Phidian Zeus, regular in its features, and a countenance expressive both of mildness and manly dignity. A rich

growth of brown hair fell in carefully dressed tresses upon his shoulders, and his bust appears symmetrical in all its parts. He thus painted or engraved himself repeatedly, prior to his visit to the Netherlands. Later portraits show him in an altered appearance; the wealth of hair is gone, the cheeks are wasted, the features sharp, the nose prominent, and the eyes have an unnatural fire. Fever had consumed him. He died rather unexpectedly, but peacefully, on the 6th of April, 1528, at the age of fifty-six years. But the years of his declining physical strength were the years of ripe experience and strong intellect. Melanchthon calls him "a wise man, in whom the master-painter was the least prominent part." During these years, amid his multifarious artistic labors, he composed several works, intending thereby to furnish art with a firm basis. Among them may be mentioned his "Four Books on Mensuration" (1525), "The Doctrine of Fortification" (1527), "Anatomy of the Human Body" (1528). Besides these, he composed many smaller treatises. Camerarius, Rector of the Nuremberg High School, mentions one hundred and fifty of them. These works are said to exhibit a purity and clearness of style that indicate a thorough knowledge of the German language. So, too, he cultivated sculpture and architecture. Indeed, his rich and inexhaustible mind grasped at many things. As a painter and an engraver, he was a master in the highest sense. In painting, he raised German art to an excellence which passed away with him. Engraving he found in its infancy; he carried it to a perfection never since surpassed. In grandeur of conception, originality of design, and fertility of resources, he stands unrivaled. In dignity and sublimity of composition, in richness of coloring, in gracefulness of position and tenderness of expression, his later works are masterpieces of art.

But if we desire to form a correct estimate and appreciation of Dürer's art, we must carefully analyze and study the

several elements exhibited therein. In so doing, we find three elements peculiar to it; namely, 1. The German element; 2. The religious element; 3. The thoughtful or philosophical element.

1. *The German Element.*—Most of his works possess a popular character, as regards both the choice of subjects and their intelligibility. On seeing them, one readily perceives that they originated in or from a German mind. There is a German "air" about them found in no other works of art. Although art is the common property of mankind, yet, like language, it is a product of the human mind in a national form; and, like the language of a nation, it can be made to represent or express the thoughts and feelings, the habits and customs, peculiar to that nation. This is one of the peculiarities of Dürer's art. It is German throughout, because in his feelings, in his mode of thought, and in his whole life, he was himself a German. Among the peculiarities of the Germans is their love of home and of a quiet domestic life, and this forms the basis of most of his artistic creations. And herein may be found the characteristic difference between himself and his Italian colleagues. These, like Raphael, may have had their "sweet-hearts," but no *wives*. They were not domestic in their habits and tastes. We can not think of Michel Angelo as a married man; and Leonardo da Vinci declared marriage incompatible with true love for art. But in Dürer's productions, whether they represent the Holy family, or St. Jerome sitting behind huge tomes, or Bible scenes, in all of them are reflected the German house and home. Nor do they lack German humor. A certain kind of dry humor enters into the composition of the German character, and this finds frequent expression in Dürer's creations. But from the humorous he often rose to the higher regions of fancy. He took hold of the Apocalypse. His imagination reveled in the gorgeous imagery of that wonderful book. He produced representations and illustrations of the same. Aside from the

"Last Judgment," the Italian artists never attempted an artistic illustration of the Revelation. In Germany it had, in Dürer's time, already assumed a typical form. It was peculiar not only to German mystics, but to German artists as well. Dürer invested it with a still higher significance. He made it convey intelligible thoughts. That he succeeded is evident from the fact that repeatedly prints had to be issued.

2. But not only does the domestic element enter largely into Dürer's creations, but the religious as well. This is especially true of two classes of his works,—those representing the "Holy Family," and those representing the "Passion of Christ,"—two contrasts, than which, in the thoughts and feelings produced, none can be greater. The life of the "Holy Family" is a pleasing idyl, the "Passion of Christ" an affecting tragedy. He undertook to represent both by his art in an eminent degree. There is a peaceful tranquillity and a depth of religious feeling about his works that attract the notice of the spectator. He seems to have thrown his whole soul into them, investing the subjects represented with new significance and importance. He was a Christian as well as an artist, and felt it his duty to enlist his art in the service of religion.

3. Nor is the thoughtful or philosophical element wanting in his productions. The fact that he was as well skilled in crayon as in oil painting, and that he did as much of the former (if not more) as of the latter, proves that as an artist he desired to express his thoughts as well as his moods. The bent of his intellect led him frequently to this. From the very beginning of his career he was of a thoughtful, philosophizing turn of mind. Melancthon calls him "*vir sapiens*"—a wise man. His illustrations of the Apocalypse are representations rather of thoughts than of mere religious symbols. The moral government of individuals and of the world was a favorite subject for his pencil and brush. "The Small and Large Fortune," or the "Nemesis,"

as he calls it, "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," and his "Melancholy," are engravings of this description. The latter has challenged more attempts at explanation than any other one of his creations, a proof that it is full of thought and meaning. It is one of the best and most celebrated of his engravings. The following is a brief description of it: Wrapped in a large flowing robe, the myrtle-wreathed head supported by the left hand, and the right holding a book and a pair of compasses, sits a winged woman. She seems absorbed in meditation, and her eyes gaze into vacuity. She is surrounded by different technical and mathematical tools and instruments, a square, ruler, saw, plane, nails, writing utensils, a globe, a pentagon of crystal, and a millstone,—and a hunting-dog rests at her feet. In the background stands a pillar, on which hangs a slate containing four rows of figures (from 1-16, arranged in the form of a square), each of which, when added together, either horizontally or perpendicularly or diagonally, will give the same sum,—namely, thirty-four. Against this pillar stands a ladder, and beside it is a pair of scales, an hour-glass, and a little bell above it. In the foreground the sea is stretching far away into the distance, while above it the rainbow is arching and a comet illuminating the sky: and above the whole is written, "Melancholy, No. 1." Other engravings were to follow, to complete the original design; but, for some reason or other, they never appeared. Dürer designed to represent through them the four temperaments, the first of which is illustrated by the allegory just described. But it is not "Melancholy," in the sense of a sad and brooding mood, but in the sense of a meditative, inquiring, subtle mind,—just such a mind as he himself possessed. His was a subtle, mathematical mind, endeavoring to discover the laws of nature in a mathematical way. It is a pity that he did not live long enough to carry his whole design into execution.

We can not close this sketch without

briefly noticing Dürer's position in relation to the great religious movement of the age in which he lived, the Reformation. As we have seen, his character and that of his works were thoroughly religious, as well as German. Religion was then not only an affair of the Church and the State, but of the family as well. Indeed, it was made a personal matter. This was the case with him. It was, therefore, natural that the reformatory movement should attract his attention. Luther's writings found their way to Nuremberg. Dürer became intensely interested in them. Having read his ninety-nine theses against indulgences, he was so much pleased with them that he sent Luther a present,—probably a painting. He made arrangements with Spalatin to obtain from him all of Luther's writings. "May the Elector of Saxony protect Luther," he writes to Spalatin, "for the sake of the Christian truths, which are of greater importance to us than all the riches and power of this world; for this world passeth away, but truth remaineth forever!" In the same letter he expressed a desire to see Luther, in order that he might thereby be enabled to draw and engrave him; "for," he adds, "he has helped me out of great troubles;" referring thereby to his own spiritual struggles, as well as to the light and comfort he found in Luther's writings. When the news of Luther's capture reached his ears (for he did not know till long afterward that the capture was a well-arranged plan for Luther's safety), he broke out in long lamentations. "It was treachery that put away with this divinely enlightened man,—a man of true Christian faith!" He closes with a long and fervent prayer to God for the safety of his people, for the progress of the glorious work begun by Luther, and by calling upon Erasmus of Rotterdam to take up the struggle against popery, sin, and ecclesiastical abuses and oppressions. These are the only expressions indicative of deep feelings found in his otherwise dry diary. He did all in his power to promote the cause of the Reformation.

He enlisted his art in it. He made a magnificent drawing, and had it multiplied, of "Christophorus carrying the Child Jesus through the water," intending thereby to represent the calling of the German nation to carry (through Luther) the glorious Gospel truths through the waters of popish affliction and oppression. He also produced a "Head of Christ with a Crown of Thorns," "upon which," as his biographer, Von Eye, says, "he concentrated all the energy of his soul." It was to represent the cause of the Reformation, oppressed, persecuted, and maligned by its enemies. But the crown of all his works, according to Dr. Luthardt, to whose lectures on Dürer we are greatly indebted, is his great painting called "The Four Apostles," containing life-size figures of St. Peter, St. John, St. Mark, and St. Paul. He began his preparations for it in 1523, and finished it in 1526. It is the ripe fruit of earnest reflection and deep religious conviction, the embodiment of the four principal temperaments of regenerated human nature in the service of religion, of God. He presented it to his native city as a "monument to his memory, and as constant admonition against the neglect of God's Word."

The following are some of his principal works: Paintings—"The Ten Thousand Martyrs," at Vienna; "The Ascension of Mary," burned at Munich; "The Adoration of the Trinity," at Vienna; "Christ taken from the Cross," at Nuremberg; "The Adoration of the Wise Men," at Florence; "The Four Apostles," at Nuremberg. Copper-engravings—"Melan-

choly;" "The Knight, Death, and the Devil;" "St. Jerome;" and portraits of Pirckheimer, Melanchthon, Erasmus, and of himself. The wood-cut series—"The Greater" and the "Lesser Passion;" "The Life of Mary and the Holy Family;" "The Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian;" "Illustration of the Apocalypse;" besides a large number of minor paintings, engravings, and drawings.

In conclusion, we remark that Albrecht Dürer was one of the greatest artists of any age and country. Like his equally great colleagues, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Rembrandt, he, too, paid a high tribute to the Bible by taking from it subjects worthy of his art,—subjects which enabled him, more than any other, to display his own great powers. He drew his inspiration from it. This is another evidence of the transcendent value of that blessed volume, a volume at once inspired and inspiring, and which is,

"On every line,
Marked with the seal of high divinity;
On every leaf, bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

Reader, go to the Bible, and, like our great artist, draw from it your ideas of beauty and moral excellence, as well as your inspiration for a pure and holy life. Then you will be enabled to

"Scatter diligently in susceptible minds
The germs of the good and the beautiful.
They will develop there to trees; bud, bloom,
And bear the golden fruits of Paradise."

M. J. CRAMER.

ONLY HANNAH.

CHAPTER II.

LET us look in upon the family one pleasant Autumn evening in September. It is Hannah's birthday, though no one has thought of it. She is twenty-one years old. She is so tiny in figure that she reminds you of a child, till you look in her face and see the care-wrinkles upon her forehead. There is a pleasant smile upon her lips that would almost make her handsome, did it not so plainly speak of patience rather than happiness. She is replying gently to her father's wish that she shall rub his lame knee with some liniment.

"Presently, father. As soon as I get mother's hair brushed."

"I guess you can wait a minute, John," says Mrs. Hartley. "Your knee will keep."

"Where 's Hannah?" asks Tom, entering hurriedly from the back-kitchen.

"I'm here. What do you want?"

"I want to wash my hands. You just run to the spring and fetch a pail of water, will you?"

"You'll have to wait till she finishes my hair, Tom. Mrs. Allen and the Deacon are coming to spend the evening, and I have n't changed my dress."

"If I were you, mother," says Tom, "I'd change it early in the afternoon."

"Perhaps you would. There, Hannah, that will do. Run and get the water."

The spring is not far from the house; so it is not long before Hannah comes in, with a bottle of liniment in her hand. She sees Asa standing in his shirt-sleeves in the middle of the room.

"I want you to mend my coat as soon as you can," he says, turning to her. "Joe Gerry is waiting for me at the gate. We are going to Loud's Corner, to the Lyceum. I meant to have told you about the coat this morning, but I forgot all about it. Hitch it together some-

how, so it won't show; for Joe can't wait."

Alas! the rent is too big and jagged at the edges to be "hitched together" quickly, and Hannah's fingers tremble as she tries to make the coat presentable.

Before it is finished, Mabel strikes in:

"Hannah, you have n't finished hemming the ruffling for my white muslin. You must get it done before Sarah Mason's party, or I shall have fits."

Now, Mabel's fits are a little dreaded by all the family, and Hannah hastens to assure her that the dress shall be finished in time. She thinks she can sit up later at night, if necessary.

Any thing to ward off the fits. John Hartley, sitting in the corner, remembers that once, when he mildly suggested that she should make up a part of her own finery, she had a fit of such an alarming character that it lasted a week, and made her so unpleasant to every one that he never ventured another hint on the subject.

Since his rheumatism has confined him to the house, he has done a good deal of thinking. Perhaps the pain has roused observing powers; for, though he dares not speak his thoughts, it is evident that at last he has become aware of Hannah's existence. And it is noticeable that unless he needs her ministrations for his bodily ailments he makes no demand on her services.

His eyes follow her wistfully, as she goes uncomplainingly from one task to another. There is something in the gentle expression of her eyes, and in the low tones of her voice, that recalls Hannah's mother to his mind; and he silently wonders what his home would have been like if she had lived till now. Does Alice look down from her heavenly home, and understand that her child is but a servant in her father's house?

Does she see that the husband, into whose young face she once looked with loving pride, sits like a statue by his own hearth, without a word to say in behalf of the child left to his keeping as a sacred trust when God took the fair young wife and mother to himself?

It is not the first time during the last year that John Hartley has uneasily pondered these questions. He can't understand why he did not see how things were going until he was shut up in the house by rheumatism. Years ago he might have asserted Hannah's rights; now he can not maintain his own. Once a day, in the family worship, he prays earnestly for those humble souls who bear with meekness the unjust burdens laid upon them: and his wife wonders who on earth he means.

So does Hannah. It never occurs to her that her father is asking for grace to supply *her* need. In her heart she says amen to the petition, with a pitying surprise that any of the dear God's children should need such help.

On this birthday evening her heart is light and happy. God has not forgotten the birthday, and his gift is peace. When at last she kneels by her father's side and bathes the swollen knee, she sees in his face some expression of the feeling that fills his heart; and so she goes to her work upon Mabel's ruffles with a new animation that speeds the needle along its course.

It was about this time that Mabel began to "keep company," as it was called, with a young man who lived in the next town. Harry Gardiner was a good-looking young fellow, not over-refined or intellectual, but with a sturdy common sense that was more serviceable than mere polish. He met Mabel at one of the numerous country parties, then so common during the Winter season, and was at once attracted by her beauty and vivacity of expression. Mabel, on her part, was equally interested in him, and made no objection when he offered to escort her to the singing-schools and other places of pleasant resort for the

young. Long before Spring he had made up his mind to ask her to become his wife; but, influenced by a feeling that was unaccountable to himself, he delayed speaking the words that would bind him to her. A suspicion of her selfishness had somehow found a place in his mind, and defied all his efforts to silence it. He saw that Mabel was wondering at his silence, and blamed himself for his growing distrust of her.

While in this unsettled state of mind, he happened to meet Mrs. Gerry at the house of his aunt, who had been brought up in the neighborhood where that lady resided, and was therefore not a little curious in regard to all her old friends. One after another was discussed, until the Hartley family was reached.

"You must ask your nephew about them," said Mrs. Gerry; "he visits them oftener than I do."

"Is that so, Harry?"

The young man colored as his aunt turned briskly toward him, and fixed a pair of keen gray eyes upon his face.

"Yes, aunt," he answered, in a low voice, uneasily conscious of Mrs. Gerry's presence; "at least, I go there often."

"Let me think a minute," said his aunt, leaning back in her chair, meditatively, as her knitting-work dropped from her hands. "Let me see. John Hartley married Alice Bent, and she left him a daughter when she died. Is it she?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Blessings on the boy! Why, do n't you know?"

"There is only one daughter in the family."

"Oh, yes, there are two," said Mrs. Gerry, quickly. "Mabel is the second wife's child."

"Well, I never! And you did not know it, Harry?" questioned his aunt. "How long have you visited there?"

"About three months. I have never seen but one girl there. I know Tom, who is older than Mabel, and Asa, who is younger."

"Does Alice Bent's daughter live at home, Fanny?"

"Well, she *stays* there pretty constantly. Whether it can be called living is another question. She waits on them all."

"Ah, I see. What is her name?"

"Hannah."

"Hannah!" repeated the young man, musingly. "I remember, now, seeing a girl there. She was little, and I took her at first for a child. I have only seen her once. She came into the room one evening, last Spring, to bring a basket of wood for the fire. I recollect it was a cold evening, late in May, and a fire so late in the season was a novelty. I thought she might be some poor child who lived there to help do the chores."

"You were not mistaken there," put in Mrs. Gerry, shortly.

"I asked Mabel who she was, and she said, 'It's only Hannah.'"

"Yes, that is the way they all speak of her. She is a regular household drudge. Always has been. She has done work enough to kill a man. But she is as patient and sweet as a lamb. Has her mother's disposition, and would have had her good looks, too, if she had n't been worked to death. I know. It's the one subject that makes me mad; and Robert often says, 'If I were you, Fanny, I would never trust myself to speak of the Hartleys.' Well, I suppose it does no good. The poor girl is the main spoke in the wheel at that house; but then she is 'only Hannah.' That just expresses it. Have you got a fan handy?"

"There's one hanging over the stand."

Harry took it down from its nail, and handed it to Mrs. Gerry, who had talked herself into a heat. If he had known it, she had done this almost wholly for his benefit. It was not her habit to gossip about her neighbor's affairs to any one save her husband. To him she remarked on her return home:

"I've put a new idea into that young Harry Gardiner's head, and if he has a grain of common sense, he'll keep away from Mabel Hartley. He's too good for her."

Harry's aunt asked no more questions,

but a grave thoughtfulness took the place of her usual cheery smile. She had no children of her own. One baby boy had been given to her in the second year of her married life, and, before he was two years old, had been borne gently over the river of death to the safe shelter of infinite love. There was a look in Harry's blue eyes that always recalled the little one buried so many years ago; and, among a host of nephews and nieces, no other found a place so near the old lady's heart.

When he rose to take leave, she followed him to the door, and gently putting both her hands on his shoulders, as he stood on the low step outside, studied with loving intentness the honest, open face, whose clear eyes met her own so frankly.

"Harry, my boy," she said, earnestly, "you are my own sister's son, and if you were my own boy you could not be dearer to me. Take your old aunt's advice, and do not marry this young girl unless you are sure she will make a true home for you."

"Do n't you worry, Aunt Jane. I will be cautious."

"Then you are not engaged to her?"

"No. That is, I have never asked her to marry me; but I have shown her pretty plainly that I like her; too plainly, perhaps, if I go no further." As he answered her thus gravely, the image of Mabel and the memory of the happy hours spent in her society came freshly to his mind, and a renewed faith in her came with the recollection. "I can not think Mabel is as selfish as the rest of the family, supposing all that Mrs. Gerry said about them to be true. I wish you could see her. She is very charming."

"And she may be all that you wish. Mrs. Gerry says nothing about her, you see. She would know if there was any thing wrong with her."

"It is her silence in regard to her that makes me uncomfortable. But she may be prejudiced against them all."

"No; that is not like Fanny," said the old lady, shaking her head, decidedly.

"Harry, I will tell you what to do. Manage to see Miss Mabel at home when she is not expecting you. You will learn more of her real character in that way. Of course, she shows at her best when she knows you are coming. That is only natural to a young girl. I know by experience. Drop into the family circle unexpectedly. Take them all by surprise."

"I will do it, aunt. To satisfy you, if for nothing more. We are going to a party to-morrow evening. I will go for her an hour before the time we fixed upon."

If any friendly spirit had whispered in Mabel's ear that her lover was to be with her before the time specified, she would have presented a very different appearance at that hour. Harry himself, as he slowly approached the front door, felt about as mean and small as if he had come to commit a burglary. It seemed to him as if he had come there on purpose to injure the girl he loved. By some strange freak of the intellect, or rather the heart, all his doubts had disappeared, and he was quite ready now to ask the important question that Mabel was waiting to hear. It was rather for the sake of taking a favorable report to his aunt than for any benefit to himself that he had managed to appear so early.

"She may have her little faults," he admitted doubtfully to himself, "for no one is perfect. No doubt she is a good deal better than I am, but she does n't try to spy out my failings."

The front door stood wide open. Like most farm-houses, there were two rooms in front, and a wide hall between them, that led to the family room in the rear. The door to this room stood ajar, and there seemed to be quite a tumult of voices inside. They were speaking so loudly that Harry's knock at the door was not heard. Loudest of all rose a voice that he recognized at once as Mabel's, and without thinking of his dishonorable position as an eavesdropper, he stood still with his hand on the knocker to listen.

"I say now, it's too bad," she cried, angrily. "Tom might wait till Hannah has done my hair. He's always bursting his buttons off just to torment people."

"I'd like to know," said Tom, "why you did not have your hair done hours ago, instead of waiting till now."

"I had my book to finish."

"I'd let the foolish novels wait if I were you."

"If I had, here was father with his lame knee. He always wants it bathed when I want Hannah. And it takes her forever to do it. As if the everlasting rubbing did it any good."

"I shall soon get Tom's buttons on," said a low, gentle voice. "And there is plenty of time to do your hair."

"No, there is n't. I want it done as Delia Sampson wears hers; and you will have to do it over and over till you get it right. It will take an hour."

"Tell ye what, sis," remarked Asa, who had not outgrown his childish delight in teasing, though he seldom teased Mabel, "If I were you, I'd learn to do my own hair. You're old enough."

"For mercy's sake, Asa," said the mother, "do let her alone. Let us have one minute's peace. Hannah, it seems to take a long time to sew on two buttons."

"Yes; I can not work handily when he has the pants on. But it is done now. Mabel, I am ready now for you."

"After every body else has been waited on," was the ungracious reply. "Well, come along. Better late than never."

"Now, sis," said Asa, "consider, as Deacon Allen says in meeting; 'if your lips should grow into that pout, 't would just spile yer beauty. Wonder what yer beau would say if he could see you now.'"

"I do n't care what he would say. He is n't my ruler, I'm happy to say."

"D'ye think he'll comb your hair for you when you are married?" the boy went on. "Guess if you look as cross as you do now, he'll be apt comb it the wrong way."

"Asa," said the mother again, "do n't tease your sister."

"Really, Mabel," said Tom, looking up curiously, as if a new thought had occurred to him. "Who will wait on you when you are married? We can't spare Hannah, you know."

"I do n't want her. She's too slow and poky. If I ever get married, it will be to some man who is n't too stingy to hire all the help I need."

"Suppose he is poor, Sis?"

"Do hold your tongue, Asa. You're a regular plague. As if I would marry a poor man!"

Just here Harry bethought himself of his position, but instead of running away, as he would have done if he had waited to think, he rapped so loudly that he was heard, and Asa came running to the door.

"If it is a peddler, do n't let him in," screamed Mrs. Hartley after him.

Asa laughed aloud when he saw it was Harry. The mischief already uppermost in the lad's mind inspired him to usher the visitor, not into the best room, which was in its usual perfect order, but directly into the place where Mabel sat in such a sulky humor that she would not even take pains to look toward the door to see who had entered.

The sudden silence that fell upon all in the room did not move her till she heard her mother ejaculate in dismay:

"For mercy's sake!"

Then she raised her head, and her angry eyes looked straight into Harry's astonished face. Not a word was spoken by either. For a brief moment she sat mute, her face flushing and paling under his gaze; then, remembering that the door into the hall had been standing open, and that Harry must have heard her angry words, she sprang from her seat and ran out of the room. She knew as well as if he had told her in so many words, that Harry Gardiner would never offer to marry her now.

Harry never could tell exactly how he got out of the room and house. His dream was over; but, at first, he was scarcely thankful for the rude awakening. They did not meet again for years. Not, indeed, until both were married and had

young families around them. Then Harry looked at his plain-featured but sunny-tempered wife, and at the fret-wrinkles already established on Mabel's beautiful face, and thanked God inwardly for the unselfish love that made his home an earthly paradise. Perhaps Mabel, too, had her thoughts as she noted Harry's lover-like attentions to his wife.

On this particular evening, when the two lives that had given such fair promise of becoming one, suddenly turned in opposite directions, our Hannah, after crying heartily by herself over Mabel's changed prospects, remembered that it was Thursday evening, the night of her class-meeting. This institution of the Church was very dear to her. The sole recreation of her life was found in attending religious meetings. There her simple words were often a help to those who were themselves patterns of piety in her eyes.

Her testimony was always of the most encouraging character. She had only mercies to speak of. She told of the Savior's presence with her, and of her unspeakable happiness in knowing him as her Savior.

On this evening her pastor came to the class-meeting with his spirit wholly cast down. The work of the Lord did not apparently prosper in his hands, and the disheartening thought that he had mistaken his calling, and had no right to his position as a minister, had taken complete possession of him. He sat down in a corner, declining to take the place of the regular leader, as was customary when he visited the different classes. He listened to one after another, and, though many spoke cheerfully of the past week's experience, the words seem to float by him on the air without touching him. At last it was Hannah's turn to speak, and something in the quiet little figure, as she stood up with her hands unconsciously clasped before her, arrested his attention. The low, musical voice had a soothing charm for him, and he leaned forward eagerly to catch her words.

"I have no new story to tell," she said,

"From day to day the Lord keeps me. When things go wrong, I go to him. When things go right, I keep close to his side. Sometimes at night I feel tired out, too tired to pray as I ought. Then I say, 'O Lord, thou knowest me altogether. I am perplexed and tired, and my spirit will not rise above the cares of the world; but thou hast said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;" so the best way I can, I come to thee.' Then," continued Hannah, her pale face shining with holy triumph, "*then* Jesus saves me, and I lie down to sleep in perfect peace."

The minister repeated to himself, "The best way I can I come to thee." Hannah's voice became more full and confident as she went on. "Sometimes I wonder why I live. I am able to do only little things, and they often seem to turn out badly, and not at all as I hoped they might. Then I remember that I am to do these little things as unto God and not to man, and so the lowest work becomes heavenly service; for the Lord only means me to do the work that he puts into my hands, and it is not for me to turn aside from it because it may be of no account in the sight of man. He knows just what use to make of the work when it is done, and if I am sure that it is *his* work that I do, it is enough."

"Ah, yes," thought the minister, "It is, or should be, enough. Little Hannah is right. If it is God's work he is surely able to take care of the results. She has the secret of faith."

The clouds that had so heavily darkened his own spiritual sky rolled away, and, when he rose to speak, before closing the meeting, every heart was moved as he exhorted them in the words of the apostle, "Cast not away your confidence which hath great recompense of reward." He preached on the same theme the next Sunday, and Hannah, as she gathered new courage while listening, little thought that the almost inspired sermon had grown out of her own simple words.

Hannah never went into society. Indeed, no one ever thought of inviting her to the places frequented by other young

people. Outsiders had accepted the ideas of the family in regard to her, and looked upon her as "only Hannah."

"Do n't you think you ought to be invited?" once asked Mrs. Gerry, curiously, as she watched the deft fingers that were arraying Mabel for a Christmas party in the next house.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mabel, turning from her reflection in the glass to look at the visitor, "what an idea! Why, no one thinks of inviting her."

"I know that already, and I think it is a shame. But I want to know how she feels about it. Of course, you must notice it, Hannah!"

"Yes. I do sometimes think about it. But then I am sure it is not because people feel unkindly. They do not think about it, as Mabel says."

"Should n't you like to go to this party if you had an invitation?"

"No. I think not. I should feel awkward and uncomfortable. I never went anywhere as a visitor, you know."

"Yes, I know it," assented Mrs. Gerry, shortly; "and I think it is a shame," she repeated.

"There is no one to blame but herself," said Mabel, crossly. "If she had begun to go out when she was younger, people would not overlook her now. She was in the rooms with the rest when I had a party."

"Yes, as a waiter," was Mrs. Gerry's thought, but she did not say it.

"I like home better than any other place," said Hannah, cheerfully; "and it is well that I do now that father is lame and mother is not so active as when she was younger. Is n't Mabel's dress pretty?"

Tom now came in and sat down for Hannah to brush his hair. Asa followed close behind. It was his first invitation out as a young man, and he was as fussy about his looks as half-fledged youngsters generally are. His collar and necktie had to be arranged a number of times before he was suited. They were good-looking young fellows, and Hannah was proud of them. She looked them over carefully, from head to feet, to make

sure that all was in order, and then repeated the scrutiny admiringly, as they stood up, tall and straight, before her.

"Hannah," said Tom, "when you go out to shut up the hen-house, just give the horse a pail of water. I forgot it."

"Yes, Tom."

"And, Hannah," said Asa, "I left my knife in the wood-house, somewhere. Just hunt it up while you are out. Don't forget it."

"I will remember."

Mabel pointed to her every-day dress, that she had thrown over a chair as she took it off. There was no fire up-stairs, and, as her toilet was a work of time, she had chosen to dress in the family-room below.

"When you take that dress up-stairs, Hannah, bring down my brown sacque. I shall want it when I get home; for I am going to undress by the fire."

"When you get the children ready, Hannah," called the mother from the kitchen, where she and her husband had retired, to be out of the way of the toilet ceremonies, "come and strain the milk. You will have to do up the work as soon as you can; for there is all the week's mending to do yet. Tom's stockings are a sight. They look as if they had been worn a month, and they were new last week. Asa's are not much better. I'm clean discouraged," she added, as if the hardship of the endless mending came upon her own hands, instead of Hannah's.

Mrs. Gerry went home in speechless indignation. That is, she declared herself to be speechless in a torrent of words that gave her husband no chance to speak until she had partially freed her mind.

"Well," she said at last, when she found herself obliged to find a breathing-place. "I only hope that I shall go to heaven, and that all the Hartleys will be there."

"That is a good wish, certainly," replied her husband, gravely. "I hope so, too."

"But I have a particular reason for wishing it, Robert."

"So have I."

"Do n't be stupid."

"Suppose you give your reason, if it is not a secret."

"I want to be close by when Hannah shows for what she really is. She never has had a chance in this world. But she'll be somebody in the next, or I miss my guess. I want to see that family look at her, and understand just how she has come up out of great tribulation—tribulation of their making—and then see the angel in her shining as clear as sunlight, as she enters upon her reward in heaven."

"So you think they will be fit to enter heaven?"

"No, Robert; I did n't say that. I leave that to their Maker. I want them to go to heaven; but, I must say, I am not anxious to have them stay there after they find out what selfish fools they have been."

"Fanny, it is hardly fair to judge them in this way. They are good neighbors, and have at least this good quality," said Robert, significantly, "that they do not meddle with the affairs of other people."

"Thank you."

"It is only Hannah, you see, who seems somehow to be in the wrong place, but who is contented to stay there. I doubt if she would change her lot with any one."

"You are as bad as they are, Robert. You say, 'It is only Hannah,' in the same indifferent way, as if she were a fowl or an animal. Do n't you consider her a member of the human family?"

"Oh, yes. I am not so excited by her condition as you are. It is hard work for me to pity a person who is happier than any of her neighbors."

"She would n't be happy if she were not a saint."

"Then I must say it is a fine thing to be a saint."

"I suppose you think she is in luck to be a nobody. I do n't. But she takes more comfort than the selfish creatures

around her. That is something to be thankful for."

"That is just what I have been saying to you. And, now that we agree, let us drop the subject."

Mrs. Gerry would not have dismissed the matter if she had not been sure that her husband had substantially the same opinions with herself. As it was, she went quietly about her work, and, having relieved her mind, she was soon contentedly humming an old fugue tune that was

rather difficult to manage with one voice, but which helped, by its odd crooks and turns, to make her forget her late disturbance. Her husband watched her with a smile, as she gradually cooled down to her normal condition.

"Kind-hearted as she can be," was his unspoken comment; "but—can't she lay the case down when she is roused! It is worth a dollar to see her eyes shine when Hannah is the topic."

H. C. GARDNER.

THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

THE land of German song is just now mourning the death of one of its sweetest singers, the "Longfellow" of the Father-land. For many years Ferdinand Freiligrath has sung the popular and patriotic lays of the German nation, and has thus done much to mold its character and dictate its laws. And, as he is now numbered among its lost and embalmed ones, his fellow-countrymen are recounting the checkered events of his life, and are again reciting the sweet lays that he has bequeathed to them as a national inheritance from a loyal son and a patriotic sufferer.

Freiligrath was born in 1810, and received a thorough course of education as far as the Gymnasium of his native city, Detmold, carried its pupils. He then entered mercantile life as a merchant's clerk, but soon began to develop taste and talent for poetic composition. In his twenty-third year he gave some of his earliest productions to the press in the local periodicals, and in 1838 he brought out a volume of his collected poems, which were so favorably received that general attention was directed to the rising poetic genius. It was known that he was poor, and that his poetic soarings were greatly embarrassed by the daily drudgery by which he earned a living.

The King of Prussia therefore offered him a pension of three hundred dollars annually, which he accepted, and removed from Southern Germany to a romantic region on the Rhine.

But the acceptance of this royal gift, which was regarded by his liberal friends as a sort of bribe for his favor, alienated him from those whom he most loved, and with whom he was in close political sympathy. He accepted this fund but two or three years, and was then glad to decline it and return to his natural position in the bosom of the people, which he did with a "Confession of Political Faith" that immediately brought down on him bitter persecution. To avoid imprisonment, he fled from Germany, and, after staying for a time in several neighboring countries on the Continent, found a retreat in England. Here he struggled for a season with the most adverse circumstances, and at last found a modest position with some German merchants as a clerk.

During this period he occupied his leisure with occasional poems that were published furtively in Germany, and translated largely in England. He made the acquaintance of English poets in this way, and became a great favorite with them; and quite an attachment sprang

up between him and our own Longfellow. This came near bringing Freiligrath to the United States, where his poetic fame had extended among his German countrymen. But just then broke out the Continental revolution of 1848, which opened to the poet the way to his Father-land, to which he hastened, in order to take part in what was then supposed to be the dawn of its political regeneration.

He again settled on the Rhine, and began to fire the national heart with his patriotic lyrics; but one of these again brought him into trouble with the Government. The cruel slaughter of the insurgents in the revolution in Berlin exasperated the popular element of the country, and their feelings found vent in his famous poem entitled, "The Dead to the Living." This was a scorching censure on the conduct of the Prussian King during those memorable days, and it called down on the head of its author the bitterest persecution. He was summoned before the tribunals, and his trial became a struggle between the people and the Crown. The best lawyers of the land defended him, and he was acquitted amidst the greatest excitement all through the nation.

The sudden reaction, after this hasty outbreak, made it even more difficult for Freiligrath to remain in Germany, and in two or three years he found it best again to retire to England. Here he for the second time entered a counting-house as book-keeper, and settled down, with his interesting and intelligent family, in a modest cottage in the suburbs of London. But his genius still sparkled and scintillated in many very beautiful little poems, the most of which he devoted to the troubles of his native country and the struggles of the liberal party for constitutional freedom. In the mean while he became accountant or agent for a Swiss bank in London, which soon after suspended operations and again threw him on the world. A few of his family friends then took up his case, and appealed to the liberal Germans throughout the world to

aid in raising a fund that would make their favorite national poet comfortable for life. This enterprise found numerous sympathizers wherever the Germans are gathered in groups in the principal cities of the globe, and funds were sent from many of the cities of this country. San Francisco sent its bag of gold-dust as an offering of love from the Germans of the Pacific Coast.

The poet was thus soon made comfortable by a handsome fund of some sixty thousand dollars; and the war of 1866, between Prussia and Austria, opened the way for him to return to his native land. His reappearance on German soil was hailed with delight, and his journey to Stuttgart, where he proposed to reside, was like the triumphal entry of a conqueror. The Franco-German war, which now soon broke out, gave new inspiration to his genius, and some of his lyrics fairly fired the heart of his nation to the deeds of valor that led to the re-establishment of the German Empire after the brilliant victories in France.

Freiligrath's pen was never idle, and his collected poems have been published in Germany, England, and New York; the edition issued in this country contained six volumes. His intimate acquaintance with the school of modern English poets and litterateurs has made his productions household words to the English nation, through the medium of translators; among these we may name Brooks, M'Carthy, Baskerville, Aytoun, Bayard Taylor, and others. These English versions were gathered into one collection some years ago, and published in the Tauchnitz Collection of German authors, in Leipsic. And in this connection we introduce after this too long preface, the subject of our article, namely, "The Poet's Daughter." Freiligrath lived so long in England, where his family was really brought up, that his children became largely Anglicized, and therefore quite familiar with the language of the country, while not neglecting their native idiom. They both married and settled there, and one of them has proved to

have inherited much of the poetic genius of her father, and to have imbibed inspirations that lead her to reverence and comprehend him better than all other of his literary admirers.

The poet's daughter, Kate Freiligrath, with the tenderest love and most thorough poetic comprehension of her father's burning inspirations, has succeeded in producing translations of some of his sweetest poems into such idiomatic English, while remaining true to all the sentiment of the original, that her efforts outrank all those of her competitors in this line, and in their English dress, will be the most lasting bearers of his name and fame to a grateful and appreciative posterity.

Her "Collection of Poems from the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath," is preceded by a poetic dedication to "My Father," which forms a most beautiful filial introduction to the children of his brain, by the child of his bosom. We give the first and the last stanza as a proof of the poetic gift of the daughter in presenting to the world in a new garment and strange tongue the poems of the father:

"The volume which before you now you see,
The child of your own brain and phantasy,

Behold it in a garment new of fashion!
In new and yet not unfamiliar tongue

It strives to be the same wild daring song,
The same in pathos, power, and passion.

Now go, my book! I shyly send you forth!
Speed on your way, straight from our somber North,
To where doth gleam afar the Neckar's water;
Where Suabia's happy plains in plenty smile,
Where corn and vineyard stretch out many a mile,
Fly forth—and bring him greeting from his daughter."

In addition to her own special translations, Kate Freiligrath has collected a large number of others taken from English periodicals of all shades. Many of his poems have been translated twice or thrice, and here she had the task of selecting that one which to her seemed most truly to perform the very difficult task of transferring poetry into a foreign tongue. All of his poems not yet translated, or those of which the work seemed to her faulty and unworthy of the poet, the

talented authoress has translated herself, and, we are bound to say, with the most signal success. And although such distinguished names as Shirley, William and Mary Howitt, and Bayard Taylor are found among them, her own labor in this difficult and usually thankless task shines forth as the crown of the collection.

Among the choicest poems of her own translation may be mentioned "The Seafable," "The Flowers' Revenge," "The Death of the Leader," "In the Forest," "The Trumpeter of Gravelotte," and "Forward, Volunteers." These are all among the very best specimens of modern translations from German into English. The authoress has assiduously followed the most important law of her art, in being careful to transfer meter and rhythm while retaining all the delicate flavor of the original. In these points nearly all modern translators assume a great deal of license, and thus totally transform the author by so concealing or changing the external garb in which his thoughts are conveyed. In poetic translations the mere sentiment is not enough; the external form of conveying the thought, as in Freiligrath, Longfellow, Poe, is so peculiar and effective that if this be abandoned, the most decided ideas seem to become trivial and dull.

The masterpiece among those translated by the daughter is the one entitled "The Flowers' Revenge." A maiden has gathered a rich bouquet of various flowers and placed it on the table of her boudoir. These fair children of the soil, to avenge themselves for being thus ruthlessly torn from their mother earth, to adorn for a day the table of the maiden and then die, step forth, while she sleeps, in the form of avenging spirits, and in smothering her with their fragrance, thus give the form of a fairy story to the assertion that the odor of flowers at night in a sleeping-room is deleterious to the occupant. The great success of the translation is the reproduction in a foreign language of the slightest shadings of the tone of each stanza. We annex the poem below as one of the handsomest

recent additions to this species of our literature :

"Wrapt in deep repose, the maiden
On the bed's soft couch is lying;
Gently droops her silken eyelash,
Crimson her hot cheek is dyeing.

Glittering on the chair of rushes
Stands a vase of rich adorning;
Flowers are gathered in its chalice,
Fresh and fragrant but this morning.

Stifling, sultry heat has settled,
Brooding o'er the silent room;
Closed are lattices and windows;
Twilight darkens into gloom.

Quiet now, and deepest silence!
Sudden, hark! a soft low rustling!
Boughs and flowers gently whisper,
Lisping low with eager bustling.

From the flowers, lo! are rising
Fairy forms so light and slender;
Thinnest mist their floating garments,
Shield and crowns they bear in splendor.

From the rose's blushing chalice
Steps a woman tall and fair;
Pearls are glistening like dew-drops
In her loose and fluttering hair.

From the monkhood's iron helmet,
From its foliage darkly beaming,
Strides a knight of fearless courage,
Sword and armor brightly gleaming.

From the leaves of the narcissus
Gloomy eyed a youth doth slip,
Pressing hot and burning kisses
On the maiden's cheek and lip.

But around her couch the others
Wildly dance and wheel again,
Round in mazy circles flying,
Singing angrily this strain:

* From the earth hast thou, O maiden,
Torn us with a cruel hand,
That we now must fade and languish
In a gaudy flower-stand.

Oh, how happy were we, resting
On the breast of mother earth,
Where, through tender foliage glancing,
Sunbeams kissed us oft in mirth;

Where soft Summer breezes fanned us,
Bending low our stems so airy,
Where at night, our leafy dwellings
We did quit, as elf or fairy.

Heavenly rain and dew refreshed us,
Here we droop in stagnant water,—
Lo! we fade, but ere we perish,
Maiden, we'll avenge our slaughter!"

Finished is their song, as bending
O'er the sleeper they bow lowly:
With the old and sultry silence
Comes again that whispering slowly.

What a rushing, what a murmuring,
How the maiden's cheek doth glow,

How the spirits breathe upon her,
How the perfumes faintly flow!

Now the sun salutes her chamber,
Scaring every phantom shade;
On the couch is calmly sleeping,
Cold and dead, the loveliest maid.

Tinged her cheek with faintest crimson;
She, herself a faded flower,
Rests beside her faded sisters
Murdered by their fragrant power."

The third and fourth stanzas are exceedingly beautiful, and follow in tone and rhythm so closely the original that one thinks to be reading it while pronouncing the translated verse. The fourth stanza, detailing the fairy whispers that are heard from their calyxes, as the spirits of the flowers rise from their retreats and softly step on their toes to the couch of the sleeping maiden, is charmingly beautiful, and bears the closest resemblance to the original verse in sense, rhythm, and meter that can be found in the book. It was quite needless for the poetess, for thus she deserves to be called, to say in her introduction to the poems: "It is not without diffidence that I place them at the side of those of so many eminent interpreters. All I can say in favor of these attempts is that I have executed them to the best of my ability, and with the earnest desire to do justice to my father's creations." She certainly does not need to invoke the indulgence of the public for her labor.

Another very successful translation is found in the poem, "In the Forest," which shows the skill of the authoress in another and still more advantageous light. It is well known that the difficulty of translating a poem from one language into another increases in inverse ratio with the length of the line; the longer this is, the easier is the translation; the shorter line, the more difficult the work. The reason of this is apparent on reflection. The translator must transfer every line of a foreign tongue not only into the words of his own, but he must also be careful to do this according to the spirit and very essence of his own idiom. Now the less play-room he has for this task, the more difficult it will be. The line

of two or four words is infinitely more difficult than one of ten or twelve, because in being thus confined in words, he has no latitude for rhythm and meter, and, perchance, also rhyme. For this reason Poe, Victor Hugo, and Beranger are very difficult authors for transfer to a foreign tongue. Not a few of Freiligrath's poems have this peculiarity to a measured extent, and some of these have been effectively handled by his daughter, while others have scarcely done them justice. One of these is the following:

"IN THE FOREST.

"Through the forest's twilight dim
Pensively I go;
Not a human voice is heard,
Trees but whisper low.

Oh, how full my heart then feels,
And my mind how free;
Legends from my childhood days
Once more visit me.

An enchanted forest this,
And what here is found,—
Rock and flower, tree and beast,
All is magic-bound."

After the famous battle of Gravelotte appeared Freiligrath's thrilling ode to its clarion blasts in the form of the

"TRUMPETER OF GRAVELOTTE.

"And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle;
And he blew a blast, but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull, hoarse rattle;

Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing.
A bullet had pierced its metal through;
For the dead the wounded was sobbing!

For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the watch on the Rhine, true-hearted;
Oh, the sound cut into our inmost soul,—
It brokenly wailed the departed.

And now fell the night, and we galloped past.
Watch-fires were flaring and flying;
Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast,
And we thought of the dead and the dying."

These are but a few verses of a poem that ran through the country with a thrill, while the stories of the dead and dying on that memorable field absorbed the attention of the whole land. Kate Freiligrath felt unwilling to leave the translation of this to another, and it appears in the collection as entirely from her pen.

During their war they had a species of

Sanitary Commission, somewhat on the model of our own famous organization, and in aid of this there was held a grand bazaar in the city of Cologne. Freiligrath's contribution to this good cause came in the form of another poem, entitled,

"VOLUNTEERS, ADVANCE!

"O Fir, O Fir,
On the forest lea,
Art thou this Winter
My Christmas tree?

Last year I lighted,
In mirth and glee,
For wife and children
The festal tree.

Oh yes, dear ones all,
So far, so true!
Here I am, forsaken,
And so are you.

O my wife and children,
Who now —? One groan!
He lies dead,—a hero
Unnamed, unknown!"

Had we space to give specimens of other translators from the German of Freiligrath into the English, many of them would show immediately how much more easy it seems to be for the daughter to catch the father's spirit and reproduce it in English garb. And the case is so rare and interesting in its nature that we have felt authorized in lingering with it as one worthy of notice.

The Germans, more than any other nation, have made a deep and scientific study of the art of sympathetic and correct translation. They are *par excellence* masters of the difficult task, and no foreign poet is so peculiar that they do not at least try their hand at rendering his thoughts into their own tongue. It is therefore generally acknowledged by those who have an opportunity to know that the Germans alone understand thoroughly the secret of this desirable skill. The first poets of the nation have gained almost as much fame in translating Shakespeare as in producing their own creations. Among these we name Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, and Schlegel. And Shakespeare rendered into German by these towering geniuses, seems sometimes almost to acquire new power and beauty.

And even now the knowledge and correct translation of Shakespeare is considered in Germany as the highest attainment of literary endeavor. There are Shakespeare clubs in nearly all the capitals, Shakespeare reading circles, investigators, and critics; and, finally, manifold Shakespeare associations that have monthly meetings to discuss their favorite author, and sometimes annual conventions. And the proceedings of all these associations are published in monthly or annual periodicals.

Other translators like Ortlepp and Gildemeister have tried their skill with varying success on the most difficult of all English poets to translate; namely, Byron. The Germans have in this way laid their English cousins under heavy obligations of courtesy in this respect, which it will take them some time to efface. But they are now beginning to do it with quite considerable success. The heaviest workers in this line have seemed inclined to try their hand on the great and incomprehensible masterpiece of Goethe, and most of them with no great measure of success. Bayard Taylor is acknowledged to have distanced them all in this work. His recent translation of "Faust" entire in all its parts, seems to be received by the literary world of England and America as the one which is to become the classical standard.

Schiller's dramas are all translated by various workers, and his poems have been put into masterly English by Lord Lytton. Even some of the more modern poets whose works present much greater difficulties have found translators. Bowring has given us the erratic Heine in tolerably good English idiom, and Keats

has translated some things from Uhland. The patriotic and battle songs of Körner have been well translated into English; but no one of the recent German poets has commanded so much attention as the subject of this sketch, and it is peculiarly gratifying to his countrymen that a member of his own family has been able to perform this difficult task more acceptably than any other. It is a very rare occurrence that any one person is able to handle two tongues with such facility as to be able to transfer from one to the other, so that they are equally pure in both, and the task in this instance could never have been done but by the spark of parental genius enkindling the sacred altar of parental love. The daughter has good reason to be proud of the father, and will, after the performance of this pious act, doubtless inherit a good share of the national love for the one whom they delighted to honor.

And in conclusion, we feel inclined to say that the good lady has put the higher walks of literature under special obligations to her for the way in which she has rescued the art of translation from a dry and stiff perfunctory style. There is comparatively little good translation of poetry nowadays, from the fact that the art is degraded to a simple occupation. The best scholars of all countries are now so generally able to read the great masterpieces in the original, that there is not so much encouragement to work at noble subjects for the love of the art. It is to be hoped that this most successful attempt by a lady will anew enkindle the enthusiasm of those who would perform such labor with the highest and noblest aims.

WILLIAM WELLS.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE VIOLIN.

NUMBER III.

IN the group of pupils and successors of Antonio Straduario, we meet with a personage of most striking peculiarity. There is a certain haughtiness in his bearing, a supercilious sneer curls his lips, his eyes flash fire. It is Giuseppa Guarnerio del Gesu, born in Cremona, A. D. 1683.

The designation del Gesu was given him because of the initials I. H. S, which he placed upon many of his instruments. His violins are celebrated for their beauty of form and careful selection of the wood and the close and correct calculation of all the relations, as also the fineness, elasticity, and suppleness of the varnish. The tone is charming, noble, and soft, though of less volume and power than the violins of Straduario.

None of the celebrated violin-makers has made so many different instruments as Guiseppa del Gesu. The most glorious creations of his art are to be found side by side with the most indifferent instruments, pcssessing scarcely a single attribute that would entitle them to bear the name of the great artist.

There was something peculiarly phenomenal about him. Sometimes he would be idle for weeks, wasting his time in the most frivolous things, then suddenly return to his work, and, without any apparent reason or stimulus, devote himself to it with most glowing zeal, and create in the most incredibly short space of time, an inimitable masterpiece. Now we find him with all-consuming desires, indulging in the greatest excesses, then as suddenly turning away from these debauches with bitterest loathing and contempt, and burying himself in seclusion; and yet, amid all this mass of erratic passion is to be found the purest and most beautiful idyl. Its scene, however, is laid and enacted in a prison.

Owing to one of his eccentric vagaries, which led him into a difficulty, Giuseppa

del Gesu was sentenced to a year's solitary confinement. This was a severe punishment for this restless being. To increase the severity of the penalty, he was condemned to absolute inaction, nothing being permitted him but a violin.

There he sat in his lonely cell, from morning to night, watching the pitying sunbeam gliding across the stone floor, becoming more intensely colored, receding and vanishing.

A single tree, a wide-spreading plantain, growing in the garden of the warden, reached up to his grated window, and its leaves, waving to and fro in the breeze, seemed to beckon and nod to him. How often did Giuseppa essay to count those leaves, how carefully he observed and noted their growth and changing color, how he mourned when one of them turned sere and yellow and fell to the ground! And how joyously his heart throbbed when a bird hopped along its boughs, chirping its clear notes or warbling its song!

Then he would take up his violin and try to play, for Giuseppa Guarnerio, like most of the instrument makers of that day, was not unskilled in the use of the bow. One day while thus employed, he stepped to the window, violin in hand, and there from out the green leaves of the platane-tree two large black eyes, lustrous and piercing, looking into his own. Was it a bird? Impossible! Giuseppa looked again with closer scrutiny, but there was a rustling of the leaves, and those pupils disappeared. But the vision was repeated again and again when he played his violin, until at last the happy, smiling face of a lovely girl appeared. Gradually a word and a request passed from one to the other, and finally a small soft hand was outstretched, giving various forbidden articles to the poor prisoner, to be by him transferred to his lonely cell.

It was Angela, the young daughter of the warden of the prison. Her little head had become intoxicated by the enchanting tones of Giuseppa's violin.

She had always been a strange creature. Even when quite small, she had climbed that old platane-tree like a squirrel, and as she grew older, her fondness for it seemed to increase. She would sit for hours in its branches, dreamily indulging in peculiar fancies.

Her father's calling, the death of her mother, the fate of the prisoners confined within the prison walls, had thrown a tinge of melancholy over her being, and her thoughts went out toward those unfortunates with intense desire to bring an occasional gleam of sunshine and gladness into their cells. While Angela was yet quite small, her father would frequently take her with him to one and another of the cells. Upon those occasions her hand and apron were always filled with flowers; as she grew older her visits to the prisoners became less frequent. She loved flowers and music above all else, and took it for granted that all others must feel just as she did about these things. And she did carry joy and comfort wherever the light of her eyes was seen and the music of her voice heard. But Angela had never felt such pity for any of the prisoners as for the man who played the violin, and it soon became to her a source of exquisite pleasure to listen to his notes. Why her father should so peremptorily refuse to permit her to accompany him to the cell of Giuseppa Guarnerio, she could not understand. The man who could make such sweet-toned violins could not possibly be a bad man.

She had no other recourse, therefore, than to take a good look at the dangerous prisoner from out the branches and leaves of the dear old tree, while he was playing his violin; and when that feat was accomplished, Angela knew with absolute certainty, that a more innocent prisoner than he had never been committed to her father's keeping. Therefore she felt no very severe twinges of conscience

when she each day, at a certain hour, mounted her green perch and held converse with Giuseppa Guarnerio, and with just as light a heart and easy a conscience did she resolve to grant his earnest request to get his tools from his workshop, and pass them in to him through the grated window. And the priest to whom she piously confessed all, laid no special penance upon her, and only instructed her to pray diligently for the salvation of the poor sinner. In this novel manner every thing necessary to the making of a violin had gradually been transferred from Giuseppa's work-table through the grated window, the bars of which he had filed off, into his prison cell; and Giuseppa worked harder than ever before.

Now and then, however, he would drop his tools and fold his hands, for a sweet voice from out the foliage of the tree would strike on his ear, repeating an *Ave Maria*, and then a beautiful Madonna head, with long golden hair and drooping eyelashes, would show itself. Who would not have devotedly folded the hands and joined in the petitions? And Giuseppa Guarnerio had probably never, since his earliest childhood, prayed with more fervor than when his devotions were thus singularly led from out that leafy bower in the top of the old platane-tree.

If the traditions are to be credited, Angela herself carried all the violins made by Guarnerio to the places designated by him, and sold them on his behalf; and willingly was the price asked paid to the pleadings of those black eyes and bright girlish smile and persuasive tongue. Only a single violin did he retain, the masterpiece of all those masterpieces. This he designated as a present for his beautiful young lady friend on the day of his liberation.

As to what became of the warden's beautiful daughter after the prisoner had left his cell, we know not. Her form is lost to sight in legendary mists. The violin, however, which Giuseppa Guarnerio had made under the inspiration of those innocent maiden-eyes and pious prayers may now be seen carefully laid

away in a glass case, at Genoa, doubly consecrated and admired by numerous visitors, as the favorite instrument of that greatest and most wonderful of all violinists, *Nicolo Paganini*.

The hand of Sivori was the first to touch it and wake its harmonies after the long silence into which it had relapsed after the death of the prince of violinists. He played it before an audience who listened to its strains with reverent attention, in 1854, one hundred and ten years subsequent to the death of its maker, *Giuseppe Guarnerio del Gesù*.

The creations of *Giuseppa Guarnerio* form the top-stone of the pyramid of artistic violin-making in Italy. The masters of the various Italian schools in Milan, Piacenza, Mantua, Brescia, and Venice,—founded by various pupils of *Gasparo del Salo*, *Mazzini*, *Amati*, *Straduario*, and *Guarnerio*,—although they have made many excellent instruments, yet they have never attained to, much less excelled, those of *Straduario* and *Guarnerio*. But another school arose and flourished fresh and blooming as an Alpine rose,—the German school of *Jacob Stainer*.

It was in A. D. 1646 that *Jacob Stainer*, of Absam in the Oberinnthal, then a youth of scarcely nineteen years, came to Cremona, to enter as a pupil with *Nicolo Amati*, whose fame even then was world-wide. For a long time he had earnestly desired to visit this master, and for a few months past this desire had become all-consuming. He had learned the art of violin-making at home from his father; and had seen that industrious man fill the country, far and near, with instruments that were sought for the ball-room and concert-hall, as well as for the *musica sacra* in the Church.

The old man had implanted into the breast of his only child all that love and tender regard for the wonderful instrument which filled his own heart. *Jacob Stainer* had from earliest childhood listened to and learned the stories and tales told of the power and influence of the

little violin, and the skill and art employed in its manufacture. In its beautiful form he saw the North and South united in indissoluble wedlock,—the wood of the mountain pine, whose tops were laden down with the Winter's snow, and whose boughs sighed in the fierce northern blasts, was firmly imbedded with the fine, light-colored maple, lulled to sleep by gentle zephyrs, and wakened by the hot kisses of the sun. Ancient violins, of most curious forms and workmanship, ornamented the walls of the workshop of the German violin-maker, from the first *viola da brasso* down to the graceful instruments of *Gasparo da Salo* and *Paolo Mazzini*, of Brescia. In the soul of young *Jacob Stainer*, however, there lived the ideal of a tone infinitely superior to that of the violins of his father, or of those strange instruments from far-off lands; a tone heard in his waking dreams, when he lay all alone upon the grassy slope of some hill and looked up into the clear blue heavens, or when by himself in the forest, where the heavy branches of the giant pines bent down until they touched his face, and the tall grasses and ferns reached up and spread over him as though they would hold him fast.

Gradually a deep melancholy settled upon him, and his task in his father's workshop became merely mechanical. The old man shook his head, and thought his son must be under the malignant influence of some witch, and secretly he placed a consecrated twig, taken from the grave of the lad's mother, into a basin of holy water at the head of his bed. But it was of no avail. *Jacob* still continued on in his waking dreams.

One evening a peddler came to the little village in the Innthal, and sought rest and refreshment at the village tavern. What a world of treasures for the village youths and maidens was contained in his box!—shells from Genoa, glass beads from Venice, meerschaum pipes, colored kerchiefs, images of saints, and consecrated rosaries.

Jacob Stainer, too, was present when the man unpacked and displayed his wares, utterly indifferent, however, to the praises lavished upon them by the glib-tongued vendor. Then the peddler opened another box, and brought out a small, gold-tinged violin, and a fine bow.

"See," said he, "this little thing could discourse sweet music when I purchased it of a poor woman in Bologna. Her husband, the musician, lay dead upon the straw, and her child was crying for bread. Now, indeed, I would gladly give it for a warm supper and a night's lodging; for it only sings like a crow that has a cold. And yet it was made by the greatest master in Italy, Nicolo Amati, of Cremona. There, you can see his trade-mark, which is well known to every body in Italy."

A trembling hand was quickly outstretched for the violin.

A beautiful girl, of about twelve years of age, at this moment pulled Jacob by the coat. It was Margaret Holzhammer, a neighbor's daughter.

"Do take it, Jacob," said she, in a whisper, as he turned toward her; "with you it will certainly get well again."

"Let me have it," said Jacob, excitedly, turning to the peddler. "My father has never yet seen an Amati. Come with me at once. At home we will take care of you."

After a little talk in the workshop of the violin-maker, the bargain was closed to the satisfaction of all parties.

Long and earnestly did the old man Stainer regard the little violin, turning it, and viewing it from all sides. Carefully did he sound its breast, tenderly as a mother would press her hand to the forehead of her child did he draw the bow across the strings, and then said:

"We must take it apart in order to heal it. But no; that must only be done by the master who made it. Strange tales are told of the Italian violins; they are said to have remarkable fancies, and only their makers really know how to deal with them. For the present, do you take it, my son. It comes from the

sunny land, and into your chamber the sun shines brightest. Light is good, not merely for human beings, flowers, and animals, but also for violins. Some, I know, do not believe this; but I, who have had them in hand for more than half a century, know that these things have their life and health, their sickness and death, as well as we, and that they must therefore be nursed and cared for, like a flower, a child, or a bird."

Thus the Amati remained with Jacob Stainer, and he cherished it as the apple of his eye. Every day he took it out to his favorite retreat in the old forest. He would be alone with his precious prize; no one should hear its plaint. And yet he had a listener full oft, though he knew it not. Margaret would follow him stealthily out to his retreat, and observe him and his violin with deepest solicitude. More than ever did he indulge in his fantastic day-dreams. He seemed to himself like the prince in the fairy tale, who rescued the golden-haired princess whom a wicked magician had bound in chains. And a princess indeed was this Amati, in its exquisite golden tinge and graceful form, especially as compared with the violins made by his father, which by its side seemed like robust Alpine dairy-maids. But weak and plaintive as it sung, there still was something in its tone that reminded him of those magical notes heard by him in the fantasies of his childhood. With what awe-inspired, and yet deep, tenderness and passionate hope would he again and again press it to his heart, draw the bow across its strings, and incline his ear to catch even its faintest whisper.

But, alas! the tone remained veiled. It drove the tears to his eyes; for it sounded so like the sad, helpless cry, "Restore my health!" And it seemed to him as though he must at last find the magic word that would break the spell and give liberty to this captive soul. Not for the world would he have examined it, or suffered any one else to examine it, like a common violin. The very thought seemed sacrilege. Daily

and hourly did his friendship and affection for it increase. Even as one may love a beautiful soul in a sickly and feeble body, so the young violin-maker loved his voiceless Amati.

Jacob became more of a dreamer from day to day, and care for his sick Amati absorbed his whole soul, and with this the desire to visit the renowned master and learn from him the secret of his art became an intense all-consuming desire. Gradually he, too, became sick as well as his Amati, and he felt that his malady was beyond the reach of cure unless his father should grant his request and permit him to go to Italy. At length one day he came to his father and said :

"Father, permit me at once to go to Cremona and enter as a pupil with the Italian master of whom so much is said, and learn of him to make violins that shall make our name and instruments as famous throughout the world as are the instruments and name of Nicolo Amati, of Cremona ; and the poor ailing violin shall go with me for her restoration to health and song."

"Then go, my son, I will not detain you. Go to that land of wonders, and get to yourself new health and vigor," said the old man, pressing the hand of his son. "I am glad that you select such a master. May the saints guide and protect you."

Once more he kneeled at his mother's grave, bade adieu to his father and home, kissed Margaret, and then with his little Amati, he took up his journey across the Alps, and in due time he reached the soil of sunny Italy, the land for which his soul had yearned.

Men and women passed by him, dark, piercing eyes greeted him with kindly smiles, the sounds of a strange language, musical and mellow, fell upon his ears. It seemed as though he had passed through some unseen gate into an endless garden, as though he heard a thousand kind voices calling to him : "Come, and welcome! Rejoice, enjoy, be happy!"

Little ones in the innocence and simple confidence of childhood ran up to the

stranger and tendered him fruits and berries. His tread became more elastic and buoyant, his face overspread with a new glow of health, his blood lost its sluggishness and coursed more freely through his veins, a feeling of health and strength came over him, such as he had never known. There were lowly huts, evidently the abodes of poverty, all along on each side of the road, alternating with small stone houses ornamented with sculptures and low towers ; but almost hidden by trellised grape and pumpkin vines, intermixed with wild roses trailed up against their fronts and sides. Luxuriant corn-fields spread out on every hand ; olives, with their fine green leaves, raised their heads side by side with the noble chestnut. The proud platane-tree cast its shade far out from its trunk ; fig-trees stretched their arms imploringly over old dilapidated stone walls. Like one in a delightful dream, Jacob Stainer kept on his way until Giovanni in Croce lay before him smiling like a happy child playing amid flowers.

Black-haired maidens and youths sat before the door of the *asteria* and sang ; like a soft stream, the warm, full tones flowed over the heart of the stranger. In the neglected garden, full of laurel-trees and jasmines, there stood the first cypress-tree his eyes had ever seen, pointing with its slender fingers upward toward the dark blue sky, as though it would say ; "Look up and be thankful!" Jacob Stainer sat at the foot of that cypress like one entranced, and pressed his sick Amati to his breast more tenderly than ever before, and then applied the bow.

A miracle was wrought, — the tone changed. Softly, indeed, and still sweetly veiled it sang, but yet in a clear silvery tone, tenderly melting like the notes of the nightingale. And the heart of the listener trembled with rapturous delight ; did it not seem as though the tones which haunted his dreams, should now be realized ? What had produced this change ? Was it that rare, somber tree ? Oh, the blessed first cypress ! With what gratitude did he look upon it !

Jacob Stainer sat beneath more than one other cypress, and caused his Amati to sing to him her sweet notes, ere he entered Cremona to become with heart and hand the most willing, appreciative, proficient pupil of Nicolo Amati.

When the blond-haired son of the Innthal one day recounted the story of the sick violin in that Italian workshop, and how it had regained its voice and again begun to sing under that first cypress-tree, and then brought forth the little instrument, a peculiar and meaning smile illuminated the face of the old master. He took the violin in his hands and shook it lightly, and a minute cypress twig fell out. "*Ecco, amico mio*, that was the cause of her pain," said Nicolo Amati. You have not yet heard the ancient tradition of the violin sickness of the south. Know then that he who takes a violin from our land up into your cold north, must see to it that no leaf of any tree or shrub, nor even a particle of pollen of any flower attach itself to its warm heart, otherwise it will lose its voice and gradually die of homesickness. Its voice will only be restored when it is brought beneath the tree or shrub of which it bears a leaf or twig within its cavity. Ah, it is a sensitive little thing, the violin, and especially one out of our land; but you will learn to know all about it, *figlio mio!*"

Jacob Stainer remained a full year in Amati's workshop, and when he returned to his German home he must himself have carried away with him a rose leaf

or cypress twig on his breast as had his violin on its first journey, for he wandered about like one who felt himself lost.

His violins, however, sang in a different strain from those made by his father; a soft, yearning tone issued from their strings.

His neighbors and townsmen declared that Jacob Stainer was homesick for Italy ever since he had felt the deep blue heavens above him. And they may have been correct, for year after year he crossed the mountains to feast his eyes and heart on the glories of the south. It was well that there was a powerful magnet to attract and draw him back again to his German father-land, the love of wife and child. For he had led to the altar blond-haired Margaret Holzhammer, and it was her true heart that Jacob Stainer, after all, felt to be his own real home.

Large invoices of Italian violins were constantly received by him, and whenever a new master in the art arose, he would send an instrument to the famed German violin-maker. Every violin, however, that was received by him, he would, remembering the words of Nicolo Amati, carefully examine. And even to this day, many an Italian violin-maker, when he packs his violins to be exported abroad, will carefully examine them to see that every thing is in order, for every leaf of tree or shrub—that is the tradition still—will cause to the Italian violin that fatal disease,—*home-sickness*.

ELISE POLKA.

A BABE FOREVER.

A LITTLE while the roses bloom,
A little while the soft winds blow,
A little while the baby laughed,
A little while—from bud to snow.
But after all the rose was sweet,
And after all the winds have blown.

And after all the baby blessed,
And after all it is our own.
If in our thought the rose remains,
And winds are sweet in memory,
Why should not then the baby gone
Forever be a babe to me?

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER had Martha Basèrat so mourned over the absence of her brother Pitre as now. Not only because of the death of Madame Pâris, but until then she had found her most faithful friend and cheerful companion in her Aunt Madeleine, who had left "Rose-Bower" for a new home. The parting words, which contained the last supreme sacrifice, it might well be called, of Gil-lome, did not prove fruitless, as, a few months subsequent to this meek surrender to her cousin of the husband and children she had loved so well, Madeleine consented to take her place as mother and guardian in the home of M. Pâris.

The only soul that was filled with a despondent gloom, mingled with a secret indignation against her master, was the faithful Phillis. Yet she uttered no complaint at the new state of things, nor tried to taint the minds of the children as to the present. Passionately attached as she had been to her mistress, the sentiment toward her master was essentially different. She included him in a general scorn she always felt for men, and her respect or affection for him was consequently small.

"Do n't speak to me of men!" said she, in contempt of the whole sex.

Still there was no anger harbored within her heart at seeing him united in marriage with Madeleine.

"It is the best he can do, I suppose, since he is so anxious to forget," were the words she repeated constantly to herself.

The practical, common-sense instincts of the old servant told her plainly that the domestic affairs of M. Pâris required the faithful assistance of a good, intelligent wife, and told her also that the children were not as yet old enough to be without the careful oversight of a pious mother.

"But they might have told the little girls about it, who were six years old when Madame died," muttered Phillis, as nearly vindictive as her kind heart would permit, when she glanced at the pretty heads of the children, bending over the columns of figures in the large account-book, or inspecting the basket wherein lay the clothes to be mended.

"Madeleine will be sure to attend to these things," she added, in more softened mood, "and not leave the children to themselves, to make blunders in their rule of addition, and not take up half the raveled stitches in the silk hose of Monsieur."

And thus it happened that young Martha Basèrat found herself alone and lonely with her Aunt Suzanne, who seemed every year to acquire fresh energy. Her occupation in floral culture had been vastly widened, and to each department she gave her most strict oversight,—to the planting and growth of seeds and slips in two large gardens, which she had rented outside the city and that formed a vast contrast to the little bright parterre, once the chief care of both sisters. The under-management of these grounds was confided to Norman workmen for the most part, or to Protestant refugees accustomed to the culture of flowers, that grew in such profusion before each cottage in the rich country around Caen.

It was Aunt Suzanne, also, who kept up the correspondence with France. Madeleine had, it is true, written to ask the consent of her parents to her marriage: but it was Suzanne who wrote to the Nephew Pitre:

"You tell me that you are very happy to find your sister still thinks of you. Let me assure you that I pray without ceasing to our good Lord that he will preserve you from harm. If you should

indeed full ill, I do not know what we could do with her. Whenever your letters are brought to us, before she knows what is within them, she is quite overcome with emotion and anxiety.

"We received, on Thursday, a letter from our cousin from Deventer. Eight days ago his wife gave birth to a son, whom he has called Nicholas, after my father and our cousin Pâris, which has given us great pleasure. He sent the letter to us first, but intends it for you all. We communicate the news to you in this way, as either to copy it, or inclose the whole, would make this letter too heavy. So you must inform my sisters and parents of the event.

"When an opportunity offers to send a reply, it ought to be copied on fine paper, addressed to Captain V—, in the service of the States. It is well to observe a good deal of ceremony with these people that have some rank.

"William Pâris has finished his studies with his cousin, and is now a cadet. They say he will be placed in one of the regiments that are ordered to England. Your Aunt Madeleine is quite heart-broken on account of it,—and Madeleine is not the only sad one at the departure of her step-son. M. Pâris, too, sighs often at the prospect, and bemoans the taste of William, that led him into the army, rather than in his own path of commerce, which might have kept the lad always near his parents."

The young sisters wept at thought of all the merry times, the little excitements and innocent pleasures, of which the coming of their brother always was the signal. And now these would be lost to them, never to return.

The company of young Michel, so diligent in work and wise in counseling them, could not make up the loss of the brave cadet.

In the "Home of Flowers," also, there abode one who said little, but who nevertheless experienced a veritable heart-sickness at the coming change in the family group. The young girl Martha seemed all at once to grow very tall and

thin, and pale as well. Her Aunt Suzanne prepared what she called a "diet-drink," of tansy, which acrid beverage the child felt obliged to swallow, little as she required it.

"If Pitre should come in and see thee half-reclining in thy chair, like a weak baby, he could never recognize thee for his bright little flower-girl," said she, in a cheerful voice.

Martha gave a faint sigh; but we fear it was not breathed forth as a tribute to Pitre.

Yet the news from France came laden with heavy forebodings.

The King, Louis XIV, seemed to sit on a tottering throne. That grand combination, the project inaugurated by William III, called "The European League," brought some fresh humiliation each day to the splendid prestige acquired by the court of Versailles.

Many of the exiles secretly rejoiced at the threatened downfall of their enemies and tormentors.

As in former years, the Huguenot regiments at the Battle of the Boyne, in the service of William of England, cried, with desperate force:

"Put forth your strength; let new courage revive your hearts; press forward, and behold your persecutors."

Thus again, in the present, when William led them against the troops of Louis XIV, who had allied himself with James II, even Saurin lifted up his voice in his sacred pulpit of The Hague, exclaiming:

"God will make bare his holy arm. He will come out of his dwelling-place. He will confound us by the miracles of his love, after we have risen up from the shadows of his providence. Yea, and has he not already done it? Behold, in the brief space of two campaigns, more than a hundred thousand of our enemies have been buried under the waves of the sea, slain by our brave soldiers, trampled beneath the feet of our horses, or, as prisoners of war, shackled by our iron chains. Behold another miracle. Whole provinces submit to our dominion. That impious power, high as Lucifer, and as

proud, which has felt ready to scale the walls of heaven,—see how it totters! behold it as it crumbles into ruin!

"My brethren, let these startling events render us wise. Let us not judge our God from a human level, but learn to understand and adore the sublimity of his providence."

While the eloquent Saurin was thus celebrating the triumph of the Huguenots against their enemies, the greater number of Norman refugees retained a fond affection for their native land,—sometimes a secret attachment, at others openly confessed.

The saintly M. de Bosq died with a prayer on his lips for the "Remnant of Israel" scattered over French soil, and in more earnest petition for the dear members of his flock who still stood undaunted in the very midst of the furnace. There were those, even, who were Hollanders in every sense,—numbers who had never seen the kingdom of France, children of the refugees, that had always been interested by the written correspondence kept up with the relatives in Normandy who still tarried by the ancient firesides,—and it was impossible for them heartily to rejoice over events that bowed down the heads of their parents in sorrow.

The venerable M. Basèrat, infirm, and nearly blind, felt his soul torn with resentment at the defection of France, as he called it. Spite of the cruel oppressions inflicted by Louis XIV and his Government on his friends and children, forcing the latter out from home and country, the old man remained as warm in his patriotism as if no tyranny disturbed the French nation.

But the feeble octogenarian had been seized with a convulsive fit, caused partly by undue excitement, and the tidings sent a thrill of fear to the daughters in Rotterdam.

Suzanne, in especial, experienced a nervous terror lest she might not receive a last blessing from her father,—a benediction esteemed of so much virtue by the early Christians.

She dared not write to her mother, to

whom such a letter, old and suffering as she herself was also, could bring nothing but a harrowing grief; and the good woman never penned a line in these later years with her own hand, so could not answer even the missives of her children.

Thus Suzanne inclosed a note to her father in a letter addressed to her sister-in-law, Jean Basèrat's wife, wherein she besought her parent's blessing.

This sister, whom neither Madeleine nor Suzanne had ever seen, had proved a veritable providence to the desolated hearth-stone in Normandy.

After the departure of the fugitives, Jean brought her to his home, where she showed so much sweet energy, and displayed such tender solicitude in her care for the aged parents, taking the place of their own lost daughters in so natural a way, that she might have been sister to the lovely Gillome, so much did she resemble this gentle creature in her whole demeanor.

Four daughters had been torn from this house-bond by the iniquitous power of a fanatical government; and now there were other little ones springing up under the old roof, whose original inmates were scattered far and wide, or ready to be laid away in the crowded church-yard. Children were there who rose up each day to call their mother blessed.

The young Claas inherited from this mother the tireless activity, his excellent judgment, and his filial respect, which he returned to her by a love greater than he felt for any thing else in the wide world.

It was this son who brought the letter just received at the hands of a captain lately come from Rotterdam, and in which Suzanne begs her sister-in-law to select a favorable moment for presenting it to her father, urging her also to peruse it carefully in the first place herself.

Madame Basèrat lifted up anxious eyes to her son, as she finished reading.

"I fear that thy grandfather will be greatly agitated by this letter. And what

will the dear old mother say to it? She may, perhaps, believe that I have written very ill news to the friends in Rotterdam. Now listen to me a little while, for I see you are impatient to be gone."

Claas was, indeed, much hurried; many outside affairs demanded his attention, but his foremost duty now, and always, was to obey the will of his mother; so he cast himself down at her feet, just as he was used to do when a little child, to hear the following newly received letter read by lips that were very dear to him. Thus wrote Suzanne Basèrat:

"My very precious and well-beloved father, as I see with a regret that I can not possibly express, that the sickness which has been distressing you still continues, and when I realize that even when one enjoys sound health, one is not assured of it for a single day, I feel it is possible that the way in which you now are may be the road by which it may please God to lead you to himself. I hope, my very dear father, that you will not refuse the grace I crave of you, which is that you will bestow upon me your benediction. This favor will not shorten your days at all, and it will give me the greatest happiness. I pray you not to feel angered toward me at this request. Remember that I am far away from you, and that the malady might change suddenly for the worse, without giving time for a warning to your daughters in Rotterdam. What, then, can be more natural to a child who has loved her father than that she should ask to receive his blessing? I commend myself, therefore, to your love, my very dear father, and I remain, with most profound respect, your very humble, and very obedient servant and daughter.

"SUZANNE BASERAT."

Claas smiled a little twinkling ripple as his mother finished her reading of the letter, and said:

"I think from what my father has told me about his sister, that if he ever sees her again, he will find her quite unchanged, going straight through to the end just as she began." And then he added, "You know, dear mother, how to

choose the right moment for doing every thing, and so it will turn out in the matter of this unexpected letter. It will not be long before you will find a stray moment when you can secure the blessing my aunt really has cause to desire. If I were like her, far away from you—" and then he made a little pause, turning aside his head in confusion at his warmth of sympathy. He did not complete the sentence, but embraced his mother fondly instead, and then went out to pursue his daily routine of complicated work.

"Now," soliloquized Madame Basèrat, "this letter will be a burden on my mind until the day comes when I can be relieved of the charge," and a weary sigh escaped her as she laid the sheet carefully aside, for a more fit opportunity to present it. She thus kept for many days a closer watch than usual over her father-in-law, that she might seize upon the first favorable chance of preferring the wish of Suzanne to the aged patriarch.

Nearly two months passed by, during which the invalid had become more and more feeble each day, when the time came at last that Agnes could answer the letter of her sister Suzanne as follows:

"My very dear sister:

"I hasten to tell you that it was only on Sunday morning last that I could venture to read your kind letter to our old father. The children were out for a walk, while I remained in-doors alone with my mother and the aged invalid. So I gathered all my courage, and proposed to him to read a short letter which I said you had sent to me for him. He replied at once that it would give him great pleasure, and so I read the entire contents to him. He appeared almost grieved that you should even have doubted about his blessing, and said:

"Tell my dear daughter that I accord my blessing to her with a full heart, for I have ever loved her truly and well."

"Our mother was also greatly affected, and we all mingled our tears together, with a prayer for the absent children. I took advantage of a quarter of an hour, while my husband was away from home,

to communicate the message, because I knew he could not have borne the agitating scene.

"There were many times when I resolved within myself that I would read the letter, whether or no. But when I looked at the sick and feeble old man, I dared not venture upon it. It was my son Claas who advised me at the last in a very urgent manner, not to delay any longer, and his sense is exceedingly mature for so young a lad. He thinks much about you all, and sometimes speaks of finding out his relations by going himself to Holland.

"Our nephew Pitre and Claas are like brothers, and the former is doing well.

"AGNES BASÉRAT."

Aunt Suzanne had looked with impatience, not unmixed with anxiety, for many weeks, for this reply to her letter, weaving a hundred fancies as to why it did not come, and repeating over and over again to Martha:

"If my father is so ill that they can not read my letter to him, one of the family ought surely to have written, if only to tell us that we have not been quite forgotten."

"Perhaps it is because my Aunt Basérat is always so busy," gently suggested the young girl.

"Yes! without doubt she works well,—none of the women of our family are used to sit down and fold their arms,—but Agnes is nearly all day at her desk, summing up the great ledger, so that one might say she could employ her pen in my favor, for at least five minutes. The most I fear is that God may call my dear father without his having given a thought to his exiled daughters. It is now twenty-one years since I left him on that dark gloomy night sitting alone in the old mansion," and the sparkling eyes of Aunt Suzanne filled with tears at the retrospect. She was not one, however, to indulge long in the luxury of weeping or grief, and took up her account book, the numerical characters of which were usually her resource in every perplexing meditation. She consoled herself with a look

at the profits of her floriculture, which increased steadily day by day.

At last the expected letter from France arrived, and the generally steady hand of Suzanne trembled as she attempted to open it. Yet the seal was not black, and the captain who brought it had not remained long enough in the house to be the bearer of ill news.

The first words of the letter assured her heart, and a sigh of relief escaped her lips which brought also to Martha Basérat, who had watched her aunt with evident uneasiness, a smile of satisfaction. As she continued to peruse the letter the face of Suzanne grew serene in its expression, and a bright color glowed on her cheeks. The pages of this little sheet had carried her back to the days of youth. She saw herself once more in the old home in Caen,—in her own large chamber, with its curtains of violet-printed chintz; and she, sitting before a bright fire that flamed up the wide chimney, she saw again the antique furniture, the old family Bible on the small table, that stood close beside her father's easy-chair; she heard the voice of her mother in those low, pleasant tones with which she always addressed her children, and unconsciously she even transferred her own features to the sister she had never seen, who had yet with all faithfulness, given those sacred attentions to her aged parents, which the self-sacrifice of their own daughters had forbidden them to perform. When she had twice finished reading the letter, Aunt Suzanne raised her moist eyes to her niece. "He has blessed me," she said, "and has loved me always!"

The years of exile and lonely separation were forgotten, and, although it required a strong effort and deep thought for Suzanne Basérat to perceive all the wisdom, the noble sacrifice of her father, she did recognize it fully at last.

"It is because my father loved us more than himself that he consented to let us leave France, never to see him again," she murmured as if communing with herself, and then added in a louder tone,

while she fixed her eyes with a resolute expression on her niece:

"Thy father desired the same thing for his children also, Martha, and I can not say whether I have done well in giving Pitre the encouragement I did, to return

to Normandy. But thou wilt do as I have done,—thou wilt surely never return to France!"

The young girl sadly bowed her head in token of assent.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE DE WITT.

DARK DAYS—AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I WAS born in South Carolina, and was the child of a second marriage, having no sisters or brothers of my own, but loving my half sister and brother, Frances and North, with a love heightened by my great admiration for them. They were large and handsome, while I inherited my mother's tiny form, and, I suppose my democratic theories were also her gift. But she died when I was but three years old, and 't is said my father mourned more for her than for his first wife, who was a very elegant, aristocratic lady, but, my old nurse told me, never loved any one but herself.

I was so petted as a child that it prepared me but ill for the care and responsibility that were laid upon me at my father's death, but I was the only one fitted for the burden, and it seemed but right that on my shoulders it should rest. And looking back upon it now, I trust it was all for the best; and that my irritation under annoyance, and the hardness I sometimes displayed, may be forgiven me because of my youth and ignorance.

We were poor and proud; poorer for our pride, and prouder because of our poverty. In 1866, the year after the war terminated, the family at The Magnolias was reduced to six people: my sister Frances, my brother North, and myself, Linda Devereaux, and our three slaves, Lucy, Cicero her husband—both as old as the hills—and Gyp, a comical mulatto, who staid with us when the other four deserted because even freedom could not tempt him to leave "Massa North." I

can not remember a time when we were not poor, although before the war, during my father's life-time, we lived in a good deal of style outwardly, however pinched we were for necessities. In those days The Magnolias was only a country-seat, our Winters being passed in Charleston in a handsome, but dilapidated house on Meeting Street, near the Battery, where we gave an occasional grand dinner-party, at which the display of plate, and the choice old wines made up for the fewer courses than our neighbors would have given their guests, and where the aristocracy of the host atoned for the chilly dampness of the house and the not to be concealed shabbiness of the once elegant furniture.

But my father died in the early days of the war, and at his death we lost the city home, and a goodly portion of the old family plate had to be disposed of if we would keep a roof above our heads. I was just sixteen at the time, and, added to my grief at losing my father, was that of losing my governess, Miss Merrill. Like all other Northern governesses, it was quite needful that she should leave the South, even had we possessed the means of paying her any longer. As it was, her arrears of salary were made up with great difficulty, and I spent my last dollar in buying a trifling keepsake to give her.

She had been five years with us, and we were all attached to her despite her known abolition sentiments. These sentiments, however, were never mischiev-

ously put forth, but were used in the thorough, conscientious way that proved their genuineness; as when she refused to marry one of our neighbors, a planter and a man of wealth, because he was a slave-holder. I remember my father said to her, "Miss Merrill, Ashley would free his slaves for your sake, and thereby impoverish himself, if you urged it." And I recall, too, her answer, "Yes, sir, and continue to believe in the right to hold them all his days. There would be no change in the man, only in his worldly position."

I remember thinking it a very romantic thing in Miss Merrill, for no one supposed there could be any other cause for her refusal of such an eligible *parti*; and it was in perfect consistency with her whole life to abide by her principles of right at any sacrifice. She must have been a woman of great force of character to have made me so different in my views from the rest of my family and friends. I suppose it is an almost isolated case; a South Carolinian, belonging to a family who looked upon slavery as divinely ordered, and who advocated secession, yet I alone believed the South wrong on both points, and though all my personal sympathy was with my own section of the country, yet in the principles for which the North contended lay my belief in the question of right. This difference between my affections and my principles, gave me many a heart-ache, and made my two nearest relations suspicious of me, and often very cold in their manner toward me. Even old Lucy felt aggrieved at my unnaturalness, and looked upon it as a sign of degeneration in the family. Well, when the war closed we were poorer than when it began, in many ways. North, who had been crippled and an invalid from childhood, was more delicate, and Frances, to whom poverty was a far greater trial than it was to me, had to bear not only our diminished means, but also the loss of a lover, so that of the trio I was the only sound member.

I sat one June morning in a corner of the front piazza, darning stockings and

devising some plan by which our income could be increased, when a horseman rode leisurely up the avenue. Frances would have concealed her plain work in the presence of a stranger, but I felt too poor that morning even to desire to hide the fact from the gaze of any one, so I sat still until he reached the piazza steps, said "good morning," and proceeded to dismount.

He inquired for Miss Devereaux, but as he wore the United States uniform, I said she was not well, and if he would give me his message I would deliver it. He looked at me in a way that impressed me as odd, and said, "I can tell you, certainly. I am on government duty in this neighborhood, and want a boarding-place; and was told that Miss Devereaux was a Union woman, and would probably be willing to let me stay here." My first feeling was indignation at what I considered the impertinence of the proposition; my second, amusement at the mistake regarding my sister's sentiments; while my third was a desire to conclude a bargain with him at once as a means of obtaining a little money.

On my shoulders fell the principal burden of our poverty; not only because I was housekeeper since Frances's health had failed, but also from the fact that I could not regard our little miseries as either necessary or a trial to be borne heroically, as the result of the failure of a glorious cause. My sister had the true Southern feeling as regards work, and felt herself the truer lady that, while she continued to live in a style that was but a gloomy shadow of days gone by, she made no effort to earn the money needful for the keeping up of that style. I would have worked for pay and thought it less degrading than to do as I now did. Not a half hour before the arrival of this gentleman, I had said good morning to Richard D'Arcy, one of our neighbors, who had called to leave some fine fish that he had just caught. It was no new thing for him to make me presents of game and fish, but every time I accepted I felt mean about it. Richard was an old

lover; even in our childhood, he had been my devoted knight, but in the early days of the war, our difference of opinion had produced a coolness, and when he entered the army, it was understood that our love-affair was at an end.

Still, I liked his fighting so bravely for his convictions, and he found it impossible to hate me despite my disloyalty to the South,—so when the war was over we took up the old affair as friendship. That is the way I took it up, I mean, for Richard was as bad as ever, and used in his teasing way to tell me that he was trying to believe as I did, and thought if I tried I might succeed in converting him, and we fought the old battle over once or twice every day.

But as for the presents, I insisted upon his understanding that my acceptance of them must not be taken as encouragement of his suit, as I had said that morning, "You are very kind, Richard, and I accept gratefully; but I do so only because North and Frances relish these things, and there is no market at which to procure them."

Little goose that I was, I did not dream that he knew we were so poor that we could not have afforded the money to buy them had the market been but a square away; and he only replied, "All right, Linda. We'll consider them as part payment for the lectures on abolitionism."

But I was fairly frantic, at times, as to the means for procuring other luxuries that seemed indispensable to the two invalids; indeed, I had held consultations with Gyp on the practicability of raising fruit and vegetables for the market. But as he said, "Yes, Miss Linda, but how will we get 'em to town?" and as we had no conveyance of any kind, the objection implied by his question was unanswerable.

We had plenty to eat, so the prospect of a boarder who would give money for his food and lodging was a great temptation. I asked what he would expect to pay for the privilege, and he smiled and said he presumed Miss Devereaux would prefer to fix her own rates; and then I

asked something about references in a most hesitating manner, and he produced letters that established his position. Then I sat quite still for a while, thinking about it, and wondering if I might venture to speak to Frances. I decided not, but concluded to consult North, and excused myself to the stranger on pretense of speaking to Miss Devereaux on his business. I found North in the library that adjoined his room, and stated the case, with the conclusion that if we did not do something by which to earn money we would soon be without a dish off which to eat, or clothes to wear. "And North," I said, "Frances can not live another Winter as she did last. Either she must leave this house or some few repairs must be made; there is hardly a window with all its panes unbroken, the roof leaks, and every spout is useless from old age. Neither you nor Frances are likely to see him for some time to come, and the little money he will pay will help us wonderfully." When I ended, my brother sat in silence for a few minutes, and then said, "I suppose, Linda, that your desire is to make your disloyalty still more marked by procuring the luxuries of life from Northern hands?"

"North," I said angrily, "it is easy for you, who have none of the annoyances of poverty, to sneer at me because I am desirous of keeping myself and my family comfortable by any honest means. You may go on; you may say what you please; but I will not be an object of charity any longer, and if you are not willing that I should earn a little money in the only way open to me, why, then, the only thing left to me is to borrow money from Richard D'Arcy, go north, and seek a situation in which I can make not only my own living, but a little over to send to you and Frances."

"Borrow of Richard! Why, Linda, are you insane?" said North. "Borrow money of the man whom you refuse to marry! If you are so poor as that, you had better marry him as a means of livelihood."

"No; I am not insane," I said. "But

you will make me so, if you continue to treat me as though I had neither reason nor feeling," and I burst into tears.

I could have designed no more effective weapon than this, that I used so unexpectedly to myself. North had never seen me give way to tears before, and was frightened at my emotion, and, in his efforts to soothe me, consented to my request. It was only a skirmish compared with all that I had to encounter in taking my boarder. In the first place I had to speak very plainly to Major Tillotson, the applicant, about his lodgings. It was very embarrassing to me, but I could not let him come until he had some idea of what inconveniences he might expect. I said among other things:

"I will do all I can to make you comfortable; but you will hear secession exalted to the skies, you will find your room damp in stormy weather, and you will have to eat off dishes considerably the worse for wear. The truth is," I added, desperately, "we are wretchedly poor, and, as our boarder, you will feel it in several ways."

He said he had no doubts as regards being able to endure all the afflictions that I had mentioned, said he would come the next day, and bade me good morning. Then Frances must be told. Poor Frances! She was so handsome, so aristocratic in all her ideas, and so different from myself that, of course, I could not understand her, and what to me would have been a trifling annoyance, would have assumed gigantic proportions in her eyes. She was enraged at my daring to decide such a matter without consulting her, and, as was perfectly natural and just, laid no blame on North. She said at first that Major Tillotson could not come, and word to that effect must be sent him. He should not dwell under the same roof with her brother and herself.

I said that any message to him was impracticable, as I knew not where it would reach him, and, besides, I said the arrangements being completed, we can not in honor draw back. "Moreover,

Frances, money we must have, if we are compelled to beg for it. We are in want of every thing."

I suppose it seemed very hard in me, but what could I do? Frances never gave her consent to Major Tillotson's coming to the house, and told me that as I preferred strangers to my own family, I need not expect her to leave her room while they remained in the house.

The Major came in time for dinner. I exhausted my ingenuity on that meal. I gathered myriads of flowers and arranged them in divers ways, and in the worst cracked of the dishes, in my endeavors to hide the largest darns in the tablecloth, and I had such viands as would set the forlorn old dishes off to the best advantage. Gyp waited on the table, and we got through very comfortably. I have often thought since how very absurd our attempt at keeping up the ancient grandeur of our house must have been to the major. The dining-room was so large, and for the four months of his stay there were never more than three at table, unless Richard D'Arcy happened in, but Gyp always waited in the style learned in my father's day, and there was as much flourish with the few fragments remaining of the splendid service of plate, the oddly assorted china and glass, and the two finger-bowls, as there could have been in the palmiest days of the Devereaux family. But then we were, as a family, used to this fashion of being served, for we made no change in that respect for our boarder. One change I did make, and that was in having but one sheet on my bed while he was with us, owing to the limited number to which we were reduced, making two for each bed an impossible luxury.

At breakfast and tea we used no tablecloth. It was an idea of my own, that if the polished mahogany should be uncovered at dessert and at tea time, there was no reason for hiding its beauty at breakfast; and it made a great saving in the table linen.

My boarder was a thorough gentleman. He and North became good friends, and

as for Richard D'Arcy and him, it was to my inexperience a foreshadowing of the millennium to see a Confederate soldier and a soldier who had fought against him so evidently happy in each other's society, and as evidently holding each other in high esteem. One morning I was seated at an upper window darning sheets, when the two came round the house and stopped at a rustic seat just beneath my window. I heard Major Tillottson say:

"Yes, it's a shame. The child does n't know it, but she's a heroine; if she was 'nt she could never endure her life in this dilapidated old house. If I had a sister, I could not see her doing as Miss Linda does, and make no effort to help her."

"Poor little Linda—" I heard Richard beginning, as I hurried to get out of reach of their voices, for I did not wait to hear the reply, having a vague dread of something being said about North that I would not like to hear. I think about that time I lived in continual fear lest I should discover a skeleton in my own household. Not that we were so happy as to be without any of those familiars, but those that we acknowledged to having I could bear, it was the shadowy unknown that terrified me. I was like him who sits at midnight in a haunted house, and waits in a hushed expectancy for the clanking chains, the silken rustle, or the blood-curdling groan, that shall warn him that the unearthly tenant is near.

The next morning, as we sat over the breakfast table, after the meal was over, North said:

"Linda, I shall want Gyp all day in the library. Send him to me about ten o'clock."

"North," I replied, "can you not wait until Monday? It is very important that Gyp should go to town to-day."

"On your business?" he queried.

"Yes," I said; "a matter connected with my household duties. It is absolutely needful that he should go to-day."

"My dear little sister," said North, in

his patronizing way, "it may be as Richard D'Arcy says, that you have the only head for business in the family; nevertheless, I feel that the library must be attended to to-day, while I am equal to the supervision. So you see your important business must wait."

"But North, indeed it can not wait," I said. "Please let me have Gyp to-day."

"Utterly impossible, Linda. I repeat I want him at ten o'clock," said my brother, going out of the room.

I was in despair. It was very important that Gyp should go to town, yet I would not tell North why I was so desirous of it. Just after Major Tillottson had come to us, after his first payment, I had gone to town to make a very small investment in glass and china, and had found a woman with whom I had had dealings in the past who was willing to pay me a small sum for embroidering, making the stipulation that I should be always prompt in bringing in the completed article. Most of the work was sent north, and a good many of her work-women were, like myself, ladies in reduced circumstances, who needed money so much that they were willing to accept her inadequate payment, in consideration of the fact of their working for her being kept secret.

The little money that I obtained in this way was extremely useful to me, for it must be confessed that Frances and North used at least half of Major Tillottson's payments for their individual needs. I did not begrudge it either, only it was so much wanted for other purposes; and I knew, of course, that they could not bear deprivations as I could, owing to their delicate health, and also to their not being used to them, as I was. And I really enjoyed seeing Frances in the new white wrappers that were purchased with Northern bank-notes. She was so handsome that she could not be expected to be content with her shabby old ones. Yet I suppose I did seem mean when I bought plain ruffles instead of embroidery for the trimming. I do not marvel that Frances was a little displeased with

me; she could not know, keeping almost always in one room, how many things about the house required the expenditure of money.

Well, my last piece of work had been much delayed in completion, as Frances's wrappers and North's cabinet arrangements had taken a great deal of my time of late. Lucy was so old that I was obliged to do the greater part of the house-work, for though Gyp was invaluable, yet he had much to do out-of-doors, besides his attentions to my brother; and my only time for Mrs. Emmons's embroidery was when the house was attended to, and I sat alone, or with Major Tillottson for company; I did not venture to do it before Richard. I went off to my work after my talk with North, wondering how I could get off to town myself. I would have asked Richard D'Arcy to take me, but he was off on a hunting expedition. Of course Gyp must go to the library, and that of itself gave me some extra work that he usually did on Saturdays. While I was dusting the parlor, Major Tillottson came in, and coming to where I stood by the old piano, said:

"Miss Linda, I am going to town, and will execute your commission."

"Oh, thank you," I said; "but really, Major Tillottson, you couldn't do it. I would n't ask it of a gentleman."

"I think I could do it if you would be explicit in your directions," he said, smilingly.

"Yes, you could," I said, "but I would not let you. It is perfectly right for me to send Gyp on this business, I am sure of that, but"—and I stopped.

"Then, Miss Linda, please let me do it in Gyp's place. I know that any thing to be done for you must be perfectly right, and if there is any secret, you may rely upon my discretion."

May be I was wrong, but it was a great temptation, for Mrs. Emmons would give me no more work if this was delayed beyond that day. I bound the Major to secrecy, telling no more than was needful, and he took my work and brought me my pay.

But for all my efforts, matters about the house remained in their former melancholy condition, and I often feared that we would be compelled, after all, to let the old place go. It took so very much of our regular income to pay the interest on the mortgage, that what Major Tillottson paid, and what I earned by embroidering, was, combined with what we raised on the place, our main dependence. Then, I suppose I did too much, for the early Autumn found me in a languid condition, that made all exertion tell on my nervous system. And it was so hard for us all, for as I had always been so well, they, naturally, could not understand my ever feeling so forlorn as to be unable to attend to my duties. I felt so hurt, one day, when North asked me to go into the next room and get something for him. It did not pain him to move about, but it was an effort, and I was used to waiting on him, so I rose to go on his errand, when Major Tillottson stopped me, saying, "You are not able to act as waitress along with all your other duties;" and turning to North, he said, "I should think, Devereaux, you might see for yourself that Miss Linda needs to be taken care of now." And then he went and got the required article, and North said nothing, but I felt sure he was offended with both the Major and myself. My health did not improve as the days passed away, and my spirits were greatly affected, so that Richard, and Major Tillottson, and Mrs. D'Arcy, Richard's mother, each in turn urged my taking more rest. But I could not, and it seemed to offend Richard that I disregarded his advice, so for nearly a month before Major Tillottson left us, I hardly saw my old lover. Of course I missed him, and when Mrs. D'Arcy told me that he talked of going to Europe, I felt utterly deserted.

In late October, Major Tillottson went North. Toward evening of the day of his departure, I sat by a window in the parlor in a state of dejection that was as decided as it was unreasonable. The room was always chilly in easterly storms, but I could not afford a fire just for my

own comfort, and at this time in the evening North always liked to be alone while he took a nap, and Frances used to spend the same time in solitude. Knowing this, and old habit having established the custom firmly, I could not intrude on either, so the only two fires in the house were inaccessible to me for about two hours. The sky was gray and lowering, though the rain had not begun to fall, and the wind swept around the house with a mournful wail that died slowly away in the saddest of moanings. Ah, it was very weary, and I felt so alone in the world. I knew that I should miss Major Tillottson greatly, for he had been very kind to me, and now it was all over. Over, as friendship between a man and woman must be when the man marries, and the two are separated by distance. He had expressed regret at leaving me; but he was at the same time very happy in the near approach of his wedding-day,—for he was to be married in about three weeks,—and while his life was to be filled, mine seemed emptied. No, I could not help it, I had to have a cry. In the midst of it, Richard D'Arcy came in, and, coming up to where I sat, he put his arm around me as he had not dared to do for so long, and said:

"Linda, darling, what is the matter?"

"O Richard!" I said, "I am so unhappy."

"Poor baby," he said, stroking my hair soothingly, until the caressing motion and the feeling that some one did care for me, quieted my emotion; then sitting beside me on the sofa, he began telling me his plans. In the first place, he was going to Europe in December, and I was to go with him. He seemed to have no doubt about that: and when I said, sorrowfully,—for I loved Richard,—that I could not go, I could not leave Frances and North, he grew angry. Not at me, but at my brother and sister.

"Linda," he said, "there is no use in your killing yourself for them, and you shall not do it."

"Richard," I replied, "I must stay here and take care of them. You do not

know all, or you could not urge me to desert them."

"I know more than you think, Linda," he answered; "I know, too, that if they were as thoughtful for you as you are for them, they would accept Colonel Landers's offer for The Magnolias."

"Would he buy it?" I asked.

"Certainly," said he. "He has made two distinct offers for the place, but they will not give it up until they are forced to. Now Linda, it is injuring both to remain here, to live as they do; and if they would sell, they could live comfortably in the city. Doctor Weir says that North's lameness is greatly increased by the dampness of this house, and you know yourself that Frances grows always more of an invalid."

"Yes," I said, "I know, Richard; but I can not leave them."

"But," he urged, "if you marry me and go across the ocean, they will be obliged to sell to Colonel Landers, and both will be the better for it."

What could I say? It was all true, but if they were so attached to the old place that they felt they could not leave it, could I, for my own happiness, selfishly desert these two people who needed me so much?

Richard talked and entreated, and all I could say was that I would think about it. And I did think about it until I was almost wild; and I spoke to both Frances and North about selling The Magnolias, and knew that they set it all down to my want of feeling. I told them, too, what Richard desired, and both thought me heartless beyond expression to be willing to go so far away while they were in such delicate health. And I felt badly that they believed me so unfeeling. But I did not care that they thought me recreant to my principles, in being willing, after all, to marry Richard; as Major Tillottson had said one day about such marriages, "The war is over, and the breach should be closed; and only love can close it. Therefore I am always glad to see such a union of North and South." I only feared that I would never be able to

marry Richard. But as my efforts to arrange matters so that I could go away were useless, so were Richard's to induce me to secure my own ease and happiness at the expense of my nearest relatives. And it made it so much harder that I could not make Richard look at the subject as I did. He could not understand how, if I loved him, I could sacrifice him for those whom I pretended to love less strongly; he took it as a man generally does, where the woman he loves puts a question of right before him.

Ah me! How foolish we both were those Autumn days; I look back on them now, and wonder no more at Richard's sense of injury, his feeling that his love was not fully reciprocated, than at my own devotion to an idea, my determination to remain at home though my heart should break from loneliness.

And when December came, my lover left me. It seemed at first as if I could not bear it, for he was very cold and unforgiving to the last.

It was a dreary Winter for us all. The house at The Magnolias was very old, and had not been originally intended for a Winter residence, the great "Devereaux mansion" being the Charleston house that we lost when my father died; and in the South, even houses meant for the cool weather are not made to keep out the cold. Our home, therefore, was extremely airy in its prime, and now, in its old age, when there were so many crevices through which the rain leaked, and the eastern winds swept gustily, it needed, for comfort, to have a fire in every room and in the great hall. There were fire-places enough, for the builders of the house had considered a hall-fire requisite nearly all Summer, and morning and evening fires in the parlor and chambers were looked upon throughout the Autumn months as indispensable to health. I assure those who have not tried it, that damp evenings in the sunny South are as uncomfortably chilly as those in the North.

It was a very wet Winter, and every thing grew moldy from the long-continued

dampness. I think a more wretched creature than myself did not exist. The truth was, I needed warmth, for, besides our lack of fires, my clothing was not sufficient except at mid-day, and I tasted meat but once during the Winter. I used to dread taking North and Frances their wine my desire to drink it was so great. Then my evenings were something to be dreaded all day, and endured in passive horror when they arrived. My brother and sister retired at dark, and I tried it too for a while, but found the wakeful nights rather worse than the desolate evenings. I would have sat in the out-kitchen with Lucy and Cicero, or had Gyp for company in the parlor, but the two former went to bed as early as Frances and North, and the latter was working for a neighbor of evenings. I can hardly realize now, that the little creature, in a shabby dark blue dress, who crouched over the feeble fire in the great parlor, could have been Linda Devereaux. I could not read for fear of—ghosts, I guess—I do n't know what it was that I did fear, but I used to sit embroidering by the dim light of one candle, listening to the shrieking of the wind in the great trees, or to the innumerable sounds that can be heard when a house is quiet, with eyes wide open in a terror that vanquished even my heart-ache. Then, when it grew late and I must go to my room, I used to fly through the parlor into the hall and up the stairs with a rapidity only possible to one

"Who thinks some horrid shape
Doth close behind him tread."

When the dreadful time was over, I could persuade myself that it had not been a dream only when I looked at the bands of silver in my auburn hair, that twenty-two years of life should hardly have sufficed to render so frosty.

Early in February, North grew alarmingly worse, and Doctor Weir said that it was owing to the dampness. My evenings in the parlor were at an end; but, alas, I had very little time for my embroidery, and our expenses were greatly increased. At last, in March, when our beautiful Southern Spring had

opened, the doctor told me that my brother could not recover. Then I went to Frances and begged her to consent to the sale of the place, for Colonel Landers still wanted it; but she was inflexible on that point, and so on the very day when North died, the mortgage was foreclosed.

We had permission to remain in the house for two months; and, indeed, beyond that time, I had no idea of what I should do, or where I should go.

The evening after the funeral,—it was the last of March,—I sat alone, as always, in the parlor. It was a mild, Spring evening, the earth seemed to rejoice in its new birth, the fragrance of the flowers perfumed the air, but I felt around me the awful stillness that falls on a house from which the dead has just been taken.

Up in her chamber Frances was busy packing. She was going the next day to some friends in the city, the sisters of her dead lover; no one seemed to care to take me away from this house so haunted with sad memories. Gyp coming into the room, handed me a note from Mrs. D'Arcy. It was short, explaining that she was quite ill, and saying that she would send in the morning for my baggage, and would expect me to remain with her until I could make pleasanter arrangements. I cried a little over her great kindness, for she had been one of those

who seriously disapproved of my sympathy with the North, and for a long time had neither invited me to her house, nor asked to see me when she came to ours; and it would have been so natural for her to blame me for my treatment of Richard. Then, as the twilight deepened, I walked up and down the room, and wondered, oh so drearily, how many years I must live and bear my lonely, loveless existence. I heard a step in the hall, but thought Gyp was attending some of Frances's orders, and in another moment, two hands were laid on my shoulders, and Richard's voice was in my ear. Then all grew dark around me, and when I was once again conscious of life, I was in a room over at Mrs. D'Arcy's, and all was peaceful and comfortable, only I was so very weak.

I was all the Summer regaining my strength, but they were so kind, and life looked so different with Richard near, and the old struggles at an end, that I grew bright and happy again.

In the Autumn we were married and went to Europe, where we remained for two years; and now from my home in the old D'Arcy mansion, I write this story of less than a year of a life that, filled as it was with suffering and anxiety, was only *one* of a great number whose homes the war had desolated.

ALICE WAYNE.

DYING SUMMER.

ON tawny hills in faded splendor drest,
Of rusty purple and of tarnished gold,
Now like some Eastern monarch sad and
old
The discrowned Summer lieth down to rest!
A mournful mist hangs o'er the mellow plain,
O'er watery meads that slide down pine-
clad heights,
And wine-red woods where song no more
delights;

But only wounded birds cry out in pain.
A pallid glory lingers in the sky,
Faint scents of wilding flowers float in the
air,
All nature's voices murmur in despair—
"Was Summer crowned so late,—so soon to
die?"
But with a royal smile, she whispers,
"Cease;
If life is joy and triumph, death is peace!"

PERSIA IN 1876.

"**H**ERE we have every thing as from nature," said the eldest son of the Shah to the present writer, early in the current year. We were in Ispahan, the chief commercial city of Persia, of which the prince is governor, and his remark was *à propos* of the absence of railways and other modes of internal communication which are common in civilized States. Nature has not richly endowed Persia with navigable rivers, and man has not made canals or roads. The prince's father is called "Zil-ullah" (Shadow of God), and he "Zil-i-Sultán" (Shadow of the King), so that the Prince-governor of Ispahan is the Shadow of the Shade of God, as Persian titles go. And how do the princes of Persia act up to this high calling?

The Shah himself is not unpopular, and is believed to have at heart the welfare of his subjects. His Majesty recently issued an order that a "Box of Justice" should be fixed in a prominent place in all the large towns, for the reception of petitions, which were to be forwarded direct to himself; but the oppressors found means to thwart this innocent plan, by setting a watch over the boxes, and over those who wished to send petitions. Thrice the amount of the English Premier's salary, or twice that of the President of the United States, does not satisfy men of the first official rank in Persia. And while the commander-in-chief and all the high functionaries of State plunge their greedy hands thus deep into the miserable revenue, forced,—often at the bayonet's point,—from the poorest of peasants, the soldiery are not seldom marauders, with the excuse that they can not obtain their pay from the Government.

From the officers and the middle class of State officials, a somewhat intricate method of plunder is adopted. Their pay, although appropriated from the revenue, is withheld, and, after repeated applications, they are told that the minister will

advance the sum with a deduction to cover his personal risk. The offer is generally accepted, and the gains of the higher functionaries from this line of conduct are said to be not inconsiderable.

It is unquestionable that the Persian people believe their rulers to be capable of any crimes, and especially of any sort of venality in the misappropriation of public money. The prince to whom we have referred, though eldest son of the Shah, is not the crown prince. The mother of the governor of Ispahan was not a princess, and for this reason he has been passed over; and the son of his majesty's second wife, the young governor of Tabriz, enjoys that position. One morning, on parade, it was the talk of all the soldiery that the crown prince had caused his wife to be strangled in his presence. The report was untrue; it had origin in the fact that the prince's aunt had lately sent a second wife to her illustrious nephew in Tabriz, and the anger and grief of the first wife on seeing the new arrival had been magnified into her death. When the Prime Minister returned with his Sovereign from England, he was so unpopular that the Shah only saved his clever servant by depriving Houssein Khan of the title of Sadr Azem. His execution by the bowstring was talked of.

Justice is certainly an accident in Persia. The perpetrator of foul and malicious murder may have his sentence remitted if he can obtain sufficient "blood money" to overcome the desire of the victim's friends for his execution. The creditors of the peasants and of the small traders, are generally soldiers, for these only feel sure of the requisite power to recover their loans. The defaulter well knows that if he does not repay the soldier, his house, or his store in the bazaar, will be plundered of all that is worth taking by a gang of military money-lenders. In one part of our long ride from the Caspian

Sea to the Persian Gulf, we were attended by an officer of the road-guard and some half-dozen of his men. For days these people accompanied our caravan, by order of the governor of the province we were traversing. We observed that whenever they approached a flock of goats or sheep, the officer, with one or two men, rode toward the herd, and, that soon afterward, one of the flock was following at our heels. The officer sold animals thus obtained in every town we passed, and pocketed the proceeds of the transaction, which we have no doubt was highway robbery. In answer to our demand for an explanation of his conduct, which we threatened to report to the governor, he replied that he had lent the herdsmen money, and was only taking security for repayment. But this cloak for his probably criminal conduct was seemingly transparent to his giggling followers, who perhaps had received some small share in the gains of these robberies by men whose immediate duty was to protect us and our baggage from robbers.

We had letters to the governor of Koom, both from the British Embassy and from the Shah's Prime Minister. He enjoys princely rank, he is the husband of the Shah's daughter, and the possessor of a magnificent income,—all in consequence of his Majesty's contrition for decreeing the execution of his father, the great Amir-el-Nizám, whose memory is cherished as that of a most able, just, and patriotic minister. The governor, who bears the imposing title of Itizad-ul-Dowleh (Grandeur of the State), his wife having in like manner received from her imperial father the appellation of "Glory of the State," kindly sent ten ferashes, or servants, to conduct us through the town, and to show us the sights of Koom. He intimated that we might look upon the shrine of Fatima, sister of the Imam Reza, which is the holiest of holies in this sacred city. We visited the Mesjid-i-Juma, the oldest mosque in Koom, and the tomb of Feth-Ali Shah; but when we approached the Mosque of Fatima, whose richly gilded cupola shines afar, there

stood in the entrance a group of moollahs and dervishes, who declared we should not enter, and threatened to call the fanatical populace to support them if the governor's servants attempted, as they seemed disposed, to force a passage. In sight of such opposition, we at once ordered them to retire, and every-where we found the same insuperable objection to any entry of the mosques used for public worship, although in India, in Turkey, and in Egypt nothing is more easy, upon payment of backshish and on condition of observing the cleanly habit of changing shoes at the door.

Whether the people are responsible for their government, or whether the matter is contrariwise, we will not now attempt to determine. But when the ways of justice are not blind, are rather dark, and are trodden in secrecy by irresponsible and unreported officers, or by turbaned priests; when, on the part of those who rule there is an example of covetousness, corruption, and unbridled violence; when all are liable, upon slender evidence, to cruel punishments, or even a terrible death, is it wonderful that the people occasionally reflect the vices of their government? Nor, with rare exceptions, do the few Europeans in Persia offer them a much better example. They are friendly toward each other, and to travelers most hospitable and attentive, but they often lapse into Persian modes of dealing with their servants, and nothing is more common than to hear a European resident declare that no one can get on in Persia without "the sticks." For ourselves, we feel bound to say that, in riding through Persia in the line of its greatest length, with the disadvantage of ignorance of the language and with native servants who could speak no tongue but Persian, men who well knew that we should not beat them, we had never to complain of misconduct or disobedience.

We have made these preliminary remarks upon the government of the country, because the system of misrule which the Shah and his Minister, however willing, appear incompetent to

reform, explains so much of what is seen in Persia apart from the natural features of the country and the incidence of external politics. There is no security for life or property. The annals of the present and of the past dynasty are full of warning for a well-disposed ruler who attempts the path of radical reform.

The system of taxation is one of the the most onerous that can be imagined, and its burden is placed with blighting incidence wholly upon the producing classes. For each plowing-bullock, the poor peasant pays nearly the value of the animal yearly. He contributes of his produce, he pays for every date-tree, he is subject to a poll-tax; now and then he is called upon to protect his village against an attack by robbers, and in case of defeat, must submit to be spoiled of any portable property he possesses. If there is a highway robbery within the boundaries of his village, he must pay his share of the losses incurred, which it is not at all certain will ever reach the empty pocket of the plundered man. He can never calculate the amount of his taxation, for while the governor of this year may be lenient, his successor next year will be rapacious. As a rule, the governors purchase their office, and sometimes, over and above the sum which they are obliged to return as revenue, make annual presents to the Shah. To repay themselves for this outlay, they ravage the district with taxation; and a governor is successful or not from his own point of view, in reference to the sum in excess of the assessed amount which he or his vizier (for the greater governors rarely do this work themselves), can force from the peasants and from the traders in the bazaars of the towns. The crown of a most iniquitous system is the exemption of the moollahs, and, in fact, of all who are not engaged in trade, commerce, or agriculture.

One can not ride twenty miles in any part of Persia, other than upon the Salt Desert or the mountain-tops, without seeing ruined villages and broken water-courses, bounded by fields which have

relapsed to infertility; nor can one often travel the same distance without observing many traces of neglected subterranean wealth. Silver, copper, coal, and probably precious stones, are lying hidden in the hills, while in more than one of the plains there are springs of petroleum. Baron Reuter and his friends think, or thought, that Persia was ready for railways. But who will invest money in mining, in the exploitation of petroleum, or in railways, under such a system of government as that which holds sway in Persia? Who that knows Persia would not fear lest even the smallest success, following upon a large and irremovable investment, would be immediately followed by some quibble as to the validity of the concession, some demand for an ever-increasing share of the profits?

The first requirement of Persia is a strong and equitable government. In this respect there is a notable difference between the Russian provinces on the Caspian, which were formerly Persian, and the dominions of the Shah. Within fifty miles of Bushire the ground is saturated with petroleum, and streams run foul and oily with the same natural wealth, yet no man regards it. Englishmen have made negotiations, but have retired terrified by the rapacious demands for *pish-kish* advanced by governors and government. It is quite otherwise in the Russian provinces upon the Caspian. There, at Baku, an immense and increasing industry has arisen, and all day long carts loaded with barrels of petroleum rumble towards the port. The engines of every steamship upon the Caspian are driven by the fire of the dregs of petroleum, at a cost greatly less than that of coal. The furnaces of the vessels which conveyed us from north to south of that sea had each a tap so arranged as to pour out a small stream of muddy oil, and this, on being lighted, was distributed in glaring fire over all the furnace by a jet of steam which operated just beneath the mouth of the tap. The captain of one vessel stated that whereas the cost of coal had been eighteen roubles per hour,

petroleum cost only one and a half roubles for an equal time.

Russian influence is predominant at Teheran, probably because of the irremovable fear that, upon the slightest provocation, Russia would possess herself of these provinces, which, against the naval as well as military force that she could bring to bear, are practically defenseless. The provinces of Azerbaijan, Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad, will probably become Russian if ever there is a partition of Persia. And if Russian ambition does not extend to the Persian capital, their conquest would be the more easy, because upon the southern confines of these rich provinces the Elburz Mountains run from east to west, in which the lowest pass is not less than six thousand feet above the level of the Caspian. That which is most extraordinary in the formation of Persia, and which accounts for its extremes of climate, is this elevation, which is about the same in the south as in the north. The low land upon the Caspian is far more extensive and productive than that upon the Persian Gulf; but within a hundred miles from the northern water, and sixty miles from the southern water, the caravan tracks (for there are no roads) rise by very rugged paths to a height which, for the intervening eight hundred miles, is never less than two thousand nine hundred feet, and of which the average level exceeds five thousand feet, some of the mountains rising to nearly twenty thousand feet. While Resht is not one hundred feet above the sea level, Teheran is four thousand two hundred feet, Ispahan four thousand seven hundred feet, and Shiraz four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. During our journey from the first to the last of these three chief towns of Persia, we were obliged to cross three chains of mountains at heights varying from seven thousand to nearly nine thousand feet.

Persia has been described, and is often spoken of, as a desert varied with oases. Yet this is but partially true; for an oasis, such as those in the African

Sahara, is formed by the natural outflow of water, whereas the green lands of Persia are for the most part the result of artificial irrigation, which, if there were sufficient water—if the Winter flow were preserved for use in Spring and Summer—might be extended to much of the adjacent land with equally remunerative results. Persia is rather a country of plains divided by mountains, the uneven outlines of which are always upon the horizon, and it is unquestionable that, if there were proper works and the utmost conservation of water in the mountains, a vastly increased area might be profitably cultivated. Persia would then lose the character of desert, which, however, is truly applied to much of the land in the center and north-east, where the plains are covered with salts, of which the surrounding mountains are in large part composed.

There is very little intercourse between the chief towns of Persia. Those doorless hovels of mud-brick, covered with a rude cement of mud and straw, which are placed at distances of twenty to thirty miles apart on the road from Resht through Teheran and Ispahan to Shiraz, have but one room, the *balakoneh*, elevated above the noisome yard in which horses and mules are inclosed for the night. In a ride of about fifty days through Persia we never found, on arriving at a station, this one room already occupied, which is perhaps the strongest evidence that could be afforded of the scarcity of native or foreign travelers.

As to the population of the towns and of the country generally, there exist no trustworthy figures. The population of Teheran is stated to be eighty-five thousand; but after passing five weeks in the city, and making acquaintance with nearly every part of it, we are not inclined to believe that much more than half that number of people are ever at any one time to be found in the capital. We have never traveled in a country so thinly populated, and in this respect the contrast with India is very striking. Even on the most frequented track in Persia,

the mule-path from Teheran to Ispahan, we have ridden eight-and-twenty miles in daylight without seeing a human habitation, or, except the foot-marks upon the road, a trace of man.

One is astonished at the climate and greatly disappointed with the architecture of Persia. From the 3d of December, when we were approaching Ispahan, to the 5th of February, when, at a distance of five stages from Shiraz, we suddenly descended five thousand feet on to the plain of Kazeroon, we traveled over snow more or less deep, and every night during those two months the mercury in our thermometer was below zero. One does not look for frost-bite in Ispahan, the city of melons, or to find, for long weeks together, frozen snow in all the narrow ways of Shiraz, the place where the warm lays of Hafiz were composed, in latitude more than twenty degrees south of London. One is surprised to see English attachés skating in Teheran, and a European cutting figures of eight upon frozen pools in the Ispahan River. Yet all these things may be witnessed during a Winter less severe than that of 1875-76. But even the intense cold of the January nights, and the miserable shelter afforded in the *chupparkonehs*, involve far less inconvenience than the same journey in the blazing heat of Summer, when traveling through the day is impossible. We suffered more under the sultry sun of October, between Resht and Teheran, than in the frosts of January and February. In the Summer months caravans always start about midnight, and get to the end of their day's journey soon after sunrise. In the Winter months we never started before sunrise, or rode after sunset.

There is not a mosque or a modern edifice in Persia which possesses any considerable architectural beauty, and there is not a public building which is not in some part, or in many parts, in a state of ruin. Not one of the numerous palaces of the Shah which we visited, not one of the large number of mosques we passed in our wanderings, not a

palace of any one of the prince-governors in the provinces, can we refer to as an exception. We were honored by an invitation to occupy the Karaj palace of the Shah, near Teheran. There was no article of furniture in it but a carpet in the central hall, the colored glass windows of which were sadly broken, and the court-yard cumbered with ruins of the roof. The bedroom we occupied had a floor of bad concrete, the dust from which rose in clouds as we crossed the room; there was no appliance whatever for fastening the doors, and the windows were heavily framed slides of wood, which made utter darkness and shut out all ventilation when they were closed. Upon arrival at the palace of the Shah's brother-in-law, in Shiraz, we noticed that the frames of the windows over the entrance were hanging out in utter ruin; the pillars of the gateway and many of the coping-stones lay broken on the ground, and had lain there during the reigns of many of his predecessors in the government of that unruly province. Yet there is not a more accomplished man in Persia than the "Firman Firma," as the Shah has styled Yahia Khan. We can only suppose that he lives, as every one else seems to live in Persia, without any concern for the exterior of his house, and that he looks upon public buildings, as every one else appears to regard them, with a single eye to whether the walls, or sufficient of them, will stand to outlast his tenure.

In the Shah's Palace of Teheran the grandest and most notable apartments are that in which he receives, on the occasion of a *salaam* or *levee*, the diplomatic body and other persons of distinction, and the throne-room, in which he sits, upon rare occasions, in motionless majesty, exposed to the homage of the people. The former is between two court-yards of the palace—open spaces, which are made pleasant with tall plane-trees, and rectangular walks somewhat roughly paved with marble. In a marble court, through the center of each of these plantations, there rills a stream of very pure

water. The course runs beneath the reception-hall, which is open to the weather on both sides, the roof being there supported by four twisted columns, gilded from capital to pedestal. One mounts to the imperial presence by six painfully high steps, and then enters the hall by an open doorway, close to the west end, and just beneath a very large picture, which, somewhere about the center, contains a full-length portrait of the Emperor of Austria. Beneath this hang a landscape and a sea-piece, evidently purchased from some French gallery; the small tin plate bearing the exhibition number of each still remains in the corner. It is at the opposite end of the room that the "Shadow of God" sits on his heels, or stands to receive the envoys of Europe. There, in the center, may be seen one of the characteristic feats—probably the greatest art-work—of His Majesty's long reign. It is a two-feet globe, covered with jewels from the north pole to the extremities of the tripod in which the gemmed sphere is placed. The story goes that His Majesty bought—more probably accepted, at all events was in possession of—a heap of jewels, for which he could find no immediate purpose. Nothing could add to the luster of his crown of diamonds, which is surmounted by the largest ruby we have ever seen, including those of Her Majesty and the Emperors of Germany and Russia. He had the "Sea of Light," a diamond in size but little inferior to the British "Mountain of Light." He had coats embroidered with diamonds, with emeralds, with rubies, with pearls, and with garnets; he had jeweled swords and daggers without number—so, possibly because he had his royal mind turned toward travel, he ordered this globe to be constructed, covered with gems, the over-spreading seas to be of emeralds, and the kingdoms of the world distinguished by jewels of different colors. The Englishman notes with pride that England flashes in diamonds; and a Frenchman may share the feeling, for France glitters illustrious as the British

Isles, being set out with the same imperial gems. The dominion of the Shah's great neighbor, the brand-new Empress of India, is marked with amethysts, while Africa blazes against the literally emerald sea, a whole continent of rubies. Near the globe, side by side with a French couch, worth perhaps a hundred francs, stands the Shah's throne, which of course is arranged for sitting after the manner of the country. It occupies a space almost as large as Mr. Spurgeon's or Mr. Ward Beecher's pulpit; for the occupants of this throne have occasionally had a *kaleen* or *hookah* of wonderful dimensions with them upon the splendid carpet, which is fringed with tens of thousands of pearls. The bolster, upon which the Shah rests his back or arm, is embroidered with pearls. Behind his head is a "sun," all glittering with jewels, supported at the two corners by birds in plumage of the same most costly material. On the other side of the room, grimy with dust, and horribly incongruous, there is a table, the top inlaid with the beautiful work of Florence, and a model of the Arch of Titus, both gifts from His Holiness the infallible Pope. Near these presents, in a recess, and in a very common wooden frame, is a portrait of Havelock, and, not far off, a time-piece with "running water" and a nodding peacock, a gift from the East India Company. The only means of preventing rain or snow from entering this and the other halls of His Majesty's palace is the hanging of large cotton sheets, covering the sides which are open to the weather.

The other and more public hall is much older, and in its arrangements wholly Persian. The floor is raised about three feet from the pavement of a large oblong court-yard, up the broad paths of which the sons of Iran throng to make salaam before their monarch, who sits upon a high throne built of the alabaster-like greenish marble of Yezd, the wide floor on which the Shah sits being supported upon animals having the same queer resemblance to lions which

is noticed in the supporters of the great fountain of the Alhambra. The ceiling of the old reception-hall in the Shah's palace is fashioned like the ceilings in the ruins of the famous Oriental palace in Spain, and then covered with pieces of looking-glass, which, if the work were well done and the glass were cleaned, would have a very glittering effect. In face of the Shah's throne, at the extreme end of the court-yard, is a rude mosaic, showing, upon the distant wall, how Rustem, the "Arthur," the legendary hero of Persia, destroyed the White Devil.

That which is truly interesting in Persia is the extended scenery and the out-door life—for no European sees much of the in-door existence—of the people. Persia is the land of magnificent distances. In Summer, the mountains, always in sight, and in many places strongly colored with the metallic ores which they contain, glow into wondrous beauty in the rose-light of the morning sun, and harden into masses of deep purple and black when the clear and pleasant starlight is substituted for that of the blazing sun of Persia. In another season we have seen the plains resembling an Arctic sea, when their apparently perfect level was covered with a dazzling expanse of untrodden snow, and again when the white hills loomed through the blinding storm like the icebergs of polar regions. Wherever the people are seen, their presence adds to the charm of the landscape. The men are handsome and picturesque in their costumes of blue or white cotton, with here and there one in red or yellow. They wear skull-caps of felt, turbaned with cotton or silk of every color. The food of the lower classes is generally composed of bread—thin, flabby cakes baked on the outside of a conical chimney, which they occasionally soak in a warm mess of sour milk—grapes, melons, and pomegranates, which are produced in nearly all the provinces of Persia in great abundance. In the towns, the traveler recognizes in the people the characters of the tales in the "Arabian Nights." There is the handsome, stal-

wart porter, with panting breast exposed, and darkly sunburned skin, scratching his shaved head, ready for any new summons, including that of the mysterious lady, the mistress of the equally mysterious house, wherein he may be murdered or enriched, killed and buried like a dog, or clad in splendid robes, as is the good pleasure of the genii. There is the merchant from Bagdad, wearing the respectable marks of a pilgrim, and saluted in virtue of his journey to Mecca by all men as "Hadji;" his green or white turban is spotless and ample; from his shoulders hangs a cloak of fine cloth, gold-braided, and his tunic of purple or green is bound with a costly sash, in which probably the case containing his materials for writing is thrust like a dagger. Every-where is seen the priest or moollah, riding, with nothing of meekness in his face, a white donkey, his dress proclaiming him to be a member of the caste which is strongest in Persia. There are no old men; for those whose beards are white with age have been transformed into unnatural youth by dyeing the hair deep red with henna. Their hands and feet are colored with the same preparation, and they sit smoking a *kaleon*, or reading the Koran, upon the front planks of their stall in the cool bazaar, without any more apparent interest in their business than if it were a mere cloak for the supernatural concerns of their active life.

Even without aid from the genii, there are always present in Persia two mysteries, which no doubt will serve to transmit, so long as they exist, the ideas of the "Arabian Nights." These are the veiled lady and the walled-up house into which no outside eye can penetrate. No *giaour* can see even the eyes of a Persian woman of the middle and superior classes. She moves through the streets or bazaars on her white donkey or on foot, in perfect disguise. Even her husband would not know her. She is covered from head to foot in the loose *chudder* of indigo, or black-dyed cotton; over her face a long white veil is tied across the *chudder*,

where that envelope covers all but the visage. The legs are hidden in loose trousers of cotton of the same color, which are not worn in the house. The only opening in the face-veil is a small bar of embroidered work before the eyes, which enables her to see her path and the quality of the goods she is buying in the bazaar. But in all her out-door life she is a moving mystery. She may be young or old, white or black, fair or ugly, on a mission of sin or upon an errand of charity; no one knows who she is as she shuffles along upon shoes which are difficult to keep on her feet, as the upper leather ends far before the heel. She raises, at some mud-walled house, an iron knocker upon a door like that of a fortification, is admitted, the door is closed, and what goes on within that house, what is the fate of the women, the children, and the slaves, no one can know; there is no window from which they can communicate with the outer world; it is a despotism within a despotism. Each of these walled houses is the seat of a despotic sovereignty established and confirmed by the greatest power in Persia—that of the Koran.

The religion of the Persians—of the Shiah sect of Mohammedans—gives no supernatural attributes to the Shah. He is the "Shadow of God" (*Zil-ullah*), not infallible in his government, but because he is charged with the duty of ruling in strict accordance with the scriptures of Mohammed. To their faithfulness in regard to this false standard of life, to the abuses and excesses of the purely personal and irresponsible government to which their lives and honor and property are always exposed, we must ascribe the miserable condition of the Persian people. While other nations of the world are progressing, Persia is declining, because ignorance and sensuality, and the rapacious habits of despotism, are there established by the priesthood and confirmed by the Government in every province; and the mosque school, which has no higher standard than writing and the ability to read half-a-dozen verses

from the Koran, is for the people the highest mark of education.

Of modern literature we have found nothing worthy of remark. There is one periodical publication, the *Gazette* of Teheran, to which all officials and aspirants to office are constrained to subscribe, and which we believe is seen by nobody else. The glowing writings of Hafiz, and the sententious pages of Sadi, both of Shiraz, are the much-read classics of Persia. We visited the tombs of these celebrated poets in gardens near Shiraz. Hafiz died in 1338, but it was long after his death that the splendid block of marble which now covers his remains was placed in its present position. On the surface are carved, in the beautiful letters of the Persian alphabet, two of the poet's odes. The wisdom of the Sheik Sadi of Shiraz, who was born about 1194 A. D., is the pride of all Persians who can read his works, of which the chief are the "Bustan" and the "Gulistan." In the early pages of the latter work we find this truly Persian estimate of the kingly office: "A king is the Shadow of God, and a shadow should be the likeness of its principal; the disposition of the subject is not capable of good unless it be restrained by the sword of the sovereign; any good behavior that is observed in this world springs from the justice of princes, and that monarch's will can never be just whose judgment is based in wickedness."

The works of these writers will not pass away; they are safely enshrined in letters which are frequently reprinted. We should be glad if we had the same confidence that the remains of the tombs and halls and palaces of Cyrus, of Darius, and of Xerxes, which adorn the road from Ispahan to Shiraz, were equally assured against injury and neglect. The inscription near the reputed tomb of Cyrus, "I am Cyrus the King, the Achæmenian," and the sharp, clear writings upon several pedestals among the splendid ruins of Persepolis, on which those who can may read in three languages, "Darius the Great King, it is

he who executed this work;" and in another part, "Xerxes the Great King, son of Darius the Achæmenian;" these and similar evidence give immense interest to ruins which no one seems to examine or to protect. The soil of the rock which rises behind Persepolis has been washed for ages upon the ruins, upon exquisitely chiseled stones, which, after a life of nearly two thousand four hundred years, are in their bas-reliefs clear as the work of the present century. What treasures of history may not lie concealed beneath those mounds of earth which, in these ancient halls, rise high enough to conceal one-half the figure of a king, and to cut off from the traveler's sight the legs of many a winged bull! The finest staircase in the world, the most nobly planned and executed, is

that leading from the plain through which flows the classic Araxes, or the Bendemeer of "Lalla Rookh," to the platform of Persepolis. We have no space to do justice to these ruins, of which Persians are so careless. In the pedigree of architecture they are clearly next in descent to the buildings of Nineveh, which in many points they resemble. They form a most important and interesting part of the tangible evidence which gives to Asia as well as to Egypt and to Greece their respective shares in the perfection of classic architecture. But it would be rash to hope that under a Mohammedan government they will ever be as carefully protected as are the remains of those buildings which were erected about the same time upon the Acropolis of Athens. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

HEARTH-SIDE IDEALS OF MERCANTILE MEN.

NOWHERE are the effects of the present wide-spread financial prostration more severely felt than in the households of those unfortunate merchants and traders whose fortunes have been swallowed within the iron jaws of that insatiate monster we term bankruptcy. No one, not an actual sufferer, can imagine, much less describe, the bitter mortification, humiliation, and disappointment incident to a swift descent from the mansion of a successful man of business to the tenement of a discouraged bankrupt. Nor does the suffering terminate with the family of the chief unfortunate. It places its torturing hand upon his dependents. His retinue of clerks, artisans, and laborers, unfitted by long habit for other callings, or unable, owing to the universal dullness of business, to find similar employment, are brought face to face with the terrible problem, how to obtain bread for needy and helpless families. Hence, he who

would fairly comprehend the troubles of the times must extend his vision beyond the seedy-coated bankrupts, who move with heavy steps among their former peers on 'Change, seeking situations, and he must take in, as far as he can, the unseen sorrows and anxieties of countless households.

Seeing, then, that the misfortunes of the merchant are vials of misery poured out on the hearthstone, it is surely fitting that the mothers, sons, and daughters, whose happiness, if not destroyed, is fearfully diminished by the father's overthrow, should give attention to the causes which contributed to the family catastrophe. They should diligently search for the lessons it teaches. They should inquire for those principles and ideals by following which the sons and daughters may hereafter avoid cultivating the sour grapes which have set their teeth on edge. Nor is this the duty of the unfortunate only. The prosperous should

pursue the same study, inasmuch as there is not a household in the land absolutely sure of escaping financial calamity. All parties should consider that public afflictions strike their heaviest blows at the fireside, and that most of the principles which corrupt society are tolerated in the theories of the household before they enter into the business life of the country. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to society that sound business maxims, lofty mercantile ideals, and elevated conceptions of social obligations be set forth at every fireside in the land.

Wealth is worshiped by millions. Multitudes offer health, time, and duty at its shrine. To this idolatry we owe the spirit of speculation which has infected the business world with a subtle malaria that acts as a poison on men's moral and religious natures, stimulating selfishness to such an abnormal growth that they can take demoniac delight in gains secured by the ruin of others. To this spirit multitudes can trace failures which would not have overwhelmed them if they had adhered to legitimate business transactions. Our speculators seek gain by digging pits for entrapping unwary feet. What wonder is it that in the end most of them are caught in the snares they laid for others? There is poetic justice in their fate. Does not eternal justice and social law also ordain their destruction?

This mammon worship must be overthrown, or it will overthrow society. It is so thoroughly selfish that it is destructive of the common welfare. The financial magnate on to-day's Exchange is but a reproduction of the fighting baron of the Middle Ages, who estimated his rights by the sharpness of his sword and the number of his retainers. His calling requires less physical courage than that of his burly prototype, and is less obviously bad, but is it not more widely ruinous in its results? The baron of the olden time raided the country near his castle. His victims were counted by hundreds; but when the modern speculator sweeps the capital of a railway into his coffers, thousands of widows, orphans, and old

men groan over the wreck of their ruined fortunes. We repeat it: the worship which begets and tolerates this pitilessly cruel spirit must be overthrown. But how?

The pulpit must thunder, the press must flash its lightning on the gigantic evil; but behind both the still small voice of the mother, and the sterner tongue of the father, must teach the merchants of the coming generation the wickedness, the unprofitableness, of mammon worship. The true ends and right uses of wealth must be taught, sound business maxims inculcated, and correct ideals of the merchant prince be imprinted on the youthful imagination. Holy Scripture contains the principles on which a noble mercantile character must be built. The biographies of our older merchant princes furnish examples of grand men, who accumulated wealth on Christian principles, with such regard to the rights of others that they could say, at the close of their honorable careers, as Jonathan Goodhue, a distinguished New York merchant, wrote just before his death: "I am not conscious that I have ever brought evil on a single human being."

The study of such really great lives would correct many of the false notions respecting wealth and its uses which have taken possession of the thoughts of men, especially during the last ten years. Few men are such arrant fools as to seek riches for the sole purpose of being accounted rich,—though, perhaps, there may be even some such. But too many desire wealth as the stepping-stone to social position, political distinction, or, as in the case of Stephen Girard, to perpetual fame. The best of our old merchants were influenced by better ideas. It was a maxim with Peter Chardon Brooks, a celebrated Boston merchant, "that the whole value of wealth consisted in the personal independence which it secured;" and by his moderation in its pursuit he demonstrated that he only valued property "because it gives independence." It made him master of his time, freed his

mind from the carking anxieties of the poor, and left him at liberty to fill up his years with beneficent deeds and congenial pursuits.

This sensible and sound view of the true value of property to its owner naturally begets that moderation in its pursuit which characterized Mr. Brooks. It limits the amount sought to a sum sufficient to secure the valued boon of independence. That end secured, what motive remains in such a man to continue the perilous and toilsome processes of accumulation? Is it not a fact that he who pursues the task of indefinite acquisition so burdens himself with the cares incident to the possession of great wealth that he fails to get from his hoards that personal independence which Mr. Brooks esteemed to be the "whole value of wealth?" The grasping millionaire is as really chained to his counting-room by his golden cares as is his porter to his post by his daily need of bread.

Mr. Brooks found, and long enjoyed, the independence he sought for in the wealth he gained. His maxim had another value also. It kept him from being a speculator. He abstained "from the licensed gambling of the Stock Exchange," that he might not be harassed by putting at risk the property which he valued because it was to him personal independence. "At the most active period of life he never stepped beyond the line of a legitimate business. He often, with playful humility, said that he preferred to keep in shoal water, not because the water was shallow, but because he knew exactly how deep it was." "Acting on this principle, he was content with moderate returns, and avoided investments attended with risk and uncertainty." He would never take, directly or indirectly, more than legal interest, because he believed it to be, in the long run, as much as money is worth; that to demand more was for the capitalist to claim the benefit of the borrower's skill in some particular business, or of his courage and energy, or else it was to take advantage of his neighbor's need.

"He would never," he said, "put it in the power of any one, in a reverse of fortune, to ascribe his ruin to the payment of usurious interest to him."

Noble man! Let parents hold up his principles and practice to the admiration of their children. Let them enforce his example by the fact that he and many other great merchants of past times, who adopted the same rules, retained their well-gotten wealth to the end of their lives. In melancholy contrast, let them point to the hecatombs of modern bankrupts ruined by speculations, whose haggard faces confront us in every business circle.

Nor was Mr. Brooks alone among our old merchants in his abhorrence of speculative transactions. He was the type of a large class. It is said of the princely Amos Lawrence, of Boston, that "he was no speculator. He knew that while immense sums were made occasionally through hazardous speculations, in which the players staked every thing against the chance of success,—present means, the money of friends, character, comfort, and the risk of losing even the privilege to hope, if they should lose,—the instances of such success were not more numerous than those of men making money by the purchase of lottery-tickets. He had a just idea of mercantile honor; and the first condition of speculation is that it shall place that honor in imminent peril. The fair profits of legitimate commerce—the results of sagacity, intelligence, and the skillful use of capital in ministering to the necessities, tastes, and reasonable wants of civilized men—these were all that he desired; and these he won, making of them such use as never would have been thought of by a man whose nature had been corrupted and heart hardened by gigantic gambling transactions."

Abbott Lawrence, brother to Amos, also held these sound principles, and built his ample fortune upon them. So did Perkins, Goodhue, Nicholas Brown, Appleton, Laurens, and a host of other greatly successful merchants, whose

names reflect luster on the cities of their residence, and who went to their graves crowned with public esteem.

Those old merchants scorned what are termed the tricks of trade. They held, as Abbott Lawrence almost paradoxically expressed it, that "commerce is not a mercenary but an honorable calling." Like him, they "built upon the adamantine basis of probity, beyond reproach, beyond suspicion." Their practice proved their theory, "that the morals of trade are of the strictest and purest character," that "mercantile honor is as delicate and fragile as that of a woman. It will not bear the slightest stain." No higher eulogy could be pronounced on any man than was spoken of one of those grand men—James Perkins, whose transactions belted the globe—that "not a shadow of suspicion, nor of any thing derogatory to the highest and purest sense of honor and conscience, ever attached to his conduct."

Nor did those noble merchants fail to comprehend the true use of money. While they spent portions of their fortunes in building comfortable and elegant mansions for themselves and families, and in maintaining a becomingly dignified, but not ostentatious and epicurean, style of living, they understood, with Peter C. Brooks, that "of all the ways of disposing of money, giving it away was the most satisfactory." Many of them were men of princely benevolence. The Boston Athenæum, Cambridge University, the Perkins institution for the blind, the insane asylum at Providence, R. I., most of our colleges, many infirmaries and hospitals, and countless churches, owe their existence or prosperity to the munificence of Christian merchants. Indeed, the evidences of their

nobleness and liberality meet the eye almost every-where.

It is to the lives of such truly great merchants, not to the financial magnates of modern Stock, Wheat, and Produce Exchanges, that fathers and mothers should direct the attention of their sons and daughters. We include daughters, because they should contribute their meed of help toward inspiring their brothers with lofty ideals of mercantile excellence. And they need these right conceptions, that when they become wives they may assist their husbands in maintaining their integrity, honor, and moderation in the pursuit of wealth, instead of goading them, as many silly wives do, by their extravagance, ambition for social distinction, and love of display, into speculations which are the grave of honor. The ideal of the truly Christian merchant should therefore be held up for admiration before the whole household. Sound maxims, drawn from Holy writ and from the lives alluded to, should daily drop, like the pearls in the fairy tale, from parental lips. Biographies of noted Christian merchants should take the place of the flimsy novel, or tales of reckless adventures, on the bookshelf and center-table. The family conception of the merchant would thus become so lofty, so pure, so Scriptural, that in the near temporal hereafter it would give inspiration to mercantile circles. The modern rage for speculative business would then give place to the old love for legitimate transactions, and the incoming generation of commercial men would be the reproductions of such princely merchants as Lawrence, Goodhue, King, Brown, Perkins, and others of their class.

DANIEL WISE.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE thoughtful women of the Fatherland are just now mourning the loss of one of the most amiable and noble of their teachers in the person of Henrietta Davidis. Her life was not one of brilliant events that flash across the path of national history like a meteor, but was rather composed of a long course of faithful effort for the good of her sex and society; and while with her the day lasted it was her highest endeavor to set useful examples to the mothers and maidens of her nation. She was born in the year 1800, being the eleventh of a family of thirteen children of a poor pastor of a rural district, who had married an excellent woman, but who was only accustomed to city life, and therefore had a hard struggle to adapt herself to the necessary labors and privations of a country charge. By pious industry and foresight she conquered her trials in good measure, and resolved that her daughters should know more of the practical in their youth, that they might not have her sore experience repeated. Her teachings and precepts took deepest root in the heart of this child, and soon bore good fruit. Henrietta, at an early age, was the untiring companion of the mother in all her duties, and by the time she had arrived at the years of womanhood, was an adept in housewifery and garden culture. The narrow means of education at home forced her to go elsewhere to complete her course of study, and when this was finished she taught for the sake of self-support. This occupation was not so congenial to her as the use of the pen, and she thus soon developed a talent for authorship, and this all took a practical tendency with the aim to elevate her sex and make of women the molders and developers of happy social life. She had a passion for all domestic operations, and turned her attention to the

preparation of food and the care of the household. In 1844 she gave to the world the first edition of her celebrated cook-book, which long overshadowed all others, although there are said to be four hundred of these published throughout Germany. She spent some eight years in collecting and testing recipes for her work, and at first, on account of the plethora of this kind of literature, found it not easy to secure a publisher; but at last she came to the right house that had the sagacity to see success in her pages.

In the following year, a second edition was called for, and just before her death, the twentieth edition left the press, which is an unexampled success for a German publication. Every edition was an improvement on the last, effected by the most conscientious revision, and the addition of all the experience that she yearly gained by practical test. This book circulated not only all over Germany, but also in Holland, and largely among the Germans of this country. In the intervals of these editions, she prepared other works for the culture of women; such as, "The Vocation of the Maiden," "The Kitchen and Flower Garden;" "The Housewife;" "The Doll-cook Anna," etc. She leaves behind her a work in manuscript on the care of the sick, now in press; and in her desk was found an extensive autobiography, which will be a precious memento to her sisters of Germany. She was twice betrothed, and in each case lost by death the object of her affections, when she determined to remain single and devote her life to the welfare of her sex. This she ever did with a genuine womanly feeling, and left behind her a brilliant example of the power of the unmarried woman to make herself indispensable to society. She became, indeed, the champion of the maiden ladies of her land, and

made her best efforts to prove, both by theory and practice, that there is always open to them a large field for the kindly use of their talents in philanthropic effort. She was a great friend of nature, and her intercourse with it was so intimate that some of the best productions of her pen were devoted to its charms and secrets. This devotion to flowers, and the productions of the orchard and field, gained for her the distinction of being made, in 1866, an honorary member of the Horticultural Society of Bavaria. She was the special friend of young girls, and made it a point in all her visits of business or pleasure, to gather them around her for converse and advice. Her death was a source of public sorrow, and her funeral a national ovation.

ACCORDING to accounts, the trade in false hair for the last year was enormous in France. There came into Marseilles, as says a statistical report, from the Levant, Asia Minor, Egypt, Hindostan, China, Italy, and Spain, about one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Let us try and realize this immense mass of hair! A locomotive usually draws on the average about eighteen thousand pounds, and therefore this mass would equal two ordinary freight trains. But these figures give us simply the amount that entered France *via* Marseilles, whilst in the yearly manufacture of false hair in France there is said to be used about double this amount. And then it is to be remembered that this hair is obtained from living persons, or cut from the heads of the dead. All this is then prepared, combed, rolled into chignons, wigs, broad or narrow braids, diadems, and all possible forms whose cognomen we can not fathom, and these wares are then largely exported almost exclusively to England and the United States, bringing in, on the average, the sum of one million and a half of francs annually. One is astonished, however, to learn that even this mass of hair is not sufficient to meet the demands of fashion, and the excessive requirements of the fair sex in this line, for this mountain of genuine hair does not satisfy the consumption. It is consequently necessary to seek another source for the supply of this branch of industry. The rag-pickers of Paris carry on a very profitable business with the dealers in false hair. They gather hair in

the gutters and garbage heaps of the streets, after the ladies have made their toilet and thrown the ruins to the winds. And from these repulsive remnants are made many of those beautiful braids and rich curls which adorn the head of maid and matron. A pound of this rejected hair will bring to the gatherer several francs, and only by this peculiar economy can France obtain hair enough for the thousands of tasty ornaments that leave the shops of the artist in hair. An intelligent rag-picker, who is *au fait* in the real wants of this industry, makes the assertion that the comb of the Parisian ladies robs them daily of a hundred pounds of hair; and he presents to an astonished world the following figures: Paris has a population of half a million of women,—a computation not too high in a total population of two million. A woman's hair weighs, on the average, three hundred grains, and is renewed once in ten years. The daily loss is about one-tenth of a grain,—this multiplied by five hundred thousand, makes one hundred pounds, according to this statistical rag-picker. The Parisian ladies, therefore, throw annually this trifle out of the window. And this they actually do; for it is a sort of superstition with French women to throw the rejected hair out of the window, whereas there is in Germany a superstition against this same proceeding.

ONE result of this enormous consumption of hair is a very general complaint from the fashionable resorts of all shades that the ladies' hair and bonnets are becoming an absolute nuisance. This imposition has become so annoying and unbearable at some points that a veritable newspaper war is being waged against the dames who persist in making themselves disagreeable to their surroundings in concerts, operas, and even churches; though to these latter, be it said to the credit of European ladies, they but seldom take their finery for display. The press of the rich and luxurious capital of Vienna leads off just now in this war, and goes seriously into the history of the matter. It seems that the same trouble occurred in 1817, when the Viennese ladies wore head-dresses of fabulous height and colossal circumference, on the summit of which was displayed a veritable forest of plumes. These monsters of antiquity appeared in

the concert saloons and all places of public entertainment, till the complaints of the masculine world became louder and louder, and finally called to the police for relief from this imposition. But it seemed impossible to find any legal means of suppressing this outrage. In this state of things one of the most fertile of the light dramatists of the day conceived the bold thought of fighting this abuse by caricature, and by satirizing from the stage the abuse that spread itself broad and wide in the parterre and boxes. He wrote a little farce entitled, "The Ladies' Bonnets," which was soon represented in exaggerated satire on the stage. The cunning author well understood how to carry out his plan. The plot of the piece is found in the visit of a young man from the province to Vienna in search of a bride. He spends the first evening at the opera, and is terribly annoyed by the towering bonnets of two ladies immediately before him, who, by these, entirely obstruct his view and destroy his evening's pleasure. The next day he calls on the two daughters of an early friend of his father, now deceased, and, to his surprise and disgust, discovers them to be the self-same ladies who had thus annoyed him the night before. He quickly decides to let these fools of fashion remain in waiting while he turns his attention to a modest lady who sat beside him in a reasonable head-attire. He learns that she is an orphan, and offers her his hand, which is finally accepted. It is said that as soon as this sad story came to the public ear, there was a league formed among the marriageable men to go and do likewise; and, therefore, the fair ones who built towers on their heads were permitted for their pains to hold their hands in their laps. This remedy proved very effective, and in a little while the towering head-dresses disappeared, at least from places of public resort. The question now among them is, "Have we no philanthropic dramatist in Vienna who can repeat this benevolent mission, and relieve us from this scourge?"

WE have occasionally alluded in these columns to the success of the ladies who are studying medicine in the University of Zurich, in Switzerland, and we are now glad to call attention to an address from one of

the professors while conferring the degree of M. D. on a young lady. He said in substance: "Miss Sinclair [an American lady], the honor which you have just received you have gained by honest exertion, and by continued triumph over difficulties, and I congratulate you from my heart that you have with honor reached your goal. And those who, like myself, do not consider the study of medicine for women as yet decided by experiment, can not withhold our acknowledgement of the honorable character of the examinations which we have here witnessed in our own school. We have from the beginning contended against the coarse prejudice that the female sex is not competent to the stern studies and scientific labors required in this profession. If we needed a refutation of this prejudice, we could find it in your own labors, and the excellent dissertation which was so warmly commended by one of our body. How this study for women will develop itself in practice, and whether the present style of teaching will be profitable, the future alone can decide; but, so far, we can point with gratification to its history in our own institution. And to those women, who, like yourself, come with earnest diligence to the work, and the necessary previous knowledge, none of us will withhold his sympathy."

THE University of Zurich, above alluded to, was the first in Europe to give a practical solution to the question of a professional course of study for women. The first lady was graduated there in 1867, and from that time thirteen ladies have taken the degree in medicine. Six of these were from Russia, three from England, one from the United States, one Swiss lady, and two from Germany. In the Philosophical Faculty a lady from Finland last year received the degree in chemistry, and another received the doctorate in historical philology. Some five have taken the diploma as professional teachers, and three have received certificates of distinction in natural science. Some of these ladies were married while pursuing their studies, about six have married since their graduation; thus rather proving to Europeans the doubt as to their following their professions. Zurich was greatly troubled for a while by a crowd of women from

Russia, who came to study medicine, but with almost no preliminary training; and this is the allusion of the professor above. Most of these finally left, and the others were called home by ukase to enter the institutions of their own land. Since Zurich

has been rid of these, matters have gone on more smoothly, and most of the Faculty have become converts to the system of admitting women at least to the study of medicine. And, in the meanwhile, other European schools have opened the doors to the fair sex.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

MISS ANNA OLIVER, who received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the late Commencement of the Boston School of Theology, is the first lady graduate of that institution, and the first lady in the land to receive the academic title of B. D. The theme of her address was, "Christian Enterprise," and the performance is spoken of as of a high order.

—Mrs. Lucy W. Hayes, the possible occupant of the White House during the next Presidential term, is said to be a most attractive and amiable woman, admirably adapted to discharge the duties and hospitalities of the station, and in this matter her husband has decidedly the advantage over his unblest competitor. She is a native of Chillicothe, Ohio, was for some time a student at the University in Delaware, and also at the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati. At the recent Commencement at the latter college, which took place during the convention that nominated her husband for the Presidency, twenty-nine of the lady graduates wore Hayes badges out of compliment to their former fellow-student.

—The appearance of a delegate of the National Suffrage Association, Mrs. Sarah J. Spencer, at the Republican National Convention, created quite a sensation. The favor of ten minutes' speech was granted, and she improved the time well. The speech was followed by the reading of the Memorial of the Association to the Convention, asking the Republican party to declare itself in favor of woman's suffrage. The speech and Memorial were well received, and the latter referred to the committee on resolutions. In the platform, the twelfth declaration,—which

must be accepted for whatever it is worth,—reads as follows:

"The Republican party recognizes with approval the substantial advances recently made toward the establishment of equal rights for women by the many important amendments effected by Republican Legislatures in the laws which concern the personal and property relations of wives, mothers, and widows, and by the appointment and election of women to the superintendence of education, charities, and other public trusts. The honest demands of this class of citizens for additional rights, privileges, and immunities should be treated with respectful consideration."

—Schools to teach girls plain needlework are proposed in New York.

—The recent anniversary of the Five Points Mission, New York, was an occasion of much interest. Mrs. Senator Wright preached.

—The family of the late Hon. George T. Cobb, of Morristown, N. J., have given forty thousand dollars for the endowment of the chair of New Testament Exegesis in Drew Theological Seminary. The donors to this object were Mrs. Cobb, her daughter, Mrs. Skidmore, and her niece, Miss Ella Wandell.

—Miss Swaney, of the Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C., was accepted for foreign mission service by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society Executive Committee. There are other students of this young institution contemplating similar service. It will be remembered that Mrs. Somers, who is at the head of this school, is a sister of the late Dr. Eddy. The missionary spirit still abides in the family.

—A lady delegate was received at the late Lay Electoral Conference of Northern New York. Bishop Andrews, being consulted upon the question of eligibility, decided that she was "a layman in the meaning of the provision of the Discipline directing the appointment of Delegates."

—Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored artist, is now in Philadelphia, preparing to exhibit some of her works in the Exhibition.

—Among the features of Anniversary Week in Boston was a "Convention of Women preachers." The time was occupied in discussing the rights and duties of women as preachers of Christianity.

—The Rochester, N. Y., Young Men's Christian Association has a Sewing Girls' Society, where poor young girls are taken from the streets, taught to sew, and then given the clothes they have made, the only return which was asked of them being that they attend Church and Sunday-school, and endeavor to induce their friends to accompany them.

—Mrs. Scott-Siddons is now in Sydney, New South Wales, from which place she writes to a friend in San Francisco, as follows: "Our prospects here are very flattering. My husband's old friends are lavish of their kindness and attention. I make my debut here on May 13th. A remarkably handsome Fiji Islander took a great admiration for me, and wanted to buy me of my present lord and master. He was willing to give six ounces of bananas in exchange."

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society presented to the late General Conference, held in Baltimore, the report of its work during its six years of existence. They say: "There have been sent to foreign fields twenty-seven young ladies as missionaries. Four of these have left our work, three to remain in the same calling as wives of missionaries, and one to take professional employment under government in India, we trust still to be a teacher of the Gospel. Two ladies have returned to this country on account of failing health. The twenty-one remaining in the field are working with rare efficiency and success. There are at present four medical women in mission stations. Under their direction one dispensary and

three hospitals have been built. We have supported the work among women in foreign lands, carried on by the wives of missionaries, besides employing one hundred and twenty-six native Bible women and teachers, and sustaining about one hundred and twenty day-schools. In these six years we have raised \$336,862.79. There are now nineteen hundred and fifty-two auxiliary societies, with forty-nine thousand nine hundred and four members."

—At the late Commencement of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., four of the thirty-one graduates were young women, all of whom had passed regularly over the entire four years' course; one of them had a "part" in the exercises of Commencement-day." Among the "honormen," five each of first and second grades, there were two of these in the first grade, and the other two were in the second. In the new "Freshman Class," it is said there will be a larger number of young women than in any of the older classes.

—On a recent Sunday, two girls, pupils of an Illinois seminary were about leaving their room for church, when a dispute arose as to which had occupied the most time in dressing. The discussion waxed warm, a bet was made, to be decided on the spot, and three other girls were called in as judges. The contestants removed all their clothing, and at the call of "time" sprang to the contest. For a few moments the air seemed filled with flying bits of feminine drapery,—shoes, stockings, etc.,—and the winner was all "hooked up," and had her bonnet on in seven minutes and thirteen seconds, the other girl coming out in less than half a minute behind.

—The *Zion's Herald* mentions the graduation of a colored girl from the Newton High School recently, and says: "When she closed the reading of her fine paper, which her musical voice, distinct utterance, and modest and self-possessed manner rendered specially acceptable to the large audience present at the exercises, one of the gentlemen of the class, as the representative of his fellow-graduates, presented her a very handsome bouquet. The act entirely harmonized with the sentiment of all present, and was followed by hearty applause."

ART NOTES.

THE remarks of Mr. Whitehouse, the designer of the Bryant vase, on the occasion of its presentation, were most pertinent, and revealed the cause of the discouragement that comes to the artisan, as well as the grand superiority of the designer: "I must also thank you in behalf of the actual workers on this vase, who, at your invitation, are here to-night. This to me is a very pleasing feature of the evening's programme, for it is a feature too often overlooked. The art worker in silver, the *successful* art worker in silver, must possess ability of the highest order. He is just as much an artist in his particular line as the painter or sculptor. He is equally enthusiastic, bringing up with the hammer, from the dead surface of the metal, objects of life and inspiration; day by day, and week by week, his interest growing with his work, going home at night to the equally interested and anxious wife, who, in her pride and innocence, thinks the time has come at last, and soon the town will ring with the praises of her John. But, alas! false hopes. The piece is finished, the presentation takes place, the work is admired, the giver and the receiver are both glorified; but John, poor John, he is never even dreamed of, and the wife can't understand it; she thinks there must be something wrong. You, gentlemen, have been the first in this country to look beyond the surface; you have torn down this veil of seclusion, and brought the art workman and his merit to the front. In this particular instance the silent consciousness of having been engaged on a testimonial to the father of our country's poetry, was in itself reward enough, and we thank you, every one of us, firm, designer, modeler, maker, and chaser, for having given us the opportunity to lay this, our one small green-leaf tribute, at his feet." Also the speeches of Dr. Osgood on this occasion contained sentiments well worthy of a wide circulation, and of treasuring up in our heart of hearts. The following must suffice; In addressing Mr. Whitehouse and his associated workmen and artisans, he said:

"Art is one; and its aim is to give life and force to knowledge, and to render into action the science which is light. The Spirit of the Living, that called the cosmos out of chaos, and who is ever making the many into one, is the great Master of Arts, and has given your craft of metal workers especial commission, as when he called Bezaleel, the son of Uri, to his service, and said: 'I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold and in silver and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship.' Why wonder then at the consecration of your craft? Why make light of your art, which now, as in the time of the old tabernacle and temple, can so embody and interpret the affections of the household, the loyalty of the nation, the wisdom of the schools, and the sanctities of the altar?" In his address to Mr. Bryant, Dr. Osgood said: "One thing let us say which this vase signifies by its Greek severity and by its Gothic lines of interlacing branches and upward pointing. This means the union of the Greek culture with the Hebrew faith,—the culture that delights in nature and humanity, and the faith that never forgets the God over all, never loses the Great First Cause in Pantheist visions, or humanitarian pride. There may be more delirium and inebriation in other schools of poetry, whether in sensual madness or mystical absorption, but we part with our birthright when we desert the God of our fathers, and set nature or man on his throne. We congratulate you that in the whole round of your service as poet, journalist, historian, jurist, teacher of political and social science, you have stood by essential ethics and never deserted the faith." This superb vase of solid silver, which Mr. Bryant declared to be "the work of artists who are worthy successors of Benvenuto Cellini," is now on exhibition at Philadelphia, and attracts the study of thousands of American and foreign visitors.

— Constant Mayer, writing from Paris, has the following pleasant reference to the works of American painters in the salon: "I am surprised at the large number of Americans represented. There are thirty-six altogether. Among them are five ladies; and thirty-five are painters, and only one a sculptor. Twelve are from New York, eight from Boston, four from Philadelphia, two from Cincinnati, and others are scattered among the different States. Among the large number of works in the exhibition, some of them hung very high, I could find only a few by the Americans. I saw, however, a picture by Mr. Bacon, of Boston, representing "Franklin at Home," which is very good, but rather uninteresting as a subject,—for a French audience, I mean. Mr. Bridgman has two pictures of Oriental subjects. They are very brilliant in color and attractive in other respects. And so is the work of Mr. Ramsay, of Philadelphia; it is well composed and cleverly executed. Miss Mary Cattell, of Pennsylvania, has an immense canvas, representing a full-length, life-size portrait, which, unfortunately, is hung very high. This lady, I believe, has a brilliant future before her."

— J. Wilson Macdonald, the sculptor, has executed a series of busts of Washington, after the original bust made by Houdon in 1785, and the portrait by Stuart in 1793. The features are an exact reproduction of the Houdon bust, but the hair was studied from the Stuart picture. It will be remembered by many that the Houdon bust is the original study of the head for the colossal statue of Washington which stands in the hall of the capitol at Richmond, Virginia. This portrait bust Lafayette pronounced the best representation of Washington ever made. Mr. Macdonald has already finished two sizes,—one of heroic and the other of life size.

—"Who were the pre-Raphaelites? They were young revolutionaries, dear children, full of art to the finger-points, full of enthusiasm, and also of the contrariety of youth, longing to be at the throats of the old fogies, to shock and startle them out of old fogyism, but bewildered in their minds a little as to which was the best way of picking up the old traditions of art, and

serving themselves heirs to a nobler system than that which had fallen into costume and conventionality before they were born to set all right. The notable expedient to these young souls at last, and which captivated them, was to make a great leap backward, abolish perspective and all the modern oracles, and begin their lineage before Raphael. In their youthful assurance they scorned at that divine painter, and at the divinest beauty which he was supposed to love too well. Not for them was the pursuit of the lovely; what they vowed themselves to was the noble, the heroic, the true. Alas for these delusions!"

— On the 21st of May, 1871, the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Albrecht Dürer was celebrated at Nuremberg, and it was then resolved to celebrate the day at intervals of five years. On the morning of May 21st, of this year, a number of artists gathered at the tomb of Albrecht Dürer, in the yard of St. John's Church, in Nuremberg, and after decorating the tomb with laurel branches, sang an ode appropriate to the occasion. The custodian of the museum then delivered an address, urging his hearers to emulate the great master in their devotion to art, and music closed the ceremonies.

— The visitor to Munich has been filled with conflicting emotions of gratitude and pity at the attempts made by the late King Ludwig to make his capital the repository of every thing grand and good in architecture. To reproduce a building, which elsewhere exists in its original glory and perfection, may cause a pang of pity that money should be so uselessly squandered. Such can be as well represented in models. It was, however, a work generally commended when Von Kenze, under royal patronage, built at Regensburg, the Walhalla, a complete representation of a Greek temple in the best period of Grecian art. It is said that all other attempts to reproduce the Greek temple have been failures; this alone is as Greek as if a Greek had built it. *The American Architect* calls attention to a danger which now threatens this unique structure. As its name indicates, it is a place for perpetuating the fame of Germany's dead heroes. This building has already become crowded with the busts and memorials of

the great departed, and still many noted ones are unrepresented. To give room for these additional memorials, it has been proposed to make an addition to the temple. But a Greek temple is one of the complete things that can not be meddled with without being marred; it would be as easy to design an addition to a billiard-ball. Fortunately, the Walhalla so crowns the top of a narrow eminence that it would be difficult to find room for an addition, and this may save it.

— The German Emperor, in company with the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg, the Crown Prince, and the Prince Frederick Charles, recently inspected the marble groups, commemorating the battle of Waterloo, recently erected on Place Belle Alliance in Berlin. There are four groups, representing respectively, the soldiers of England, the Netherlands, Prussia, and Hanover. The warrior of England stands with his left foot resting on the British lion; the representative of the Netherlands is clad in armor, and has at his side a lioness; the Prussian warrior has an eagle-helmet on his head, and is leading an armed youth into battle, while the Prussian eagle with wings outspread, seems ready to share in the attack; the Hanoverian is giving thanks to heaven, his right-hand holding aloft a shattered French eagle, while at his feet a dying youth leans against the horse, in the Hanoverian coat-of-arms, and holds in his hand his country's standard.

— The sensibility to music takes various forms in exact accordance with the rest of man's nature. The man of shallow nature likes one kind of music, the man of thought and depth loves another. There is music which touches the weak and morbid, but which is repellent to all healthy and masculine minds. There is music which by no possibility can be understood and enjoyed by a fool; and there is music which is essentially low and vulgar. Further, there is that element in music which is most closely connected with its more purely sensuous quality, in which it most nearly resembles the impressions produced by color. The brain is affected through the ear by certain combinations of sound, as it is affected through the eye by certain combinations of hue. These effects are intimately connected with

certain atmospheric, or, as they are called, acoustic phenomena; just as the impressions of color depend, not merely upon the effect of each single color upon the retina, but upon the laws of complementary color, and upon the incessant production of what is termed the *spectrum* of each tint that is presented to the retina. Hence, in music, the endless variations in the beauty and force of tune, or melody, as such. Hence it is that so much music is dry and dull, just as many combinations of color are dry and dull, and as many a writer's literary style is dull, or cold, or inexpressive. Once more, into music the element of elaboration and complication enters more thoroughly than into any other species of art or literature. Hence it furnishes a more eloquent expression of the ideas of law, order, and life, than any other of the works of man. To those who are defective in musical organization this very elaboration makes music of a complicated structure all the more tedious and incomprehensible, and the same is the result with those whose intellect is dull, and whose character is weak. Cultivation, also, is of course necessary for the enjoyment of music, in which these ideas of law and order and mysterious vastness are embodied. So it is with all our faculties. The purest natural taste never comprehended all the truth and beauty of the Elgin marbles without a certain degree of serious study of the laws of the sculptor's art. What uncultured mind could ever perceive the loveliness of the *Odyssey*, or of Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," or of the "In Memoriam?" But, granting the presence of the natural musical capacity properly cultivated, and the intelligence, the emotional susceptibility, and the healthy activity of the listener, then I say that in all those works which unite profound elaboration to intense tunefulness, he finds an expression of all that is best and noblest in his nature, and is lifted into a region of thought and feeling where this present existence seems, for the moment, to have vanished away.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

— Domestic architecture and household decoration have of late become quite a study. Besides several works recently issued on these subjects, a series of articles is now running through Harper's *Magazine*.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

ABYSSINIAN LEGEND OF THE FALL.—Adam and Eve, our first parents, lived in a garden contented and happy. One day the Serpent came and said to Eve, "Where is Adam?" She answered, "He is in another part of the garden." So the Serpent sneeringly said, "Ah, indeed! Do you think so?" Eve rejoined, "But why do you sneer?" The Serpent replied, "Do you think yourself the only woman in the world?" and she said "Yes, and a beautiful one too." The Serpent then said, "Adam often stays away from you, does he not, now? I know the reason, and will show you,—it is another woman;" upon which he produced a looking-glass; Eve saw her image reflected in it, and immediately became jealous. The Serpent then said, "If you wish to secure Adam's love forever and ever, you must eat of the fruit which I shall point out to you." So came about the fall of man.

THE CLASSIC POETS AND WOMEN.—The ladies are not much indebted to some of the old classics, who have treated them with unjust depreciation. An action for libel would lie against more than one, if they could be summoned into court. Homer draws two respectable matrons in Hecuba and Andromache. The Greek tragic poets have given some noble heroines; but Euripides was such an avowed enemy to the fair sex, that he was sometimes called the "woman-hater." Perhaps from this deeply rooted aversion arose the impure and diabolical machinations which appear in his female characters. He endeavored to refute the charge, by saying that he had faithfully copied nature. Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal are terrible scandal-mongers; they step out of their way to describe women unfavorably.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who has done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality in doing it. *Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor, vincor!* I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it! I am conquered! It will hardly be believed

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by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in these humble strains, was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband and *its* own father had humanely commanded.

Virgil, far from showing the least consideration for the female sex, has treated them in an unjust, unmanly style.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of pure fame spoken of in any part of his poems. We must except the compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus (more in flattery than in truth), when he calls her "*Unico gaudens mulier marito, a wife contented with a single husband.*" His ladies are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras. Their characters are all measured by the same light standard, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid.

Juvenal need not be mentioned. His trade was universal satire; womankind he treated with peculiar severity. He declares that he had scarcely ever heard a tradition of a thoroughly modest woman since the golden age. The prose writers of the Augustan era seem to have favored the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his time is at least as bitter as the sixth satire of Juvenal.

AMBER.—Amber is a substance very much similar to vegetable resins, and was probably exuded from some coniferous trees now extinct; it now appears as a mineral, like coal, which owes its origin also to the vegetable kingdom; in fact, the two are found sometimes together. It is found in grains, drops, and large irregular lumps, sometimes of the weight of twelve or thirteen pounds, burns with a bright flame and agreeable odor, and when rubbed becomes negatively electric in a very high degree; in fact, it was in amber that this peculiarity was originally observed, and the word electricity is derived from *electron*, the Greek word for amber. It is found on the Baltic Sea, between Königsberg and Memel, in greater abundance than elsewhere, and it is said to have been from this neigh-

borhood that it was obtained by the ancients. Here it is sometimes cast up by the sea, sometimes obtained by nets, and it is also dug out of a bed of bituminous wood. It is rare in Britain, but has been found on the sea-coast near Dover, and in some of the diluvial deposits in the neighborhood of London. It has also been discovered in Siberia and Greenland, and small quantities are obtained from the coast of Sicily and the Adriatic.

FOUR AND SIX HORNED SHEEP.—This singular species of sheep were still existing in Jersey some century and a half back. The Rev. Ph. Falle, chaplain to William III, who published an account of the island, gives the annexed description of these animals: "It appears from Mr. Camden, that in his time this island was noted for bearing sheep with four horns. But his information in this matter seems not to have been altogether exact. For the ewes, indeed, had no more than four, but the rams had six, namely: three on each side,—one bending forward in a semicircle toward the nose, another backward toward the neck, and the third standing up erect in the midst of the other two. These are no longer, or very rarely, seen."

Drayton, in "The Polyolbion" (canto i, p. 25, ed. 1622) makes the following mention of them:

"Fair Jersey, first of these, here scatter'd in the deep,
Peculiarly that boast'st thy double-horned sheep."

THE TRAVELS OF PLANTS.—Alexander brought rice from Persia to the Mediterranean, the Arabs carried it to Egypt, the Moors to Spain, the Spaniards to America. Lucullus brought a cherry-tree (which takes its name from Cerasus, the city of Pontus, where he found it) to Rome, as a trophy of his Mithridatic campaign, and one hundred and twenty years later, or in A. D. 46, as Pliny tells us, it was carried to England. Cæsar is said to have given barley to both Germany and Britain. According to Strabo, wheat came originally from the banks of the Indus, but it had reached the Mediterranean before the dawn of authentic history. Both barley and wheat came to the New World with its conquerors and colonists, and the maize which they found here soon went to Europe in exchange. It was known

in England in less than fifty years after the discovery of America; was introduced to the Mediterranean countries, by way of Spain, at the end of the sixteenth century, and the Venetians soon carried it to the Levant. Later, it traveled up the Danube to Hungary, and gradually spread eastward to China. While it was thus invading the regions formerly devoted to rice, the latter was establishing itself in this country.

The sugar-cane, which, with its sweet product, was known to the Greeks and Romans only as a curiosity, seems to have been cultivated in India and China from the earliest times. Its introduction into Europe was one of the results of the Crusades, and thence it was transplanted to Madeira, and, early in the sixteenth century, from that island to the West Indies. The original home of "King Cotton" was probably in Persia or India, though it is also mentioned in the early annals of Egypt, and spread throughout Africa in very ancient times.

The potato was found in Peru and Chili by the first explorers of those countries, who soon carried it to Spain. It is said to have reached Burgundy in 1460, and Italy about the same time. It appears to have been brought from Virginia to Ireland by Hawkins, a slave-trader, in 1565, and to England in 1585, by Drake, who presented some tubers to Gerard, who planted them in his garden in London and described his plant in his "Herball;" and it was introduced by Raleigh at about the same date, but it was slow to attract attention, and it was not till nearly a century later that it began to be much cultivated. In 1663, the Royal Society published rules for its culture, and from that time it rapidly gained favor. The Dutch carried it to the Cape of Good Hope in 1800, and thence it made its way to India.

HOOKE OR CROOK.—Many suggestions have been made as to the origin of this phrase, but none is satisfactory. It is used in the sense of, Somehow; in one way or another; by foul means or by just measures. It is perhaps derived from the highwayman's *hook* and the bishop's *crook*, to signify "foully like a thief, or holily like a bishop," these being the instruments of use or of office with the two characters, and denoting the two means of catching men.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

DR. ADAM CLARKE in closing his "Commentary," used a brief practical quotation, comparing the joy of writers in completing their great works to that of long-absent travelers in revisiting their native lands; and Dr. Johnson, in the last paper of the "Rambler," and more at length and more earnestly, in the closing notes to his great "Dictionary," expresses the pleasure felt in bringing protracted labors to successful issues. That pleasure must have been felt in no faint degree by both the publishers and the editors of that work, when not long since the final touches were put upon the last article of the *The American Cyclopædia*, a production that is unequalled in American bibliography, and the history of which is as remarkable as the work itself is valuable.

The first edition of *Appleton's New American Cyclopædia* was begun in 1857, and continued to be issued in bimonthly volumes (sixteen in all), till completed in 1860. It was brought out under the joint editorial supervision of Messrs George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, who now, most remarkably, have, nineteen years later, just seen the completion of their new and thoroughly revised edition. Just as the former edition was closed, the whole world,—political, economical, scientific, and literary,—seemed to enter upon a new and large course of development, so as to render all past records comparatively obsolete. To meet the demand thus created, about fifteen years after the finishing of the first, and from the same publishing-house, and under the same editorial management, this new edition is completed. Such a concurrence of events has not often happened. Writers are rarely enabled to thus reproduce their own works, availing themselves of the increased advantages of later acquirements and larger experience, and of the criticisms of the great public; and quite as seldom have the same individual publishers been permitted to reproduce such a work among circumstances so favorable. While, therefore, all who use our mother-tongue are to be felicitated in view of what is thus effected, especial con-

gratulations, and of thanks also, are due to its chief promoters.

Nothing need be said at this time of the utility of such a work, rendering it, where known, quite indispensable to every well-informed person, or any who would wish to become such. For professional men of all kinds, for men of business, and citizens and intelligent farmers, for all, indeed, who would understand what they read in the papers, or hear in the conversation of the intelligent persons about them, or be acquainted with the things with which every citizen is concerned,—for all such, some such work as this is a necessity. That such a work is now offered, so full and comprehensive, so learned, liberal, and truly American in tone and spirit, so compressed and epitomized that all may find time to use it, and so cheap as to bring it within the reach of those of moderate pecuniary ability, is indeed, occasion for rejoicing. It is truly said to be a "library within itself," and it may be doubted whether by any other possible expenditure of the same sum of money so much that is really valuable could be added to any library designed for general use. As a "family library," possessed and properly used, it will make an intelligent household. Such a work is a necessary supplement to the learning gained by our boys and girls in the public-schools; and since even the most learned can not be expected to hold in their memories all the details of every subject, even such will be the better provided if these volumes occupy a convenient place upon their book-shelves. Nothing is said in the work itself about the exact coincidence of its completion, and the great Centennial celebration, which is itself a mark of good taste; and yet it may be said that no more fitting monument of the country's progress and attainments is anywhere to be seen than is this noble *American Cyclopædia*.

The Methodist Quarterly Review, for July, has six leading articles or essays, followed by nearly forty pages editorial matters. The former are, I. *Obadiah*, by Dr. J. Hor-

ner, of Pittsburg; II. *An Extraordinary Character* (Mrs. Somerville), by Dr. Abel Stevens; III. *The Millennium and Second Advent*, by Dr. L. D. Barrows; IV. *The Pastoral Epistles*, by Rev. M. J. Cramer; V. *Schopenhauer and his Pessimism*, by Professor J. P. Lacroix; VI. *God and the World*, by Dr. A. Winchell, of Syracuse.

Dr. Barrows's essay on the Millennium, and kindred matters, is suggestive rather than conclusive. Evidently, the writer has drifted in his thinking, perhaps without recognizing the fact himself, into a less materialistic and boldly literal method of interpreting Holy Scripture than has been in vogue among the literalists of the past, and which still dominates in the language and methods of statement of average religious writers and preachers. The "Millerite" delusion of thirty or forty years ago was at once the most logical and yet the most grossly offensive presentation of eschatological interpretation in modern times. With the popular use and interpretation of Scriptural imagery, honestly carried out to its logical results, the theories of the most materialistic Adventists may be established beyond a question, and the theory of the future life so deduced fairly rivals those of the Moslems and the Mormons.

Large space has been given to this subject in former numbers of the *Review*, and both the pre-millennial and the post-millennial theories have been stoutly assailed and as stoutly defended; but both parties have quietly, and without apparent questioning, assumed or conceded the facts of a phenomenal advent, and a literal earthly kingdom of Christ, of a thousand years' continuance, to be terminated with a dramatic resurrection and general judgment. The holders of these views may, indeed, claim for them a high antiquity and great traditional and prescriptive authority, and yet we risk but little in saying that the best religious thought of the age has fairly slipped away from these things. The human mind, because it is essentially carnal, tends, by a steady bent, to carnal and materialistic views of religion. This tendency was felt and resisted, even in the Church of the apostolical age; it debased and corrupted the Church of the Fathers, and dominated the whole of nominal Christianity during the Dark Ages; and

it seems to be the last and the most inevitable plague of evangelical Protestantism. By virtue also of another element of human nature, the imaginative or poetic, there has all along been associated with the materialistic theory a dramatic eschatology, which anticipates the Great Hereafter as only another act of the one play, with the proper changes of scenes and performers. Led by this, the later Jewish Church imagined an earthly Messiah, coming with regal pomp, to set up a literal and political state; and so fully were the best Jewish minds possessed with that idea, that they entirely failed to recognize the promised Deliverer at his coming. The Christian Church, at a very early day, fell into the same destructive error, and to the present time it is burdened and darkened in its spiritual perceptions by its materialistic conceptions of Christ's kingdom,—there is still the same insatiable demands for physical "signs and wonders," and a like intent expectation of certain grand dramatic phenomena, to be suddenly revealed in the further progress and development of Christ's kingdom. Against all this Dr. Barrows's essay is, much more full perhaps than he intended, an earnest and effectual protest; for his half-uttered arguments will, if carried to their legitimate results, sweep away the whole of the materialistic elements of our popular theology. When Dante and Milton, and the whole race of merely poetical theologizers shall give place as authorities to the New Testament, the Church will come to perceive that "the kingdom of God cometh not by observation," that it "is not meat and drink,"—that it shall not be inherited by "flesh and blood." Toward such an understanding of Holy Scripture there can be no doubt, the mind of evangelical Christendom is steadily and not slowly tending; of which tendency such utterances as this of Dr. Barrows is at once a sign and a promise.

Dr. Winchell's review of Dr. Cocker's (his former professional associate) book, *The Theistic Conception of the World*, has some very good things about it. We have not hitherto shared the fears that have so much troubled some good people as to the so-called "Conflict of Science and Religion." The whole subject may be expressed in a single sentence: Science has yet very much

to *learn* before it can speak with assurance, and theology has very much to *unlearn* before it will be either reasonable or Scriptural. It is encouraging to know that both these parties are busily occupied with their lessons. It will be well for them to stick closely to these, and to abstain, as far as possible, from warring words toward each other. All truths are essentially harmonious, but half-truths are always productive of discords. We have been waiting for some of our scholarly men,—among whom both this reviewer and his author must be included,—to fairly meet the question of the atomic theory of matter. Is there, indeed, such an essence as matter? Is the *atom* any thing more than a convenient fiction, of which to predicate the products of our sensuous perceptions? Is not the phenomenal matter with which our five senses have to do a result of some great hidden force, perpetually effective in its production? Is the universe essentially dual, made up of matter and spirit, or is it only one in kind,—spirit,—of which that which we call matter is only a result or production? These are questions that thoughtful persons, not thorough scholars themselves, are asking; and their answers will at the same time simplify not a few theistical and theological problems. Dr. Winchell touches upon some of these; but only cautiously and tentatively. By and by it may be hoped he will grasp them with a bolder hand.

THEOLOGIANS, as such, usually make but indifferent scientists. We say "as such," for it is also true that the two characters have, to an eminent degree, belonged to the same persons; and it is even more emphatically true that scientists, as such, make the poorest of all theologians,—and yet in many cases they assume to be perfect oracles in that department of knowledge. Remembering all this, we were not specially committed to its favor when we took up *The Modern Genesis*, by Rev. W. B. Slaughter (New York, Nelson & Phillips), a little volume, in which the author undertakes "An Inquiry into the credibility of the nebular theory of the origin of planetary bodies, the structure of the solar system, and of general cosmical history." The author has evidently studied his subject with a good deal of care, and, in doing this, has become aware of the exceed-

ing narrowness of the basis of proof upon which many of the so-called great truths of cosmical science rest. This weakness where so much confidence of strength is pretended is well exposed by the author, and as a distinctive argument it is well put, but only *as such*.

THE "higher life" literature grows apace, its last (as far as we have seen) increment being *The Believer's Victory over Satan's Devices*, a neatly printed duodecimo of some three hundred pages,—from the press of Nelson & Phillips, New York,—with the name, as author, of Rev. W. L. Parsons, D. D. It seems to be a reprint from a former edition, issued some time ago, though no date of its first production is given. It is decidedly evangelical, and generally Scriptural in its doctrinal positions, though with occasional Calvinistic flesh-marks. It is especially notable for its old-time presentation of Satan as a living agent and a powerful factor, always in the opposition, in all the stages and phases of the Christian life, which we take it is the Scriptural view of the case, though it needs to be rid of much of its materialistical and physically phenomenal modes and forms.

GREAT men love to seem many-sided. All history abounds with instances of men who having apparently sated their ambition in the pursuit of great things, afterward devote themselves to comparatively insignificant rivalries with undiminished strenuousness of efforts. Illustrations of this are seen at this time in the cases of England's two great Parliamentary leaders, each contending for recognition among the chief *literati* of the country. Gladstone was, indeed, a man of letters before he went into politics, and his brilliant career in Parliament may seem only an episode, from which he has returned at length to his own and only proper calling, that of a scholar and man of letters. His recently published *Homeric Synchronism: an Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer* (Harper & Brothers, New York), is precisely in his vein. Some three years ago he gave to the public two papers, through the *Contemporary Review*, on this subject, which he has now expanded into a volume. We like to be assured by such authority that there is good reason to believe that the Homer of

our youthful admiration was no doubt a real living and breathing and singing bard, and that his heroes, whose battles have been fought over again so many times by successive generations of school-boys, are not to be swept away as myths. It would seem that the age that could produce such works as Homer's great poems ought to have left sufficient monuments in its language and historical institutions to make its own date sure. Mr. Gladstone believes all this in respect to Homer and his times, and that in respect to that matter real scholarly criticism will not prove destructive of the notions long entertained as to the Trojan war, its date, its heroes, and its great commemorating poet.

AMONG the very best specimens of book-making that has come to our notice for this many a day is Dr. Ridgaway's *The Lord's Land*, (Nelson & Phillips, New York). Its exterior dress and interior adornments agree well together. Its paper, printing, and illustrations are all of a superior order, and such as to properly set forth the charming narrative of travel and adventure, and the description of places and scenes rendered attractive by their historical associations, or sacred by their connection with the great facts of revelation, of which the book is made up.

The itinerary begins at Cairo, and proceeds by the way of the Desert of Sinai and Petræa to Hebron and Jerusalem. Thence it goes out to the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and beyond the Jordan into the land of Moab, and up to the top of Mt. Nebo,

"To stand where Moses stood
And viewed the landscape o'er."

Then the travelers proceeded thence along the East side of the Dead Sea, and the wilderness of Judea, and the land of the Philistines, back again to Jerusalem.

Again, after thoroughly exploring the "holy places," they set out by Nablous and Jezreel, and the plain of Esdraelon and Mt. Tabor and Nazareth, to the Sea of Galilee; and beyond this to Cæsarea Philippi, Damascus, and Baalbec, and round to Beyroot. The whole journey, except that on the east side of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, was over ground often traversed by modern travelers

and described in their books; and yet not a little that will be new will be found in this volume, though its chief attraction is in the charming naturalness of the narrative, and its breezy vivacity. The illustrations—some of them from sketches taken by the author's own pencil—are very good, and add materially to both the beauty and the utility of the work. Dr. Ridgaway has fairly achieved the difficult task of making a really attractive book of travels, embracing a region that seemed to be already thoroughly exhausted by former travelers and writers.

In the erection of Churches and the establishment of religious worship, the trustees, wardens, directors, or other officers appointed by the proper ecclesiastical authorities, should know the laws relating to their several trusts; and, accordingly, Rev. Sanford Hunt (Nelson & Phillips, New York) has compiled from the statute-books of the several States the *Laws Relating to Religious Corporations*. These are statutes of a general nature on the special subjects involved, and apply equally to all religious denominations.

In the department of Sunday-school work, Mrs. Sarah J. Crafts has written a number of *Open Letters to Primary Teachers*, with hints for intermediate class-teachers. (New York, Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden.) Her views are sensible and practical, and she does not make every thing of the blackboard, the posturing and playing that some teachers are so fond of presenting before the classes. Yet she favors picture lessons; and does not object to the proper use of the blackboard.

In the series of monographs on great subjects, republished by Appleton & Co, New York, the primers in science, history, and literature occupy no mean place. Though primers in size, they are encyclopædic in value, and while they can scarcely be used as text-books in school, they are a good syllabus for a review or an index to a more thorough examination of the subjects presented. We have received Rev. Stopford Brook's *English Literature*; Professor J. P. Mahaffy's *Old Greek Life*; and Professor W. Stanley Jevons's *Logic*. In this style historic epochs may be fully treated, as we care less about details than results and the history series are among the best.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

BIBLE REVISION.

THERE is to be a revised English version of the Holy Scriptures for common use. The resolve that is destined to produce that result has been taken, the work has been laid out with its proper metes and bounds, and the persons to do it have been chosen, and are at their work, which is already considerably advanced. Necessary or superfluous, desirable or deplorable, however it may be, the thing is decreed, and will almost certainly proceed to its consummation. The use of the new version will not, however, be by constraint, or force of law, so that they who have grown old in the use of King James's Bible will possibly be permitted to use it to their lives' ends. Still, there can be but little doubt that the corrected version will gradually and not very slowly win its way into public favor and use.

It was a wonderful providence that, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, gave to English-speaking Christianity that version of the Scriptures in their vernacular, which has ever since been the BIBLE of all the nation, and of all, in every part of the world, who use the English tongue. How much it has influenced the characters and destinies of all who have used it,—and nearly always for good,—how much it has affected the language and secular learning, as well as the religious faith and practical morality, of the English-speaking world, can be only partially appreciated. Its words, phrases, and idioms have become established by its authority as pure English; even its manifest inaccuracies and anomalies have grown to be respectable, and the small number of its words that have become obsolete have, nevertheless, been saved from oblivion “like insects preserved in amber,” and its quaint archaisms still carry with them the odor of sanctity. Very naturally, therefore, English-speaking Christians venerate the divine Word, as they have it, in its homely and yet not uncomely English dress. And not only they, but others, too, confess that no other modern version of the Holy Book can compare with this one in dignity and force of expression, or in fidel-

ity to the original; and certainly no other has so wrought itself into the intellectual and religious life of the common people.

And yet it is the almost unanimous opinion of those whose learning entitles their opinion in such a matter to respect, that our version of the Bible may be, and therefore should be, improved. Our learned commentators make many renderings that differ from the authorized version, and our pulpit expositors give their glosses and emendations, and even our Sunday-school instructors do not hesitate, in some cases, to reconstruct the statements of their old-fashioned Bibles. Perhaps all this is right, because fidelity to the truth demands it; and, if so, it may be well to conform the popular version to the sacred original. As Protestants, we are bound by our fundamental principles to give the pure Word of God to the common people; and if our present version is not that *pure word*, then a better should be provided. The growth of Biblical learning, and its wide diffusion among all classes, has made any possible defects in the old version conspicuous, and also detected the methods necessary for their correction. It is now proposed to do this confessedly needful work, and we are awaiting the result without any very painful apprehensions.

Readers of the Bible in both the original and in English have noticed that the names of the Divine Being, as given in the original, are not uniformly rendered in the same English equivalents. Two or more of these names are sometimes expressed by the same English word, and, on the other hand, two or more English words are sometimes used to express the same name as found in the original. To some it seems desirable that for each of the names of God found in the Hebrew Scriptures, a single and distinct equivalent should be used in English. In the Old Testament we find two such names: JEHOVAH and *Adon* or *Adonai*. The former is strictly a proper name, and, therefore, untranslatable; the latter, signifying lord, master, or owner, is generic, and has its equivalents in all languages. The Greek

word *kurios*, which is used in both the Septuagint and the New Testament as a common equivalent for both of the Hebrew names of the most high God, is also a generic term, and indicates in English like the second of the divine names in Hebrew,—Lord, or Master. This loose manner of using names must necessarily produce uncertainty as to their intent, and obscure the sense intended to be conveyed.

The name JEHOVAH, written by modern scholars YAHVEH, was announced to Abraham as the distinctive personal designation of the great God of heaven, supreme and alone. That was given as his proper name, not that he was a Jehovah, but signifying that the one sole and only true God would be called by that name. But since in his relations to his creatures he was a ruler, the supreme One, he might properly be styled *Adonai*,—*Kurios*, lord. But in our English Bible, which follows the erroneous example of the Septuagint, the term "lord" is used as the common equivalent for both of the divine names found in the Hebrew. An awkward attempt is however made in most of our English Bibles to avoid this confusion by putting the word, when used as the equivalent of JEHOVAH, in capitals, which is a confession of the need of some method of distinguishing the two, but a very awkward and insufficient accomplishment of it.

It is well known that there are a number of Hebraic words that we commonly use untranslated, as *halleluiah* and *amen* (besides the untranslatable, because unintelligible, *Selah*), which are passing unchanged in form wherever the Gospel is propagated; and for the reason of their unchangeableness, they are the more sacred and impressive, when used. In like manner should the word JEHOVAH, wherever it is found in the original, remain unchanged in our English version, both for the greater certainty of the sense, and for its more sacred impressiveness. In not a few cases, the unfortunate use of the equivocal English word "lord," as the equivalent of the venerable Hebrew name causes apparent uncertainty in the sense, and in some cases, where it comes to us through the Greek, only the most careful study is sufficient to determine the true meaning. All this would be effectually

avoided by using only the divine name as announced by himself, to designate the one only and supreme JEHOVAH.

As a test of the desirableness of this restoration of the original form in our version, let any one read our English Bible, substituting the word JEHOVAH wherever LORD (in capitals) now occurs. Take, for trial, the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and wherever the words "the LORD thy God" are found, read instead, "JEHOVAH, thy God," and it will be seen that both the clearness of the sense and the impressiveness of the utterance will be very greatly increased. Turn then to the Psalms, and pronounce in the several places where it occurs, the sublime sentence, "The LORD reigns;" and after that form, try the other, "JEHOVAH reigns," and feel the heightened value of the latter. Or take up that most remarkable of the Messianic Psalms, the one hundred and tenth, and see how the change we propose will clear and strengthen it, "JEHOVAH said to my master," [David's lord.] "JEHOVAH shall send forth the rod of thy [Christ's] strength," etc. "JEHOVAH hath sworn, . . . thou [Christ] art a priest," etc. "The Master [Christ] at thy [Jehovah's] right hand," etc. Here may be seen how largely the use of the original Hebrew word instead of the indifferent and equivocal one, "lord," contributes about equally to the clearness of the sense and the euphony and dignity of the expression. We shall wait with some interest to see what the learned revisers will do about this matter.

WHILE on this matter, we would implore the learned revisers to be sure to relieve us of the needless and unseemly confusion of forms in the naming of the worthies of the Bible. And let them bear in mind that the same plain and unlearned persons read both the New and the Old Testament, and, that it will help them to a more ready understanding of what they read if the same persons could be designated by the same names in both. Names with which the readers of the Old Testament become familiar in their Anglicized Hebraic forms should continue to appear in that form wherever they appear in the New Testament; but instead of this, we have for the same person, Luke and Lucas, Mark and Marcus, Timothy and Timotheus.

Now seeing that all these have been fairly naturalized in our speech, would it not be well that they should appear in the costume of the language? And it fares still worse with some of the names that occur in both the Old and the New Testaments. Thus the good old prophet of Carmel, Elijah the Tishbite, comes to us in the Gospels as Elias; Isaiah, the evangelical prophet, is changed to Esaias; Korah is Core (sometimes spoken in one syllable), and the successor of Moses, and conqueror of Canaan, bears the same name in the New Testament with the man of Nazareth,—and even preachers in the pulpit have been misled to believe that it was the latter, and not the *Joshua* of the Old Testament, that is named as failing to give us rest.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE exchanges of visits of courtesy, formal and informal, between the various Methodist bodies will naturally bring into clearer view their several points of likeness and unlikeness, their parallels and contrasts. As this is an age of generalizations, and comparative scientific systems are being wrought out in nearly all departments, why may there not be constructed a kind of "comparative Methodism?" Such a system will necessarily grow up, in the minds of all who come to a comprehensive acquaintance with the whole subject of Methodism as a form of Church-life; and it can scarcely be doubted that sooner or later it will be written out in form. Among the many "fraternal" visitors at the late General Conference, the two delegates from the British Wesleyans were among the most conspicuous, not more on account of the high consideration due to the body they represented, than from their personal characters and qualities as men of broad views and of extensive culture. We were made aware of the fact, while they were with us, that they were carefully attentive to every thing connected with our Church as to both its ecclesiasticism and its practical workings. Mr. Pope spoke quite plainly, though very courteously, of some of the contrasts between their system and ours; and Dr. Rigg, his associate, in writing letters to the London *Methodist Recorder*, gives a still freer expression of his impressions and convictions, which, because of their friendliness, assured

both by his official position and his known personal feelings, are all the more deserving of our attention. On the day after the adjournment of the General Conference, he wrote his fourth letter, and, among other things, remarked:

It is plain enough that the Conference, only meeting once in four years, can not in four weeks get through all the work of legislation and appellate adjudication necessary for so vast a Church, four times as large as our own English connection. The bishops, in the interval, reign without a Parliament, and with vast authority. They are twelve in number, an able and dignified body of men. They preside—one at each conference—over the eighty annual conferences. They appoint presiding elders, define and settle their districts, station the ministers in their charges, hold two bishops' councils each year, and settle practically, even where they have no statutory authority, almost every pressing question.

What he further says about existing difficulties among American Methodists on questions of Church polity, and of some of the (presumed) outworkings of an incipient partisanship about them, which the writer thinks he saw, we give for what it is worth:

Against the extent of the episcopal authority there has long been a strong undercurrent of feeling. This has now come fully to the surface, and seems to have produced, at least for the present, a reaction in favor of the episcopal authority. Dr. Curry, who was regarded as representing what is spoken of variously as the democrat, the English, the anti-episcopal feeling in the Conference, was ousted from his post as editor of the leading Methodist journal, the *New York Christian Advocate*, and a young and popular "bishop's man" put in, Dr. Fowler, lately Principal of Evanston University. Nevertheless, the "Anglicizing" section was stronger at this Conference than at any before, and counted perhaps two-fifths of the ministers present. Probably both strains of feeling are at present growing in strength. The laymen generally are more disposed to favor episcopal authority than the ministers.

His estimate of our system of "lay representation" is such as any intelligent looker-on must make; to wit: that there is practically very little of it in our system, that that little is not properly representative in its character, and that its mode of connection with the system breaks up its symmetry, and is necessarily more or less inharmonious in its action. It may be hoped,

however, that with time and experience, some way out of the infelicities of the present plan will be found, and a more rational and satisfactory one substituted, though as yet nobody seems to have found it. His statement of what was demanded by the "Progressives" at the late General Conference is rather too strong, if compared with their reports to that body. It was sufficiently evident, however, that what was so expressed naturally implied much more, and probably any self-consistent scheme that should supersede that now outlined by law, and ramified and ratified by usage, would not differ very widely from the sketch which he gives:

What the "liberal," the "democratic," the "progressive," the "English" section of American Methodism demands is, that the presiding elders should be stationed as other ministers are, should be elected to their office by the annual conferences in which their districts are situated, and not merely selected and appointed by the bishops; that the conferences also should have the duty and right of stationing the preachers, instead of as now the bishops doing this work in concert with the presiding elders; and that the limits of the districts should be determined by the conferences.

It was quite evident from remarks dropped in conversation that the magnitude of American Methodism very deeply impressed the minds and the imagination of our English guests, causing a feeling of admiration in respect to the past and present, and of hope and fear,—the latter amounting almost to alarm,—in respect to the future. These feelings are faintly shadowed in the closing paragraph of this letter:

It is a grand and stirring sight to see assembled, full of animation, of zeal and energy, of conscious power, such a Church council as that which has now dissolved and departed. There is no other such mighty or grandly representative Church assembly in the world. The Convocation of Canterbury is, in comparison, ineffably small; and even the most powerful and dignified of Presbyterian assemblies is feeble in comparison. All the Churches of the country pay it marked respect. The other Methodist Churches, with only one or two exceptions, defer to its primacy. . . . American Methodism, colossal as it is, is yet but in its infancy. It needs and will receive both consolidation and development. Its future promises to be almost stupendous. A united

American Methodism would, in five years' time, be a Church of four million communicants. May God, in Christ, keep and guide American Methodism!

These are words of wisdom, and quite worthy of the thoughtful consideration on the part of those more immediately concerned. They are the first impressions of an intelligent stranger, only partially acquainted with the details of the system discussed, and very possibly further information would somewhat modify his views; and yet it often happens that first impressions most fully comprehend the whole subject, and reach at once the right conclusions, which too much attention to details may afterwards obscure.

ALONG the same line of thought are the remarks of Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, late of the Troy Conference, now of Quebec, Canada, in a letter published in the New York *Christian Advocate*. Mr. Beaudry's name will be recognized as that of the author of a little book, entitled "The Struggles of a Roman Catholic," which is simply the story of his own experience. His acquaintance with Methodism was all made in this country, and now returning to his place of nativity, he finds in its Methodism the same spiritual life, but the outward forms present certain marked contrasts distinguishing it from that with which he had been conversant. He writes good naturedly about what he saw in the Montreal Conference, and wisely forbears to indicate preferences, while he presents his catalogue of contrasts:

1. Instead of a bishop to preside in the Conference, a president from among its own members is elected by ballot without debate, whose official term of service continues but one year.
2. The appointing power is vested in a stationing committee, which consists of the president, chairmen of districts, and another minister from each district, for whose election the lay members in the district meeting also vote.
3. The stationing committee meets some days previous to the commencement of Conference session, and prepares a draft of the stations, which is printed and ready at the opening of the session for the use of the members. At the meetings of the committee, during the session, any member has a right to appear to present his case in regard to his appointment. The final draft of sta-

tions is read near the close of Conference, when it is found that very few of the brethren go away dissatisfied.

4. Immediately after the reading of the appointments the Conference elects by ballot one of the members of each district to be its chairman, and on his nomination elects also a financial secretary.

5. Each chairman has his own charge, like the rest of the brethren, and is called away from his field of labor only when necessary, the charge demanding his extra services bearing the expense.

6. There is but one form of ordination, which takes place at the end of a probation of four years' study and labor. One is then ordained to be a simple minister of the Gospel.

There is certainly no large body of Methodists known to your correspondent whose government is so democratic.

It is by no means certain that the claim of "democracy" for Canadian Methodism would at all commend it to their brethren in the great republic. Just now, however, an argument in favor of that feature might be found in the prevailing demand for curtailment of expenses. While our method of providing presidents from our conferences, and of securing stationing committees costs us in the aggregate about three-fourths of a million yearly, theirs is run without pecuniary cost. To this, on the other hand, it may be answered that the cheapest is not always the most economical.

THE NEW MAGAZINE—THE NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

THE Committee designated by the late General Conference to consider and determine what changes may seem to be expedient and necessary in the name, scope, and character of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, met at the call of Rev. John L. Smith, Chairman of the Book Committee, July 19, 1876, at the Western Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. There were present Rev. D. Curry, Editor; Revs. L. Hitchcock, and J. M. Walden, Agents of the Western Book Concern; Rev. R. Nelson and J. M. Phillips, Esq., Agents of the Book Concern at New York; Revs J. L. Smith, F. C. Holliday, W. S. Prentice, William Brush, and W. P. Stowe, and Messrs. Amos Shinkle, R. A. W. Bruehl, and C. W. Rowland, members of the Western Section of the Book Committee; and Revs. J. F. Hurst, H. B. Ridgaway, C. W. Bennett,

and G. M. Steele, appointed by the Bishops, under the action of the late General Conference. Rev. J. L. Smith was appointed Chairman, and R. A. W. Bruehl, Secretary.

The action of the General Conference constituting the Committee was read, after which each member of the Committee was called upon in succession to give his views on the subject in hand.

It was then resolved:

1. That since it evidently was the sense of the General Conference that the magazine should be a general one, and not for a special class, therefore, the name LADIES' REPOSITORY shall be changed, and the name *The National Repository* adopted in its place.

2. That the "character and scope" of the magazine shall be that of a first-class religious and literary monthly, of the highest character attainable, and pervaded, whether in its general or religious articles, by a thoroughly Christian spirit. The magazine should be the equal in the quality and range of its matter with the very best magazines in the country, and yet because of its character of a specifically religious periodical, it need not come directly into competition with any other. It is believed there is in the periodical literature of the country an unoccupied field, which it is intended that this magazine shall fill, and as such it will minister at once to the taste and the understanding, and also tend to the best moral and religious culture of its readers.

It is intended that it shall be especially a magazine for the family, affording wholesome and attractive reading-matter for adults and youth and children. Being issued from a Methodist press, and under the direction of an official Methodist editor, it will naturally be somewhat specifically a Methodist publication, and yet without any narrow sectarianism, and without any exclusive devotion to Methodist Church interests. It is designed that the REPOSITORY, under its new arrangements, shall be truly "National," and adapted to the wants of the great body of the American people.

It is also recommended that such prices shall be paid for original contributions as will command the services of a sufficient number of the very best writers for the press; and it is also believed that a judicious selection may be made from foreign

periodicals—to a moderate extent—to the decided advantage of the readers of the magazine.

Because of the modifications thus indicated it is deemed proper to discontinue the use of the steel-plate engravings after the close of the present year, and, instead of these, to use wood-cut illustrations for one or more articles in each monthly number.

To increase the attractiveness of the pages of the magazine, it is recommended that there be larger margins and spaces between the columns and between the lines, thus giving a clear and cheerful expression to the pages.

In submitting the results of their labors and consultations, the Committee, while congratulating all the parties in interest, in view of the good prospects which they think they see of securing such a magazine as has long been desired, would also remind the pastors of our Churches, upon whom must largely rest the responsibility of securing for it the requisite patronage, that to save the publishers from prospective loss, by reason of the increased expenses to be incurred, special and united efforts must be made to extend the subscription of our new and improved *Repository*.

J. L. SMITH, *Chairman*.

R. A. W. BRUEHL, *Secretary*.

THE marked feature of the editorial department of the July number of the *Methodist Quarterly* is the editor's remarks on the late General Conference. Dr. Whedon does not deal in platitudes, nor utter "glittering generalities meaning nothing," and therefore we read what he has to say, feeling that we are dealing with a living reality. We like this kind of individuality, which evidently he possesses in a marked degree, and which he exercises so freely, though he does not so well approve it when used by another. That, too, is perhaps an evidence of his superiority, for it is the infirmity of greatness to be intolerant of rivalry.

The late General Conference is especially notable for its not-doings; and as it had been forewarned that there was very little that it ought to do, and that much that had been proposed was either revolutionary or clearly unconstitutional, its non-action is now reckoned by those who so thought to

be worthy of all praise. There is no doubt a real issue of differences running all through the system of Methodism, which is easily resolvable into a single proposition. There are two theories of government among men,—known in States as despotic and liberal, regal and popular,—and in the Church as High and Low Churchism, prelatical and free; to one or the other of these men are attracted by their mental habitudes, or by interest or affections. Both of these principles have, from the first, co-existed in Methodism, and like the "two nations" in the womb of the Matriarch of Israel, they have all along "struggled together ["jostled each other." *Marg.*] within her," and with alternating success. Immediately after the organization of the Church these forces met, collided, and mutually made concessions, that the work of God should not be hindered. At the earliest three or four delegated General Conferences, 1812–1824, the liberals had the upper hand, and legislated accordingly. But from 1828 to 1840 their rivals carried the banner, and did not fail to assert their power. Then came the events of 1844, which placed our Northern Methodism clearly upon the Low-church platform; but ever since that time its tendencies have all been toward High, as compared with the Low Churchism,—especially in respect to the episcopacy,—set forth in the words and actions of the General Conference of that year. The extreme degree of its oscillation in that direction, seen at the late General Conference, may inspire the hope in the party not in power, that the midwinter of their discontent is already past, and that the next changes will be in their favor.

Dr. Whedon also notices, with some well-measured strictures, the complaints heard both in and out of the General Conference, of the evils of Church patronage, as held and dispensed by that body, and of the disgraceful electioneering practices resorted to, and the rings and cliques and combinations formed and operated for the securing of the coveted prizes for certain parties or persons. These charges were indeed made very broadly upon the floor of the General Conference, by one who it may be presumed knew whereof he spoke; but on the other hand, it was disclaimed by another, so far as he was individually concerned, whose

position might seem to have especially exposed him to such influences; but for some cause that disclaimer failed to appear in the official report.

The matter of soliciting votes, whether personally or by proxy, for one's self, is perhaps much more a matter of taste than of morality, or self-respect (which may be only a euphemism for pride of character), against the spirit that asks and accepts patronage. How far that kind of business is sometimes carried we can not say from our own personal knowledge, but rumor has asserted that men have found their ways into some of the high places of the Church by such processes,—and the impossibility of accounting for certain elections in any other way gives an air of probability to such rumors. The last two General Conferences has, indeed, shown more of the works of political canvassers than any preceding ones, which some have attributed to the incoming of a new element in 1872, bringing with it something of the spirit and habits of the caucus, and also at these two sessions, as never before, the will and preferences of the episcopacy became a factor in the pending contests, and each voter was enabled to know who were or were not the favorites of that twelve-fold power.

Our brother of the *Quarterly* thinks he scents a coming conflict over the question of Church "patronage," the chief promulgator of which is, strangely enough, not the formerly *peccant*, but now *reformed*, "great official," but the *Methodist* hitherto "so gallant to support the polity of the Church when assailed." *Et tu Brute!* This "Church officialism," which has been dreaded and deprecated by some of the best men of the Church, has related chiefly to the press. It was a standing charge with our enemies, till silenced by a demonstration to the contrary of twelve years' continuance, that in the perfecting of our ecclesiastical despotism, the master-stroke was the pre-occupation of the entire Church press, and its subjection to official espionage. Our papers, said our revilers, are "*advocates*, and nothing more," to speak or forbear to speak at the behests of the will of their superiors. Such, however, has not been our view of the subject, and our practice when in position, agreed with our better convictions. It may, how-

ever, still be said that possibly in this, as in some other things, we have been in advance of our times. It is certainly a question of the very highest interest to our Church and all connected with it, whether or not its official press shall be the vehicle for the free convictions of those to whose care it is for the time intrusted, or whether it is to be simply an official bulletin, echoing the opinions of a central and unapproachable power, and telling or suppressing the truth as reasons of State may dictate. Happily among a free people abuses of power hasten their own remedies; but if the spirit of freedom is wanting among the subjects of any government, the maintenance of true liberty is impossible,—perhaps not desirable.

OUR FUTURE.—Last month we attempted to indicate somewhat at length the real state of the case in respect to what would be the course of things with our magazine after the current volume. At the time of that writing absolutely nothing had been done, nor had any consultations been held after what had been said and done in the General Conference. We, therefore, correctly described the case as one of entire uncertainty as to what might be determined upon. We also indicated our own views as to what would be necessary in order to secure for the magazine that which every body seemed to concede was needful; but we then had no assurance whether or not those views were shared by others, and especially by those upon whom the duty of determining the matter had been devolved. The whole affair was, therefore, involved in great uncertainty.

Since then, the committee charged with the matter has held its session, and given the first indication of what our future shall be. The fog has lifted, and the horizon is now much wider than before, though the clouds have not yet all disappeared. The proceedings of that body, which we give elsewhere, will indicate so far as its action may do it, what is to be the character of the *REPOSITORY*. It will be seen that, so far as that action goes, the views indicated by the new editor, both on the floor of the General Conference and in these columns, have been made effective, incipiently, by the committee, and these results were reached, not as

usually in such cases, after views at first more or less inharmonious had been adjusted by discussions and mutual concessions, but from the first there was entire unanimity in regard to every point of real importance. It was declared by all present that a new departure in the whole character and management of the magazine was a necessity, alike in view of its successful business enterprise and of the higher interest of providing the requisite reading-matter for our people, and for the great public, so far as we may reach beyond our own denominational bounds. And there was also great hopefulness manifested that the desired success in the proposed enlarged enterprise can be achieved, though it was conceded on all hands that this could not be assured only by great and wisely directed efforts toward that end. For the confidence expressed or indicated in his willingness and ability to meet the demands made upon him by the occasion and its circumstances, the editor would return his most sincere thanks; and while he assumes what he esteems the heaviest duty ever undertaken by him he would remind the many others who must, in a variety of relations, be his co-workers, the final success or failure of the enterprise will also depend somewhat on their doing, or failure to do, each their several parts. Let all, then, unite to hope, and to *pray*, and to *WORK* for the success of the *National Repository*.

PROPER CREDIT.—One of our Church editors, in noticing the last number of the *REPOSITORY*, complains that we did not give his paper due credit for a certain article that appeared in our pages, and which he had used four months before. The article in question was sent to our office by the writer in manuscript, and we were not aware when we handed it to the compositor that it had been printed elsewhere. As our magazine is published only monthly, and we have only so many pages to fill, articles that are accepted have sometimes to wait several months before we can use them. If our contributors become impatient to get into print we can not help it. After submitting a manuscript, and allowing it to remain without a request for its return, we should only take it for granted that the writer has not sent a copy of it to some other periodical.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Civilization pursues the lines of easy travel. It does not ascend the mountain, nor penetrate the deep valley, until the plains and table-lands are first subdued. It is among the mountains that freedom dwells. Armies with their munitions of war do not reach the summits, and the hardy denizens pursue their callings in security. In a well-settled country many wild spots may always be found in its mountain regions. Scarce a day's journey from our large cities we may enter the wilderness. The pine forests of Maine, the Adirondacks in New York, the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky and Tennessee, and the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania are distant only a little way from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Cincinnati. If we leave home in the morning, almost before night we may find ourselves *Among the Alleghanies*. Here we may spend our Summer vacation. In the recesses of these hills we shall find pleasant days and cool nights. In their season we shall gather the huckleberry and the dewberry. We shall find health in the odor of the pine woods, and vigor in the long walks for hunting and fishing. In the cold waters of the streams we may catch trout; in the chestnut groves we may trap the raccoon and the porcupine. If later in the year we visit these regions, we shall find out-door sport in nutting. But at any time we shall be free from the noise of business, and obtain rest and quiet and peace.

John L. Smith, D. D., whose portrait graces this number, is one of the leading members of his own conference, and of his Church in the State. He belongs to the North-west Indiana Conference, and has, for a number of years, acted as one of its presiding elders. In every good work he stands foremost. The educational enterprises, publishing interests, missions, Sunday-schools, and Church extension have in him a fast friend and advocate. He was a delegate to the last General Conference, as also to those of 1860, 1864, and 1868. He is now a member and chairman of the Book Committee, and his name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the Book Agency. Dr. Smith is genial in his manners, earnest as a preacher, a hearty Christian, a safe adviser, and a worthy man.

NOVEMBER.

1876.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

REV. JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.

REV. JOHN LEWIS SMITH, whose portrait was published in the September number of the REPOSITORY, is the son of Bowlin and Lovewell Smith, and was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, on the 24th of May, 1811. His maternal grandparents, William and Mary Owens, were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the preaching of Rev. Robert Williams, in 1773, near Portsmouth, Virginia, and were two of the seven persons constituting the first class in the Old Dominion. They afterward removed to Brunswick County where Dr. Smith's mother was born on the 22d of February, 1784, ten months before the formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, which event took place at the Christmas Conference of that year. The paternal grandmother was of the noted Perry family of Rhode Island, a near relative of Oliver Hazard Perry of naval fame.

Dr. Smith was the fourth child and first son of his father's household, and was dedicated in infancy, by his mother, to the service and cause of God. Ten of this good woman's children (three sons and seven daughters) lived to manhood and womanhood; seven of them still survive; and the two brothers, besides the Doctor, are now honored citizens of Indiana, and useful members of the Church.

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The educational advantages of Dr. Smith's boyhood were few and meagre. Such opportunities as the "subscription" schools in the neighborhood of his father's house afforded were well improved by the lad in the acquirement of the common branches of study. Afterward his education was carried forward to a certain extent in the "grammar school" or academy which he attended; but on reaching manhood his scholastic attainments were still limited and imperfect. His robust and vigorous intellect was left well-nigh untrammelled by the doctrines and discipline of the schools. Much subsequent reading and general study have gone far toward compensating for the deficiencies of his early education.

Dr. Smith was converted to God under the labors of the Rev. George W. Maley, in Union Chapel, on Union circuit, Greene County, Ohio, April 1, 1827. Hither, in the previous year, his father's family had removed from Virginia. He was licensed to exhort by the Rev. William Sutton in June of 1836; and his license to preach was issued in the following February, by the Rev. James B. Finley. The young preacher, full of vigor and enthusiasm, was at once put on a circuit, and has remained "effective," in all the senses of that word, until the present day. In 1840 he removed to Indiana and joined the old Indiana Conference at its October session in Indian-

apolis, Bishop Soule presiding. His ordination as deacon, by the same bishop, occurred in 1841; and two years afterward he was ordained an elder by Bishop Andrew.

In the subsequent divisions of the Indiana Conference, Dr. Smith was thrown into the North-west, and there the greater portion of his arduous and successful ministerial labors have been performed. For the first four years he traveled circuits, where he labored with untiring zeal and much success. In 1844 he was stationed at Roberts Chapel,—now Roberts Park,—Indianapolis. The old building, begun by his predecessor, the Rev. J. S. Bayliss, was finished during Dr. Smith's pastorate, himself bearing the chief burden "while they builded the house." For seventeen weeks at the last, he collected from day to day the money necessary to carry forward the work to completion.

From the beginning Dr. Smith has taken a deep interest in the cause of education. In 1845 he first attended the Commencement of Asbury University, and, with a single exception—when he was detained to preach the funeral of a friend—he has been present at all the subsequent Commencements of that institution. In 1846 he was appointed agent of the University. In the next year, his work was at Terre Haute station. In 1848 he was made presiding elder by Bishop Hamline. At the same conference held at Greencastle, he was elected a trustee of Asbury, and in 1851, a delegate to General Conference. The former position he has held continuously until the present; and of the six subsequent sessions of General Conference he has been in attendance as a delegate at five. At the Boston Conference of 1852 he took an active part in securing the election of Bishops Ames and Simpson to the episcopacy. From 1856 to 1860 he was a member of the general Missionary Committee, in which body he performed much valuable service; and from 1864 to 1868 he was a member of the Book Committee. In carrying forward his educational enterprises, he founded

Thorntown Academy in 1854, Valparaiso Male and Female College in 1859, and Stockwell Collegiate Institute in 1860. All of these academies have subserved a good purpose in developing the educational interests of North-western Indiana. In 1860 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the State University at Bloomington. To all the honorable positions which Dr. Smith has held in the Church he has been called by such majorities and with such enthusiastic good will on the part of his brethren as to indicate the keenest appreciation of his abilities and services. At the late General Conference he was a second time elected to a place on the General Book Committee, and, at its organization, was honored with the chairmanship, which position he now holds.

In his domestic relations Dr. Smith has been greatly blessed; and this, too, notwithstanding the loss by death of two most exemplary Christian wives—helps meet for the ministry—who have preceded him to the better land. The first was a daughter of Sarah Wright, the "Sylvan Muse," so well known as a poetess and writer of prose in the newspapers and magazines of fifty years ago. The maiden name of the second wife was Louisa J. Kline. She was a native of Augusta County, Virginia, and died on the 22d of October, 1874, at her home in Lafayette. On her fifty-sixth birthday she sank quietly to the Christian's rest. For nearly thirty-four years she and her husband had journeyed together over the rugged and toilsome roads of the itinerancy. In her last hours she called her two boys to her bed-side and exhorted them to follow her to the land of the blessed. Dr. Smith was recently married to Mrs. Eleanor L. Wheeler, widow of the sainted William F. Wheeler, of the North-west Indiana Conference. Mrs. Smith is known, not only in her own neighborhood, but throughout the conference, as a woman of the highest Christian culture and refinement. In her bearing is mingled the love of a mother with the dignity of a queen. To those who

know her, the mention of her name recalls a memory of all the womanly virtues.

To his family Dr. Smith has always been ardently devoted. His home attachments have been the strongest and most consoling ties of his life. Vexed with the cares and distracted with the conflicts of the ministerial office and work, he has ever found his home a haven of peace and rest.

Dr. Smith is a born leader. His quick perception, retentive memory, and indomitable perseverance have made him a man of no ordinary influence and power. Born in the same year with Beswick, Berry, and Simpson, he, as well as they, has proved himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. In power and unction of pulpit utterances, in will and judgment, and in executive capacity,

he is a worthy rival of the great names that shine in this generation of Methodism. Dr. Smith is now in his sixty-sixth year, gray-haired, and scarred with the battles of life, but still erect and powerful, firm of tread as a warrior, and elastic and full of vigor as a man of thirty. He is one of the ministerial heroes of the old school—a veteran of many campaigns and a hundred victories, one of those mighty pioneers of Methodism—apostles of the wilderness, whose food was locusts and wild honey. May the blessing of God rest upon this venerable captain in Israel; and may his remaining years, full of strength and wisdom, be sweetened with the thousand recollections of a consecrated life, and crowned with that peace which passeth understanding.

JOHN C. RIDPATH.

GLEANINGS FROM BASQUE LITERATURE.

THE Pyrenees and the adjacent districts of France and Spain have been from time immemorial the abode of a race entirely different in physique, in manners and customs, and in language, from both Spaniards and Frenchmen. In their own language these mountaineers are called *Escualdunac*, but we have given them the name of Basques. The origin of this people has long been a matter of controversy. The peculiarities which distinguish them at the present day have been characteristic of the race from the remotest period to which their history can be traced. Beyond that point a variety of conjectures has been made about them, based chiefly on a comparison of their language with those of other primitive nations.

As was to be expected, those authors who are themselves Basques by birth have laid claim to the highest antiquity for the *Escualdunac*. Among these the Abbé D'Iharce de Bidassouet deserves

special notice. In 1825, this learned gentleman published in Paris the first volume of a history of the Basque people, but the remaining portion of the work never saw the light. Of the volume published, about one-half is occupied by demonstration of the superiority of the Basque language over all others, ancient and modern. "I will not," says this ingenious author, "be so bold as absolutely to affirm that the language spoken by the Almighty in the terrestrial paradise was *Escuarac*; but it is certain that the name of the ark, in Basque *arkh*, *arkha*, as well as that of the wood with which it was constructed, are *Escuarac* words." The statement, it will be seen, is a very guarded one. When the Abbé comes to sum up his argument, he speaks with more boldness. "Let it be admitted, then," he says, "that no language in the world approaches more nearly than the Basque to that with which the Almighty inspired Adam, whether in point of

antiquity, or universality, or copiousness, or naturalness, or flexibility, or delicacy, or rhythm, or suggestiveness, or verbal structure, or perfectibility,—and my thirteenth and last problem, or rather theorem, is solved."

We can not better illustrate the diversity of opinion among the learned on the subject of the antiquity of the Basque language than by placing the opinion of M. Pierquin de Gembloux in juxtaposition with that of the Abbé d'Iharce de Bidassouet. In September 1835, M. Pierquin contributed a paper to *La France Littéraire*, in which he maintains that the Basque, like all the other languages of Southern Europe, was formed during the period which immediately preceded the age of Dante, and that the sources from which the whole of these languages were formed were identical. His mode of dealing with the question is statistical. Taking as the basis of his inquiry, a vocabulary consisting of 13,375 Basque words, he classifies them thus: six hundred and forty-four are of Hebrew or Arabic origin; fifty-two are Gothic, German or Anglo-Saxon; nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-four are either Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, or Italian; and two thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven are of unknown parentage.

Neither of these two theories of the origin of the Basque tongue has met with much acceptance; nor has the opinion prevailed that the language is of American birth, and that the Basques are the descendants of a colony of American aborigines who discovered the old world before Columbus discovered the new, though such an opinion has been seriously maintained, and has received curious confirmation in a recent American work. "It deserves notice," says M. Gallatin "that Vater could point out but two languages that on account of the multiplicity of their forms had a character, if not similar, at least analogous to those of America. These were the Congo and the Basque, the first spoken by a barbarous nation of Africa, the

other now universally admitted to be a remarkable relic of a most ancient and primitive language found in the most early ages of the world."

Larramendi and Erro wrote works to prove that the Basque was the original language of the whole human race; Dr. J. C. Prichard, in his "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," regards it as the language of a race that came originally from the northern parts of Asia and Europe, and to which he gives the name of Ugro-Tartarian. Mr. George Borrow traces all the dialects spoken in Europe to two great Asiatic languages, the Tibetan and the Sanskrit, the sacred languages of the followers of Buddha and Brahma, and he regards Basque as of Tibetan origin. In 1801, William Von Humboldt writes to Wolf, "I find more and more of Greek in the Basque tongue." But both he and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte afterwards came to the conclusion, that it is of the same class of languages as the Finn or Lappish, and is the remains of the ancient Iberian tongue. If any opinion can be said to predominate, where so many are in the field, this last is perhaps at the present day the most generally accepted. The difficulties that surround the study of Basque have given rise to a Spanish proverb to the effect that Satan once lived seven years in Biscay, and then left the country, finding himself unable either to understand the Basques, or to make himself understood by them.

The Basques are naturally an industrious and frugal people. The land in their country is subdivided into numerous small holdings, and the summit of a Basque's ambition is to possess one of these holdings, and to have a house of his own. He is then known as an *etche-cojauna*, or house-holder. In politics they are republican; and in Spain the Basque provinces enjoy certain political and fiscal privileges and liberties which are called *fueros*, and which have been maintained intact often at the cost of much bloodshed. All over Spain the Basque ranks as a gentleman or hidalgo

by right of birth, and this position is unreservedly conceded to him by the proudest Castilian. An intense, but not a gloomy, religious spirit prevails in the country. After the early vesper service on Sunday, all the Summer through, the curé, and the younger male portion of his congregation, may be seen in the village, playing at the national game of *pelota*, or tennis. At home music and dancing are the amusements of the people.

Mr. Borrow speaks with contempt of their literature, but we venture to think that he has somewhat underrated it. A few ballads and songs, and some pieces of dramatic composition, are all that remain of their ancient poetry, and even these are many of them of doubtful antiquity. The song of Altabiscar, a ballad which describes the defeat of Charlemagne's army, and the death of Roland, at Roncesvalles, will, we think, compare favorably with most specimens of ballad literature.

We present a specimen translated from the original, which we believe has never before appeared in an English dress:

THE SONG OF ALTABISCAR.

"Sounds unwonted break the stillness of the mountains of the Basques,
The master listens at his door, and 'Who goes there?' he asks,
The angry watch-dog wakens up, and hears the din afar,
And his deep howls fill the mountain slopes of Altabiscar.
In the pass of Ibaneta sounds of tumult strike the ear,
'Tis the dull and distant murmur of a host that draweth near,
Right and left the cliffs re-echo it. The mountain guard has heard,
And the signal horn blows loudly, and the master whets his sword.
They are coming! they are coming! crops of lances fill the pass,
And many tinted banners float above the mighty mass
Of men in glittering armor. 'Count, my boy, and tell to me,
Are they one, two, ten, or twenty, or how many may they be?'
'Twenty? thousands upon thousands! and more thousands follow fast;
'Twere waste of time to count them, one would never reach the last!'—

Unite we then our sinewy arms—these rocks let us uproot,
And hurl them down the cliffs upon the foemen at the foot!

What seek they in our mountain home—those warriors of the north?

Why come they here to break our peace? Arise, and drive them forth!

The rocks fall like an avalanche! A bruised and bleeding mass
Of broken bones and quivering flesh lies reeking in the pass."

The literature of the Basques is especially rich in proverbs and proverbial sayings, and they have been fortunate in finding able and industrious collectors and editors for them. In 1657, Oihenart, of Mauleon, an advocate in the courts of Navarre, published a collection of five hundred and thirty-seven Basque proverbs with a French translation, and some years afterwards he made a second collection of upwards of seven hundred additional proverbs. The volume published by Oihenart, in 1657, has been reprinted, and very carefully edited by M. Francisque Michel, who has prefixed to the reprint an exhaustive bibliographical account of Basque literature.

Proverbial literature is, from its very nature, much the same among all nations. The wisdom which finds expression in a short, sharp phrase is one and the same wisdom all the world over. Consequently, very many of our very best maxims can not with propriety be regarded as the exclusive property of any one nation or language. They belong to mankind in general, and appear in almost identical forms in every language. It is only when general truths such as these are expressed in a distinctly national or local aspect, that they become fairly the property, as so expressed, of a particular nation or country.

Thus, for example, when a Basque mountaineer says, "The sea has no branches," he describes the dangers of a seafaring life in language most suggestive to a native of the Basque hills. His daily experience in the chase tells him how often he has to maintain his foothold by the assistance of a branch growing among the cliffs; and when he looks

down on the stormy Bay of Biscay, the thought comes naturally and vividly before him, that there are no branches there to which the drowning man may cling. The Basques are said to make the finest sailors in Spain, but we have not observed any thing in their literature indicating a love of the sea. They have this fine saying, "The man who does not know how to pray should go to sea and learn;" and again, "The world is like the sea; those who can not swim must sink."

The following describes well the pretended charity of some people: "Ancho is a great giver of alms; he always gives to the poor the feet of the pigs he has stolen."

"He that is to be hanged at Easter finds Lent short enough;" and "Lent and the gallows were made for the miserable," are both proverbs indicating no great love for the restrictions imposed by the clergy during Lent. "He that fasts has three feasts," refers to a very common practice of taking a feast immediately before and after a day's fasting, and making the one meal, permitted on the day itself, a substantial one. Excellent advice on dietetics is embodied in the following: "Use meat killed to-day, bread baked yesterday, and wine a year old, and you may say good-bye to the doctor."

There is much knowledge of the world quaintly enough expressed in sayings like these: "He that has nuts to eat will easily find stones to crack them with;" "Man meets man, but mountain does not meet mountain," which is also an old French proverb; "One eye is enough for a seller, but a hundred are not too many for a buyer;" "A coward's sword is always blunt;" "Every body's friend is nobody's friend."

The funeral ceremonies among the Basques, as is the case in many other countries, were apt to end in carousals, and this fact found expression in the

phrase, "The dead to the grave, the living to the feast."

The rapacity of the clergy is the subject of more than one proverb, such as "Avarice committed homicide, took refuge in the Church, and has never come out again." There are many sayings expressive of that love of country which characterizes all mountain races; one, for example, is "Land of the stranger, land of the wolf."

A summary, if not altogether a creditable, mode of dealing with troublesome members of the gentler sex is recommended in the advice, "Pacify a dog with a bone, and a woman with a lie." As a rule proverbs do not portray female character in its brightest colors. Solomon treats the subject at length, and with apparent impartiality, but few proverb-writers have enjoyed opportunities of studying the sex equal to those which the domestic arrangements of that monarch placed at his command.

"Blood boils without fire," expresses well the passionate temper of the Basque. "Hard bread needs sharp teeth," is an apparent truism, with much meaning under it; and the same may be said of the saying, "For a hundred horses a hundred saddles are needed." There is rough mother-wit in the remark, "The higher a monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail."

Of all these proverbs it must be said, that they lose much in the process of translation. The Basque language is terse in the extreme. Its complicated system of inflections enables it to compress much thought in few words, and brevity is one of the essential qualities of a good proverb. The specimens we have here selected, will, perhaps, suffice to show that the Basque is not behind his neighbors in shrewdness and practical wit, and that he has sometimes succeeded in giving forcible expression to the maxims which these faculties have suggested to him.

GOLDEN VIOLETS.

IN olden times there was an institution at Toulouse, called the "College of Gay Sciences," which, after a decadence, was revived by the establishment of *floral games*, by Clemence Isaure, who, having founded them, confirmed the custom by her will. On each 3d of May prizes were given (for the best poems given to the College), consisting of golden violets, of exquisite workmanship. The fête was opened by a mass, a sermon, and alms to the poor. Clemence died unmarried, at the age of fifty, some time early in A. D. 1500.

'TIS a pleasant tale of the olden times,
 Those merry and good old days
 When poets rehearsed their flowing rhymes,
 And minstrels caroled their lays,
 That in brave Toulouse, whose walls adorn
 The valley of swift Garonne,—
 On fairer valley, at eve or morn,
 The journeying sun ne'er shone,—
 There stood a college of science gay,
 Whose walls in the years gone by,
 Through many a glad and joyous day
 Resounded with revelry,
 When gallant knights strove in glittering
 mail,
 Athletes in contestant games,
 All bravely wrestled—while song and tale
 Gave glory to poet names;
 And the good patricians on gala days
 To witness each gallant deed,
 And join in the glad award of praise,
 Gave presence and kindly heed,
 To crown with laurel the victor knight,
 With parseley the proud athlete,
 And hail him laureate, who, aright,
 Should sing of the merry *fête*.

With the changing years, so the story runs,
 O'er Toulouse crept a chill of change;
 Gay science was scorned by her recreant sons,
 To college and camp grown strange,
 Though wherefore the somber change none
 wist,
 Gay science was but a name,
 And no brave knights rode the courtly list,
 No wrestler prolonged the game.

Near by, where swift Garonne with noiseless
 tide
 Flows fair between its banks, a maiden
 dwelt,
 Last of her line, its fairest flower, its pride,
 And, at her feet, a winning suitor knelt.
 She loved him well—she laid her hand within
 His suing palm, and blushing, bade him
 rise;

Alas that greed of gold, that deadly sin,
 Should fill a heart that sued for such a prize!
 Forth from the palace gate he rode away.
 Scarce was her troth-kiss on his lips a-cold;
 One lightly cried, "How speeds Love's quest
 to-day?"
 He answered back, "*I love her for her
 gold!*"
 Bold, cruel words—the heedless spring-tide
 wind
 Swift to the maiden's bower their echoes
 bore;
 A moment since, the happiest of her kind,
 Now, pierced with anguish, stood Clem-
 ence Isaure.
 "He loves not me!" her white lips mur-
 mured slow,
 "He sues me for my gold. Oh, bitter lot.
 Hush, foolish, cheated heart, 't is better so
 To know the truth. Alas! *he loves me not!*"
 Prone on the grass she fell—her white wan
 face
 Between her trembling hands she strove to
 hide;
 "O Love, thy name is grief, thy tender grace
 Is but a mockery," she wildly cried.
 "Leave me, O life, my cruel sorrows end;
 Life without love is nothing worth to me.
 Take me, O death, thou only constant friend,
 Releasing death, I gladly welcome thee."
 While moaning there upon the ground she lay,
 Against her pallid cheek, tear-stained and
 wet,
 Nestled, as longing soothing words to say,
 With loving touch, a fair, sweet violet.
 "Thou pretty flower," the tender maiden said,
 "So meek, so fair, so fragrant! Wouldst
 thou care
 If young Clemence were sleeping with the
 dead?
 Thou seem'st to say thou wouldst. Thy
 bloom I'll wear

Upon my wounded heart. Mayhap 't will
 heal
 Its bitter hurt. Mayhap from thee I'll
 learn

Thy sweet content; mayhap from thee I'll
 steal

A soothing balm. Thy love I will not spurn.

I'll cherish thee; thou frail, sweet pitying
 flower,"

In gentlest tones the pensive maiden spake;

"Not for her gold *thou* lovest Clemence's
 bower,

Thy tender comfort to my heart I'll take."

Up rode the knight to the castle door,

Merrily shone the May!

"Pray give me grace of Clemence Isaure;"

Merrily shone the May!

Clemence stood fair in the castle hall,

Merrily shone the May!

"Who loves for lucre, loves not at all;"

Merrily shone the May!

The grace is given—the word is said—

Merrily shone the May!

And the golden hopes from his heart have fled,

Merrily shone the May!

Years glided by. On fair Clemence's brow,

Time, the consoler, prest his kiss of peace;

Yet ne'er again her ear to lover's vow

She turned. From love and scorn she had
 surcease.

"Youth should be cheerful, though some
 hearts be sad;

In Spring-time violets bloom, I love them
 well,"

Said sweet Clemence, and smiled. "I am
 so glad

To think that gladness *can* within me dwell.

I have my gold, I have my violets too;

And I will send both on a joyous quest;

We'll fill the college halls with throngs anew,

And ope the Campus to the kindly guest.

Then when each May month wakes to gentle
 bloom

The tender violets so sweet and fair,

We'll sing a solemn mass, and e'en perfume

Our feast of joy with blessed alms and
 prayer.

So from the ashes of a sweet hope, dead,

In other lives fair flowers of joy may spring;

So, by a sorrow sanctified," she said,

"We'll bid full many a heart in gladness
 sing."

A long life lived Clemence, and art and song,
 And all gay science knew their patron friend,

And in Toulouse each May, a happy throng,

All hearts and voices in accord to blend,

Gathered within the joyous college walls,

Where gay contestants held their floral
 games;

And heartsome shouts resounded through the
 halls,

Glad honors giving to the victor names.

Then, as the poets vied in measured rhymes,

To win by choicest verse, the dearest prize,

So great the ardor of the olden times;

Tears glistened oft in sympathetic eyes,

For, borne on silken cushions fair and white,

Up to the rostrum by a good knight bold,

Clemence's violets all eyes delight,

Enwrought with rarest skill, in beaten gold;

While floral choirs with sweetest blossoms
 strewed

The happy poet's proud victorious way.

This the rare prize Clemence Isaure bestowed

Upon the bard who sang the noblest lay.

And still years fled. Upon Clemence's brow

Death, the releaser, prest his kiss of peace;

From every care and every sorrow now

The gentle spirit hath for aye surcease.

And fair Toulouse was shrouded all in gloom,

When sorrowing hands full gently laid to
 rest

Their patron friend, within her flow'r crowned
 tomb,

With golden violets upon her breast,

She died. But joyous life from out her grave

She gave to youth. Gay science flourished
 still;

Her gold for college prizes still she gave,

Confirming the sweet custom by her will.

Four centuries have glided silently

Into the dim and far receding past

Since first Toulouse's poet's rev'rently

Upon Clemence's grave their garlands cast.

And still, adown the slowly gliding years,

Bruised flowers so yield their fragrance
 more and more,

Comes this sweet story, fraught with smiles
 and tears,

The golden violets of Clemence Isaure.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

SECOND PAPER.

OPAL is termed "poederos" by the Greeks, and in the Orphic poems is said to imitate the complexion of a lovely youth. Pliny says: "Of all precious stones, it is opal that presents the greatest difficulties of description, it displaying at once the piercing fire of carbunculus, the purple brilliancy of amethystos, and the sea-green of smaragdus, the whole blended together and refulgent with a brightness that is quite incredible."

This display of tints in the opal is owing to numerous minute and irregular fissures that traverse the stone in a certain direction, containing laminæ of air that reflect rays of light of different intensity and various colors. But its structure causes it to be so fragile that an opal set in a ring has been known to split by holding the hand too close to the fire on a frosty day. It is also subject to deterioration, for if the fissures, upon which its iridescence depends, become choked up by dust or grease, its value is gone. The only way of restoring it is to subject it to a certain amount of heat,—a hazardous experiment with so brittle a stone.

Like most other gems known to the ancients, opals were originally imported from India; but they are now found extensively in Hungary, Mexico, Honduras, and other places. The finest and largest are discovered imbedded in porphyry, in the mines of Czernovitz, in Hungary.

The largest opal known to the ancients was in the ring of Nonius, on account of which its possessor was proscribed by Marc Antony. It was of the size of a hazel-nut, and was valued at a sum equal to \$100,000 of our money. When Nonius took to flight he carried nothing with him but this ring. "How marvelous," adds Pliny, "must have been the cruelty, how marvelous the luxurious passion of Antonius, thus to proscribe a man for the possession of a jewel;

and no less marvelous must have been the obstinacy of Nonius, who could thus dote upon what had been the cause of his proscription." The largest opal known is in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna. For this gem \$250,000 has been offered and refused. The most beautiful was in possession of the Empress Josephine. It was named "The Burning of Troy," from the numerous red flames playing over its surface.

The opal is, in its way, peerless among precious stones, and the only one which, when extracted from the earth, as in Hungary, is soft, hardening and diminishing in size through exposure to the air. It is rarely larger, with its milk-blue beauty illuminated by sun-tints, than a nut, but has always been marvelously esteemed. In fact, the flamboyant opal of Mexico, representing an admixture of silica, iron, and water, is a magnificent gem, and its family is mentioned in the Apocalypse as including "the most noble of stones." In consequence of their being excessively prized, and of a quickly fading nature, sham specimens are fabricated to an extraordinary extent.

The turquoise, though opaque, is usually ranked with precious stones. It is a compound of phosphate and hydrate of alumina; its color is due to phosphates of copper. A certain kind of fossil ivory, colored blue by phosphate of iron, is occasionally used in jewelry under the name of odontolite, or fossil turquoise, but is inferior in color and texture to the real mineral. The turquoise in mediæval times was supposed to be endowed with many wonderful properties. Boetius de Boot relates a number of sufficiently marvelous stories respecting this stone, as coming within his own experience. "The turquoise is believed to strengthen the sight and spirits of the wearer," he says; "but its chief commendation is its protective influence against falls, which, as every

body is assured, it takes upon itself, so that the wearer escapes all hurt,—a property beyond the scope of reason. I can solemnly affirm that I always wear one in a ring, the nature of which I can never sufficiently admire." He then proceeds to relate the manner in which he became possessed of this ring. A neighbor who had been in the habit of wearing a turquoise ring of great beauty died; his property was put up for sale, and the elder De Boot purchased this ring and presented it to his son. To the great disappointment of the latter, however, the gem had become pale and faded; so much so that, as he expresses it, he thought it scorn to wear so unsightly a gem, and took it to an engraver to have his coat-of-arms cut upon it. This done, he wore the turquoise ring as a signet. What was his surprise to find the stone gradually recovering its color, and that at the end of the month its azure hue was restored. But the wonder did not cease here. De Boot was traveling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when, in the dark, his horse stumbled and fell with his rider from a bank on to a road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider was the worse, but when De Boot washed his hands the following morning, he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger half reset, and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident which was like to have caused him a broken bone, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself, and had to be reset once more. After such proof, who could doubt? Not De Boot himself, evidently.

The turquoise has always been a favorite gem for the betrothal ring, the fashion having had its origin in the belief that the permanence of its hue would depend upon the constancy of the donor.

Indifferent as we may be to the merits of precious stones in general, it must be admitted that the *diamond* has, from time immemorial, occupied a certain position in the history of nations. Thus it was one of the stones which adorned

the breastplate of the Hebrew high-priests. Homer tells us that Juno wore diamonds in her ears. The ancients maintained that the diamond imparted courage to the wearer. Certain it is that diamonds, at this moment, represent several millions of money. The value of diamonds received at the port of Boston for one week in May last, was \$27,901, besides all that may have been smuggled. Some are in want of bread, and others are suffering for diamond jewelry!

The name and history of every stone valued at a sum above \$4,000, is now perfectly known, and its whereabouts ascertained, whether it be at Amsterdam, Paris, Moscow, or London. The moment that a diamond is discovered exceeding this value, the stone, as it were, attains a sort of *etat civil* in the world of lapidaries.

Numerous attempts have been made to produce artificial diamonds, but they have all been in vain. It is even doubtful whether microscopically small crystals have been formed. Diamonds are, however, very well imitated by pastes, which possess all the beauty and fire of the real stones, and flash in our street-cars, theaters, and shop windows, quite secure from detection, except by a shrewd judge of human nature as well as of stones. In order to fabricate a diamond by science, it is first necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization, mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond.

Plato believed this stone to be created by the rays of certain stars. Apparent extremes that sometimes meet are the dreams of the poet and the realizations of the philosopher. The stars, says the former, are diamonds in the sky; diamonds, says one who, in 1876, may claim the latter title, are stars upon the earth. Who will deny that they have too many virtues to be of worldly origin? And to no mundane process within our knowledge can their birth be assigned. None can do more than speculate upon their

origin, and suggest what it might have been. The theorist who claims a celestial origin for them deserves praise for his boldness at all events, and his deserts for the validity of his suggestion are perhaps as great as those of the many who have sought to explain their formation by suppositional terrestrial actions. The sky-birth of the diamond is suggested by a Continental experimentalist, who, upon the strength of some preliminary researches, declares that intense cold dissociates chemical elements in combination. The "pure carbon" of the diamond he holds to have once been mingled with other matters, in masses of meteoric nature, coursing through space; and he argues that the intense cold which reigns in stellar space (something like two hundred degrees below zero) has been the means of isolating and crystallizing the carbon, and that diamonds have fallen from the sky like the aerolites, whose celestial source is well known. Those Cape specimens which attract so much attention are found on the surface of the ground only,—it is of no use to dig for them. This looks as though they came down rather than up. Be that as it may, this stone is singular in many respects. It is the only combustible and the only elementary substance which is used as a gem. It is the hardest material known, and its refractive and dispersive powers on light are higher than those of any other precious stone. It is also one of the most unalterable. It is not affected by chemicals, is infusible, only to be consumed by exposure to a long-continued or very high temperature, and these qualities, combined with its rare brilliancy, make it the most valuable of precious stones. It is also likely to become as useful as it is ornamental. The diamond drill is the only drill that can bore its way through certain rocks whose hardness soon dulls the best steel drills. And now a diamond saw has been invented, which promises to do with stone what the finest steel saw does with wood. It consists of a thin metal disk, the teeth of which are nothing

more than *minute black diamonds*, embedded in the metallic edge of the sheet. When revolving at a high speed, this disk cuts into the sides of a stone slab as though it were a piece of timber; and not only can straight cuttings be made, but, by an ingenious mechanical device, bevels and rounded edges are cut. As a labor-saving machine, the inventor judges that one of them will do the work of fourteen stone-cutters.

The diamond is pure carbon, chemically almost the same as graphite, or plumbago, and charcoal, but very different from them in its transparency and luster. It is generally found in octahedral crystals, having highly polished faces, and although possessing some beauty in this natural state,—owing to the high luster of the faces,—yet it has not a tithe of the splendor exhibited by a well-cut brilliant. The ancients did not know how to cut the extremely hard diamond, and were content to wear it in its natural state, but even thus they prized it highly.

In 1456, Louis Berquen, a Belgian, brought the art of diamond-cutting to a high state of perfection, and it is now carried on chiefly in Amsterdam by the Jews. Nothing but diamond will cut diamond, and therefore the stones are first roughly shaped by cleaving off slices of the gems and rubbing two stones together. Afterward they are brought to the exact shape required, and finely polished by grinding against a very swiftly revolving disk of soft steel, smeared with oil and diamond-dust. On this operation of cutting depends the brilliancy and consequent value of the gem; and as diamonds are sold by weight, there is a great tendency so to cut the stone that it may weigh as much as possible. This, however, is regarded by eminent technologists as a great error. Says Professor Cornwall: "As a stone must be cut in a certain way in order to develop the most perfect luster, any additional weight inevitably injures the effect of the cutting."

The most common form of cut diamonds is the well-known brilliant, famil-

iar to all. Another less common form, but producing a fine effect, is the rose diamond, a flat bottom, surmounted by a faceted pyramid, terminating in a point. It is somewhat remarkable that the best diamonds are found only in the torrid zone, and all mines are generally about the same distance from the equator. There are very brilliant stones in England and various other countries, but no real diamonds. The diamond mines of Golconda have been long held in the highest esteem. The principal mine is at Raolconda, five days' journey from the city of Golconda; this was discovered in the seventeenth century. The country is woody and rocky, approaching the range of hills running across the province. In the crevices of the rocks is sometimes to be found a sort of vein of sand, not more than one inch wide, and frequently not above half that width; so that the miners are obliged to employ hooked irons, with which they rake out the earth and sand; and it is among this loose stuff that the diamonds are found. They wash it with great care, securing all the stones it contains. When the vein ceases they split the rocks still further by fire, and thus recover the vein, or find another. These veins frequently extend a quarter of a mile. Borneo was also one of the most celebrated localities in ancient times; but in 1727 the diggings in Brazil were opened, and yielded so abundantly as to greatly depreciate the value of diamonds, and the dealers tried to make people believe that they were not true diamonds. Lately diamonds have been found in Australia and South Africa, and a few in North Carolina, Virginia, and California; but Brazil furnishes the best and the most abundant supplies.

According to their transparency and luster diamonds are classified into stones of the first water, second water, and refuse stones. The value and beauty of the diamond are greatest when it is so perfectly clear that the stone itself is scarcely discerned, but only the brilliant ray of light which its polished surface

reflects. It is then called a diamond of the first water; so called from the fact that it resembles a drop of pure spring water, being absolutely colorless, very lustrous, and perfectly free from flaws. An undecided tint of any color injures its value; and although deep red, green, or blue hues may give the stones an exceptional value as fancy specimens, yet in the ordinary market they would be much less esteemed. The estimated value of all the diamonds which have been discovered at the South African fields during the last three years does not fall far short of ten millions sterling. Many of the gems are of inferior quality, being of a yellowish color. The largest pure white stone weighed between seventy and eighty carats, and the largest "off-colored" two hundred and eighty-eight and one-half carat. Large ones, worth over twenty thousand dollars, are always catalogued, with an account of the place and circumstances under which they were found. These African stones lack the perfect luster of those found at Mandarga, in the Brazils, and at Golconda, in the East Indies, and have, in consequence, commanded far lower prices.

A well-cut diamond of the first water is at present worth, in New York, about fifty dollars gold if it weigh half a carat (the carat being four grains Troy), an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal. Thus an ounce of gold is divided into twenty-four carats, and gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts are silver, copper, or other metal; the weight of four grains, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight. The term of *weight carat* derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called *kuara*. This bean, from the time of its being gathered varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been from a very remote period used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also,

the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls. A diamond weighing one carat is worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars; if two carats, five hundred and fifty dollars. Above this weight the values depend on very delicate shades of difference; one stone of three carats may bring eight hundred dollars, another might be worth one thousand dollars. Above three carats the price is only settled by agreement. A diamond of five carats is a very large stone, and above one hundred carats few are known.

It has been a matter of surprise with many that the great increase in the total stock of diamonds in the world, since the discovery and working of the diamond mines of South Africa, has not operated to lessen the price asked for these gems in our retail stores. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the diamond-cutters of Amsterdam, where, as before stated, the great majority of all the fine gems are cut, have formed a "trade's union" of the closest kind, and that the price of their work has enormously increased. When the diamonds from the Cape began to arrive freely in Amsterdam, and to accumulate in the hands of the proprietors of the cutting establishments, it was soon found that the three thousand workmen in the Dutch city were not sufficient to do the work as promptly as was desirable. The workmen, fully alive to their own interests in the matter, at once assembled and formed an alliance offensive and defensive against their employers. A society was formed called the Union of Diamond-workers. According to the by-laws, they were in duty bound to *take no apprentices*, and should any member violate this article he immediately ceased to be a member of the union, and would not be received into any diamond workshop. Should he be engaged his employer was to be denounced, and the members of the union forbidden to work for him. At intervals of three years, a number of apprentices equal to the number of members deceased during that period, will be taken among the members of the union.

This combination of the workmen has been highly successful, owing to the anxiety of holders of rough diamonds to get them cut for the market, and it has resulted in an enormous advance in prices for cutting. This is one great reason why the large supply sent from Africa has had so little influence on the prices, and why diamonds, except those of very poor quality and large size, are even higher than before the African diamond-fields were discovered.

It remains a curious fact that these Dutch diamond-cutters are the most skillful of any in the world. Such is their marvelous expertness that a workman will cut the whole twenty or twenty-four facets of the gem of exactly the same size, or at least so nearly of a size that a microscope only would reveal any discrepancy. Nor is the operation of polishing, which succeeds that of cutting, any less perfect. The wheel used for this process is a circular table of iron, known by the Dutch name of *schuff*. By means of machinery it is made to revolve with extreme rapidity,—sometimes at the rate of nearly three thousand revolutions per minute. In practice, a quantity of very fine diamond powder, moistened with olive oil, is placed on the surface of the iron table. Before the diamonds are polished they are set in a cone composed of an alloy of lead and tin, and this cone exactly fits in a cap which is held ready by a long handle fixed in the wall of the room, or in some convenient post. The facet of the diamond, which forms the summit of the cone, is then pressed on the revolving table and held down by weights of lead. Great care is essential, for should the diamond become loose in the cone, it would in all probability be much damaged by the edge of the facet being ground away. One facet having thus been properly polished, the stone is taken from the cone and refitted with another cone uppermost, and the same operation is repeated to the end of the work. "The Star of South Africa," the first and one of the finest stones of any considerable size which has been sent to

England from South African mines, has been set as the central stone in a coronet for the Countess of Dudley. Its present weight is forty-six and a half carats; and it is of the purest water and brilliancy.

A magnificent diamond, weighing one hundred and fifty-four carats, is said to have been found in the wall of one of the native huts in South Africa, where a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that being surprised at the light shining amid the darkness, he had, upon examination, found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of course the clump was soon detached by the friendly visitor, and the rare gem, with other smaller ones, found within.

On the 15th of April, 1873, a heavy rain having been falling for upwards of a week, a Mr. Fellows started out to fish in a small stream flowing in the Limpopo River, South Africa, and at about daylight, while digging for bait, he turned over a large piece of clay, and there, sticking fast to it, was a wonderful and mighty diamond. He immediately hid the precious stone, and worked on until his strength was exhausted, but found no more. He had no means to weigh the diamond, but experts among the miners to whom he dared exhibit it, said it would weigh from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five carats. It measured nearly one and a half inches from point to point. He was offered \$50,000 for it by a speculator, but preferred to send it to this country. It is now insured for \$75,000.

Among famous historical diamonds, the *Koh-i-noor* ranks first, as it is, without doubt, the finest diamond in the world, and one of the most ancient. Its history is one long romance; but it is well authenticated at every step, as history seems never to have lost sight of this stone of fate from the days when Ala-ud-deen took it from the rajahs of Nalwah, more than five centuries and a half ago, to the day when it became a crown-jewel of England. Baber says it came into the Delhi treasury from the conquest of Nal-

wah by Ala-ud-deen, in 1304. It was seen by Tavernier among the jewels of Aurungzebe, but had been reduced by the unskillfulness of Hortensio Borgis from seven hundred and ninety-three carats to one hundred and eighty-six carats,—the weight it possessed at the exhibition of 1851. Nadir Shah obtained possession of this celebrated diamond by an artful trick. He gave back the prostrate empire of India to his Tartar "kinsman," and exchanged turbans with him according to Oriental custom, in token of amity; but unfortunately for his vassal, the *mountain of light* was in his cap, and so was gained by his suzerain. At last it came into the hands of Runjeet Singh; and, in 1849, after the capture of Lahore, in the conquest and annexation of the Punjab, became part of the spoil of the Anglo-Indian army, and being then estimated at \$1,250,000, there was great joy over such a prize. Without consulting the army, Lord Gough and Charles Napier, chiefs in command, audaciously presented the great diamond to Queen Victoria in the name of the combatants. It was not the generals' right to rob the army by bestowing the greatest of its spoils of war upon the Queen, nor ought she to have accepted it without seeing that the soldiers had been paid for it. If we mistake not, the Indian army have not received a shilling for their capture of the Koh-i-noor. It is now exhibited with the Regalia, set as a bracelet, but the Queen retained the gem for a long while as her own personal property, instead of placing it among the crown jewels. In 1862, at a cost of £8,000 it was recut as a brilliant, and reduced from one hundred and eighty-six to one hundred and six and one-sixteenth carats. It was recut in about thirty-eight days, as a small steam-engine had been erected for the purpose; but the Pitt diamond, by the old hand process, occupied two years. The Brahmin sages have an hereditary superstition touching the malign powers of this stone, and the Russian war and the Sepoy mutiny will not dispossess them of it. The "Braganza" diamond in the

crown of Portugal is the *largest* known. It was found about one hundred years ago, in Brazil. Its weight is one thousand eight hundred and thirty carats! Doubts have been thrown upon the genuineness of this stone, we know not with how much reason.

The limits of this paper will not allow us to pursue the subject of diamonds further. Let us next turn to *cameos*.

A magnificent cameo, supposed to be the portrait of Octavia, the second wife of Mark Antony, and the sister of Augustus, has been brought to the notice of the Paris Académie des Inscriptions. The stone is a sardonyx, with a milky surface, the interior being of a reddish black, and the workmanship of the cameo is exquisitely delicate. The face is evidently a portrait, and the head resembles that of the Venus of Milo.

When the practice of deifying the princes and heroes became general, portraits of men took the place of more ancient types. This custom gave birth to the cameo, when Greek artists were encouraged to settle in Rome in order to supply the demand for these beautiful ornaments. Seneca mentions a ring set with the head of Tiberius in cameo. The stones principally used by the Greeks and Romans for cameo-cutting were the agate, onyx, and the Indian sardonyx; the latter was most prized on account of variety of tint in its different beds or layers, and the beautiful, warm, transparent, carnelian-like ground.

Rome is now the chief seat of the art of cameo-cutting, two kinds of which are produced,—those cut in hard stone and those cut in shells. The stones regarded as the most valuable for this purpose are the Oriental onyx and the sand onyx, provided that they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose if it has four or five different colors in parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in making the device of the cameo. For example, specimens of stone which has four parallel layers may be useful for a cameo of

Minerva, where the ground would be dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet brown or gray.

All such cameos are wrought in the lapidary's lathe, with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers, one white and the other a pale coffee-color or deep redded orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. Stones adapted for cameo-cutting are dense, thick, and consist usually of three layers of different colored shell material.

We all know how Julius Cæsar, when he was in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, gave her a pearl worth nearly a quarter of a million of our money; and how Mark Antony drank one dissolved in vinegar, which cost nearly four millions, while Clodius, the glutton, swallowed one worth forty thousand. The example of Cleopatra found an imitator even in sober England. Sir Thomas Gresham, not otherwise famous for acts of folly, still so mistook the meaning of loyalty that he ground a pearl, which cost him £15,000, into a cup of wine, in order to drink thus fitly the health of his queen. The largest pearl on record is probably one brought by the most romantic of all travelers and dealers in precious gems, Tavernier, of Catifa, in Arabia, where a pearl fishery existed already in the days of Pliny. It is said,—for the pearl is unknown in our day,—to have been pear-shaped, perfect in all respects, and nearly three inches long. He obtained from the shah of Persia the enormous sum of £111,000 for the gem.

Hope's pearl, which is looked upon as the finest now known, is two inches long and four inches round. It weighs eighteen hundred grains, and like all such varieties, is of such enormous and uncertain value that no one would buy it at a market-price. The most beautiful collection of pearls belongs to the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and, as he

shared with other fancies also that for fine pearls with her, he sought them all over the world. They had to fulfill two conditions rarely to be met with; they must be perfect spheres, and they must be virgin pearls, for he would buy none that had been worn by others. After twenty-five years' search he at last succeeded in presenting his empress with a necklace such as the world had never seen before. As this admiration for fine pearls has been the common weakness of man in all ages and in all countries, we need not wonder at their playing a prominent part in religious writings; still it is remarkable that they are mentioned but once in the Old Testament; namely, in Job xxviii. 18, in conjunction with coral. Solomon's merchant navy traded to Ormuzd and Ind, possibly even to Ceylon; yet though his ships are recorded to have brought back consignments of ivory, apes, and peacocks, and doubtless precious stones also, we hear nothing of pearls in the enumeration of their master's riches. However, in the New Testament we find the "pearl of great price" employed as an image familiar to Oriental minds, to typify something of exceeding beauty and value; and, in after years, throughout the flowery language of Eastern poets and improvisators, "fair and spotless as a pearl" became proverbial, more especially in reference to the unsullied purity of virtue. We can hardly suppose that the pearl oysters of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf were unknown to Solomon or to his Phœnician ally, Hiram, king of Tyre, whose ships traded far and wide, and possibly rounded the Cape of Storms centuries before Vasco di Gama renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope" on his way to India.

Pearls appear to have been known at Rome after the Jugurthine War (they are found off the Algerine Coast at the present day), but it was not till after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previously to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Cæsar in Gaul;

nay, Suetonius declares that the cupidity of the future emperor, who had a pretty taste for gems and *objets de luxe* of every description, was the main inducement for his first invasion of Britain, where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures. After the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we find Cæsar presenting a buckler incrustated with Britannic pearls to Venus Genitrix, suspending it as a votive offering in the temple of that goddess at Rome. Pliny takes care to mention that the inscription recorded their British origin (this alone implies that Oriental pearls must have been already well known), and he rather seems to disparage the gift on that account; but the Roman ladies were apparently of a different opinion, for Britannic pearls at once became the rage, and enormous sums were given for choice specimens by the fair leaders of *ton* at Rome. Antony, or, as some allege, Agrippa, brought a pearl from Egypt so large that, cut in half, it formed a pair of ear-rings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon; but this was, of course, an Oriental or an African gem. The ladies of Pompeii and "shining" Baïæ, the Biarritz of imperial Rome, wore pearls in their hair and on various parts of their dress, even on the straps of their sandals, as well as on their arms, neck, and ears. In the latter they were frequently worn, as we learn from Pliny, loosely strung together in separate drops, when they were termed *crotalia*, or castanet pendants, and the fair wearers took a childish delight in the rattling of these drops, as they clicked against each other with every movement of the head.

Pliny denounces the new "sensation" very warmly, complaining that the malady had reached even the common people, who had a proverbial saying that "a pearl worn by a woman in public is as good as a lictor before her." He further makes mention of a wedding-feast at which Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was present, covered with emeralds and pearls disposed in alternate layers

and rows on her head and hair, woven into wreaths, hanging from her ears, encircling her neck, arms, and fingers, and decorating every part of her dress. He gravely censures this prodigal display, and appraises it at no less than £300,000 English money. The Britannic pearls were held in peculiar estimation by these dainty classes for their pinky hue (at the present day those that come from the Persian Gulf are golden yellow, and the Ceylon specimens mostly white), and the Oriental ones seem for a time to have gone more or less out of fashion.

In the Middle Ages Scotch pearls were celebrated on the Continent of Europe for their size and beauty, and their peculiar pink hue was highly esteemed by foreign magnates. The famous hussar jacket of Prince Esterhazy, entirely covered with pearl embroidery, was largely indebted for its sheeny splendor to Scotch pearls. But pearls are fragile things to hold, and at court festivities the prince's track in a waltz was marked by a shower of pearls scattered profusely around him, while the wear and tear incidental to donning and doffing the precious garment was a small fortune to his valet, who gathered up the cast-off wealth of his master from the dressing room floor.

Even the New Jerusalem was revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice with twelve doors, each of which was a single pearl.

Jane Taylor, in "The Philosopher's Scales," tells of

"A sword with gilt trappings and brilliants begirt,"
that weighed less

"Than one good potato just washed from the dirt."

Here, then, one kind of costly treasure is useless by the very fact of being one's own, when humbler property pays for its possession by rough service.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds and pearls and rubies and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him about ten florins each, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year. In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones, when the man led him down to his mill and pointed to the *toiling gray millstones*. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds who depended on this work for their daily bread. The two dull, homely stones, did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

AFTER BABEL.

IT is refreshing now and then to meet with a writer who, while evidently versed in all the scientific questions of the day, yet learns from all their discoveries how truly wonderful are the sacred writings. All this one feels while reading "The Builders of Babel," by M'Cousland, in which, beginning with the dispersion at Shinar, he has traced, down to

our time, the history of Noah's three sons, Ham, Shem, and Japhet, and he shows how wonderfully prophecy has been fulfilled with regard to them.

He believes in a plurality of races, holding that "it is the doctrine of a *divine creation*, as contradistinguished from the scientific dogma of the unity of race and the propagation of the various species of

mankind by natural selection. It is, in fact, the doctrine of the Bible."

He believes, too, in pre-Adamite man. In his own words, "if weapons and implements, of types that are in use among uncivilized savages of the present day are found, as they have been in abundance, and buried in clays and gravels that could not have been disturbed for many thousands of years, it is as certain that the savage was an inhabitant of our continent untold ages before the Mosaic date of the creation of our forefather Adam, as that civilized man is now an inhabitant of the same countries."

These brief sentences show the breadth of the author's views, and by them, any who may be inclined to waver in their religious belief because of a little knowledge regarding some hypotheses that apparently contradict our Bible, may see that one who knows more than they on these topics, has, in his earnest study of the Scriptures, found nothing contradictory to the testimony of God as revealed in his work in our own day, or far back in remotest ages.

It was God's will that the tribal identity of the three families of Shem, Ham, and Japhet should be preserved by a tribal separation, and this was accomplished by the confusion of tongues. Why it was so ordained we may not *exactly* know, but if all history shows that Noah's prophecy concerning his sons was fulfilled, it is an added proof to the many we already hold, of the divine origin of that Book on whose truth, as an oracle of God, rests all our hope of immortality.

Beginning with Ham, at the time of the dispersion, his descendants were more powerful and considerable than either of the other tribes, and under their ancient names of Cushites, Egyptians, Canaanites, and Phœnicians, occupy the most imposing position in the early history of civilized communities. Babylon, Nineveh, Baalbec, Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, not to mention Tyre and Sidon, and a host of other cities, whose *ruins* surpass the grandest architectural monuments of modern times, were designed

and executed by the descendants of Ham.

Of the four sons of Ham, the progeny of Cush remained in possession of "Chaldea, the lower portion of the great Mesopotamian plain, and spread themselves gradually throughout the Arabian peninsula." Mizraim migrated to Egypt. The descendants of Phut are generally supposed to be the Berber races of North Africa. Canaan took possession of the land of that name, including Phœnicia and her colonies.

As Babylonia and Assyria are now, and have been for many centuries, inhabited by a people speaking Semitic languages, they are commonly supposed to be descendants of Shem. But it has been discovered that a people whose language was neither Semitic nor Aryan inhabited those countries long before the Semitic was its spoken language, and Rénan, who has thoroughly studied the matter, says there is no doubt that on the banks of the Tigris dwelt a race known as the Cushite.

The exhumed monuments of Babylon and Nineveh make it apparent that the Assyrian civilization had as little resemblance to Semitic as to Aryan civilization, and was of an earlier date than either.

Most of our knowledge of ancient times has been conveyed to us by the Greeks, and it is now generally admitted that Arabia, the land of Cush, is by them described as Ethiopia. It is a mistake to suppose that the Ethiopia of the ancients was situated in Africa; the countries on the Upper Nile received that name "because they were colonies or dependencies of Arabia, and when the sway of the Asiatic Cushites sank before the inroad of more powerful peoples, these countries lost their original name, and Ethiopia was confined by the Greeks and Romans to the countries now known as such in Upper Egypt."

The modern inhabitants of Arabia are, for the most part, the descendants of Ishmael, who succeeded the Cushites in the possession of that country.

While ancient writers describe Arabia

in terms so extravagant that it is impossible to believe them,—as when Diodorus Siculus speaks of the porticoes of their houses and temples being, in some cases, “overlaid with gold,”—modern writers have, until quite recently, led us to believe that it is the most barren of lands. The latest accounts of travelers suffice to show that Central Arabia is well calculated to have been the site of an extensive commercial community, and the immense ruins in the Syrian desert attest that in by-gone days these waste lands were widely cultivated and full of popular life.

Rénan says: “In ages farther back in the past than the beginnings of any old nations mentioned in our ancient histories, Arabia was the seat of a great and influential civilization. It is now admitted that a people of the Cushite or Ethiopian race, sometimes called Hamites, were the first civilizers and builders throughout Western Asia, and they are traced by the remains of their language, their architecture, and the influence of their civilization on both shores of the Mediterranean, in Eastern Africa and the Nile Valley, in Hindoostan, and in the islands of the Indian seas. This people had a country which was the home of their civilization.” They were not a swarm of nomads nor a flood of disunited tribes; “their traces reveal the spirit of developed nationality, and the country from which their enterprise and culture went forth to other lands must have been Arabia.”

Of the Phœnicians, the descendants of Canaan, we know more than we do of any others of the Hamite race. There has been some discussion as to whether they were all Canaanites, or whether the Phœnicians were immigrants of a later date, and the Canaanites the original inhabitants of the land. All their social and political institutions were in direct contrast with those of the true nomadic descendants of Shem; therefore, though their language may have been Semitic, Professor Rawlinson considers them to have been of Hamitic extraction.

There was apparently a similarity of language between the Semite and Hamite, such as never existed between either of them and the Japhetic. After a time the result of close communication was to Semitize the Hamites so far as their language was concerned, while in other respects they remained as distinct as ever from Shem's descendants. But, although this transition did take place, the existence of an original Hamite language is beyond dispute, as is evidenced by the “lately discovered inscriptions on the bricks, slabs, and cylinders of ancient Babylon and Nineveh; and traces of it are still to be found, according to the best authorities, in the language of the Himyarite Arabs, the Galla dialect of Abyssinia, and the Berbers in Northern Africa.” It is also mentioned in the book of Daniel as the “tongue of the Chaldeans,”—the language of literature at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, 600 B. C.

The Phœnicians were supreme throughout the Mediterranean, and even beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Tyre sent forth numerous colonies, and the vessels of her merchant princes penetrated as far west as the islands of Madeira, and north to the British Isles and the Baltic. Traces of them have also been found in India and Ceylon, and it is supposed by many that the wonderful ruins in Mexico and Central America are the work of the descendants of Ham.

Carthage was the latest survivor of the Phœnician colonies; and Cadmus, to whom we are indebted for letters, was a Phœnician. The architectural remains in Egypt are standing monuments of its former greatness. Its pyramids are world-famous.

As to the descendants of Phut, the Berber races, they are a remarkable people; “and the Touaricks, who are the purest and proudest of the race,” Captain Lyon, in 1821, described as the finest race of men, physically speaking, whom he had ever seen.

These are the descendants of Ham, of whom it was written, “Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto

his brethren." These are the people who, despite their wealth, their power, and their learning, have become politically extinct, and even passed from the memory of man. Their architectural triumphs, the sole relic of their former greatness, have, until within the last half-century, been viewed as the work of their Semitic brethren; and among intelligent people the negro has been looked upon as a lineal descendant of Ham, and African slavery been justified by Noah's prophetic curse. They lived in fair and fruitful lands, they became mighty men on the earth; but their religion was an abomination, and truly has it come to pass, as was prophesied of Nineveh, that their cities are a desolation and a wilderness.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Shem." Orientalists divide the Semites into two classes. One comprises the Hebrews and the Arabs, "commonly known and distinguished as the nomad branch;" the other, or political branch, comprises the inhabitants of Phœnicia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Yemen, or Arabia Felix. But of these the Hebrews and Arabs, the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael, the children of Abraham, through whom the blessing on Shem was transmitted and continued to posterity, are alone the exponents of the true Semites, as regards the prediction of Noah. The others are descendants of Shem outside the lineage of Abraham, or of Hamite origin.

We know how the Hebrews have been persecuted in all lands; how their property has been confiscated; their persons subjected to all kinds of torture. Yet they have prospered in the face of almost insuperable obstacles, and though destroyed as to their autonomy they have preserved their nationality of race, and remained faithful to the truth committed unto them. To their father Abraham was the promise given, "In thy seed shall all the kingdoms of the earth be blessed," and all our knowledge of the Most High has flowed down to us "through an exclusively Semitic channel."

Of the Ishmaelite it was prophesied that

he should be a wild man, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. The Arabs have from time immemorial been divided into two great races,—the tribe of Adnan and the tribe of Khattan. The former are the descendants of Ishmael, the latter claim descent from Joktan, the son of Shem, and have always regarded the tribe of Adnan as intruders. The Khattanites have lived in towns, cultivating, to some extent, the arts of civilization, while the Ishmaelite Arabs "have roamed in nomadic freedom through the deserts of Arabia, lawless invaders and plunderers of the property of their neighbors, who have ever regarded them with implacable hostility." They were wanderers without any bond of union until Mahomet bound them, and all the other Arab tribes, in the holy league of Islamism. Then the spirit of fanaticism led them into a career of conquest unequalled in the history of mankind; but after living in the greatest luxury and splendor in their conquered countries for nearly four centuries, they retired again to their tents in Arabia, and returned to their ancestral mode of life. They were unchanged, and according to the prophecy made concerning them, they remain unto this day. That the Hebrews were not worshipers of the one true God from an intuitive moral conviction is proved by their proneness to relapse into the most degrading polytheistic idolatries, as their history is continually telling. They needed frequent divine revelations to keep them mindful of the Lord God of Shem. The supernatural element in Semitic history had been presented in a twofold aspect. First, in the direct personal revelations of God, of his name and attributes, to the early Semites; and second, in the prophetic powers accorded to the most distinguished of the same people. These predictions have been verified by subsequent events. The revelations were for the teaching of the Israelites; the prophecies, the evidence vouchsafed to believers throughout all ages. The Israelites were a chosen race, but despite their

peculiar blessings they sinned grievously, and since the death of Jesus Christ the Japhetite has been, according as it was predicted, dwelling in the tents of Shem. But according to the usual interpretation of Biblical prophecy, a glorious future is reserved for the Semitic race, and the history of the world reveals to us that the Hebrews and Arabs, the true Semites, have hitherto fulfilled their predicted destinies to the letter, and they seem now to be waiting, all unaware of their futures, for some other grand displays of the purposes of God respecting them. After the dispersion at Shinar, the districts which invited the enterprising and colonizing instincts of the Japhetite were Europe, to the north and west, and Persia and Hindoostan, to the east. The anatomical structure, the mythology and traditions, and, above all, their languages, pronounce the Persian, the Hindoo, and the European to be all of the same race. Professor Max Müller, who has been an earnest student of the Sanskrit literature, has told us much of the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, and approximates by satisfactory reasoning to the actual age of the earliest of them. The Rig-Veda was considered an ancient and sacred book as far back as the sixth century before the Christian era, and it is now generally supposed that the authors may have been contemporaries of Moses and Joshua.

The Rig-Veda and the Vedic literature in general are important witnesses on the question of the identity of the Aryan colonizers of India with the sons of Japhet. From those sources we learn that the progenitors of the Hindoos had abstract ideas of a Creator, omniscient and omnipotent. They were aware of their own weakness and sinfulness, and of God's mercy; they believed in the immortality of the soul and a future state of rewards and punishments. Their religion was a pure theism; there were no idols; "but notwithstanding the purity of the source, the religious history of India is one continued decline." Philologists have shown that the Aryans

started with pure conceptions of God, but were beguiled by words and names into a multiplication of divinities. The names given to the various powers of nature in time lost their original signification, and were used as proper names designating real personages, as when "Agni, the fire, became the being that burned," and was invoked by the nations as a god.

Such a change could not take place in the Semitic language, as it has no tendency to phonetic corruption. The Semites, therefore, never had a mythology, and though they sometimes worshiped strange gods, they were not gods of their own invention or imagination.

In the ancient Hindoo literature we find traces of the prominent Semitic traditions that are known to have prevailed among the Adamite race before the dispersion at Shinar, such as those of the Creation and the Flood.

According to the Zend-Avesta, the ancient Scripture of the Parsees, the progenitors of the eastern Aryans or Persians, the world was created in six periods,—the heavens, the water, and the earth, in the first three; then trees, animals, and man.

These coincidences can be accounted for "only by the existence of an intimate connection between the two races, Semitic and Aryan, at some antecedent period of their history."

As the Rig-Veda and Zend-Avesta were composed one thousand years before they could have been committed to writing, and as the art of writing was unknown to the Semites before their captivity in Egypt, the authors of the Hindoo and Persian Scriptures "could not have acquired their knowledge of Semitic traditions through any channel but that of personal intercourse, and that, too, at a time when both races spoke the same language." For facts are capable of simple explanation if we accept the story of the Bible, but wholly inexplicable if we consider the events therein narrated to be mythical.

Several eminent Sanskrit scholars have

discovered that the Aryan ancestors of the Hindoos entered India through the narrow passes of the Hindoo-Koosh, about 2000 B. C., about the time of Abraham. They found it inhabited by a very inferior race of natives, whom they reduced to subjection; but to this day they are found mixed up with the Hindoos, though distinguishable by their aspect and language. As the Hamites also had found their way to this country, it is probable that as the Aryans advanced they encountered and expelled them. "Here, as elsewhere, they retired before the nobler race until they disappeared altogether from the map of the civilized world."

Every thing proves the eastern Aryans to have been a superior race; but after a few generations the enervating effect of the climate "relaxed their activity and converted their philosophy into dreamy speculations."

The European has been the conqueror of nature, and his progress is the theme of the world's history. We can trace back his pedigree to ancestors who, journeying from the East, made of a wilderness inhabited by savages a fruitful land. They entered the forests of Central Europe and were hidden for two thousand years, but continuing in the career prophesied for them; as they have emerged from spiritual darkness into the light of Gospel truth, they have taken up the long-neglected thread of scientific inquiry dropped from Grecian hands when the limits assigned to the pagan mind had been reached, and in studying nature's laws and obtaining a conquest over her forces have contributed wonderfully to man's happiness and comfort. As to those sons of Japhet who entered and occupied Greece, and whose descendants are found to the south and west of the Danube and Rhine, history has thrown some light on their career. They made astonishing progress in the arts, science, and literature, and we may regard Greece as the nursery of the Japhetic race, where the first rudiments of knowledge were acquired and realized, while Central Europe was the school in which they

were disciplined and prepared for the active business of manhood.

The germ of the Grecian accomplishments was derived from the Phœnicians, but their greater refinement purified, and their intuitive perception of the beautiful elevated and expanded, every thing they touched, and adapted their knowledge to higher purposes than was possible to the sensual Hamites.

That the Greeks were indebted to the Egyptians as the source of their scientific knowledge has been denied, after investigation, by competent authorities. They were indebted to them and to the Phœnicians "for many of the practical arts and accomplishments of civilization, but *the scientific faculty* that adds link to link in the great chain of causation was the peculiar heritage of the Aryan or Japhetic race." The existence and exercise of this faculty is, to some extent, due to the genius of their languages. Language and thought react on each other, and it is more than probable that without the Japhetic language, the Japhetic turn of thought would not exist. With them, as with the Semites, they were prepared for the work appointed them in the confusion of tongues at Shinar.

Thus have the three sons of Noah fulfilled the destiny predicted of them; a blight, like a curse, has fallen on the descendants of Ham; as Christians we worship the God of Shem; and we, descendants of Japhet, see every where how marvelously he has been enlarged. Conquerors wherever their feet have been set, to them does the world owe its material prosperity.

I close this slight sketch of a most interesting book with a quotation concerning the sons of Noah:

"But what, it may be asked, was the purpose of God in this visitation on the early ancestors of the Caucasian race? It was not required, as generally supposed, for the dispersion throughout the earth of the descendants of Noah, for such a dispersion would have been the necessary and natural result of increasing population, spreading itself abroad as

naturally as a growing tree shoots forth its branches. The necessities of living would have insured the expansion of the race throughout the world. But God does nothing in vain; and in this instance his direct interposition was required to restrain the evil of such a godless dispersion. Experience has shown us that the knowledge of the one God, the Creator and Governor of the world, would soon

have been extinguished in the whirl and eddy of the rushing and contending streams of worldliness and self-seeking if the great JEHOVAH had not ordained and separated a peculiar people to be the depositaries and witnesses of his religion, strengthening them by repeated personal revelations of his power and goodness for the performance of the duty imposed upon them." ALICE WAYNE.

JOHN WYCLIF, A PIONEER REFORMER.

THE state of society in Europe during the Middle Ages presents one of the most melancholy and shocking pictures in the entire history of time. The papacy, enthroned in its loftiest supremacy, compelled kings to cringe in lowliest debasement at its feet; exacted enormous revenues from the countries, often four times as great as those expended on the entire civil administration; and exemplified fully its traditional doctrine and policy, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion."

To such heights did papal insolence attain, that the most powerful sovereigns of Europe were compelled tamely to submit to its arbitrary dictation. Henry IV, of Germany, refusing to submit to some of the decrees of Gregory VII (Hildebrand), was promptly excommunicated, and his subjects absolved from all allegiance to him. Deserted by his nobles and threatened by the German princes, the king found it necessary to make his submission. In the depth of Winter he appeared, clad in a shirt of hair and barefooted, with his wife and child, before the gate of the papal residence, where he sued for pardon in this abject manner until the fourth day, when he ignominiously surrendered his crown to the relentless pontiff. King John, of England, surrendered his crown and kingdom to the pope, and, in the presence of his sub-

jects, bowed in abject submission and kissed the legate's foot. Frederick, Emperor of Germany, submitted to be trodden under the feet of Pope Alexander, without making the slightest resistance. In some portions of Europe the ecclesiastics, by artful imposture, had wrung from the deluded populace more than half the property of the nations, and as they refused to share the burden of taxation, they literally dwarfed and impoverished the countries. As the priests claimed exemption from all civil jurisdiction, gross crimes were committed by them with comparative impunity, and through the venality of the pontifical courts, a dispensation was easily obtained in cases of extreme corruption.

The unbridled licentiousness of the ecclesiastics, the luxury and vanity of the higher classes, the ignorance, degradation, and misery of the masses, are matters on which all historians agree. Learning was pursued by the meagre few, the sophistries and mysticisms of the schools tending rather to retard than to promote wholesome intelligence. It was in these times, when exact knowledge had nearly ceased and virtue had well-nigh expired, when monkery, like a blackened cloud, had overspread all the Eastern world, when the schools were subsisting on vagaries and the Churches on ceremonies, that a star of unwonted brilliancy

arose, and shed its radiance on that benighted hemisphere, and lent its light to future ages.

John Wyclif was born of respectable parentage, in a village of the same name, in Yorkshire, England, some time in 1324. His ancestors had resided since the Conquest on a fine estate, still held at his birth, rendering the family quite wealthy. About the year 1340 he entered Queen's College, Oxford, an institution then in its infancy, but was soon removed to Merton College, the most distinguished at that period, and where many of the finest scholars of that age were educated. He is said to have attained proficiency in the civil, canon, and common law, but as his parents designed him for the Church, he devoted himself, with greatest assiduity, to scholastic philosophy and divinity. The extensive quotations in his subsequent publications from Jerome, Ambrose, Gregory, and Augustine prove that he made thorough acquaintance with these Latin fathers, and he seems to have valued Augustine as next in authority to the Scriptures. One of his biographers says: "He was not only skilled in the fashionable arts of that age, and in that abstruse, crabbed divinity, all whose fruit is thorns, but he was also well versed in the Scriptures,—a rare accomplishment in those days."

Wyclif early became dissatisfied with the scholastic divinity of his times, and as thoroughly disgusted with the lives of those charged with the religious culture of the people. It is highly probable that those appalling visitations of Providence which occurred about the middle of the fourteenth century, shaking nearly all Europe with earthquakes, and then desolating it with pestilence, until more than half the population of several countries disappeared, made a profound impression upon his soul, favorably molding his early manhood for the moral battles that followed.

In 1361 Wyclif was chosen warden of Baliol College, and was presented to the living in Fillingham, Lincolnshire. Here he remained until 1365, when he was ap-

pointed warden of Canterbury Hall by Simon de Islip, its founder, then primate of England. Canterbury had been established for the reception of secular scholars and monks. An unhappy rivalry had long existed between these two classes of inmates, which Wyclif tried in vain to overcome. He had already incurred the displeasure of the monks, and at the death of Islip, which occurred soon after the appointment, Wyclif was removed. He protested and appealed to the courts, but, after seven long years of litigation, both pope and king decided against him. While the decision of this suit was pending Pope Urban V renewed his claim to an annual payment of a thousand marks, pledged by King John to Innocent III. The payment of this tribute had been withheld for thirty-three years. Challenged by an anonymous monk, Wyclif deliberately published his views, boldly declaring the papal claim baseless on principles both of *reason* and *Scripture*.

In his fifty-third year, he received the degree of doctor of theology, an honor conferred upon few at that time, but which gave then great authority and currency to one's teachings. His life-bark was henceforth destined to rock on more troubled seas. He at once began to lecture on theology before the students of the university, where he was received with such applause that his opinions in matters of divinity were like those of an oracle. In 1375 Wyclif was presented by the king to a prebend in the Collegiate Church of Westbury, and soon after to the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

The struggle between the English crown and the papacy continued for many years. In 1376 a Parliamentary remonstrance stated that the taxes paid to the pope yearly out of England were five times the amount paid to the king, and that the richest prince in Christendom had not the fourth part of the income received by the pope out of England alone; and it further declared that "God had committed his sheep to the

pope to be pastured, and not to be shorn or shaven."

Wyclif had now become a man of more than national fame. His scathing denunciations of the begging friars; his published declarations against the arrogant claims of the court of Rome; the stand he had taken in the embassy sent to treat with the delegates of Gregory X, in relation to papal reservations on benefices in England, had attracted the attention of the Roman pontiff, and in 1377 letters were sent to the bishop of Oxford, of Canterbury, of London, and to the king, to inquire diligently into his teaching, and to keep him in custody for further instructions. Indeed, he had already been summoned by the bishop of London to appear before the English convocation and answer to a charge of heresy. At the time appointed Wyclif appeared with the Duke of Lancaster on one hand and Henry Percy, Lord Marshal of England, on the other. An angry altercation between the duke and the bishop ensued, the throng of spectators broke into a tumult, the meeting was dissolved, and Wyclif withdrew under cover of his powerful friends without saying a word. Thus closed the first organized attempt to gag the man whose utterances were shaking the world.

The next year he appeared in obedience to a summons from the archbishop before a synod at Lambeth. A list of objectionable tenets attributed to him was presented to him with an admonition not to repeat them. He presented a written reply which was speedily pronounced heretical, yet, strange to say, he was allowed to depart amid the acclamation of the bystanders. In 1382 he again uncovered his head before the convocation at Oxford, to answer for heretical teachings against the doctrine of the real presence. His only penalty was banishment from the university, when he retired to Lutterworth, where he spent the remainder of his life, a faithful and unwearied pastor and preacher. Here he revised his theological lectures, produced some valuable tracts and treat-

ises, and completed the translation of the Bible. He was finally cited to appear before the pope at Rome, but declining health prevented the undertaking. The highest worldly honor awaited him. If it is honor to a soldier to die amid the roar of the conflict, or to a statesman to expire in the halls of legislature, is it not equally so for the clergyman to die in the pulpit or in the chancel? For two years previous to his final departure he had suffered with paralysis. The last stroke which deprived him of consciousness and speech overtook him while distributing the bread at the Lord's-supper. He died on the 31st of December, 1384, in the sixty-first year of his age.

As a student and author John Wyclif, considering the times in which he lived, the meagre incentives held out to authorship, the multiplied discouragements and oppositions he every-where encountered, stands deservedly and commandingly high. He was singularly formed to toil and lead. His assiduity while a student in the university secured notoriety, and every succeeding step in his upward brilliant career was marked by a firmness and energy that could be neither daunted nor wearied. Singularly original and astute in mind, he brushed away as spiders' webs the superstitions and vagaries so universally received in his times. Amid darkness almost impenetrable, his career exhibits the majestic march of a mind too true and great to be blinded by the sophistries of the schoolmen, the devices of the prelacy, the vanity or ambition of the wealthy, or the prejudices of the poor. He was a voluminous writer, and it is to be regretted that no complete edition of his works has been published. An English prelate stated soon after his death that his writings were as numerous as those of Augustine. Among his most important productions may be mentioned the "Trialogus." It consists of a series of dialogues between three characters known as Aletheia, or Truth; Pseudis, or Falsehood; and Phronesis, or Wisdom. Truth is a sound divine stating questions;

Falsehood is the caviling unbeliever; Wisdom decides like a theologian. This work embraced all the theological disquisitions of its day, and treated them in the scholastic form rife in that age. His treatise on the Lord's-supper, entitled the "Wicket," was one of the most influential works of those days. Another treatise on the "Truth of Scripture" was an elaborate and valuable production. It was in Latin, and but two manuscript copies are now extant, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the other in Trinity College, Dublin. Another useful and popular work in its time was the "Poor Caitiff." Many of his papers were destroyed by his enemies, and as he lived before the invention of printing it was difficult to preserve them. But his greatest work was the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into the Anglo-Saxon. To this great man belongs unquestionably the immortal honor of first placing the open Bible before the English reader, and no event in the march of the Anglo-Saxon race is stamped with greater importance. Others had translated detached portions of the inspired volume, but lacked the courage or caliber to undertake the whole. After the toil of weary years it was completed in 1383, and transcribers employed to multiply copies for the people. Its introduction was an appeal to private judgment; it awakened a spirit of inquiry, and begat a love of letters. Men became more thoughtful and honest, as they always do when loaded with a sense of personal responsibility. Thus was planted in the English-speaking nations, the seed of purity and power destined to unfold until its branches shall cover the globe.

But Wyclif deserves notice pre-eminently as a *pioneer reformer*. His theology he drew directly from the sacred Scriptures, which he declared contained all things necessary to faith and practice. Here he swept away at a single swoop all of tradition and of papal infallibility. Like Luther, Zwinglius, and all true reformers, he attained, by gradual processes, to a purer faith and to a ripeness

of experience and thought. He first declared and wrote against the vices of the monks simply. Next against the encroachments of the papacy upon the civil administration. Afterward, while he admitted the pope to be the Bishop of Rome, he denied his supremacy and infallibility. Finally he rejected all the approved notions of the five empty sacraments and of purgatory, of prayer to and for the dead, of transubstantiation and of papal indulgence and pardon. The march of his great soul culminates in the sublime. Trusting in God he arose in all the majesty of truth to sweep from the earth, as with the besom of destruction, the entire network of papistical vagaries. Divinely illumined and electrified in the midst of universal and enthroned corruption, he felt prepared to make the boldest stand in defense of truth and humanity. He denounced the Romish hierarchy, and exposed its secret and open corruptions. But his career was not the ravings of a madman, simply to tear and destroy. When he pulled down a structure he immediately reared a better; when he plucked up a thorn he invariably planted a rose.

Wyclif knew that the light of revelation alone had raised him above his fellows. He looked upon the deluded, drooping millions of his countrymen deeply sunken in ignorance, the helpless slaves of unholy tyrants, and his heart bled over their woes. Two centuries in advance of his time, he clearly discerned the cause and cure of the nation's malady. So deeply was the Roman priesthood imbedded in its vices, so firmly cemented to its soul-crushing policy, that the introduction of the Bible into the hands of common people afforded the direct and only method for the purification of society. To accomplish this great work was the ambition and struggle of his life, and he lingered but a year after it was accomplished. His work was, of course, derided by the hierarchy. Knighton, one of Wyclif's contemporaries, said: "Christ delivered his Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might

administer to the laity and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of man; but this master, John Wyclif, translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity and to women who can read than it formerly had been to the most learned of the clergy. In this way the Gospel pearl is cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious both to clergy and laity is rendered the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy is made forever common to the laity."

In undertaking this task Wyclif exposed himself to every earthly peril. The language of his conduct has been interpreted thus: "To live and be silent is with me impossible, the guilt of such treason against the Lord of heaven is more to be dreaded than many deaths. Let the blow therefore fall. Enough I know of the men whom I oppose, of the times on which I am thrown, and of the mysterious providence which relates to our sinful race to expect that the stroke will ere long descend. But my purpose is unalterable, I await its coming." That he stood up twenty years in open defiance before the strongest despotism of time, and died unmolested, is equally a matter of history and of wonder. Several things, doubtless, contributed to his suc-

cess. His integrity, coupled with his scholarly and resolute bearing, overawed the priests brought into immediate contact with him. In all matters of controversy and learning he carried too many guns for his antagonists. He was also supported by powerful secular alliances. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and son of Edward III, was his firm and lifelong friend. But when the Duke's influence waned, Wyclif was as resolute as ever, proving that his reform was not the cry of the politician. The intestine rivalries in the Roman See, and contentions between opposing popes, drew off attention from England; and Rome, though always the same in heart, had not yet devised all her fiendish schemes to suppress light and brutalize humanity. The great pioneer reformer died before any penal law against heresy had crimsoned the statute-books of England, and a hundred and fifty years before Loyola organized his Jesuits. That Rome made decided advances subsequently in her policy appears in the fact that forty-four years after the burial of Wyclif his remains were exhumed and burned, and his ashes cast into the flowing stream. Finally, a wise and overruling Providence, that had raised him up for this special work, and gave him ability to pursue it, suffered not a hair of his head to perish until all was accomplished.

J. F. RICHMOND.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

MANY weeks were spent by Claas in traveling through the States of Holland, where he made close study of the various productions of the country, in view of their possible commercial value to Normandy. He was met by a cordial welcome in whatever place he visited, encountering also many compatriots who

were in some remote degree his relatives. At Friesland, in Guelders, in Zelande, in the city of Amsterdam, Leyden, Harlaem, and Dordrecht, often at the head of silk manufactories, others for cloth, velvet, and paper, in large establishments for hats, and in sugar refineries, he found refugees, whose workmen belonged not

only to the kingdom of France, but who came from the same province as himself.

From the cities of Normandy, Picardy, Point-vines, and Bretonne, the half, the third, or the quarter of their population had made themselves homes in England and Holland. In the minds of a few of the exiles, there still lay some bitterness toward those reformers who had remained within the dominion of France. They were disposed to accuse their brethren of cowardice or hypocrisy, but not one could suspect the young Claas Basèrat of any trait so infamous and criminal. The sacrifices made by his family to the Protestant cause were widely enough recognized by their brethren in the faith to open a willing door to the young merchant, even that of the most inhospitable.

After having finished his business negotiations with the fathers, then he was welcomed as a friend of the family, and more than one young maiden sighed within herself, at the thought that this brave young stranger would return as he had come, *alone*, to France. But such was not the intention of Claas. He had often cast an admiring glance on the portrait of his cousin Martha, as he and Pitre were sitting in their room at Caen, and which the girl had given to her brother at the moment of his departure from Holland. He had learned to love the frank expression, the serene forehead, the rosy cheeks which the painter had depicted with perhaps sufficient accuracy; but at sight of Martha herself, clad in her black robes, with eyes wearied by oft-shed tears and painful watchings, her face pale with confinement and grief, the real image took possession of his heart. He had always fancied her as fresh and happy,—now he was conquered by the tender aspect of her grief.

"What a happy thought, that before leaving Caen I confided to my mother the project which, in truth, I had scarcely conceived myself. Now I know well that her niece would please her in every way. She would compel my father to approve, and thus I have only to win the consent of my cousin Martha alone. She can an-

swer for herself, and is under no person's control!"

Martha Basèrat had deserted the lovely "House of Flowers" a few days subsequent to the funeral of her aunt. Madame Pâris, without any delay, had opened to the bereaved child her own home, saying, with affection, that it must henceforth be Martha's as well, yet in the secret recesses of her heart believing that this residence would not be for long. The young girl had preserved an absolute silence regarding the promise she had made to her aunt on her death-bed, and Madeleine was filled with expectancy that she should yet see her niece depart from France as the wife of her cousin Claas. The hidden thought found its outward manifest in a sigh from the mother, who had so entirely adopted the children of her husband as her own. It was breathed forth in memory of William, the eldest son, who still remained with the regiments in England.

"Well, he is not here, and Claas is very good!" she said to M. Pâris, who shrugged his shoulders without replying. His son William did not seem in haste to marry.

Claas had now returned to Rotterdam, and his business here appeared to be indefinitely prolonged. Each day, as it passed, found him in his uncle's house, sometimes taking earnest part in conversations of the Holland merchants, and contracting business relations, which would be for his future benefit. But more frequently one found him quietly installed in the handsome parlor of his aunt, with its adornments of beautiful lacquered furniture and rare, rich porcelain from China and Japan—these last, gifts from correspondents to her husband. It was in this apartment also that Martha and her cousins, the Mademoiselles Pâris, either worked at their embroidery, or arranged their household matters. Madame Pâris, in spite, of Martha's entreaties, continued to look upon her niece in the light of a visitor, so that nothing was left her but to pursue her work of embroidery or netting, often in silence. Claas was to

carry back to France the results of her toil. Wristlets for Pitre, an embroidered neckerchief for her aunt, and a double quilt of eider-down for her grandmother. The young man looked with much interest on these divers occupations, and passed long hours by the side of Martha's work-table, telling her of Normandy, the household ways of the paternal dwelling, and trying to portray, one after another, those to whom he was so fondly attached there.

"I wish you would learn to love them, too," he once said to Martha.

The blushing Martha returned the low answer, "I love them already."

And now came urgent letters from the partners of the mercantile house at Caen, asking the return of Claas. Monsieur Basèrat, no longer young, soon learned by the prolonged absence of his son, how essential Claas had insensibly become to the complicated business of the house.

Pitre was necessarily devoted to his duties of interpreter, and Madame Jean Basèrat, so competent as cashier in the office and as bookkeeper, was hardly equal to these varied employments, often compelled as she was to remain by the bedside of her mother-in-law as nurse. She had not confided to her husband the vague project conceived in the mind of Claas. She wished to gain time for the confession, so that her chief endeavor now was to convince the several interested parties in Caen, that the long stay of her son in Holland was essential to the furtherance of his plans. M. Basèrat groaned with disappointment, and would not suffer himself to be persuaded. Letter after letter was dispatched to his son, filled with earnest requests for his return, until the young man became first troubled, and then annoyed at their frequency.

By nature modest and unobtrusive himself, Claas well understood the reserved, proud nature of the woman whom he loved. Nor did he for a moment feel assured of the fulfillment of his hope, even should he summon courage to speak of it to its object. At length, however,

he made a resolve to speak to his Aunt Madeleine. Before this visit to Holland Claas had often experienced a kind of jealous feeling toward his cousin William, whose name held so dear a place in the childish remembrance of Pitre. As he now watched Martha, however, busying herself in company with her cousins, in preparing packages of gifts for the absent soldier, without any special timidity or excitement, he ceased to cherish any ill bodings as to a rival. Madame Pâris had never spoken of her secret wish in regard to her nephew, however much her thought might dwell upon it. But she was not surprised at Claas saying to her one morning:

"My father insists upon my speedy return home, and I know that he needs my services; but how am I to arrange my matters in good order here, aunt?"

"Are not thy journeys completed, and the cargoes ready for shipment and sailing?" inquired Madame Pâris, with malicious innocence. Claas made a quick, impatient movement.

"All my business negotiations are prosperously finished," said he; "but, Aunt Madeleine, you have not permitted me to frequent your home, and live for so many weeks among your children without divining part, at least, of my motive."

A frank smile lighted up the face of Madame Pâris.

"No, my boy; you are right," replied she. "Yet I can not tell what counsel to give thee about Martha. She is very quiet and self-repressed, like my sister, to to whom she belonged. Were I in your place I would venture all in a candid confession to herself. It is the only way to draw out her true feeling."

Claas's color rose. "It is a great risk," he murmured.

Madame Pâris smiled, as she answered:

"Not at all. You may be sure that before this time she has made up her mind as to what is her wish, and her answer will not be given at random. She reminds me of my mother. I have never seen any other person who could so entirely command herself as Martha. And

she would govern gratis the whole world into the bargain," added she a little ironically.

Claas did not answer, but burying his face in his hands, he remained absorbed in his own thoughts. When, at last, he looked up, expecting to see Madeleine, he found himself alone in the apartment. The parlor would have seemed almost sad had it not been for the chattering of the green parrot in the bamboo cage, the ticking of the great clock, and the crackling of the small fire in the huge stove, which were the only replies to the hurried beating of his heart. He walked the length of the room, oblivious in his absorbed anxiety of all the surroundings, when the door slowly opened, and Martha entered the apartment. She held in her hand a piece of needle-work which she was evidently in haste to finish, as she advanced rapidly toward the sewing-table. Suddenly she perceived Claas half-hidden in the angle made by a large closet. She trembled with the nervous excitement that seized upon her at the unexpected encounter, and the blood seemed driven back with stifling power to her heart.

For several months the girl had lived in a kind of dream-like reverie, which she did not endeavor to explain. Or, if so, she merely said to herself that the coming of her stranger cousin had soothed the deep sorrow which the death of her beloved aunt had produced. She was never weary of depicting anew to herself the life of which he had told her in their long conversations. She seemed always to have known intimately each member of the household at Caen, and felt a sincere interest in all they said or did. But she never once hinted to herself, however, that each day was adding more and more to her attachment for the narrator, until she could not have told, if questioned, whether her cousin Claas or her brother Pitre were the dearer. It is not strange, therefore, that a slight embarrassment now mingled occasionally with the pleasure she experienced in her relations with the young Frenchman.

She did not ask herself why she avoided him, or why, when she caught a glimpse of him in the handsome parlor, she made a step backward as if to leave the apartment. Whatever the intention, to-day Claas intercepted her exit, and, approaching near, took her hand in his, saying:

"Come here to a seat, Martha. Fortune at last favors me, and I must speak to you, whatever the end may be."

Martha, pallid as a white lily, remained motionless in her place, stationed in the center of the drawing-room. She firmly resisted all the attempts of Claas to entice her forward to a seat. Then he leaned toward her and said gently:

"Could you not decide to go with me to France, Martha? Could you ever love me well enough to be my wife?"

She looked at him with her large, beautiful eyes, as if terrified at what these words discovered plainly to be in the heart of both, but spoke not a word. Claas repeated his question, and added:

"You have no longer any one here to keep you away from us, Martha. Once there, and you would find a mother and your brother. What more can you wish?"

Again were the downcast eyes raised to his with a gaze of deepest sadness, as she murmured:

"I can not, Claas."

A deep flush overspread the cheek of the young and ardent pleader.

"You do not love me," cried he; "you love another."

"I love no one," she said, with a faint blush. "That is to say—" and then so confused did she become in her explaining, that not a word could she speak more.

Gathering up her bewildered faculties by a strong effort of will, she commenced again in a firmer tone, "I love only you, Cousin Claas; but I can not leave Holland. I made this solemn promise to my aunt on her death-bed."

The thunder-bolt had at last fallen at the feet of the young man. He had foreseen no other obstacle to his desires than the indifference of Martha; but now he

was assured from her own lips that the girl loved him, and spite of her despairing words, the heart of Claas beat with a tumultuous joy at her truthful confession. And yet a pious vow rose up to separate them, like some dark, terrible phantom. Martha was pledged never to leave Holland for bigoted France.

For a brief moment the strong temptation rose within the soul of Claas, and the words almost formed themselves on his honest lips, "I will remain then in Rotterdam, and we will pass our lives together here," but they were checked by the recollection of his parents. As the picture of his father, wearied by excessive labor, already desponding, at the end of three short months, the term of his son's absence,—as the memory of his good, gentle mother beamed over his heart, accustomed as she was to rely on the tender love and care of her son, sustaining a burden far beyond her strength; his grandmother, with the weakness of infancy, whom he alone had learned how to amuse and soothe; the commerce of the house, now so prosperous in his hands, and which would suffer dangerous risks without his guidance, the whole honor of the establishment seeming to rest upon his own faithful discharge of duty,—as all these truths flashed with lightning force into the mind of Claas, an irresistible power seized upon him, and spite of his own despair of personal happiness, his resolve was made.

"If Martha can not leave Holland, neither can I exile myself from France, where duty and affection cry out against it."

He still hesitated to speak, and Martha still stood immovable on the same spot in the parlor where she had at first placed herself, with drooping eyelids, and nerves quivering from the stroke she had received and given back in turn. She knew, without any further speech from Claas, what to expect,—knew that he must not, could not, leave the soil of Normandy and abandon his parents and their affairs to stranger hands. The respect and devoted affection of a life-time

surely had stronger claim upon him than a new and still young love.

Martha was the first to speak. "Just before my aunt died she made me swear by the most sacred of promises never to tread the soil of France. She trembled for my faith, and demanded the vow for the sake not only of my own soul, but in memory of all that she had done for me. At her desire I renounced the dear hope of one day rejoining Pitre there. I did not know my Cousin Claas then, now I have promised."

This promise was a sacred oath in the eyes of Claas as in her own. He did not, however, for an instant admit the fears of their aunt Suzanne. This young girl's mother, had she not lived and moved as a consecrated saint in the midst of peril, persecution, and cruel afflictions? His own mother, had she not rigidly preserved all these pious records of the family?

But Martha had vowed a vow! Great drops of sweat chased each other down the face of this young man at the thought. In the extremity of his anguish he had hidden his face in his hands to conceal the tears which he felt were filling his eyes.

When he did raise his head, Martha was still close at his side. Not a tear glittered on her eyelashes, but the hand she laid upon the arm of her cousin was cold as ice.

"Our day of sacrifice has come, my Claas," she said, in a voice but slightly changed from its usual calm. "Our family have all suffered for the faith. This is our martyrdom."

Claas moaned aloud.

"I do not know that my faith is firm enough for such dire proof," murmured he.

"Yes!" replied Martha. "Since you have not tempted me to break and forget my oath, and as you have clung steadfastly to your own filial duty, there is nothing to fear. Adieu, Cousin Claas. In heaven there will no longer be two countries."

She had disappeared in pronouncing these farewell words. Claas stood alone, overwhelmed by the most bitter thoughts.

He did not repent having risked all, although he had lost all. Neither time nor ever-increasing affection would be able to remove the insurmountable barrier which had lifted itself between them. He would not curse the dead in his anger. Every teaching of his childhood and youth revolted against such disloyalty to one who had, in good conscience, performed this last act, as she had done every other through her whole life.

"It is finished!" he said to himself. "I came here to get a glimpse at, and then lose as by a breath, all my earthly happiness."

An hour later he could be found on the pier, inquiring of the mariners what ship was about to sail. He could no longer support the air of Rotterdam. He did not wish to see Martha again. His whole desire now was to fly toward those duties for which he had sacrificed every personal hope, sure of the sympathy and support of his mother at least. No word of blame from that mother would ever attach itself to Martha. The Huguenot merchants knew well the value of a given word; their conscience and their honor always attached to it the weight of a registered oath.

Martha re-entered her own chamber after the parting with Claas, and there she wept the bitterest tears her young eyes had ever shed. In presence of Claas how dry and parched these eyes had seemed! How well she had known how to sustain him by her own inflexible rectitude! But now she knelt in utter prostration by the side of her bed, her face buried in her cold hands, while every pleasant dream of her life—visions which she had heretofore scarcely comprehended—stung themselves into her heart and brain. All the happiness which had appeared hitherto as a vague shadowy gleam to her eyes, the sweet life she had fancied in the bosom of her family without pausing to inquire how it would come to pass, all this had vanished in an instant before a stern duty, and just as the realization had become possible. And Martha lay weeping over these lost illu-

sions, these dreams shattered in their beauty, and the sorrow that she had brought to the heart of Cousin Claas.

Her self-repression and excellent sense were too strong within her, and her heart too much influenced by pious sentiments, for any sullen despair which says to the soul "Happiness is no more possible for thee in this world." But she felt sad, lonely, and bereaved, when she might, at a single word, have become so rich in affection, prosperity, and bright hope. She clasped her hands tightly together and murmured a prayer. "How fondly I once believed that I could suffer martyrdom without any fearful shrinking," she said to herself, "and now I have to plead for courage, and say God grant me grace that I fail not in this day of my adversity."

The mansion of M. Pâris now presented a scene of unexpected confusion and excitement. Claas had announced his intended departure on the morrow. "My father again demands my presence," he explained to his uncle, "and I have found a ship in port which sails for Caen to-morrow at even-tide."

"But our own vessel will clear the harbor in eight days," replied the merchant, "and with us you can make the voyage in more comfort."

"It is necessary that I depart at once," protested Claas, in a curt way.

His aunt fixed an inquiring gaze on the young man's face.

"Ask Martha," he said hurriedly, and then left the apartment.

When Madeleine sought the room of her niece she found the door closed and fastened; yet Martha rose at once on hearing the slight tap, and opened it for her aunt. The girl was quite calm, but every feature bore the impress of a hard conflict. In spite of the agitation manifested by Claas, Madeleine had still cherished a faint hope for his suit, but the first glance at Martha dissolved every such dream. The latter waited for no questioning from her aunt, but plunged abruptly into the subject of their thoughts.

"I promised my Aunt Suzanne never to return to France," she said briefly.

"And Claas?" murmured Madame Pâris.

"Cousin Claas can not leave his parents," she answered, in the same curt tone.

Her aunt uttered no exclamation of surprise nor regret. She also esteemed the promise irrevocable and the duty sacred. She drew her young niece toward her, clasped her in a fond embrace, and tenderly caressed her.

Martha, unused to all outward demonstrations, gently released herself from the enfolding arms, and whispered: "Do not, Aunt Madeline, I implore, let any one know what has happened. If I could only say adieu to Claas, then I might be content never to see him again."

"He leaves to-morrow, perhaps in the early morning," answered Madame Pâris.

The lips of Martha breathed an involuntary sigh at the ominous reply. She had expended all the strength of her soul in the first trial, she must not contend further, or the powers of body and mind would utterly fail her.

And thus Claas departed from the low shores of Holland, carrying away in his heart the last sad look of Martha in the parlor of the unpretending dwelling at Rotterdam. Learning the whole narrative from his enthusiastic wife, M. Pâris said nothing more to Claas of the vessel which was to sail in eight days. Neither his daughters nor Michel the son had any suspicion of what had occurred.

"You will return my visit at some time," Claas said to his cousin; but the young Hollander made no promise. "I know not why I should thrust myself into that wasps' nest," he said to himself, "when I have had the good luck not to be born there."

The family in Caen possessed more discernment than the one at Rotterdam. The delay of Claas in his return to France, and his constant sojourn in the home of his aunt, had not only excited the suspicion of Pitre, but produced

a clear divination as to the actual state of affairs there.

No sooner had Claas domiciled himself under the homestead roof than the young Pitre drew from him the whole story of his hopes and their frustration. Pitre was furious. "Martha was a dolt to make such a promise," cried he, "and it ought to be void. She had no right to pledge herself to any thing without my consent. I stand in the place of father and mother to her, and we might have been so happy living all together here. The persecutors do not torment us so very much."

"No," said Claas; "yet we have no more churches, no pastors, no schools. Our children, if we had any," and Claas blushed like a girl, "must needs be baptized by the curé. We can not lay claim to any special occupation, nor hope for promotion. Our business plans are incessantly clogged, or frustrated by some rule, command, or new regulation of the new Catholics and the government. If we do not now suffer, as others have suffered before us, it is because the present governor-general and his officials are lenient, and these may be displaced at any time, being succeeded perhaps by a bigoted set, who will make us as wretched as any who are the citizens of Languedoc or Poitou."

Pitre made a sudden halt before his cousin, and said with angry emphasis:

"Was it to such abject slavery as this that you wished to bring my sister Martha? And did you make such representation to her when you asked her to follow you to France?"

Claas felt the warm blood mounting to his face as he replied:

"No, Cousin Pitre, I was so selfish that my only thought lay in these words, 'I love her.'"

"And I," said Pitre, "love her also; and I must see her with us. I shall write, and strive to move her from such hard resolve."

Although Claas could not deny the sanctity of Martha's vow, he had not the courage to refuse or discourage the aid

tendered by the willful Pitre. A feeble ray of hope gleamed into his heart.

"Besides, Pitre would not listen to me," he said in extenuation of himself.

The letter written by Pitre was transmitted by a swift sailing vessel, and the answer was not long delayed. Martha had indited it through many blinding tears.

"So you know all, my dear brother," said she, "and that my dear aunt on her death-bed, made me pledge myself solemnly never to go to France. Could I refuse this satisfaction to the dying friend who had done so much for me? For I can truly declare she watched over and served me like a mother. There is no need of saying more on the subject, Pitre. To change matters is simply impossible. But how can you be so cruel as to say that all the natural sentiments of affection have died out of my heart toward you? The Lord above, who knows us all, keep me from any thing so revolting! As long as I live shall I ever retain that love for my relatives which I ought to possess. If you had not a sister who loved you tenderly, yet should you have been the first to give me courage, and you are the one who exhibits the greatest irritation at my conduct. No person save yourself has laid blame upon me. . . . Even those who have suffered more than you. Believe me, when I say that I never consulted any one. It was my free act. Both my aunt and M. Le-moine, the pastor, are united in their opinion, and said that I ought not to go to France. Have you forgotten all the sad perils encountered by my dear father and dear mother in escaping from their own country to the land of strangers? Pure and undefiled religion does not destroy our natural feelings, but it says, whosoever loveth father or mother more than Christ is not worthy of him. . . . My dear brother, you well know all that I have renounced."

After reading this letter a second time, Pitre held it out to his cousin, who stood at his side, leaning over the large entry-book.

"I suppose after all this parade," said

he, with irony, "that my aunt constituted Martha her sole heiress.

Claas bent down his head without making response, and read the letter. Then he returned the little sheet to Pitre with a sigh and with moistened eyes.

"I heard it said in Rotterdam," replied he at length, "that my aunt divided her fortune in two equal parts between Martha and my Aunt Madeleine,—considering that thou hadst received thy portion in advance."

"I confess, then, that I can not understand the fooleries of women," grumbled Pitre.

Claas rose silently and left the counting-room. In doing so he asked himself, as he had often mused before, how it was possible for one with such gross instincts to be the son of the Advocate Michel and brother of Martha Basérat?

The sacrifice of Martha was entire. She continued to live in the home of her Aunt Madeleine. Her cousins were married. They had children who called Martha their aunt, and who regarded her as already an old woman.

Meanwhile the regiment of William Pâris was on its return to Holland, and he had risen to be its lieutenant-colonel. The exposure and dangers of war had made his complexion swarthy and hardened his whole frame. He was abrupt in speech, his voice of quick accent, and his whole manner somewhat imperious; but at the bottom of his heart he cherished a sweet memory of his Cousin Martha. Now that he had claimed a leave of absence, for the first time during his twenty years of campaign life, he found her already the adopted daughter of the paternal mansion, second only to his mother in the household cares, writing for his father and reading to him of an evening to preserve his eyes from any undue labor. William now assumed his own part in these various duties, without other consultation than his own will and good judgment.

"Martha," said he, one day, in the terse manner belonging to him, "will you consent to become my wife?"

Before permitting the brave soldier to retain her hand in his own, Martha related to him in few words the story of her old love. William smiled as she went on, for he had learned the secret through some unintentional remark of his impulsive mother, Madame Pâris.

"Well, Claas is married," replied he, laughing. "He has already two children, and as for myself, I only ask that you will hold yourself to the promise made to me, as well as you have that made to my Aunt Suzanne."

Martha cast down her eyes, without replying. She had as yet promised nothing, but the remembrance of past conflicts and mental struggles rose up before her in strong contrast with the present. Now she could love, she could give herself away without infringing on duty, or prov-

ing recreant to any vow. She could now remain always in Holland by the side of her aged relatives and the good hardy soldier whose absence had cost them so many tears. She knew that his happiness contributed to the joy of all those by whom she was surrounded, and she thanked God in her heart. William lingered for her answer with impatience, but without much appearance of anxiety.

"For you see I read my 'Yes' in her eyes all the time," he said to Madame Pâris, who wept with joy at the glad tidings. "When the words actually escaped from her lips, I received them as if the sentence had been a sacred vow of the Church. Martha knows well how to abide by her word!" and William did not have long to wait its fulfillment.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE. DEWITT.

FOUR NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

THE ROSE.

THE rose, the queen of flowers, has been well chosen as England's national flower, and has figured extensively in the history of that country.

The Greeks appropriately consecrated this lovely flower to Venus, the queen of beauty, but with them, as with the Romans, it was indicative of silence, three of their gods, Somnus, Hypnos, and Thanatos, being sometimes painted with white roses pressed to their lips. With the Romans, beautiful sprays of roses were frequently suspended at their feasts in token that what was there said must not be repeated—they attaching a peculiar sacredness to what was spoken "under the rose." In Germany, also, and the neighboring countries, this same idea of secrecy, "*sub rosa*," has prevailed to some extent. In the vicinity of a favorite hunting seat of William III of Orange, there was a little Summer-house, being part as was supposed of an Am-

sterdam burgomaster's country place. In this pavilion, it is said, beneath a stucco rose, one of the ornaments of the ceiling, William III unfolded the scheme of his intended invasion of England to the two burgomasters present, one of whom resided in the house.

Among the peasantry of certain parts of Italy there is considerable superstition in regard to the red rose, which they regard as an emblem of early death; and it is considered an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.

With the poets it has always been a favorite, and probably not one of England's bards, especially, has failed to write of its beauty and fragrance. The poor forsaken maiden depicted by Burns discourses in this melancholy way of the regal flower:

"Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Politically, the rose is a very important flower, and its historical association with the bitter feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, is familiar to all.

The white rose was adopted by Edward IV of the House of York, but the red rose was taken by John of Gaunt in right of his lady, Maude of Lancaster. The roses were afterward blended by the marriage of King Henry VII to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. Their granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth, who was exceedingly fond of displays, appeared in great splendor at the time of her coronation, the roses occupying a conspicuous position. According to the description of an old chronicle, "there appeared figures of her majesty's grandfather, Henry VII, standing in a great red rose, and of his wife, Elizabeth of York, in a fayre white one, below which was seen her present royal majestie throned in the flower, part red part white, shewing her right to ye crown from both factions."

THE THISTLE.

The thistle, which in its wild, rugged growth, is somewhat characteristic of the Scotch nature, became the chosen flower of Scotland, according to tradition, during the innovation of the lawless Danes. It seems that every stronghold but one had been taken, and that was saved to the nation by means of a thistle which pierced the foot of a Danish soldier, causing such a loud outcry on his part that the slumbering Scotch were aroused to defense and victory.

In 787 there was an order established in Scotland, called "The Most Ancient Order of the Thistle," supposed by some to be founded on the famous league formed between Achaius and Charlemagne. At that time Achaius is said to have added a border of "*Fleur-de-Lis*" to the royal arms of Scotland, taking for a device the thistle and rue, which he composed into the collar of his order with the motto, "*Pour ma defense*."

According to another writer, the collar of the order was composed of gold thistles, suspended from which was a blue

oval, charged with the figure of Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, bearing before him his silver cross. There were only thirteen members allowed in this order, in memory of the Savior and his apostles. Their annual meeting was held in the most solemn manner on St. Andrew's day, in the church bearing his name. The appearance of the regalia of the order must have been quite showy, a doublet and trunk-hose of cloth and silver, stockings of pearl-colored silk, white leather shoes, blue and silver gaiters and shoe-strings, the breeches, and sleeves of the doublet, garnished with silver and blue ribbons, a surcoat of purple velvet lined with white taffeta, encircling which was a purple sword-belt edged with gold, and a buckle of gold, at which hung a sword, the shell in the form of the badge of the order, and the pommel in the form of a thistle, in a scabbard of purple velvet. This noble order of Thistle came very near dying at the death of James V, of Scotland, but James II, of England, restored its vitality.

Thistles are seldom seen in Scottish architecture, but there is an old house near Edinburgh, built with three attics, one of which is adorned with a rose, another with a lily, and the third with a thistle, part of which has fallen off, giving the flower the appearance of a crescent.

THE SHAMROCK.

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock."

This word, so full of inspiration to the Emerald Islander, comes from the Irish *seamar-ogh* (holy trefoil), and is very thoroughly interwoven with the religion, politics, and native air of Irishmen.

By some the plant is supposed to be the common clover, but the trifolium-filiforme is the kind generally worn in Cork upon high days and holidays. This species is found there in great abundance, growing in ditches and on the tops of old walls. In the south of Ireland great quantities of it are found in limestone quarries.

Not only is it a reminder to the Irish

heart of St. Patrick, but it is supposed to contain some inherent charm. Its leaves are also said to represent faith, hope, and charity. St. Patrick, who had the honor of bringing this simple little plant into notice, was supposed to have commenced his existence in the year 373. Of course there are conflicting accounts as to his native place; some asserting that he was born in the Vale of Rhos, in Pembroke-shire, others that he began his existence in Scotland. His original name was Maenwyn. His ecclesiastical name of Patricius was given him by Pope Celestine when he consecrated him a bishop, and sent him on a mission to Ireland in 433. The new bishop very willingly started on his voyage, and landed near Wicklow; but as soon as the natives got an idea of his intention, they undertook to stone him for endeavoring to force a new religion on them in place of that of their ancestors. But St. Patrick had come there with a purpose, and was not to be driven away so easily. He modestly requested to be heard, and then went to work to explain the nature of the Triune God. The people listened to him, but not seeming to comprehend the truth, the saint, with ready tact, plucked a trefoil, and held that up as a symbol of the Trinity. Then the natives being convinced of their error, were as enthusiastic in believing as they had been in rejecting the truth, and were immediately baptized. So, ever since that memorable time, Irishmen have worn the shamrock in their hats on St. Patrick's day in acknowledgment of the cross, out of compliment to their benefactor. But not only do they wear it on the saint's day; for a poet in writing of the glories of the celebrated "Donnybrook Fair, says that

"An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

THE LILY.

The origin of the *Fleur-de-Lis* as the national flower of France is unknown, but there are several beautiful legends in regard to it, among which is the following:

After the marriage of King Clovis and his consequent conversion, we are told that he was compelled to take up arms against a certain Roman duke who held possession of several counties lying near Cologne. The king was accompanied by Saint Remy, who, when they had arrived on the field of battle, knelt down and prayed fervently that victory might accompany the king's arms, the whole army waiting patiently during the supplication. Suddenly the king's banner, which bore the homely device of three toads, began to change its appearance, the toads vanishing, and three lilies on an azure ground appearing in place of them. So the king, more strongly confirmed in his faith by this miracle, went forward to meet his enemies, whom he found fighting against and destroying each other. Thus victory was assured him, and he afterward returned in great joy to Rheims, and was there baptized.

Another legend concerns Clotilda, the Christian wife of Clovis, to whom an angel is said to have presented a shield of wonderful beauty, its color the deep blue of the sky at midnight, on which field shone three *fleurs-de-lis* of gold.

Various reasons have been given, of course, by those who lay aside all traditional belief, for the *three lilies* on the azure field, in preference to any other number. By some it is supposed that it was intended to symbolize the Trinity, as also the flower itself with its triple petals.

According to some authors, the *lis* in the royal arms of France were a play upon the name of Louis, anciently spelt Loys. Three *lis* are borne by the house of Anjou, de la Villate, in Berri, and the privilege is said to have been granted them by Francis I. The story is that this king, having been for many hours engaged in hunting in the domains of La Villate, finally set out weary and hungry to procure rest and refreshment at the chateau, accompanied by his noisy followers. His heralds sounded their trumpets to announce his approach, while the courier hastened forward to apprise

the old chatelaine of the honor that awaited him. The king spurred his horse to the utmost in order to reach the mansion, but what was his amazement as he halted on the threshold to find that no one responded to the herald's cry of "Le roy! le roy!"

It seems that the lord of the mansion and all his household were just then engaged in celebrating mass. So entirely were they absorbed in the services that the king, as he caught sight of them, was deeply affected, and whispered softly, "Ce sont des anges errants," he himself kneeling like the rest. At the close of the service the honored host threw him-

self at the feet of his sovereign, begging forgiveness for his apparent disrespect. But Francis, delighted to find that the nobleman did not turn from his Heavenly King to welcome an earthly one, exclaimed, "Yes, you are a wandering angel, and from this day you will have the name Anjourant, and be permitted to take for your arms three *lis* on a blue ground."

An order called "Knights of the Order of the Lily" was instituted in Navarre by King Garcia VI, and their badge was a pot of lilies with a portrait of the Virgin engraved upon it.

ELMER LYNNDE.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

ON THE NILE.

SHE is lying there upon the hill-side,
 And her grave is covered by the snow-wreaths;
 Snow-white blossoms hang on all the laurels,
 And the willows bend beneath their burden,
 And the dead leaves and the earth's brown bosom
 Share with her the robe of radiant whiteness.
 She is calm and pale and very silent,
 And her hands are folded from their labor,
 And she does not hear my worn heart call her,
 "Mother, wake, and keep with me thy birthday!"

I am here beside the sullen river
 Whose o'er-flowing made the nations mighty,
 With the desert mountains lifting round me,
 And the wind-swept changing sands, revealing
 Day by day grave shadows, dim and somber,
 Kingly tombs that mark the desolation
 Promised in the burning words of prophets.
 Yet I lift mine eyes up to the palm-boughs,
 Waving softly by the yellow Nile bank;
 And my soul flies swiftly from the Winter,
 Swiftly from my own hot desert pathway,
 To another land, where we, together,
 Mother of the blessed heart of patience,
 Child of wayward will and wearied spirit,—
 Meet as truly as we met in birthdays
 Ere to thee had come the bliss of dying,—
 Ere to me had come the grief to lose thee.

In that land where thou art now a dweller
 Snows nor burning suns can bar our meeting,
 And the flow of an eternal river
 And the breath of winds in banks of greenness,
 Gives me from afar a voice of greeting.
 There thou hast the palms without the desert,
 There the plains on which no blight has rested,
 There the mounts of God that hide no secrets
 As these hills that hide the tombs of monarchs,
 And the graves of nations long since buried.
 There thou hast the bliss of the beloved,
 Evermore I know the little children
 Come around thee with their old caressing.
 There the years slip by and birthdays find thee,
 With the pain-marks faded from thy forehead,
 With the eyes that watched us in our childhood
 Only growing deeper, sweeter, clearer
 With the mother-love, that brings thee nearer
 All that 's holy,—while it holds us dearer,
 Caring even when our weak hearts wander.

Mother, when this day was at its dawning,
 Crept I softly in the early twilight
 To thy heart, and left there all my burden;
 And I felt the angels, who must love thee,
 Could not bring a gift thy heart would prize more
 Than the love that climbs e'en to thy heaven
 From the spot, where, in her upward journey,
 Thy child's heart has lain down worn and tired.

Sweet to thee must be celestial hymning;
 But I know through all the heavenly praises
 Thou hast bent thine ear to catch *my* whispers;
 Thou hast reached thy soft hand down to bless me;
 Thou art happier in thy life of gladness
 For the mighty love thy child doth bring thee.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

ON AN EMPTY COCOON.

HERE is the sepulcher; and here
 The folded cerements lie;
 Turn, and behold on yonder spray,
 Expanding to the April day,
 The new-born butterfly.

E'en so in Joseph's garden yawned
 The empty tomb; so lay
 The linen clothes; so Mary turned,
 And saw Him, whom as lost she mourned,
 Bright with immortal ray!

TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE monuments of Greece and other ancient nations show that persons of the upper classes, of both sexes, wore garments of elegant form; but they give us hardly any knowledge of the colors of these garments. The truth is, however, that the dye resources of ancient nations were very meagre. They continued to be so throughout the entire period of Grecian and Roman history; they are mentioned but seldom in the sacred Scriptures; the number of known dye-stuffs being small, and chemical science in its infancy. The Egyptians and Hindoos probably knew how to impart different colors by one and the same dye-stuff, modifying the tint by chemical re-agents, very much after the fashion of our calico-printers at the present time. But the Greeks and Romans remained in ignorance of this beautiful art; it was one altogether beyond their resources. Nor did the art of dyeing make any considerable progress until after the discovery of America and the development of chemistry. Many of our most beautiful dye-tints are now produced by the combination of two agents, each colorless in itself, the results being what are now called "adjective dyes." There are comparatively few dye-stuffs which really possess the tint they ultimately impart, the distinctive quality of "substantive dye-stuffs." The dye-materials of the Greeks and Romans were all substantive. The red robe of a Grecian lady was dyed red by dipping it into a red dye, just as a modern lady dyes her silk by dipping it into a pink saucer. The highly valued Tyrian purple was also directly imparted by dipping the threads or fabric into a substantive dye.

Almost every person knows what is meant by cochineal; it is a little insect which lives on the *Cactus opuntia* in Mexico. The cochineal insect is exclusively American, and was therefore unknown to the dyers of ancient Greece and

Rome. They had, however, a substitute for it in the kermes insect—a native of Spain—very much resembling cochineal in general properties, but affording a far less brilliant dye. If Aspasia owned a scarlet robe, the color was originally imparted to it by the kermes insect. Apart from the recent aniline colors, all the most beautiful scarlets and purples known to modern dyers involve the use of cochineal; variety of hue being imparted by different chemical bodies used in combination with the dye-stuffs, and to which the expression *mordants* is given, for the reason that they are assumed "to bite" in or permanently fix the colors. Even cochineal, when used without a mordant, is a very sorry color; and the scarlet of kermes is still less beautiful when used as a substantive color; but Grecian dyers, in the time of Aspasia at least, were not aware of the use of mordants; therefore, Aspasia's scarlet robe would not have done to hang in a show-window.

The most beautiful dye-stuff of antiquity was Tyrian purple, so called from the place of its discovery and chief manufacture. I should rather have said, perhaps, place of reputed discovery, for its records are not reliable. The Greeks were by far too vain a race to admit that any great discovery did not originate with themselves. They attributed the discovery of Tyrian purple to Hercules, or rather to a little dog belonging to Hercules. As the story goes, this little dog happening to wander along the Tyrian sea-shore, came back with his mouth all purple; and the nymph Tyras, a favorite of Hercules, was so delighted with the color, that she bade him see her no more until he brought her a robe dyed purple like the color of his little dog's mouth. What would an enamored man have done when thus conjured?—how much more, then, a demi-god? Hercules promised to oblige her if he could; so, tracking the little dog's footsteps, to see where

they led, and what he would set about, he followed him to the sea-shore, where the animal began to eat shell-fish of two peculiar sorts—the *Buccinum* and *Purpura*. Hercules is reported to have thereupon collected some of these shell-fish, and extracted from a receptacle in the throat the celebrated Tyrian purple. In this way the Tyrian dye-stuff continued to be obtained by careful dyers; some, however, less conscientious than Hercules, pounded the shell-fish in a mortar, and incorporated the true dye-stuff with other animal juices.

The preceding mythological account of the discovery of Tyrian purple refers that discovery to a prehistorical age, whereas testimony favors the opinion that it was not discovered until 500 B. C. Long subsequent to the discovery of the art of purple-dying any person might wear robes of that color who could afford to pay for them: not until the era of imperial Rome was it that purple robes came to be regarded as exclusively imperial. Once adopted by the Cæsars, the policy of restricting the manufacture to a few hands followed, until the members of one family alone were licensed to impart the Tyrian dye. At length the process was so entirely forgotten that no one knew from what source the precious color had been obtained, or how it had been imparted. The exact time when this occurred is not known. A curious fact testifies that it must have been subsequent to the eleventh century. There exists, bearing that date, a document, written in Greek by the Princess Macrembolitissa, a daughter of Constantine VIII, in which is found a description of the purple-yielding shell-fish, the manner of catching it, and of extracting and employing the dye, all of which the princess describes from personal observation. However, Tyrian purple, after having been totally lost, was rediscovered in England during the reign of Charles II, and in France shortly after; each discovery being independent of the description of the Byzantine princess, her manuscript not having at that time turned

up. In the year 1683, Mr. William Cole, of Bristol, during a visit he was paying at Minehead, happened to be told by two ladies, there resident, of a person living in an Irish seaport, who made a considerable income by marking linen with a delicate purple dye. The spirit of philosophic inquiry had at this period begun to dawn; the civil wars had ceased, and the Royal Society was established. Mr. Cole was an early contributor to the Philosophical Transactions; and a paper on the Tyrian purple was amongst his first communications to that renowned series. Placing himself in relation with those who frequented the Irish linen-market, he soon managed to glean some important particulars about the purple dye. He believed he was at length on the eve of rediscovering the true dye of Tyre—that costly tincture for which many a Grecian lady had sighed, and for which either of the imperial Cæsars would have given more than a hundred times its weight in gold. Pursuing his investigations, he succeeded at length to the extent of exactly one-half. Pliny and Aristotle had both testified that Tyrian purple was imparted by means of certain juices taken from two different species of shell-fish; they had testified, moreover, that the tint of the fluid was not purple originally, but white; and that the much desiderated color only appeared after the texture imbued with the fish-juice had been exposed to the sun. The Princess Macrembolitissa had indeed given a more circumstantial account; but that lady's manuscript was not available to Mr. Cole. The only rays shed by antiquity upon his labors were from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny. He did not hope to obtain any direct information from the Irish linen-marker herself. That good lady got money by her secret; why, then, should she divulge it? Mr. Cole went systematically to work; he was a philosopher. The Irish linen-marker lived on the sea-coast; what more probable than that she should mark with the juice of a shell-fish? Mr. Cole commenced his labors on this supposition; and though

history does not disclose the fact, we are at liberty to imagine the havoc he committed on shell-fish of all denominations. He succeeded, in the end, I say, to the exact extent of one-half. He discovered the purple-yielding buccinum; leaving the discovery of the purpura to Mr. Duhamel in the year 1736.

There could now be no further doubt as to the source of the ancient Tyrian purple. Not only did the buccinum and purpura both agree with the shell-fish described by Aristotle and Pliny, but the incipient shades of color mentioned by these philosophers were also noticed by Mr. Cole. The juice, when first applied, was white; thence assuming many shades of blue and green, it became purple at last, if the linen marked with it were exposed to the sun's rays—not otherwise. Here, then, we moderns have the Tyrian purple on our very shores, if not at our very doors. We have it, the real imperial dye. Why, then, do not our manufacturers use it? Because Tyrian purple would now be considered downright ugly. Yet Augustus is reported to have given no less than thirty-six pounds of English money for a pound of Tyrian dyed wool; a fact the less extraordinary when we consider that every fifty pounds of wool required no less than two hundred pounds of buccinum juice, and a similar amount of the juice of the purpura; for in order to impart the last shade of purple beauty, the juice of both kinds of shell-fish was necessary. The enormous sum of thirty-six pounds for one pound of doubly-dyed wool is to be considered as more referable to fashion than to any intrinsic beauty of the dye itself. It appears to have been the *only* purple dye the ancients possessed; it was, moreover, a substantive color; one requiring neither chemical skill nor manipulative dexterity; merely dipping into it the material intended to be dyed being sufficient.

It may seem remarkable that the Greeks and Romans,—masters of the world, as they called themselves, and in many respects deserving that appellation,—were inferior in knowledge of dye-

stuffs to many of the outer barbarians. The Chinese, from periods of the furthest historical dates, seem to have possessed a large repertory of dyes. The Hindoos were scarcely inferior in that respect; and the Egyptians contemporary with Pliny seem to have followed the practice of calico-printing, an art which involves some of the most recondite principles of dyeing. Dipping a white cloth into one liquor—necessarily of one color—they removed it, permanently tinged with a pattern of more than one color. That is the testimony of Pliny, and there can be little doubt it refers to the art of calico-printing. The Hindoos contemporary with Alexander seem to have been able to use indigo; whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans do not seem to have been able at any period to employ that substance otherwise than as a paint. The ancient Britons dyed their skins with woad, a material of the nature of indigo, though their more civilized invaders were ignorant of the art; and the Romans were unable to dye violet until they learned that art from the natives of Gaul. From Gaul, too, the Romans acquired the knowledge of soap; not that soap was used by the Gauls at any time, or by the Romans for a long period, as a detergent, but merely as a pomade for the hair. Pliny tells us that the Romans contemporaneous with him used madder as a dye-stuff; but it is by no means certain that Pliny's madder and our madder are identical. He informs us, too, that iron was used for imparting black dyes, but he furnishes no circumstantial account of the method of using it.

We have seen that the knowledge of dyeing with Tyrian purple lingered at Constantinople until the eleventh century at least; but in Italy, dyeing in all its branches had pretty well died out before the fourth century; nor do we meet with any new records of it there until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dyers know perfectly well that any one dye-stuff is not necessarily efficient for every kind of tissue. Because a dye takes well on woolen, it does not follow that the

same dye will be efficient for linen, cotton, or silk. Even Tyrian purple, which is a very easy dye to use, acts best upon wool. Linen can be dyed with it, as the Irish linen-marker discovered; but her marking would have told far better on woolen or silk material. The art of dyeing amongst the Greeks was, anterior to the time of Alexander's conquest, restricted to tissues of woolen stuff; but the philosophers who accompanied him to India brought back some of the refined processes of the Hindoos, of which an improved method of dyeing—or rather an extension of methods of dyeing—was one. Nearchus, the Grecian admiral, who co-operated with Alexander, had, as is well known, a fleet of war-vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Nearchus appears to have been fond of gay colors, and he determined that his war-ships should be pretty to look at. A modern admiral might have covered his rigging with emblazoned flags, but a more original thought flashed across the brain

of Nearchus. Profiting by the Asiatic knowledge he had acquired in the matter of dye-stuffs, he caused the canvas of his ships to be dyed.

Between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries we have few records of the practice of dyeing, but the dark ages were probably not so dark in the matter of dye-stuffs as some people say. To practice an art is one thing; to record the practice of it is another. All the historian seems justified in affirming as to this matter is, that no records of dyeing, as it existed during the chief part of the dark ages, are extant. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art began to revive in Italy; but not until the discovery of America had added to our tinctorial resources brilliant cochineal, and a host of dye-woods. Nor was it until the lamp of chemistry had begun to illumine the Western world that the raw materials of dyeing could be applied with full advantage.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE POEMS OF PETÖFI.

PETÖFI is the name of a Hungarian poet whose wild adventurous, patriotic life from 1823 to 1849 was only matched by his tragic death,—“trampled to death” in the rout that followed the defeat of his country's hopes. His poems are pronounced by highest authorities to be of the class which render authors immortal. Varnhagen von Ense says: “He is the noblest exemplification of Goethe's fine remark, ‘Youth is intoxication without wine.’” Uhland, but for his old age, would have learned Magyar for the sole pleasure of reading Petöfi in the original. Heine rapturously exclaimed that his “rustic song was sweeter than the nightingale's.” Bettina von Arnim proclaimed him “the most original of lyric poets in the whole world's litera-

ture.” Bowring, to whom we owe the translation of the samples we shall quote, utters his judgment of Petöfi in these lines:

“The splendid sun, awaking from the east,
And to the west descending in its fall,
From its benignant rising to its rest,
Looks down with equal light and love on all.

So genius, glory-circled at its birth,
And gliding like a lamp of heaven on high,
Bathes with celestial radiance all the earth,
Which mirrors back that radiance to the sky.

Is not the sun a mind—the mind a sun—
Whose course no arm can stay, no fetters bind?
Do not high thoughts like fiery lightnings run,
Brighten and blaze and beam from mind to mind?

So, when thy Magyar-star o'er Magyar-land,
Petöfi, rose to its supernal throne,
As from a fire-cross lifted by God's hand,
The rays shone forth, and shine as first they shone.

It was no meteor, for a meteor writes
No golden lines of glory, read from far;

But an eternal light amidst heaven's lights,
And grouped with central stars a central star."

This Magyar star has been honored by more than the usual amount of translating,—into German, French, English, (partially), Polish (thrice), Italian, Danish, etc. And with good reason, for he is not only a great, but a pure, poet. "It is noteworthy," says Bowring, "that although Petöfi passed many years of his life as a wandering vagabond, no impurity ever soiled his songs; and in his more than three thousand poetical compositions, unrestrained and passionate as many of them are, there is not a scandal-giving line, not an expression which would cause a blush to the modesty of a woman, and which might not be intrusted to the innocence of a child."

The following lines, entitled "Every Flower," are about as near as he approached the erotic vein:

"Every flower and grass-blade, every one
Claims at least one bright smile from the sun.
Love, the sunshine of the soul, that art,
Hast thou not one sunbeam for my heart?
Hast thou not one maid to love me well?
Hast thou not one maid to hear me tell
Of the coldness of the world, and bring
Light and heat in her sweet minst'ring?
Is there not a maid to say, "Come near!
Thou art weary, lay thy tired head here?"
Is there not a maid to kiss away
Blood drops from my brow, that many a day
Cruel men have stoned? Alone I stand,
Like a withered vine upon the land;
On its branches not a bird to enchant me,
Save the ravens black that ever, ever haunt me."

Equally delicate are these two verses on "Dreaming."

"Is it a dream that shows me
Yonder vision airy?
Is she a mortal maiden?
Is she a spirit fairy?

Whether maiden or fairy,
Little indeed I care,
Would she only love me,
Smiling sweetly there."

And, though not free from the deliriums and pains of the wine-bibber, our poet did not, like so many others (Lessing, Goethe, Heine, Moore, Béranger), use his lyre to render drinking fascinating. The following playful satire is about his average way of touching upon

the matter. It is entitled "Tippling." We know the boys will enjoy it:

"Like a chafed bear, grim and growling,
Mister Dozey!
Oft you curse the mulberry pimples
On your nose!
But your cursings, your complainings,
Mister Dozey!
Won't uproot the mulberry pimples
On your nose!
Sir, the fault is yours entirely,
Mister Dozey!
If the mulberry pimples thicken
On your nose!
For if you will tipple, tipple,
Mister Dozey!
Mulberry pimples can't but thicken
On your nose!"

The following on "Drink" is in the same vein. Notice that the emphasis is in the last stanza:

"Hast thou no fair maiden? Drink!
Soon thy raptured soul will think
All fair maidens—all their charms—
Are encircled in thine arms.

Art thou penniless? Then drink!
Thy delighted soul will think
Piles of riches fill thy door;
Thou wilt be no longer poor.

Do dull cares corrode thee? Drink!
Soon thy buoyant heart shall think
Thousand sprites are come to bear
All thy sorrows elsewhere.

Maiden, money, I have none,
Mine is misery alone;
And for these three griefs of mine,
I must thank thee, dangerous wine!"

This poverty and misery of the poet's early reckless life tinged him not a little with the despair of pessimism, although he himself earnestly disavowed it:

"But of all sins, the very worst
Is stubborn pessimism
And of all crimes the most accursed
Is stupid atheism!"

His somber tendency is reflected in this little waif on "Indifference:"

"With calm indifference good and evil bear:
So saith the sage, and so the world replies;
But not too wisely, 'tis not my device;
Pleasures and pains, my comfort and my care,
Must leave their impress both of ill and good.
My soul is not a flood,
Equally moved when a sweet infant throws
O'er me a scattered rose,
As when the whirlwind brings
Down from the forest a torn trunk, and flings
It furiously upon my wanderings."

As also in this one on "Sorrow and Joy:"

"And what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea.
And what is joy?
A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;
I sought it, found it, held it o'er my head;
And, to my soul's annoy,
It fell into the ocean's depth again,
And now I look and long for it in vain."

But does not hope beam beautifully out of the sadness, through these lines on "Friendship?"

"Friends came, false friends, and left me as they came;
As they came, let them go, in God's own name!
As leaves they fell from the abandoned tree,
That leafless tree my heart,—so let it be!
But though the cold winds blow those leaves away,
A future Spring will herald a bright day,
And heaven be gladdened when the earth is glad.
But when the old branches with the new leaves are clad,
Of the fallen leaves—ye false ones! be it known—
None shall grow green again, not even one."

As to how far this hope of a "future Spring" became ultimately a Christian experience in Petöfi's tempest-tossed heart we are left to conjecture. But that he was theoretically no self-deluding optimistic, indifferent "welt-kind" of the Wieland-Goethe class, we know positively from these earnest, hopeful stanzas from his poem "Istok:"

"Despair is but hell's fearful cry,
Proclaiming in its madness,
That heaven is godless vacancy,
And earth a void of sadness.

And they who doubt the grace of God,
The great, the good Preceptor,
Shall feel the smittings of his rod
When they renounce his scepter.

For all, one Father have; for all
That Father cares; outpouring
The sunbeams glance, the rain-drops fall
On the heedless as the adoring.

But patience! since for all his sons
That Father spreads a table
With bounties, blisses, benisons,
And gifts incalculable.

In patience wait! as sun and star
Break through heaven's azure curtain;
So constant all his mercies are,
But still more bright and certain.

Yes, even in this world's midnight, he
Some streaks of light hath given;
And midst our dark mortality,
Hung up a star in heaven.

And from that star a ray falls down,
As radiance fell on Eden,
Bright, all the hills with light to crown;
Sweet, ocean's depths to sweeten."

These stanzas are all the more significant from the fact that, confessedly, every thing from the pen of Petöfi is a direct expression of the changing phases of his inmost life-experience. For he had in him nothing of the professional *litterateur*. He never sat down *in order* to write verses. Every page, every line, in the dozen volumes of his dramas, tales, poems, was a leaf torn right out of his ardent, turbulent, patriot life. But on no page perhaps is the intense restlessness of his country-loving zeal more faithfully reflected than in his little poem entitled "One Only Thought," which is also marvelously prophetic of the manner of death he actually did die. Here it is:

"One thought torments me sorely—'t is that I,
Pillowed on a soft bed of down may die—
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away,
Under the gentle pressure of decay,
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame;
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree;
A rock, which torn from mountain brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below.
Where every fettered race tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks, and seek the battle plains;
And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold:
'For the world's liberty!'
And, far and wide, the summons to be free,
Fills east and west,—and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right,
There will I die!
There, drowned in mine own heart's blood lie,
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice;
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's
sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right,—my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banners waving high;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee,
All holy! world-delivering liberty!"

Literally, then, was it that Petöfi escaped "the gentle pressure of decay," and passed away as

"A lightning-struck uprooted tree."

Being present at the Hungarian defeat and dreadful slaughter in Segesvar during the period of the revolution which surged through his country in 1849, he was never seen again.

"Trampling horse
Galloped o'er his corse ;"

so that it was utterly unrecognizable. It was, therefore, probably thrown into an enormous trench which covered from

sight many other of the maimed and marred victims of that sad defeat.

As Portuguese sentiment still looks for the reappearance of the lost King Sebastian ; as the German still dreams of the return from the Orient of the red-bearded Hohenstaufen ; so the Magyar is tempted to believe that the patriot Petöfi is "not yet dead but somewhere sleeping."

JOHN P. LACROIX.

WHETHER IS BETTER, THE OLD OR THE NEW?

FIRST PAPER.

"I rested in a ruined meeting-house,
And phantoms of the generations gone
Came round me ; reveries to arouse
Of all the phases to which flesh is born.

Soon sinking, as a dreamscape out of view,
The congregation, choir, and preacher fade ;
And but remain the antiquated pew,
And empty pulpit, broken and decayed."

ADER.

TO-DAY our spiritual food is served in dainty dishes. With feet cased in fairy sandals, we glide along tessellated aisles, where never a footfall may be heard—where every echo trembles in cadences, subdued by softest covering of tapestry and velvet. Amid this wealth of satin and brocade we sink down in so luxurious ease, that the repose appears a kind of tender consecration of itself. As we listen to the voice of the preacher, above and around us droop earthward the cunningly devised art of painter's brush and sculptor's chisel. Lovely, indeed, are the frescoed walls in their rare coloring, perfect in design, as are Gothic arches, full of grace and sublimity. The very atmosphere breathes over us an eternal Spring, unchilled by the reign of pitiless Winter, never invaded by the sultry Summer time ; while the dim light, glimmering through rainbow-tinted windows, is tender and delicate—not less beautiful, indeed, in coloring than the pale wood-mosses of our solemn forest sanctuaries.

As a denomination we too are carried, by an almost imperative necessity, along

the stream of popular innovation in many Church formulas, which, as methodical dissenters, we *once*—in the olden time—felt bound to avoid.

In nothing, perhaps, has the change from the beginning of this nineteenth century to its closing years been more apparent than in its religious services.

In politics, the *expanse* for intrigue, duplicity, and ambitious aspiration is in truth far greater ; yet one doubts, when perusing the earlier records of Washington's administration, and that of his immediate successors, whether malice, rancor, dishonesty, and "all uncharitableness" were not as rampant then among the few as in its mad career among the many, as found in the latter half of this nineteenth century. Fashion has a way of always repeating herself, so that the children of those days are but miniature and mimic representations, in dress, of grandmothers a hundred years ago. Science has, indeed, made rapid strides in experiment on ancient theories, until the most abstruse problems, those that to simple readers of sixty years ago belonged only to occult and unknown

speculations, are brought to us now clothed in such modest vestments that he who runneth, albeit a simple child, may read and comprehend.

Luxury unfolds us like a garment in our social life, just as it has the world through all ages. But religion, piety, godliness, while they purport to be the same as when the shepherds chanted their jubilant songs over the plains of Bethlehem, and the wise men, guided by the Orient star, presented their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the infant Christ: in their outward symbols and manifestations, how intrinsically different, as contrasted with the worship of eighty or a hundred years gone by!

There are veterans still engaged in a work once deemed an inspiration from the heavenly and divine, who hold in utter aversion ritualistic lore, and the ceremonies of "book and candle;" men who have always been united in condemning "high bonnets, the violin, rum, tobacco, church-bells and steeples." I have sometimes tried to fancy the effect on such old-fashioned ears, as their owner glided with the crowd to the shelter of some vestibule leading to the nave of one of the vast popular temples belonging to the Methodist army of churches, when the stops of a massive organ were, mayhap, in full diapason, pouring forth strain after strain from some favorite libretto, as an introductory voluntary to the future initiatory prayer. However glorious the harmony, however full of sweetest melody the tremulous chords may be, however replete with artistic skill, would not the patriarch cry out with inner voice at least, What doest thou here, Elijah?

While we have not seldom asserted in the pages of this magazine that it is a mere croaking cynicism that is always prating about the old days being better than the new, and still insist that no grumbler has a right to reprobate present times, and seasons—no right, in fact, to the kingdom of heaven itself, we yet can not lay blame on those innocent, faithful souls, who mourn over the presence of a cantatrice in holy sanctuary as she war-

bles forth trills and tremolos and runlets at exorbitant, often fabulous cost, to the worshipers sitting outside this musical ring—the pit, as it were—who often experience a dumb amaze at anthems of praise so wondrous, and so mystical. And yet after all our blame, we doubt whether indeed this operatic travesty, even when accompanied by a full orchestra of "harp and cymbal and sacbut," be not an advance on those fitful, fugue snatches of hymns to which some who see the present day have listened.

Those were the days when a chorister deaconed out the first lines—which means, I suppose, lining the verses to be sung, in lieu of books, and adapting the words to the occasion, as was done, we are told, by an excellent and ancient historian, in primitive times, at a certain barn-raising in New England:

"If God to build the house deny,
The builder's work is vain;
Unless the Lord doth shingle it,
It will blow down again."

Few of a past generation are there now living who can recall so unique a performance, or who remember the odd scene depicted with such graphic zest by Peter Parley, in his inimitable autobiography, and which we venture to excerpt because its repetition can never pall. In his own humorous yet practical way, the venerable man relates the story in this wise:

"Before the age of comfortable meeting-houses in country towns, the introduction of stoves into them threatened to overturn society. An adjoining metropolis, Boston, had adopted stoves in the church, and the little town of E. set about the work of introducing the creation in their own village. So there was a stove party, and the anti-stove party. At the head of the first was Mrs. Deacon R., and at the head of the latter Mrs. Deacon P.

"The battle raged portentously, like the renowned tempest in a tea-pot. Society was lashed into a foam. The minister between the contending factions, scarcely dared say his soul was his own.

He could scarcely find a text from Genesis to Jude, that might not commit him on one side or the other! Finally the stove party triumphed, and the stoves were accordingly installed. The adverse side resolved to submit as to a dispensation of Providence.

"On the Sabbath succeeding the installation of the stoves Mrs. Deacon P., instead of staying away, did as a good Christian ought, and went to Church.

"As she moved up the broad aisle, it was remarked that she looked pale and calm as a martyr should, conscious of injury, yet trying to forgive. Nevertheless, when the minister named the text, Romans xii, 20, and spoke about heaping coals of fire on the head, she slid from her seat and gently subsided on the floor. The train of ideas suggested were in fact too much for her heated brain, and shattered nerves.

"Suddenly there was a rush to the pew, and the fainting lady was taken out. When she came to the air, she slightly revived.

"'Pray, what is the matter?' said Mrs. Deacon R., who bent over her, holding a smelling-bottle to her nose.

"'Oh, it is the heat of those awful stoves,' replied Mrs. Deacon P.

"'No, no, my dear,' said Mrs. R., 'that can not be; it's a warm day, you know, and there is no fire in them.'

"'No fire in the stoves!' exclaimed Mrs. Deacon P.

"'Not a particle!' replied the other.

"'Well, I feel better now,' continued the poor lady, and so, bidding her friends good-bye, she went home in a manner suited to the occasion."

It was then a world filled with what we transcendental moderns may perchance style old fossilizations—an era when "breeches and knee-buckles, blue mixed stockings, and shoes of glittering paste, seemed as much a part of a man as his head and shoulders;" and yet there is something devoutly quaint and tender in that kind of religion which permeated all the common details of life, every duty and act in the Puritanic household—a

prayer, a cheerful hymn, and a few pious words of greeting and encouragement at every raising of a dwelling-house, or even a modest barn.

Few are there left among our present families, or Sabbath-day congregations, who can look back to so primitive a time as the foregoing; but there are scores and hundreds who can trace a far-stretching perspective in the background, to similar scenes and associations, that lie on the outskirts of those more ancient days.

They can recall the glowing, religious experience of childhood and youth, when our walk was more by faith and less by sight—when a divine influence, intended to take the place of all visible evidence of the truth, constituted full enough proof that the work was of God. These associations can never be forgotten, more than can be the small wooden church, or dingy school-house, now in decay and ruin, or quite obliterated by the merciless progress of improvement, where our first pious vows were registered, and where an impetuous Methodism made itself known and felt at times with a fair amount of noise, as well as native force, by all classes in the community.

Ah! those hard, straight-backed seats, the small desk lightened by its two tallow candles, on which the preacher laid his Bible and hymn-book, that old, old time, when a *tuning-fork* was the only instrument used for rendering the key-note to the choir, when ministerial circuits were a hundred miles and more in extent.

These ancient souvenirs are indeed replete with an intensity of emotion to those whose lives border on the twilight side of a half-century; they are vivid and ever-blooming reminiscences, cheerful, perhaps even possessing their comic side, yet with always a moaning under-tone of regret for their loss, for which no experience in the present can entirely equal or compensate. They remain as a cherished consecration within the heart for all future time; who shall dare say that they will not abide within the soul as a heavenly benediction through the cycles of eternity?

E. S. MARTIN.

GILBERT MOTTIER, MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

SOON after the Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies in the Summer of 1776, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, happened to make a visit to Metz, a garrisoned town in France. The commandant gave a grand entertainment in his honor, and among the officers invited was a youth of nineteen, already a captain of dragoons in the regiment to which he was attached, the Marquis de la Fayette.

At the dinner the Duke mentioned the news he had just received from England in relation to the American Colonies, and among other things stated that they had announced their Declaration of Independence. As yet Europe had regarded the struggle of the Colonies as but the outbreak of a few rebellious subjects, which could be quenched with but comparatively small trouble or expense; it was scarcely dignified in her mind as an "attempt at liberty." But the young Frenchman made many inquiries, evidently to satisfy himself of the true character of the "rebellion." From what he could learn from a source even biased as it was by prejudice of the mother country he saw in the revolution a noble determination on the part of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke with which they were laden. His investigations were satisfactory; his heart throbbed warmly with the hope and purpose of assisting in such a cause.

Filled with this noble impulse, Lafayette proceeded to Paris. He was master of his own movements, and possessed the means to execute his desires, but in order to embark in the enterprise he proposed, he needed trusty friends and counselors. He confided his plans to intimate and trusted acquaintances, but their families were unwilling they should leave the "blushing vine-hills of their delightful France" to cope with the terrors of a rugged and uncertain shore. Every

one endeavored to dissuade him from what they esteemed a rash and hazardous project.

At last he met with an officer of some distinction, Baron de Kalb, who was himself enlisted in the cause of the Colonies, which, in the service of the ministry, he had already visited. Through the influence of the Baron, Lafayette obtained an introduction to Silas Deane, then in France as the agent of the infant Republic of America. The enthusiasm of the young nobleman was not lessened by the truthful picture of affairs as presented by Mr. Deane, and he immediately accepted a position in the American service, with the rank of Major-General.

He had scarcely engaged passage in a vessel about to be dispatched to the scene of action when the news reached France of the unhappy results of the campaign of 1776. The friends of the Colonies felt their hearts sink within them, and the project of sending a vessel, already laden with stores and ammunition, was abandoned. The friends who knew of Lafayette's intention now considered that it would be a comparatively easy matter to dissuade him from it. But how little they knew the spirit of the gallant and generous young soldier! Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee, who, in the meantime had become joint-commissioners with Silas Deane, refused to encourage him in going to the United States. What character can we present to-day whose answer, from a foreign shore, under like circumstances, would be as heroic as this which he gave?

"Gentlemen, my zeal for honorable fame, and my love of liberty, have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing influences with me, but now I see a chance of *usefulness* which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly needed by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them

to America; and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

Lafayette purchased the vessel with which to sail from France. His wife was the only one of all his relations who did not reproach him for his design. The French Government interfered, and prohibited his departure. He was pursued by order of the king, Louis XVI, and, in disguise, fled to Spain, from whence he embarked with the faithful De Kalb and eleven officers, upon a long and perilous voyage. Many an older and more experienced man had succumbed under lesser difficulties, but, fortunately for America, and for the name of Lafayette, he preserved a heart undaunted by opposition, unappalled by misfortune.

At nightfall, on the South Carolina coast, near Georgetown, Lafayette and his compatriots landed, and proceeded to the residence of Major Huger, the first at hand. This gentleman extended to them every hospitality, and by his assistance they reached Charleston, and at once proceeded by land to Philadelphia. What a vivid contrast to the scenes of one hundred years ago does that city now present! The name of Lafayette should often be recalled as the wondering representatives of all nations gather there to express their surprise and admiration at the stride our glorious Republic has taken in this lapse of time; for the youth of nineteen was soon admitted to the friendship and companionship of Washington and the choicest spirits of the Revolutionary army.

Immediately upon his arrival in Philadelphia Lafayette sent his letters to the chairman of the committee of Congress on Foreign Relations. He received for answer that, "so many foreigners were applying for office in the army, while the means of remuneration were so exhausted, it was doubtful if he could obtain a commission." He addressed a letter to the President, asking permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, stating that he wished for no remuneration; he had entered upon the expedition for the

love of liberty and the purpose of serving the cause of the oppressed; if he could further his object by fighting by the side of the humblest soldier whose heart was in his work, he should esteem it an honor. The President at once examined his letters. The young stranger lacked one month of being twenty-one years old. He had left rank, wealth, and, among other connections, a young and loving wife, in his sunny native land. Through the tears of anguish at parting, this brave young wife had bidden him God speed in his noble purpose,—the others had named him a rash and foolish adventurer. He had been pursued by the displeasure of his king, and, without a plaudit from his countrymen to encourage him, with no gala display of banners or beating drums or martial music, he embarked upon a long and tedious voyage in disguise and from the shores of a country not his own. The President was made aware of these facts by the friends of Lafayette, and without hesitation tendered him the commission of a Major-General in the army.

He did not receive a command until several months afterward, and in the mean time he had proved good his word and fought as a volunteer in the battle of Brandywine, September, 1777, where he was wounded and disabled for two months. In a year from that time his services at the battle of Monmouth elicited the thanks of Congress; this body at the same time also declared their appreciation of his exertions to conciliate the officers of the American army and those of the French fleet, after our treaty of alliance with France, which treaty brought about the war between England and France.

Lafayette was still an officer under his king, and this war essentially changed his position. It became necessary to reinstate himself in the favor of the sovereign whom he had offended by sailing from France after his prohibition. He addressed a letter to Congress, requesting permission to revisit his native land as a soldier on furlough, and to remain as

duty called him. This permission was readily granted, and for the signal services which he had rendered the American cause our minister at the court of Versailles was instructed to present him in the name of the United States a splendid sword as token of their esteem and gratitude.

His reception by the French people was cordial and gratifying; the court, after a time, threw aside its reserve, and he was appointed to a command of dragoons in the king's own regiment. His stay in France, however, was brief; March, 1780, found him again engaged in the cause of the resisting Colonies. He defended Virginia against the depredations of Cornwallis; he put to shame the deserting soldiers by appealing to their honor, and infusing into them something of his own brave spirit; he replenished the depleted treasury by personal responsibility to the merchants of Baltimore, and, aided by the hands of our country women, supplied the clothing necessary for the suffering troops.

Lafayette was the supporter and counselor of Washington when the treason of Benedict Arnold was discovered, and was present during the momentous conference with the French General Rochambeau, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the fall of Yorktown. The services of Lafayette in the Revolutionary war terminated. He returned to his country at the age of twenty-five, intrusted with confidential powers to his own government from the Congress of a nation in whose formation he had acted an important part, and by whom he was recommended to his own sovereign in terms of unequivocal praise.

The public career of Lafayette was afterward that of a Frenchman, yet he still clung fondly to the associations and attachments he had formed in the land of his brief sojourn. In 1784 he determined to revisit the scenes of his youthful glory. He landed in New York on the 4th of August, and was received by Legislature, State, town, and village with ovations that should have satisfied the

heart of an emperor. But from these assurances of the love and gratitude of an admiring nation he was soon recalled to Paris to engage in the struggles of the French Revolution. The principles advocated by Lafayette were those imbibed in America; but while he desired the personal and religious liberty of the people, he still clung to the weak and ill-fated king. Had Louis XVI possessed more firmness the crisis at this terrible epoch might have been passed in safety, with the aid of Lafayette; but as it was, the latter was unable to turn the tide of tumult and disaster. He was forced to witness the execution of his king and the extinction of the constitutional monarchy. He was tendered offices and emoluments, from those known to the ancient monarchy to the new ones created by the disorder of the times; but he rejected them all, and, with a burdened heart, brooded over the lack of sympathy from his fellow-countrymen with his higher aims and nobler purposes.

After the execution of the king, Lafayette was no longer able to command the army he had created. He was beset by enemies, denounced as a traitor, and the Assembly ordered his arrest. He must submit to their authority or fly. He chose the latter alternative. In the territory of Liege he fell into the hands of the Austrians, who, despite the peculiar circumstances of his flight from France, treated him as a prisoner of war. Vainly endeavoring to enlist him against his own government, the Austrians delivered him to the Prussian government. He was dragged from prison to prison, and finally confined in the dungeons of the fortress of Magdeburg. He was immured in a subterranean vault, damp, dark, and silent, and secured by quadruple doors, loaded with bars, bolts, and chains. After the first victory of the arms of Brunswick, and an exchange of prisoners was about to be made, in order that he should not be included in the cartel he was transferred to the custody of the German emperor, and placed in the dungeons of Olmutz, in Moravia.

But why this hatred and persecution toward a comparatively private citizen of France? The question has been asked repeatedly by the wondering peruser of history, but no satisfactory answer has ever been given. Upon no grounds recognized by civilized nations can the conduct of Germany be defended, or the hatred of Austria and Prussia be justified. It is probable that their hatred was the offspring of fear. They had seen what his youthful enthusiasm and brave spirit had led him to do and endure in the land across the sea, and they probably said among themselves: "That spirit will progress and show to the world still greater deeds; it must be tamed, lest it rise and put us to shame."

Upon entering the dungeons of Olmutz, Lafayette was informed that he would be cut off from all communication with the world; that he would be spoken of in the dispatches only by the number of his register; that his name would not be uttered, even by his jailor; that no intercourse would be allowed between him and his family or friends; and to prevent the self-destruction that his torture of mind and body might suggest, he was allowed no knife or fork, or the semblance of any thing that could put an end to his stricken life.

Thus condemned to a living tomb, no friendly accent falling on his ear, no ministration of love, and no tidings from home or friends, it is not surprising that his strength failed, and that his mind at times bordered upon idiocy. His physician declared repeatedly that he would die unless he was permitted to breathe the pure air. The court of Vienna became alarmed at the universal attention his imprisonment was exciting, and, at last, under guard of an armed escort, he was permitted to exercise abroad.

About this time a Hanoverian physician, who had emigrated and become a naturalized citizen of the United States, returned to Germany for the purpose of discovering Lafayette's place of confinement. Aided by an Austrian count, he obtained communication with Lafayette

through the medium of his profession. In Vienna he was joined by young Colonel Huger, at whose father's house, it will be remembered, Lafayette met with such hospitality as he landed upon the shores of South Carolina, upon his first voyage to the New World. They determined upon the release of the captive, but were discovered and taken almost in the attempt. The physician, Dr. Eric Bollman, and Colonel Huger were both chained by the neck to the floor of separate cells, and the unhappy prisoner remanded to his dungeon. His friends remained in prison six months, when, by the influence of the powerful and generous Count Metrowsky, they were released and suffered to escape the Austrian dominions.

The last information Lafayette received from his wife she was a prisoner under the Reign of Terror. What anguish must have harrowed his soul as he contemplated her possible, nay, probable fate; for Robespierre and his minions were hurrying the nobility to the guillotine as fast as the mockery of trials and convictions would permit. Unknown to him, perhaps the mother, the grandmother, and the sister of Madame de Lafayette suffered death upon the scaffold the same day. She herself was destined to a similar fate, but the fall of Robespierre saved her. Through the exertions of two prominent Americans, then in Paris, a member of the Committee of Safety allowed her son to depart for America, and thus escape the conscription she so much dreaded. He was received into the family of Washington, after whom he was named.

Relieved of this source of anxiety Madame de Lafayette, with her daughters, set out for Germany, with an American passport, under the family name,—Mottier. She obtained an audience with Francis II, the young Emperor, then but twenty-five years of age. With her children she appeared in the imperial presence. She appealed to the sovereign to have the estates of her husband, confiscated under the emigrant law, re-

stored to him, and that he be permitted to return to his native country and regain his shattered health; but the appeal was vain. She then begged permission to share his captivity. This was granted; but the privations, the pestilence, the indignities of Olmutz exhausted a frame already weakened by the sufferings she had endured. She implored a month's leave of absence to breathe the purer atmosphere of Vienna, but it was given only with the cruel proviso that she must never return. Death was more welcome than another separation from her lord; and though she lived afterward to breathe the free air of heaven by his side, she never recovered from the effects of their inhuman imprisonment.

Lafayette was still held in chains, though neither a prisoner of law nor of war. Washington addressed a letter to the emperor for his release; Wilberforce, Fox, and General Fitzpatrick interposed their eloquence in his behalf in the English House of Commons; but it remained for Napoleon Bonaparte to effect his release. He wrung from the obdurate Francis what argument, appeal, and sense of justice had failed to obtain.

Lafayette was restored to liberty, but no human agency could restore his shattered constitution. He returned to his beloved France, but to find it—how changed! His penetrating eye quickly saw the effects of the bloody commotions which had so fearfully shaken it during its revolutionary days.

Notwithstanding his obligations to Napoleon, he still maintained his adherence to the cause of constitutional liberty. He voted against making the First Consul Dictator for life, and refused the favors which were being heaped upon the ancient nobility. Napoleon only ceased to importune when convinced that Lafayette was resolute in his determination to avoid all connection with the government. The United States also still remembered him, and Mr. Jefferson proffered him the governorship of the terri-

tory of Louisiana, but he was unwilling to abandon France.

Napoleon built up his empire, and it had fallen. Lafayette came out from his retirement at Lagrange, and in a meeting of the secret council, urged the abdication of the Emperor, still defending the people and advocating the cause of constitutional liberty. Louis XVIII took possession of the palace of his ancestors; but Lafayette was not to be found among the followers of the court. Instead, he accepted the invitation of both Houses of Congress to visit these shores again. He reached New York in August, 1824, and his sojourn here was marked by the renewal of the ovations which had greeted him forty years before. He gazed with gratified pride upon the institutions which he had aided to establish, and departed with every testimonial of respect that a grateful and admiring nation could bestow.

But the land toward which he turned his anxious eyes was again in commotion. To the friend of constitutional liberty fair France now turned her troubled eyes, and confided to him her most sacred interests. Not for his own brow would he accept the crown tendered him, but from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville he presented them the "citizen king," Louis Philippe and the constitution, which he fondly hoped would govern his country in the years to come.

In this Centennial year, when the names of long lines of heroes are being recalled and their deeds recounted, by that of Washington should be written in letters of gold the name of Lafayette. Not in the palaces of the titled dead, not at Pere le Chaise, was the chosen resting-place for his mortal remains; but in a little cemetery near Paris, where only the quiet voices of nature are heard among her birds and foliage, they rest beside those of the devoted wife, whose love amid the terrors of revolution and the after-calm of peace, ever was tinged with the romance and beauty of youth.

CYNTHIA M. FAIRCHILD.

OUR HOME GUARDS.

HOW could we have homes without trees, and how long could our trees stand against the armies of ravaging insects, but for the police care of the birds?

Our Home Guards are a free concert troupe. The performers help themselves to a few of the crimson and purple globules of sweet and sour, hung on the bushes and trees for them, as certainly as for featherless bipeds. The bulk of their living, to the advantage of those who claim freehold, is from the confiscated goods and chattels of the ravagers—a fair, open transaction, imitated, upon occasion, by their human brothers.

During the love-making and first house-keeping of the singers, every hour is brimming with melody, now shrill and clear, then rippling, soft, and low. A network of joyful song is wrapped about the glad earth, and tangled in with her gala robe of flowers. When home cares increase, we must admit that there is less singing; but are there not more mouths to feed, and a deal of domestic instruction to be given? And then, do not all the rest of the vocal people take their Summer vacation? Concert-halls and churches are shut, in blank dusty silence, all the sultry months; but any morning, if you are awake early enough, you may listen to a symphony worth the hearing.

This music has hygienic power, whether it comes, stirring and clear, from our door-yard trees, or muffled and faint, from a distant wood, or "drops down upon us, filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp, blue air." It has healing for tired nerves and outworn brain. If the songs of the birds were silenced, it is horrible to think how St. Vitus's dance and epilepsy and paralysis would increase. The spray of restful sound, sprinkled as prodigally as the wealth of a Summer shower, has far more to do with strong thinking, wise benevolence, and good laws, than some thoughtful people imagine. We are helped by it,

unwittingly, perhaps, but no less surely, near the heart of nature, and the nearer we are to the heart of nature, of humanity and of God, the surer will we be to work the works that are right and true.

Of late years, our Western insect plagues have not been far behind those of the Orient. It has become necessary for us to protect the birds, if we would save our gardens and orchards and fields from destruction. And this is but an indirect looking after the morals of our boys. War has been declared upon the birds. The edict has gone forth in the barbarous instinct of every boy that can throw a stone. Poor fellows! We let them begin their cruelties by teasing their little sisters. They practice upon stray dogs and cats, till they attain the grandeur of bullying small boys. They taste blood in the slaughter of rats, hen-hawks, squirrels, and other depredators; and the savage impulse seizes them whenever a bird lights within reach. How it would shock us if one of our girls should kill a bird; yet the barbarities of our boys, with stones and shot-guns, call forth only a gentle remonstrance—"You can't keep boys quite straight, you know. They must have a chance to sow their wild oats." Must? A word from Satan's vocabulary! Look ahead a few years. There he goes—your boy! swearing, swaggering, coarse, obscene! You hope he will marry and sober down. Yes, if some pure girl will pour the fullness of her sweet life into the turbid stream of his, there is a bare chance that he may be saved. How much better to have trained him to the right, when you had him under your hand! In the outset he was not unlike his sister in morals. You held her to the proprieties and decencies, while you let him run at his own will in paths of misdeed. Now, in purity of life, they are leagues apart. There are as many boys as there are girls in the infant classes of our Sunday-schools; but not half as many boys

as girls in the Bible Classes. Women outnumber men in the Church two to one. In the State-prison men outnumber women fifty to one. This sad proportion tells its own story.

A few years ago I saw the Indians of Minnesota massacre notoriety, in their stockade prison. One little savage, ten or a dozen years old, caught my attention. He was as lithe as a willow, as straight as a poplar, and as deft in throwing stones as you can imagine. He amused himself by aiming at the smaller fry, and hitting them on the ear, or the nose, or in the eye, as his fancy happened to suggest. The little wretches ran shrieking to their mothers. Of course I was sorry for them; but I had far more pity for the poor boy who was letting the demon within get the start of him in that ugly fashion. I could see that a belt full of white men's scalps, and a leap from the white man's scaffold, would be the bitter end of his sport. If we permit our boys to practice small cruelties, and to find pleasure in the little wickednesses that smack of daring, we must not be surprised if, later, they develop a taste for the circus, the horse-race, and the pugilist's ring, with their concomitants, tobacco and whisky.

A New York chief of police, who had care of a flock of newly imported English sparrows, managed wisely in protecting them from their natural enemies, the boys. He liberated his birds in the afternoon, in a district well-stocked with policemen. He meant to give the boys a chance to open their campaign against his *protégés*, so that his men might arrest them just when they would be likely to be missed from the supper-table. The plan worked well. There was a storm of parental wrath, as one indignant father after another came to hunt up his boy. The lads were held in durance, however, till morning. After a salutary rebuke for their misdemeanor, and an assurance that a similar offense would bring a similar punishment, they were dismissed. The whole affair demonstrated that the blame of the mischief lay at the door of the careless parents.

We may not understand the æsthetic or sanitary usefulness of the birds, nor the moral need of prohibiting our boys from killing them, yet there is a material side of the subject that every one can appreciate. If we allow the birds to be driven off, or destroyed, there will be no way by which we can protect our groves and orchards and crops from destruction, and save the land from famine.

The singing of the birds is only their pastime. Their main business is killing off those ravagers that threaten to devour every green thing. Harmless enough do these mischievous insects appear, as they flit about through the clouds of pink and snowy bloom. They make believe botanize a little; or, at most, help themselves to a sip of nectar, and all the time they are stinging the life of the fruit hidden in the flowers,—like the bad habits of our children, I would say, if I might throw in a moral. Ah, but our Home Guards come down upon them to good purpose! They have a keen eye for offenders. Like Syrian shepherds, they live among the dangers that surround their charge. If we consent to their death, we shall have the plagues of Egypt sweeping over the land an abomination of desolation. A painstaking English gentleman has given us mathematical proof of our danger. He says that a pair of sparrows feeding their young, destroy, on an average, three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars a week. In Maine and Auxerre, the Government, grudging the sparrows their petty police hire, ordered their destruction. The very next year the caterpillars killed even the green trees. In all France and in England, insects are making such havoc, the law has had to take hold of the matter, and decree the protection of the birds. The Germans, also, are seriously considering this subject. In Saxony, the laws against bird-nesting are severe. Our own large cities have found it necessary to import sparrows. It is simply economical to guard our native birds by law.

The insect scourge is becoming terrible.

Thousands of bushels of half-ripened fruit drop from the boughs, through sheer worminess. The chinch-bug takes whole wheat fields at a meal. The wire-worm lays entire farms desolate. The grasshopper is starving out the inhabitants of the Far West. It is high time for us to look to our defenses. Ralf the Rover

sunk the raft with its wave-rung warning bell, that an old abbot had anchored to Inchcape rock. Afterward, the pirate's own ship was wrecked on that reef. "Thus," says one, "if we destroy the protectors of groves and gardens, our own homes will be left unto us desolate."

JENNIE F. WILLING.

HOW AN EVIL WISH WAS PUNISHED.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

A TWENTY years' nap! Why, that is not a circumstance to what is passing to-day in the dreamy, luxurious seraglios of the East. There one might sleep half a dozen centuries and, waking up, find matters just as he left them when his lengthy *siesta* began. The "chances and changes" that happen to all else beneath the sun make an exception in favor of Oriental customs,—the effeminate Eastern noble dreaming away his life in these days of "progress," just as did his voluptuous forefathers of a thousand years ago. Meanwhile he thinks and cares no more for "modern improvements" than did good old Rip Van Winkle while taking his cozy little nap of a score of years.

After the lapse of tens of centuries, during which telegraphs and steamboats and railroads and ocean cables have revolutionized Western nations, and brought all the ends of the earth together to compare notes, the Oriental shakes his head incredulously, and goes on jogging and jolting on elephants' backs, at the rate of twenty miles a day, as he wonders "why the *f'rangs* are always in a hurry." The Bedouins, with their camels and caravans, still traverse "Araby's sandy plains" and go "down to Egypt" as in the days of old Jacob; the wily traders of to-day are just as unscrupulous and just as keen in driving a bargain as were those

who purchased the "lad Joseph," and bore him a helpless captive to the land in whose future history he was to figure so largely.

In respect to the sciences, many Oriental nations have really drifted backward, till astronomy has degenerated into astrology, and the motions of the heavenly bodies are observed only as signs and omens, with superstitious awe. Eclipses, especially, cause every-where terror and dismay, and are universally regarded as the omens of great national calamities. One of the rajahs of Tringano, the last who could claim the title of an independent sovereign, fell into just such a snare as did Nicias, the Athenian general, when about to leave Sicily. The rich and populous province of Tringano had been invaded by a Siamese army, with a shrewd and determined general at its head. But the Malays are a fierce and warlike race, and they drove back the invaders at every point, giving no quarter to the enemy, and refusing to treat on any terms. The valiant Siamese, Phya-Si-Bi-Pat, had suffered immense loss, with the flower of his army cut to pieces, while his only son, a noble young officer, lay weltering in blood at his father's feet. Utterly dispirited, the brave old general determined on the withdrawal of the miserable remnant of the large army he had so recently dis-

embarked, and was about, under cover of darkness, to take refuge in his ships, when just at this crisis a lunar eclipse occurred. The Malayan rajah, whose banner was a crescent, observing the sudden withdrawal of the moon's bright beams, interpreted the phenomenon into an indication of the desertion of his gods, and fled in dismay from the ground where he had just achieved so splendid a victory. The Siamese general saw his advantage, rallied the remains of his shattered forces, and by a brilliant onset completely retrieved the fortunes of the day, the turn of events costing the poor terrified rajah the loss of his crown and liberty, and ultimately his life, for he died in exile of grief and mortification. His bravest warriors were borne in chains to the Siamese capital, beautiful Tringano was reduced to a dependency of the Siamese crown, and so severe a wound was inflicted on the Malayan powers that the decline of their rule may be dated from this very catastrophe. All this was achieved not because the Siamese are free from the fear of eclipses, but because their shrewd commander had sufficient tact to turn their superstitious fears to account, by telling them that lunar eclipses were always omens of special calamity to their enemies, the Malays, and, *par* consequence, augured good to themselves.

Despite the rapid increase of the means and appliances of education, and the real progress *some* are making in scientific knowledge, it is very difficult for a devout Buddhist to renounce his belief in the cause and consequences of eclipses, as detailed in their sacred books. On many such occasions I have seen hundreds of men, women, and children armed with gongs, cymbals, and tom-toms, rush frantically through the streets, shouting, shrieking, yelling, and screaming in concert with their instruments, hoping thereby to frighten off the huge demon who they believe is attempting to gulp down the sun or moon. In this diabolical purpose they say he will some time or other succeed; and that he would

have done so long ago but for their frightening him off. It is for this purpose that gongs, kettle-drums, and every noise-producing instrument that can be improvised, are brought into requisition, as they rush with garments torn, hair disheveled, and countenances pale with terror, from temple to temple, sometimes entreating the monster to forbear, and again seeking to terrify him by threats and imprecations. When the eclipse has passed, the shrieks and groans are exchanged for songs and rejoicings, that for the nonce the monster has been outwitted, and the heavenly bodies saved from so ignominious a fate as being gulped down the throat of their fierce adversary.

So potent is the power of early prejudice that intelligent, strong-minded men have assured me in all gravity and sincerity that were these means of driving off the monster once omitted, he would forever obscure the light of the heavenly orbs, and leave our entire system in impenetrable gloom. The following legend, translated literally from the Bali sacred books explains the cause of this enmity, and shows how an evil wish entails wretchedness on him who utters it, not less than on the objects of his malicious designs. The priestly author, after invoking the aid of all good spirits, says:

"I will relate a story of what happened in the days when the lord god Buddha was perfecting himself in the Chetuwan temple, in the city of Survattli, in South Behar. In those days, while the god Gaudama was still upon earth as a priest, he went out one day to ask alms for his support, according to the laws of the priesthood. As he walked slowly onward, holding the priestly fan before his sacred countenance, to shut out the smallest glimpse of any thing unclean, he came suddenly upon the encampments of three brothers, who, halting on their journeys, had severally pitched their tents on the suburbs of a great city, very near to each other, though neither knew of the proximity of his brethren. As the lord Gaudama drew near, all the

brothers were preparing to take their noonday meal, each in the style suited to his rank and wealth. Had they known of the approach of the embryo god, they would have thought only of some petition to present, and of suitable offerings to lay at his sacred feet. But fate had closed their eyes. Chan Watio, the eldest, was of noble form and comely features, with lustrous eyes that sent forth lightning glances terrible to behold, or melted into tender love, according to the impulse that chanced to be uppermost. He had exalted rank, great wealth, and all the blessings that fate could lay at the feet of her favorite; but to-day he was listless and morose. Pleasure's cup had been so often quaffed that it had ceased to charm, and despite his gorgeous surroundings, a presentiment of impending calamity cast a shadow over the handsome face. Moodily, as if determined to find cause of unhappiness somewhere, he had thrown himself on the luxurious couch spread for his use, beneath a canopy of burnished gold, from which depended curtains of satin edged with gold lace, and looped with bands of emerald. The cushions were of purple velvet embroidered in gold and precious stones; and over the tented floor were laid costly mosaics of silver and ebony; while a massive golden chandelier hung from the roof by a chain of the same precious metal. Mirrors and pictures hung around, and tempting divans invited to voluptuous repose. Couched in various attitudes about their lord were a score or two of bewitching damsels, very queens of love and beauty, whose charms and graces would have melted the heart of an anchorite. Some were fanning their lord with dainty *punkas* of gold and pearl, some toyed with his hands or bathed his vexed brow in attar of roses; and several were busy twining about the cushions where he reclined wreaths of fragrant flowers,—each striving to win some look of love or coveted caress. At the farther end of the pavilion were bands of singing and dancing girls, lovely and graceful as houris. Soft strains of amorous

music floated on the balmy air, while with pliant forms and swelling bosoms, beauteous maidens threaded the mazes of a voluptuous dance. Quickly following came a trill of martial music and the sound of many instruments, that heralded the entrance of a maiden of majestic presence. She recounted in impassioned tones the adventures of a celestial hero, who, triumphing over all the powers of evil, had rescued from her demon captor a princess of wondrous beauty. Then followed the captive's song of triumph, as she laid herself lovingly at Lord Watio's feet, after having presented a sparkling goblet of roseate nectar, and waited his response. It came only in the passionate overturning of the proffered cup, and a muttered exclamation of impatience, as the spoiled epicure sprang to his feet. At that instant the door of the pavilion softly opened, and, unannounced, the priest Gaudama entered. The stately figure was completely enveloped in the priestly robe of sacred yellow, and in dignified silence he placed his begging-dish at the feet of the noble, as he stood with folded arms to await the result. Anxious to be rid of the intruder, Lord Watio snatched a golden cup from one of his ladies, laid it in the priest's *caba*, and bowed himself before the holy man, asking that in the next state of existence his condition might correspond with the richness of the offering he had made. The promise was given, and then the priest, mindful of his vows, hastened to leave the presence of the "wine, wealth, and women" which the sacred law bade him "despise."

His next call was at the encampment of Lord Thun, the second brother in age and rank. He was young, vigorous, and happy, not so rich as his elder brother, but wiser, and tasting with greater zest the gifts of Fate. His tent had been pitched beneath the wide-spread branches of a noble banyan, the thick, umbrageous shadow affording grateful shelter from the noonday sun. The canopy beneath which he reclined was of silver, set with clustered fruits of rubies half

hidden among leaves of emerald. The curtains were from Delhi's famous looms, rich with embroidery, and looped with bands of pearl. The floor was of sandalwood, the lamps silver, fed with perfumed oil, and the cushions and divans were of satin, trimmed with silver lace. A sumptuous repast in vessels of silver was being served to the young lord, by a bevy of dainty damsels, when the priest entered, and laid down his *caba*, in which lay already, the costly gift of Lord Watio: Lord Thun, observing the priestly garb, prostrated himself three times; and then as Fate opened his eyes to see that the *embryo god* stood before him, he carefully selected the largest and best of the massive silver cups before him, and laid it at the priest's feet, hoping thereby to secure much merit, and perhaps to attain to deified existence. He likewise entreated, as his brother had done, that his reward in a future state might be proportioned to the value of his offering. The priest accepted the gift, gave the promise, and made his exit, passing immediately on to the next encampment. This was the stopping-place of Lord Rhathhaku, the youngest of the three brothers. Fate certainly had *not favored him*. Orphaned almost in infancy, all his patrimony had been squandered by dishonest guardians, so that now, despite his heritage of princely birth, he was compelled to labor for a support. Wearied with a long journey, he had stopped for rest and refreshment, and as Fate had decreed, he selected a spot very near his more fortunate brothers. Too poor to afford the luxury of a tent, his bare head would have been exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, but for the friendly shelter of a large cocoanut tree. There was a luxuriant growth of sacred banyans near by, and their thick foliage might have yielded a pleasant retreat; but degraded as he was by poverty, he durst not even touch the lordly scions of the *sacred* tree, and so contented himself with the poor man's friend, the lowly cocoanut. Beneath this, having collected a few sticks, and struck a light, he proceeded to blow

the fire into a blaze, that he might prepare his scanty food and partake thereof, before continuing his journey. But the wind blew the smoke into his eyes, the sticks were damp and would not burn, and he was weary with travel, and disheartened at his dreary fate. Poor, hungry, lonely, and desolate, he bowed his face to the earth and wept. He recalled the beautiful past—the sunny days of childhood spent with his fair young mother in the gorgeous harem of a prince—the days of singing, and mirth, and gladness, when like a bird of paradise, he had flitted from flower to flower, gathering sweets from all—and now he was poor and alone. How dreary it seemed in contrast with the days of light and love; and as he thought, his heart grew hard and angry toward his brothers, because Fate had smiled on them, and frowned only on him. With a mind full of malice and envy, he uttered the following revengeful wish: 'Hereafter, in all future states, whatever power and glory my brothers may attain, may I exceed them ten thousand times, so that I may trouble and vex them, till I am avenged.' Having thus *laid by his anger to a future state*, he again busied himself in preparing his scanty repast. His only possessions were a few common, black earthenware cooking-pots, and a satchel containing some rice and curry-stuff for his dinner. While the food was cooking, the priest came up; and expecting no gift where he saw only want and misery, he would have passed on, but that the sacred law requires a priest to pause at every dwelling, to give to all an opportunity of acquiring merit by bestowing alms. So Gaudama came to a stand near the cocoanut tree, and silently waited the result. Lord Rhathhaku, lamenting that he had no worthier offering, selected the largest of his cooking-pots, and laid it humbly at the priest's feet, thinking meanwhile of the imprecatory prayer he had before uttered, and repeating it thrice over, as he bowed and worshiped before the priest. The worthless gift was accepted, and the promise

given, because a priest *dared not refuse*, but the embryo god knew the punishment that must follow such an evil wish. . . . Whole ages after these events, when Gaudama had already entered the cool shades of *Nigban*, and the three brothers had passed through many trans-migrations, the fulfillment came. The princes all ascended to the lower heaven, where the eldest became the Sun; the second, the Moon; and the third, a huge, black *Tewa*, called *Rahu*; the glory of each being apportioned according to the richness of his offering to Gaudama, on that day when their wishes had been uttered. The size and strength of the *Tewa* are also in accord with his revengeful prayer. He is forty-eight thousand miles in height, his arms are thirteen thousand miles apart, as they are stretched forward, his face measures five thousand miles each way, and the space between his eyebrows five hundred. His nose is three thousand miles long, his mouth, which is fiery-red is three thousand miles wide, and his nostrils three thousand miles deep. His fingers and toes are all of equal dimensions, four thousand miles long. As his color corresponds to the black rice pot, so does the monster's malignity to the fierce hatred expressed in the imprecatory prayer. He is bold, envious, and malicious, and watches eagerly the Sun and Moon that he may destroy them. When the Moon is at her full, he covets her glorious beauty, and so hates her for it, that he can neither sit nor lie down in peace, but stands right in her path, with open mouth and murderous intent. Sometimes he seizes her between his lips, sometimes hides her under his chin, sometimes presses her maliciously in the hollow of his cheek, and then shuts her up in his hand, according to the whim of the moment. His rage and jealousy toward the Sun are still more intense, and his attempts to annihilate him

proportionately vigorous and persistent. When the heavenly orbs are thus pursued, they are terrified beyond measure, and hasten to recite distichs from the sacred *Bali*. As the sun is but twelve hundred miles in diameter, and the moon only five hundred and ninety miles, they are, when thrust suddenly into the mouth or nostrils of *Rahu*, utterly amazed and confounded, and lose themselves as if they had been cast into the depths of hell. All the celestial maidens are affrighted at the spectacle—disheveling their hair, and crying out in alarm: 'The beautiful Moon is destroyed. She was very glorious, and protected us from evil spirits. We must ever remember her beneficence, and mourn over her sad destiny. *Rahu* is very audacious thus to devour her.' Among men, astrologers announce that the phenomenon forebodes evil, and in dismay they rush wildly forth to the rescue. They prevail for a while, but the malicious *Rahu* will overcome at last. Until utterly exhausted, the *Tewa* can never relax his efforts—Fate constantly urging him on to the complete fulfillment of his wicked imprecation, because his evil wish was granted by the great teacher of religion. When the monster can hold out no longer, he releases the poor, terrified Sun or Moon, and rushing furiously into his palace, casts himself down in extreme agony and terror. If asked what has happened, he says: 'I have been playing tricks with the heavenly bodies, in consequence of which my head is nearly strained asunder, and my whole body is on fire.' Thus *Rahu* and the Sun and Moon are at perpetual enmity, because *anger laid by to a future state is as seed sown in a fruitful soil*; and an imprecation having been uttered, *its effects can never cease*, till the sin has been atoned for by suffering, and he who spoke it has gained admittance to the blessedness of *Nigban*."

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE KING OF THE EGGS.

JUST off the west coast of Schleswig, at the base of the peninsula of Jutland, is an island called Sylt, which somebody has fancied resembles in its shape an old woman with a very long neck, and thin from the waist downward. The middle portion of the island is tolerably solid land, and it has a watering-place,—Westerland,—much frequented by the North Germans; but both the extremities, extending north and south, are simply wastes of sand, thrown up by the sea.

The inhabitants of Sylt are Friesians of the pure stock, though the island seems once to have been peopled by Finns, the expulsion of whom has been recorded in a certain mythical narrative. It is, however, no myth that we have to deal with now, but a series of incidents which occurred within something like the last two hundred years, and the essential truth of which there is no reason to doubt.

The northern part of Sylt is called Listland, and to the extreme north of this is a strange promontory, which may be likened to a feather planted on the crown and bobbing over the forehead. Here, some thirty years ago, stood a long, low-pitched, old-fashioned building, once the house of a local hero, Peter Hansen, more commonly known as Peter the Little, King of the Eggs. He was so called because he owned or rented all the sand-hills of Listland, together with the nests of the countless sea-fowl which there build their nests. The care of these birds was his almost sole occupation, and his revenue mainly consisted of two-thirds of their eggs, often amounting to forty-thousand or fifty thousand a year. His large family—according to some, twelve, according to others, twenty-four, in number—far from being a burden to him, was incalculably useful; since, not only did his children assist him in looking after his feathered sub-

jects and their nests, but they laid snares for hares and rabbits, and tended the flocks belonging to the other inhabitants of Listland, who regarded Peter as a person of high authority. Scarcely less important, and much more formidable, was a ferocious bull. The eccentricities of this furious animal were long tolerated, not to say encouraged, by Peter, who found him exceedingly useful as a scarecrow, warning off the marauders who landed for the purpose of stealing eggs, and regarded him with natural terror.

At last, however, the propensity of the bull to rush—as bulls generally do—at every thing red, coupled with the circumstance that red was a favorite color with the female residents of Sylt, rendered him so intolerable a nuisance, that a sentence of imprisonment for life was passed upon him, and all Listland, with Peter at their head, set out one fine day to carry the sentence into execution. After much seeking, the animal was found in a marsh, whence he was no sooner lured by the exhibition of a red cloth, than he was forcibly seized by Peter, who took him by the horns, and throwing him on his back, held him down till his limbs were bound fast by the others.

The bull was duly incarcerated; but Peter soon found to his cost, that, by his zealous performance of his duties, as a citizen, he had done considerable injury to himself. His neighbors had been freed from a nuisance, but his feathered subjects, from whom he derived his revenue, had lost a protector; and a system of egg-stealing began, such as within his memory had never been known before. No wonder that, after searching for eggs during a long Summer's day, and finding nothing but empty nests, Peter looked dismally around him, and regretted the ingratitude with which he had treated his old ally the bull. It is said by Herr C. P. Hansen, possibly

his descendant, the native historian to whom we are indebted for our facts, that Peter was particularly vexed by the circumstance that the robbers of late had committed their depredations at night-time or dusk, when it was hard to trace, much more to capture, them. For ourselves, we must confess that the circumstance does not by any means inspire us with surprise, and that his peculiar vexation at the artfulness of the marauders leads us to infer that the cautious egg-robbers belonged to the same frank, open class as those among our house-breakers who perform their vocation on a bright Summer's afternoon. However that might be, he remained standing out of doors in deep meditation till about midnight, when he was startled by the sea-fowl, who, with loud cries, flew up from their nests, convincing him that mischief was near. He therefore deemed it expedient to investigate the state of affairs, and walking round the coast, found no fewer than seventeen boats anchored a good way inland. All these, exerting his wonted powers, he pushed into the sea, and then went homeward, chuckling with the consciousness that he had performed a righteous act of vengeance. The "small hours," as we now call them, had made some progress when he reached his residence, but all the family were sitting up, in great grief, on account of the loss of one of the children, a little boy, aged four years, who had followed his father, and had not been seen since, having probably missed his way. On the same night a boat belonging to King Peter was also gone.

Nor was the damage done to Listland confined to this twofold loss. Some of our readers have, perhaps, already felt an uneasy doubt as to the wisdom of Peter's mode of vengeance, and an inclination to surmise that his mental capacity was scarcely commensurate with his bodily strength. An ordinary householder, aware that his kitchen was occupied by a formidable band of robbers would scarcely deem it judicious to double lock his street door, and fling the

key out of the window; yet his policy would, in principle, be exactly the same as that pursued by the King of the Eggs. Peter was undoubtedly a first-rate judge of wild fowl and their nests, and possibly he was the one man in the world who, to use a proverbial expression, could have taught his grandmother to suck eggs. But where a knowledge of human nature, especially the worst side of it, was required, he was clearly at fault, as we have already been induced to believe by the disgust he felt on the discovery that thieves love to work by night rather than by day.

Now for the consequence of Peter's luckless revenge. On the day after the boats had been sent adrift, outrages altogether unprecedented were committed. Embittered by their loss, the marauders were no longer content to take the eggs, but they also shot birds and roasted them, not even sparing a very tame species which was regarded as sacred by all well-disposed people. It was not till night that the island was well clear of them, some recovering their boats, and some being picked up by passing vessels, which they had hailed; and it was not till night, let us add, that Peter, brave and strong as he was, ventured to put his nose out of doors and ascertain the amount of his loss. Rumors that he was threatened with a direful retribution had reached his ears, and probably he began even to suspect that a quiet thief in the dark is, after all, preferable to a bandit "rowdy," who braves the light of the sun, especially if he has a number of comrades. He, at any rate, so far profited by his day's experience, that he never again pushed boats into the water against the will of their owners.

Diligent search was, of course, made for the missing member of the royal family; but all was in vain, and years rolled on without any tidings being received concerning him. Every Summer the depredations of the egg-stealers became more extensive, and Peter began to think that every foreign potentate was his natural enemy.

It was under these circumstances that, one Summer's day early in the last century, a rough-clad, thick-set man arrived at Hoyer, a village on the main-land of Schleswig, whence there is the shortest passage to Sylt. Scarcely had he gone down the beach with his wooden shoes in his hand, and embarked in the ferry that was about to cross, when almost immediately after him, came another man, of aristocratic appearance, who rode on horseback, and eagerly made inquiries respecting a fugitive serf, whom he had closely pursued, and whose trail he had just lost. His description of the fugitive closely corresponded to that of the man who had preceded him, and he was readily directed to the ferry-boat, and at the same time warned that he might have some difficulty in dealing with the Friesians. As he thought himself an exceedingly great person, the notion that he could find difficulty in anything annoyed the strange gentleman not a little, and the state of his temper was not improved when, on reaching the sea, he found that the ferry-boat had already sailed off, and also had occasion to notice that the vehement gestures that he made to the ferry-man were disregarded with supreme contempt. His first impulse was to gallop back to the village, and order another ferry-boat, but such an article was not to be had. At last, some one chanced to recollect that a certain cobbler was the happy owner of a boat, and this man, being ordered in the King's name to convey Baron Ditlef Rantzau to Sylt, obeyed as a matter of course, and the northern extremity of the island was reached at about nine o'clock in the evening. When he had landed, the prospect on every side was dismal enough. Sand was abundant; but of man, or of the habitation of man, or of culture, there was not the slightest trace; and so hungry did the great Rantzau become, that on discovering some sea-fowl's eggs, he was only too glad to eat a few of them raw, and put the rest into his coat-pocket. The birds themselves were not so agreeable as their pro-

duce, for they did not scruple to fly after him and peck his head, if he strayed unconsciously too near their nests; and no sooner had he drawn his sword to ward off his noisy persecutors, than he suddenly found himself assailed by a human adversary, who, clad in coarse woollen attire, and brandishing a thick cudgel, rushed upon him from behind a mound. This, we need scarcely say, was King Peter, whose domain had been, on this occasion, unintentionally invaded. The sturdy monarch did not hesitate to declare to the baron that he arrested him as a purloiner of eggs, and that he was rejoiced to catch an old offender, who, no doubt, had long pilfered with impunity.

That a Rantzau, a member of one of the most illustrious families of Denmark, when accused of such a very unlordly crime as egg-stealing, should feel irate was natural enough, but with an enormous effort, the baron kept down his temper, explained who he was, and stated that he was endeavoring to recover eighteen fugitive serfs, one of whom he was sure was to be found somewhere in Sylt. Perhaps Peter did not believe the Baron's account of himself; perhaps he did not care whether it was true or not; at all events, he not only continued to address him as before, but even searched his coat-pocket, smashing one of the eggs in the process, and thus obtaining ground for a renewed accusation. Reined in with great difficulty, the baron's temper could bear the curb no longer. He drew his sword, and would have killed his adversary on the spot, but he was disarmed by Peter's cudgel, and betook himself to the boat with all possible speed.

In authentic records Ditlef Rantzau, whose estates lay in Jutland, is described as a tyrannical man who greatly maltreated his subjects; and the eighteen serfs are said to have fled from bondage, because he had yoked them to his carts and ploughs in order to save his horses, a form of cruelty which is not peculiar to the aristocracy of Jutland. The fu-

gitive, who was never recovered, and whose name was Sören Nielson, married one of Peter's daughters, became the captain of a merchant vessel, and ended a very long life in Listland.

The combat with the aristocrat of Jutland interrupted the monotony of Peter's life; but the excitement which it caused soon subsided, and years again rolled on, apparently more slowly than ever, without any variety, save that, at the close of every twelvemonth things seemed to be looking rather worse than they were before. Some of Peter's sons were dead, the rest were out at sea, and the King of the Eggs was almost alone with his wife and daughters. Had the eggs increased likewise, there would have been some chance of compensation; but, whereas the early Summer is generally the period when sea-fowl are most productive, the continuous west winds so much retarded them in a certain year, that when the month of May was near, not a single nest or egg was to be found.

One gloomy day Peter stood alone on a sand-hill, looking on a sea lashed by a furious south-west wind, and contemplating with his mind's eye a dismal future, when he perceived a ship driven toward the shore by the raging billows. When he had not to deal with egg-stealers and aristocrats, he was the best-hearted fellow in the world; and observing the imminent danger of the vessel, he planted on a hill a long pole with a bundle of heath at the top of it as a signal to the neighboring villagers that something unusual was going on, and betook himself to the western coast. There he saw at once that there was a possibility of saving the ship, which was very near the shore, and guiding it to a safe harbor. So he ran due north, waving his hat, to indicate to the crew the direction in which they ought to steer. His signals were apparently understood. The vessel was scarcely a hundred paces from the north-west corner of Listland, when the captain was seized by a sudden panic. In the light of the setting sun he had recognized Peter's face, and shouted

out like a maniac, "No! That is my mortal foe, the King of the Eggs. I will suffer any thing rather than fall into his hands." Almost immediately afterwards the ship struck on a reef, and was dashed to pieces.

Of the floating bodies Peter was able to bring ashore only one, that of a young sailor, apparently lifeless. Soon, however, there were signs of animation, and after a while the youth was sufficiently recovered to be led by his preserver to the royal residence, where he was put into a warm bed by the queen consort, while Peter called on his neighbor, the local magistrate, who had paid no attention to the signal. The worthy functionary had indeed been guilty of a gross neglect of duty, but far from showing contrition, he rated Peter in good round terms, ascribing the loss of the ship to his clumsy interference.

The wound inflicted on Peter's feelings by this unmerited oburgation was at once healed when he reached home. During his absence, his wife, approaching the bed occupied by the sleeping stranger with a lamp in her hand, had perceived near the region of the heart three peculiar spots, which proved him to be no other than the long-lost son. She, of course, communicated the glad tidings to her husband as soon as he made his appearance, and the answers of the sleeper, when questioned, showed that she had not been mistaken. He recollected that he had passed his early childhood in a sandy district; that he had once followed his father from home, and had lost his way; that he had been found by a Swedish skipper, who had come to the island for eggs, and had remained in his service ever since.

The joy of the parents was, of course, great; and we may state, in conclusion, that from the date of the youth's recovery the egg kingdom began again to prosper. Young Hansen proved to be quite as useful as the bull, from whom he differed in one important respect; namely, that he was extremely popular.—*All the Year Round.*

MEMORIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

MYRTLE COURT was the name of a pretty row of houses with one wide street between, leading inward from Myrtle Street, Boston. Since then great changes have occurred; but one small house was so endeared to my childish heart in "the days of long ago," if I were there I would seek the place. It was a one-story wooden building, in which lived a couple quite advanced in years. They were English, and answered to the name of Jones.

It was one of the greatest delights of my childhood, when I had finished the "stint" of needle-work which my dear mother was teaching me, to run across the court to "Grandma Jones." I can see the hale old lady as she moved about in the neat little space she called her kitchen, carpeted and full of bright, shining articles of every name and size. She wore a Methodist cap, and over her brown dress was folded always a white muslin handkerchief smoothly across her breast. Then the large, wide calico apron, only laid aside when she went to her sewing or reading, to use in its place one of black silk, quite as capacious. She was large in frame and proportionately fleshy. Her mild blue eyes looked out from beneath an ample, smooth brow over which the silvery hair was parted smoothly. She was very grave, always mild, and, when she smiled on me, I regarded it as a favor. That pure white face and the well-formed mouth always had a charm for me. Many hours I spent sitting by her side, and listening to stories of life in Old England.

Grandpa Jones was a contrast to his dignified companion. He was a stout-built, large man, who seldom went out of his house. He was afflicted in some way, but I do not know how. He was ever ready to talk, often laughed, and spent much of his time in making little "whirligigs" for the children around, of which I had my share. They were per-

fectly made and as well finished as those in the shops. He may have sold them, but as I was then only seven years of age, I made no inquiries. In spite of his affliction he was a very happy Methodist.

The charm of that nicely furnished room was its great, old-fashioned side-board, upon which stood a long row of books as large as a family Bible. These were lettered "Arminian Magazine." These had been brought from England; and I was permitted to lay the huge volumes on the table and sit and read in one whenever I wished. And that was nearly every day. Early Methodism was portrayed in these books in its warmest colors. The men and women of those days wrote, spoke, and preached and sung in those pages as if they were present and around me.

I was too immature for such reading, and it was too much excitement for my brain. Physiology was not well known then, for it was said "when a child is reading she is doing no harm." But good John Wesley's Diary being full of the marvelous, and of sights and sounds deemed supernatural, filled me with waking visions and nights of fear. Had Grandma Jones known this she would have denied me the book—but I never told my fears. Years after, reading these books again, I could understand them in their true meaning; yet the impressions of childhood could not be wholly effaced.

It was at Grandpa Jones's I saw the first copy of "John N. Maffitt's Life," written by himself. I do not think either of them valued it as they did their old English histories; and, as it was a new, bright-looking book, they gave me a copy of it, which I kept many years.

Nowadays young people seldom seek the society of the aged. How much they lose! The rich experiences, the knowledge of human nature, the gathered lore of years, is a treat and a blessing which can not be furnished the young mind in

any way so well as by social companionship. How often have I blessed those hours of my childhood spent in my little seat at the feet of aged friends, looking up to them, as "the dearest, best, and wisest folks in the world."

One little reminiscence of a young companion has often occurred to me in these days of overdressing among "women professing godliness." A Miss Aves was one of the many who, with myself, attended the young people's meetings held by Mr. Maffitt. Both of us were singers in the Church choir in Bromfield Street, but she was a member of the Church also. She was very handsome, and a great favorite of Mr. Maffitt, who, with his family, had boarded at her father's residence in Boston.

The Discipline required plainness of dress in the members of the Methodist communion. Miss Aves had gradually slid away a little from the rule, and her attire was more in accordance with "the world," than that of her companions.

One bright Sunday morning in Spring, Miss Aves took her seat in the choir, looking as lovely as the morn itself. Her dress was white, and was bordered by

two flounces, which her own fingers had tastefully embroidered. A bonnet of white straw, with a bright blue ribbon, and—ah, for a Methodist of those days—a cluster of roses upon one side! What a gazing took place. I really thought some so occupied they would not find the right tune. Miss Aves went to class-meeting as usual. What was said I do not know, but I do know she was disciplined for "conformity to the world." She remained out of the Church a long time, and whether she ever returned I do not know. But I fear she was not at heart a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Another young lady was guilty of no actual crime, but an entire worldliness of conduct was seen in all she did. She was labored with, prayed with, and borne with, for a long time, but gave no signs of repentance, or of having been truly converted. So the Church felt it a duty to the cause of Christ to exclude her from their communion. This was done with great sorrow. How many would remain in our Churches if such were the enforcement of Discipline now?

ETHEL S. CUSTAR.

SCOTT AND HIS SONG-WORLD.

IT is morning on the sparkling fields and breezy hills of Scotland. The sons of toil are astir. The huge, ungainly horses go tramping by with conscious strength. The homes of the people are suggestive of thrift. There is a stern reality in the very air, and in the land we tread, yet are we passing through a region of romance; for it was these Highland lakes and glens that Scotland's favorite minstrel filled with the glowing creations of his song-world. Scott has left the impress of his cultivated and comprehensive genius on these lovely "lochs," with their marvelous mountain

shores, in every variety of shade, from dark green to light purple and ethereal blue, and clothed in grass and fern and heather to their very tops. These caves and dells and water-falls; these emerald isles and silver strands; these wilderness wilds and castle-crowned hills and storied battle-fields, the whole region reaching from Loch Lomond and Ben Vennue, through the Trosachs, to Stirling and Edinburgh are redolent with the name and fame of the mighty magician. The city itself, historic and picturesque, has scarcely ceased to hear the echo of Sir Walter's footsteps, as staff in hand he

wended his way to his favorite haunts. The "Heart of Midlothian," the prison in the center or heart of Midlothian, has disappeared, but the site is marked by a stone heart in the pavement. The place of the pulpit wherein John Knox thundered out his anathemas against sin in high places is marked in a similar manner, with only the letters J. K. inscribed upon the square, flat stone just outside the present Church of St. Giles. Holyrood Castle still stands to tell the tragic tale of Mary, Queen of Scots, with the old roofless abbey, grand in ruins, by its side. Castle Hill, with its frowning battlements, looks down upon the city, old and new. Near the old portcullis is the room in which Argyle was sleeping soundly when the guard waked him to be led to execution at the Grassmarket. From the parapets, in some places two hundred and fifty feet high, the view extends fifty miles, embracing a region rich in associations with Scott and his matchless minstrelsy.

Melrose Abbey, so often visited by Scott, though mostly in ruins, is still a venerable pile. The floor is now the green turf, bespangled with innumerable English daisies. Here the "heart of Bruce" is said to be deposited after its posthumous wanderings,—hurled into the heat of battle with the cry, "Forth, heart of Bruce, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" At *Dryburgh Abbey* the poet himself lies buried. But at *Abbotsford* he lived. Here are shown his study and library, with numerous pictures and relics. The building and grounds are princely, but the situation is unworthy of them. Here the savants assembled in great numbers, making Abbotsford, as Lady Scott once remarked, "a hotel in every thing but pay." In the effort to lift the mortgage from the property the overburdened brain lost its elasticity. "This is idleness," said the poor paralyzed old man, fretting in his easy-chair, and demanding to be taken to his study; but the fires of genius were quenched; what he wrote that day was unworthy the author of "Waverley," and

was never permitted to appear in print. Truly, one who could make Scotland classic ground, and people her vales and mountain fastnesses with forms more real than living men; who could evoke before the gaze of the world such characters as "Rhoderick Dhu," and "Old Mortality," the "Lady of the Lake,"—Covenanters, cavaliers, and processions of princes,—like warriors at sound of "pibroch," or at sight of Clan Alpine's "Cross of Fire"—might well be called "The Wizard of the North."

Scott had not the pathos of Burns, but he had a purity of style, a sprightliness and versatility of fancy, a grasp and range of sentiment, which the latter, with all his geniality and tenderness, had not. Strangely sweet, yet pitiable poet was Burns, the peasant bard, now singing the midnight ride of a half-drunk, witch-haunted horseman, careering with silly shout, and rum-wrought ravings over the "Brig o' Doon," now in plaintive strains recalling his departed joys, "with heart sae weary, fu' o' care;"—subject to a witchery worse than that which hung around his wretched hero,—the witchery of unholy pleasure.

Scott ennobled gallantry, self-sacrifice and love of right; Burns, in his ballads, like Christopher North in his fascinating stories, threw a glamour around the form and features of bloated, bleary-eyed Bacchus. He has presented some pleasing pictures of virtuous happiness, but, alas! vice is portrayed in an angel light,—the youth of our age can not gaze without peril to their purity. His great rival, on the other hand, shows no countenance to the sensuality and shame that, in his day lurked even in kings' palaces.

The great objection that will be more and more urged against Scott and the ideals of his song-world, with each successive age, is the glory that is given to human strife. The history of personal combats and the wars of clans and nations, invested with the bright colors of poetry, will not be read with zest and admiration by the generations of the millennium. The era that is marked by

Penn's treaty, the Geneva arbitration, and Indian peace commissions, will yet be followed by long-reaching eras of universal peace. But while a Christianized and cultured humanity shudders and sickens at scenes of strife and blood, even when surrounded with all the fascinations of song, yet the enthusiasm of action, the movements of marching men, the play of human passion, the quick succession of startling events, and the charm of scenery the most varied and picturesque, can not but enlist the interest of the race throughout all time.

What can surpass in vividness and power the scene in which the wild Sir Roderick having conducted his guest

"As far as Coilantogle ford,"

according to his plighted word.—then

"Whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows;
And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Then, when Fitz James, stunned for a moment, accepted the odds, and with the hardihood of a knight, dared one and all, the chieftain

"Waved his hand:—
Down sunk the disappearing band."

Such scenes will always live in the poetic world. "Fair Ellen," in her tiny skiff on Katrine's waves of blue, shooting from the pebbly beach and the weeping willows athwart the glassy waters, hemmed in by mountains huge and grand, may not live in literature from any peculiar merit, save that of maidenly refinement of soul and a wealth of filial affection, but her surroundings will of themselves immortalize her. Nor will the venerable Douglas, with his manly strength and lofty sense of honor, that would not let the spear be "red in kindred gore" for him, be accounted unworthy a permanent place in the ideal world.

The description of natural scenery is itself worthy of a great poet. It is no small thing to have made a single landscape noticeable or memorable. What

an interest and beauty are stamped upon the spot on which the adventurous hunter lost his "gallant gray," and blew his horn to check the hounds from vain pursuit! The spot was marked with a grandeur all its own, long ere the poet's eye looked upon it.

"Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky,
The wanderer's eye could scarcely view
The Summer heaven's delicious blue."

High on the south the giant Benvenue
stood sentinel over this enchanted land;

"While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

But since the magician waved his wand over this mass of "wilderling forests," crags and knolls, bordering a lake of cerulean brightness, thousands have looked upon the scene with new delight, and have found a touch of heaven in it.

Alas, that the loveliness of nature should give a charm to those petty feuds that raged from clan to clan, and from age to age, among the Scotch Highlands! At the head of Loch Lomond, near the Falls of Inversnaid, there is a lofty position among the rocks, from which Rob Roy is said to have looked out upon his unsuspecting victims. At the foot of the same lake lies a district which was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers.* At the clan-battle of Glen-fruin, the Macgregors defeated the Colquhouns, causing great slaughter. Terrible was the revenge. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty in number, it is said, "appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike." James VI was so much moved that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, and through the aid of Argyle, Montrose, and the Campbells, almost wiped the clan out

*See "Lady of the Lake," Canto Second, verse xx.

of existence. "Marmion" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" refer to scenes scarcely less sanguinary and repulsive,—not with approval, yet not with the contempt and loathing which they deserve.

"The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;"

as though even from the stand-point of eternity, a warrior spirit could look back with longing upon the glory of heaping a battle-field with dead! Nature is beautiful, but war is a loathsome deformity. Let it be buried out of sight and left unsung!

Scott's poems form the less pretentious part of his writings. The author acknowledged to Thomas Moore that he had never been led to find out his turn for poetry, though always fond of the old ballads, till a certain Matthew Lewis set him upon "trying his talent" in that direction. Many of his characters and scenes were suggested by the ballads which he afterward collected and edited in the form of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." But he evidently received suggestions from circumstances transpiring around him, or of which he either heard or read. Lady Swinton, as is related by Moore, told a story of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room, whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel.

A striking passage in "Ivanhoe" may have owed its origin to this little incident. The history of Scotland was full of suggestiveness to one who was both a devoted patriot and an ardent antiquarian. The historical allusions pervade both prose and verse, and, in fact, history was the foundation of Scott's voluminous writings. He had not an original mind, but his powerful imagination so combined his abundant materials as to produce what might almost be called creations. "I write," said he to Moore, "very quickly; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." His principal time for writing was from seven in the morn-

ing till late breakfast time. The number of pages he wrote each day must have been immense.

The historical romances which have been thrown into the form of lyrics, rather than prose tales, are of a more sprightly and pleasing form of composition than the Waverley series; but both may be, in great part, considered history in the form of fiction. Their appearance marked a new era in literature. Sir Walter was exceedingly anxious to conceal his personality as to the authorship of Waverley, making direct efforts to divert attention from himself; as may be seen in a remarkable autograph letter exposed to the public gaze in the British Museum. The book yielded him £3,000. The effect of a style so marked could not but be felt in the ages following. It was not a mere sensation of the time. We may well inquire if the influence of Scott's glowing and picturesque mode of putting forth his facts and fancies can not be traced in the histories of Macaulay, Prescott, and Motley, as also in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and some of the minor poems of Browning. The "Tales of a Grandfather" disclosed to view a vein that has been worked successfully by Miss Muhlbach, and the author of the Schönberg Cotta series.

"The ancient manners and customs of the aboriginal race inhabiting the Highlands of Scotland," says Scott, in his introduction to "Lady of the Lake," had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry." This sentence is a key to his manner of composition. His song-world is formed from the world we live in. From dull reality he lifts us to the airy regions of romance,

"That higher and ampler heaven
In which the nations sun themselves."

It may be doubted, however, whether the uplifting of human beings, from self and sense, and enabling them to see something beyond and above them, albeit that something be not purity or heavenly-mindedness or God, may not be outweighed by the degrading of truth and reality in the respect of mankind.

Fiction is sought rather than fact. Romance has a charm that lures many a victim into the wilds of falsehood and folly. The novel is the favorite form of a modern book. No doubt, many novels are baneful; but to discard fiction absolutely would be to discard some of the noblest productions of the human mind, and even some of most instructive portions of the inspired Word. The ideals of fiction live and teach and move the world as really as the heroes of history.

There is one feature of Scott's writings worthy of special notice,—their *supernaturalism*. Old Allan-bane,

"A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Is on the visioned future bent,"

foresees the plight of the bold Fitz James, who comes to receive a refuge in the Douglas's retreat. Bryan,

"The moody and heart-broken boy,"
hears

"The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream."

Lochiel is warned of a coming day of doom. Omens abound. The supernatural formed a prominent element in Scottish life, and so should enter into the very spirit of poetry professedly founded upon that life. But is it not a part of *all* life? The materialism of the present day would push all supernaturalism back into a superstitious past, or banish it to the realms of romance and poetry. But, in some form it ever will exist, whether Milton's startling assertion be true or not, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,"
it is true that the Great Spirit lives, and

that celestial and infernal spirits somewhere fill their spheres of being,—perhaps throng the universe. Poetry has lost something of its pristine power and beauty, because it has partially ignored the supernaturalism that breathes through the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Iliad* of Homer, and, in its purest form, the Book of books.

The Christian can not but be conscious of a *blank* in Scott's song-world. Where is the God of nature and the religion of the Bible? The second sight of seers, the wailing of ghosts, the portents of nature,—these form a system of supernaturalism, poetic enough, but not far-reaching, nor in all respects true to nature and sound philosophy. Why could not this star-eyed prophet of nature see how

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God?"

Why did this sweet-voiced singer never sound the note of redemption? How is it that the minstrel's harp never caught one strain from the harps of the blessed? One might think the Christ of the Gospels had not come, and that immortality had not been brought to light. As we stand at the Dryburgh tomb, we are reminded of Young's lament over Philander's untimely end.

"Oh, had he pressed his theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
Oh, had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soared where we sink, and sung immortal man!
How had it blessed mankind!"

T. M. GRIFFITH.

THE PRESENT.

Think not of the past or future,
The present is all thou hast;
Future will soon be present;
Present will soon be the past.
Regret can never avail thee;
Longing will only be waste;

Cheerful work in the present
Will bring thy wishes with haste.
This is life's only secret;
Love and work and believe.
The worker soon ceases regretting;
The loving soon ceases to grieve.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

MANY of our literary investigators find great pleasure in tracing out the origin of the legends of Europe, and think themselves happy on the discovery of a slight clew on which to base the fabric of some strange vision that long ago took possession of the popular heart. But we think we have a practical story of a strange occurrence that at no distant period will figure perchance among the most terrible stories of our period, unless the culture of the age shall succeed ere long in reaching those who must be possessed with the demon of ignorance and superstition to give birth or credence to the idle and incredible tale. . . . At the request of the German Anthropological Society, the Prussian Government recently ordered an inspection of all the children in the schools in respect to complexion, hair, and eyes, in order that the information gained might aid them in coming to some proximate result regarding the origin of their population. It was certainly a very innocent procedure, but it soon raised a great excitement in the Catholic regions of Prussia and Poland, where all sorts of reports were soon current among the peasantry as to the vile intent of the Government regarding the children. The most absurd anxiety was soon exhibited by the parents in the fear that something dreadful was about to happen to their offspring. They either refused to send them to school, or they would suddenly hurry after them in crowds with screams and yells, and take them away, while accusing the teachers of being in collusion with the treachery. About the end of May the region around Dantzic was thrown into a state of excitement over the report that a large body of children was to be sent to Russia. In many places the parents appeared with anxious faces to inquire

of the teachers whether it was true that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent away to Russia. When this fright was over another one arose, in which the Sultan played a conspicuous part. The King of Prussia, at a game of cards with the Turkish Sultan, had lost a stake of ten thousand children, which he had promised, and the Sultan had sent a body of negroes to seize the children on their way from school and convey them to him; here also the teachers were said to be favorable to the robbery, as they had been promised five dollars for every child that they would deliver to the Turk's kidnapers. The excitement and anger became so great that the police was obliged to interfere to protect school-houses and teachers. This story ran like wild-fire throughout the country, and when one of the inspectors entered a school for his usual visit, the children escaped through doors and windows to find hiding-places in grain-fields and ditches, while fathers and mothers hurried to the scene armed with clubs and scythes. In the city of Posen there was shortly afterward a terrific alarm on the appearance of a company of negro and Arabian acrobats in a circus; these had certainly come to seize the children, and the latter were hurried away from the place. In another provincial city it was Bismarck who had lost his ten thousand innocents at the gaming table, and these were soon to cross the Russian boundary. In the Polish town of Dubuo it was rumored that the Russian Government had bartered for a great sum, to an Arabian Prince, six thousand beautiful young girls, all blondes. This report was so generally believed that the rural beauties were seized with mortal terror, and with a view of escaping the terrible fate rushed

neck over head, as the Germans express it, into unacceptable marriages to escape a worse fate. Now these are facts and not legends, and it was long before the people could be made to see their error. This sad state of things ought to be of significance to the intelligent and cultivated portion of the community, and teach them how many disagreeable lessons they may learn within the horizon of their own vision. The ignorance and superstition of the lower classes in many parts of Europe appear quite as great now as they ever were, and they are certainly good material for future legends.

THE Germans are enthusiastic lovers of the feathered tribe, and few of them are willing to live without some of these songsters as a part of their household. But within the past few years a very important change has taken place among them in this regard. They were accustomed to confine their attention wholly to native birds, and to choose those more for their song than their beauty, with a special predilection for the finch, the lark, and the nightingale. These were almost without exception taken from the forests, for it is not easy to raise them in aviaries. But of late years the number of birds in Germany has been greatly decreased, in part from the demand for the household, but largely from the fact that so many are taken in nets or otherwise for the demands of fashion. The governments have of late interfered with the catching of native birds for the purposes of traffic, and this also has made it difficult to procure them. Thus of late the bird amateurs have been mostly confined to the canaries, which are raised in the Hartz mountains, and large prices are paid for those of good notes. At the same time a new impulse in the bird line has come from another direction. Since regular steam navigation now circumvents the globe, foreign birds are brought to European markets in greater numbers, and are, withal, so cheap that persons of moderate means are able to procure them. Most foreign birds, however, sing but little, so that nobody is inclined to buy or care for them for their musical qualities, and they must therefore owe their popularity to the beauty of their plumage. As many of them vary their hues according to age and season, it is

a source of peculiar pleasure to observe this change of color, and great pains are taken to induce these birds to raise young broods, which they are quite inclined to do, in contradistinction to native birds. Many an ardent lover of the notes of native birds is thus weaned from them in watching these strangers from distant climes develop their family life before the eyes of the observer. A nest of them with all the little cares and attention of the old birds proves quite a compensation for the absence of melody, which nature has denied them. Among the favorites of this class for delicacy and beauty are the Australian parrots, which were first brought twenty years ago to England, and are now so plenty that they can be obtained for five or six dollars a pair. They are about the size of the canary, with yellow head and cheeks, and neck of deep blue. The back and wings are of yellowish green with narrow black or yellow waves, white breast; body and tail are of grassy green.

THE Swiss are just now engaged in an admirable work of reform, which they are trying to bring before the public eye in a sort of "Exposition." Dr. Meyer, of the famous and sensible old town of Berne, has some modern notions of what constitutes a natural and easy shoe, and he has tried to develop his theory by practical illustrations of his ideas, and now has in Berne what he calls an International Exposition of all kinds of covering and protection for the feet, including his own suggestions which he denominates the "rational method." The Exposition, according to all accounts, is extremely interesting, and quite calculated, from its rare peculiarity, to draw the curious as well as the sufferers in the matter of foot-gear. It is complete in the scientific as well as the technical view of the enterprise. The whole collection is arranged in six groups. There are plastic models of feet in plaster, wood, and caoutchouc; all species of feet, normal as well as abnormal, are to be seen here, to say nothing of all possible deformities or malformations. Then appears a collection of lasts, made of wood and other materials, representing all possible models, but especially those of the "rational" form. Again, there is an extensive collection of raw materials that can in any

way serve for the manufacture of shoes; leather and hides in all stages of preparation, and of every quality and weight. To these are added large assortments of shoe trimmings of all possible kinds and preparations, and all other necessary constituents for the production of shoes. Then come brushes, blacking, oils, etc., to be followed by the machines and tools that are used in the manufacture of shoes. There is also a very complete and full collection of ready-made shoes of every style, with very special reference again to the "rational" form. He then marshals up the history of shoe manufacture since the commencement of the art, with collections of shoes worn at different periods, and pictures of foot covering or protection from the whole field of history and literature. A little reflection will convince one that this must be very rich. The catalogue shows three hundred and seventy exhibitors, among which may be noticed the war departments of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, England, Italy, Sweden, and Switzerland itself, as well as the Museum of Natural History and Anatomy in Berne. The fifth group or division is the most varied, exhibiting shoes in all possible forms, and at all possible prices, from the finest ladies' shoes to the smallest ones for children; the most durable ones for soldiers, the heaviest ones for peasants, and the longest boots for fishermen and hunters; these are also presented in the most manifold styles, not again to forget the "rational" style, which visitors declare to be a great improvement on the present fashion, if not absolutely perfect. This style makes a specialty of comfort in the first place, and protection in the second; the foot is completely protected from dust and wet; the shoe is easily fastened, and is simple, durable, elegant, and convenient.

The general feeling is that the Exposition has fulfilled its promises, and that great progress has been made in the matter of rational treatment in covering the feet. Scholars, artists, and physicians, who have visited the display, combine in the assertion that the "rational style" is sensible, healthful, and handsome. We vote Dr. Meyer a

benefactor of the race, and would like to know why he did not bring his "Exposition" to add to the completeness of ours.

AND again an "Exposition," for they are all the rage, is now being held in Munich, which is intended to be a display of all that is worthy in German art, in its present state and historical development. It has been a long while in preparation, and largely discussed, and was recently opened with imposing ceremonies, and a large array of guests from far and near. It is essentially an Exposition of the works of the Fatherland, and the hall was adorned with all the German flags of the different sections of the country; and the first artistic display that greeted the visitors were the busts of Emperor William and King Louis of Bavaria, as the leading representatives of the two great sections and interests. Munich is now the acknowledged center of modern art in Germany, and the grand trysting-place of native and other artists. And the great advantage to be reaped from this collection of home works will be the lessons to be taught to thousands who as yet have but little opportunity to see such works, and no artistic taste to appreciate them. The need of the beautiful in the human breast must be awakened or created by the presence of the beautiful, and one object of this exhibition is to show to the present age how much it is behind its predecessors in certain matters of art. The desire of the German artists and art lovers is to recover the lost estate of their fathers, and this can best be effected by an exhibition in systematic order of what they have done. Some of the old German masters have never been excelled. In this direction the Munich Exposition is doing good work, and seems to have struck the proper vein. All sections of the Fatherland express the highest satisfaction in the enterprise, and accord to its originators their hearty thanks. The direction of modern art can now be more fully appreciated by comparison, and its failings and its excellencies be more accurately perceived by being placed in close juxtaposition with the labors of previous centuries.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

MRS. SWISSHELM invites folks to go to Saxony, where she is traveling, and see feeble, gray-haired women, loaded with panniers enough for a donkey, bending and tottering under their burdens, or pulling loads which tax their strength to the utmost, while nice young men walk beside them, smoking and chatting to them condescendingly. So much for European peasantry; look now upon American nobility: "Washington, August, 13th. One of the meanest propositions that has recently been made is credited to a very high officer of the government, who, it is said, proposes that in reducing the force of clerks in the several departments, the salaries of all ladies now receiving \$1,200, \$1,400, \$1,600, or \$1,800 shall be reduced to \$900, in order that it shall not be necessary to discharge so many male clerks of the higher grades as will otherwise have to go. The number of ladies in the employ of the government who receive more than \$1,000 salary is small, and in almost every instance they are experts in the department of the service in which they are placed. It is not claimed that the male clerks who will receive their salaries can do the work any better or as well as it is done by the ladies. Indeed, it is proposed to keep the ladies in their present positions, but to add what is taken from their salaries to the pay of clerks who can vote and render other political service." And yet the women who live under the shadow "of the best government ever made" are continually exhorted to be thankful for the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

—Advertisers of quack medicines and croakers in general are fond of telling us that it is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids,—pale, nervous, feeble, and back-achy. The *Methodist*, in a recent editorial, disposes of this question in the following sensible manner: "As a matter of fact, we believe American women to be healthier to-day than they were twenty years ago. In all

our cities and villages the majority of women one meets in cars and on foot present a healthy appearance. We happened recently to compare ten women with twelve men in a street-car in the city, and we have not the smallest doubt that the women could have cleared the car of men by the use of their strong arms. . . . What a woman can not do is to raise six children in ten years, taking the entire care of them, making, mending, and washing their clothes, and cooking their food, besides taking care of her husband. We say she can not; but many a woman has accomplished the more than herculean task. We mean to say that the average woman breaks down under this task, and we do not believe that any man could take the babies and rear them, doing all that these mothers do, and live through it." The philanthropists of the age are just learning that there is truth in the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and on this subject of health are commencing at the right end, as witness the "Open Air Fund" of New York, by which the convalescent children of hospitals have been afforded drives and sails during the past Summer; the "novel charity" of Chicago, whose object it is to give the poorer classes, especially the babies, an opportunity to breathe fresh air. A schooner has been secured, fitted with awnings, and the deck turned into a vast baby play-ground. The children are accompanied by parents or nurses, and playthings and toys are provided on board, all free. A tug takes the schooner out on the lake past the Crib and through the harbor every hour during the day. And there is a proposition of many ladies living in the country near Philadelphia, who have agreed together to receive each at her own house, during the Summer, one or two poor children, or a mother and child for a week or fortnight, and give them plain but comfortable accommodations.

—One of the most interesting exhibits of the Centennial Exposition has been that of the kindergarten of the Northern Home, which was in training the last Winter by

Miss R. R. Burritt, of Wisconsin. This kindergarten is composed of eighteen children of the Home, between three and six years of age, and their development so far, under the method, has been most satisfactory to all interested in the initiation of a true system of education, and in raising to a healthy status little children deprived of their natural guardians. It is to be hoped that soon or late, in our female institutions, a kindergarten course of instruction will form a part of the curriculum of study, so that mothers may come to their noblest work nobly prepared for it. In the Cincinnati Wesleyan College we notice that the Preparatory Course has been extended a year, so that its first class will embrace those learning the kindergarten or primary department. With its Brussels carpet, unique tables, little chairs, and case of attractive kindergarten materials, and the adjoining parlor for the music and marching of the little ones, it would seem that the trustees have omitted nothing to secure the success of this new feature of the school.

— President Clark Seelye, of the Smith Woman's College, in Northampton, Massachusetts, has given five thousand dollars toward purchasing an art collection for that institution.

— It is said that the best paid teachers in America are among the Iroquois Indians, where the men get two hundred and twenty-five dollars and the women two hundred dollars a month.

— Two ladies contended for precedence at the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the elder go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

— Miss Rachel Hudson, of the Millersville Normal School, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has accepted an appointment from the Evangelical Association (Albrights), as a missionary to Japan.

— All the women will be in duty bound to vote for Hayes and Wheeler, because the Republican platform assures them of "respectful consideration," while the Democratic platform completely ignores them. "Respectful consideration" is n't much to brag about, but it is better than nothing.

— In St. Louis the same salaries are given to women teachers that the men receive in the same grade of tuition.

— Miss Cushman has left about five hundred thousand dollars, and it is rumored not one cent for charitable purposes.

— It is said that Miss Bennett is the richest American woman who ever chose a convent life.

— Seventeen young women have applied for admission to the University of California during the recent vacation.

— Miss Thursby is to receive three thousand dollars per annum for singing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with carriage and other items of cost.

— A quarterly-meeting of the Maine Industrial Schools for Girls was held at Hallowell, July 5th. The school is full to overflowing, and the managers have decided to make an appeal to the public for another school building, to afford them enlarged accommodations.

— Miss Lettie Mason, M. D., who for two years has been medical missionary at Kiu-kiang in Central China, under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has reached her home, Bloomington, Illinois. She returns on account of failing health.

— The death is noted, at Park Hill, Cherokee Nation, of Mrs. N. B. Hitchcock, an assistant missionary of the American Board among the Cherokees. She went out in 1820. She was near eighty-five years of age at the time of her death, and was the only white missionary among the Cherokees who had labored any length of time in connection with the Presbyterian or Congregational Mission Boards.

— Bloomington, Illinois, "furnishes in the flourishing condition of her schools a convincing proof of the efficiency of woman's work as an educator and an executive officer. For two years the schools of Bloomington have been under the management of Miss Sarah E. Raymond, and at the last meeting of the Board of Education she was re-elected to the office of Superintendent, an office in which she has been signally successful."

ART NOTES.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

BAIREUTH is a little out-of-the-way city, of less than twenty thousand people, situated in Upper Franconia, about equally distant from Dresden and Munich. About the most interesting object in this dull town is the house whose inscription informs us that "here lived and died Jean Paul Friedrich Richter." The month of August witnessed this obscure place crowded to overflowing with the most intelligent and enthusiastic lovers of music in Europe and America. It is not too much to say that the rendering of Wagner's "Nibelungenring" is among the most marked musical events of this century. Whether we consider the enormous expenditure of time and money in the preparation; the intense interest of the master and his numerous disciples in the success of the masterpiece; the test of musical theories and principles which this trial was to supply; or the brilliant and exalted character of the audience (including two emperors and numerous princes and nobles, Liszt, Gounod, and all the musical celebrities of Germany), in every aspect the recent Wagner festival marks an era in musical history. At the age of sixty-three this gifted master has made, on a most magnificent scale, a trial of the correctness of the musical theories which he has been defending for a life-time against the most persistent and often bitterest opposition. Certain is it that Wagner has hitherto done the creditable work of driving from the market and from the concert-room a mass of cheap music and cheaper dramas. Almost alone he declared war against a whole host of frivolous productions which were high in popular favor, and it could not be hoped that this work would be done without bringing upon himself the ire of all who thereby suffered in reputation or purse. In complete accord with his general theory of the opera, that the drama is the *end* of expression, and music is only the *means* of its expression, while all the accompaniments, as orchestra, scenery, stage-effects, etc., are only added aids for the more complete interpretation of the drama. Wagner seized upon the most dramatic portions of the Ger-

man legendary literature, arranged his own text, and set about its rendering with all the appliances which money and highest musical art commanded. The results of the Baireuth festival can not be foretold with certainty. Some have suggested that it will prove a sort of musical Waterloo, where the absolute triumph or rout of the contending schools will have been accomplished. This is probably a wholly erroneous view, since intellectual and artistic contests have very little analogy to those of brute force. Ideas and theories are not easily laid away in the grave. The more intelligent view seems to be this: The Wagner festival has shown the ability of the great master to arouse, in an unparalleled degree, the enthusiasm of a multitude of disciples in all nations; that his peculiar theories have a fair degree of plausibility; and that he himself has wrought out this theory with a power of originality, a force of will, and a clearness of insight, that have challenged the admiration even of his bitterest opponents. The sentiment uttered by Wagner at the dinner which succeeded the festival will probably find hearty response in many hearts of United Germany—that France and Italy have operas of their own, and Germany wished that she, too, could now have a new lyric and dramatic art. It is likewise probable that to the untrained listener, unaccustomed to vigorous intellectual exertion, and uninitiated into the mysteries of musical composition, the simpler and more manifest themes of Rossini and Verdi will be increasingly popular; while the operas of Wagner, which are founded on myths highly symbolical and which demand for their interpretation an absorbing activity of intellect, will find their most earnest defenders among those who take delight in unraveling their intricacies, in grasping their intertwining or boldly contrasted melodies, and in passing beneath their external beauties to their profounder and more esoteric meanings.

— Some important discoveries have been recently made at Athens. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The Archæological Society has

commenced excavations at the foot of the precipice on which the Parthenon stands, that is, below the south-west angle of the building. Between the base of the Acropolis at this point, and an outer wall of mediæval and Turkish construction, a large quantity of soil has accumulated, and in removing this, the antiquarians came upon the remains of a classic building "which there is every reason to regard as the temple of Æsculapius, described by Pausanias and mentioned by other authors." Many fragments of inscriptions have been found; a much mutilated head of Æsculapius, a female torso, and some votive tablets, with the usual symbolic or commemorative reliefs. But the great "find" consisted of an inscription of eighty lines, setting forth the treaty concluded between the Athenians and Chalcidians, when, as mentioned by Thucydides, the former under Pericles had subdued the whole of Eubœa. From the fragments of the temple which have been discovered it is clearly seen that it was of the Ionic order.

— "Our conclusion then is that the artist, in so far as he is truly such, is the representative of true being, in forms which are addressed to the senses. His works have an independent value, the intrinsic value of truth. They are created for their own sake and not for use, nor, in their truest sense, for pleasure. They excite the deepest emotions, but these emotions are not in themselves the true object or end of art. They are only its necessary result and concomitant arising from the appeal which it makes for comprehension to what is highest, truest, most real in ourselves. True works of art are inspired from above and not from below, from the most exalted true life which man leads (whether always consciously or unconsciously), in the realm of real spiritual being, in alliance with the everlasting forms of true being, in direct relation with the Father of all spirits, and not from the lower life and consciousness which are forced upon us from our association with the finite, imperfect scenes of every-day life, and which are therefore not of our making, and hence not truly ours—not a part of ourselves. The artist, the man of genius, works spontaneously and freely, and yet in accordance with the perfect, simple law of the idea.

There is in his work that mysterious combination of freedom and necessity which is observable in all the highest types of moral perfection. The same element in which he lives and works, and which lives and works in him, the element which we term, in the last and highest analysis, the spirit of God, operates throughout the universe in the history of men and nations, and no less in the lower realms of organized and inorganic being, slowly and surely working out, under forms of unerring law, the purposes of the idea. This operation viewed from a narrower point of view is termed providence. Every-where there is the spontaneous working of derived force, and the inworking, the inspiration of true being. By this view we are taught, as Goethe puts it:

'To know our brothers in air, and water, and the silent wood.'

All nature is akin, and art is but the endeavor of man, that part of nature which is most near to the divine mind (which mind is the truth—but also more than the truth—of nature), to help nature to perfection, to complete the incomplete, to substitute the true and real for the partly true and imperfectly real."—*Professor Morris in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy.*

— The casts of antiquities brought from Olympia, Greece, by the German archæologists, are now at the Berlin Royal Brass Foundry, where six copies of each piece are to be made and sent to the principal museums of Germany.

— Prof. Dondorf, the celebrated sculptor, whose great statue of Peter Cornelius is one of the ornaments of the city of Dusseldorf, has accepted a call as teacher of sculpture at the Royal Art Academy of Stuttgart.

— The "Centennial" has brought before the eyes of us Americans distinguished personages from all lands and of all professions. Among the more celebrated artists who have been thus attracted hither we notice Leon T. Escosura, one of the most famous painters of the Spanish-Roman school, who has pursued his profession in Paris with great success; and Boldini, an almost equally famous artist of the same school, who will spend some time at Philadelphia, and then in visiting some of the most attractive American scenery.

—Two of the new members recently elected to the Royal Academy of Great Britain are among the most excellent painters of the English school—George Leslie and Sir John Gilbert. The greater number of superior artists that are arising in Great Britain make membership in the Royal Academy more and more difficult of attainment. Hence, the greater average age of those who have been elected academicians during the last fifteen years. While no one now towers so far above his fellows as did Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Flaxman, and others, it is a very promising fact that the average plane of artistic excellence and achievement in Great Britain is higher than ever before. Sir John Gilbert probably stands at the head of the English school. Philip Hamerton says: "He is one of the very strongest men we have, if all things are considered, fertility and power of invention, abundance of knowledge well under command, comprehensive grasp of material, and mastery in the arrangement of it. Though he paints differently from Rubens, there has never been an Englishman so nearly approaching Rubens in a certain kind of prolific artistic energy."

—To the enthusiastic students of Greek art, the mediæval Venetian tower on the Acropolis at Athens has long been an offense. Its long talked-of removal has at last been accomplished by the combined means of Dr. Schliemann's purse and the Archaeological Society's hands. A few objects of secondary value were discovered on its removal, but none that seem to awaken any general interest.

—The loan exhibitions in the National Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, are by far the finest which our citizens have ever been privileged to study in this country. It was a most happy plan of a few more thoughtful men to make these collections during this Centennial Year, and thus show to visitors from other lands what some of our richer collectors of paintings in this country have been able to accomplish. It was also a most generous act on the part of the owners to place their superior works where the public at large could enjoy their study. Visitors returning from Philadelphia *via* New

York have largely availed themselves of the opportunities for art study which these exhibitions have afforded; and have almost invariably found more real satisfaction in New York than in all the wild confusion of the Art Museum at the Centennial Exposition. It is gratifying to note that steps have been taken to throw open the New York collections during alternate evenings,—thus giving the hard-worked business and professional man opportunity to enjoy their benefits.

—D. Appleton & Co., New York, have recently published a work on art which promises to be unusually popular and useful. It is "Schools and Masters of Painting," by A. G. Radcliffe. To the unprofessional reader who is desirous to gain ready information concerning pictures and artists that are most talked about, this volume will be especially welcome. A brief account of the several chapters may best give the scope of the book, and be of benefit to a class of our readers. Chapter I. is devoted to pagan painting in Greece, Assyria, Pompeii, Etruria, etc. The second chapter treats of the incipient stages of Christian art as contained in the Catacombs, etc., also of symbols and to the accession of Constantine. Byzantine and Miniature Painting is the subject of the third chapter. The following chapters discuss—Early Italian Art; Traditions of Art: an intensely attractive chapter; Italian Painting in the fifteenth century; Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; Raphael and Correggio; Painting in Venice; later Italian Painting; early German and Flemish Painting; German Painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; later German and Flemish Painting; Painting in Holland; Painting in Spain; Painting in France; Painting in England; Painting in the nineteenth century, a chapter which will be found specially interesting to American readers; Schools of Painting; World Pictures—this being a treatment of a dozen of the best known masterpieces of the world. The author adds an Appendix devoted to a description of some remarkable pictures in the chief art-centers of Europe. The book will be deservedly popular, and will be very useful to a class of non-professionals who have not read widely in Art History.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

METAMORPHOSES OF WORDS.—Who does not believe that the word *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard*, and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians, are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast*, and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the authorized version of the Bible, has long become *shamefaced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *viks* or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *coat cards*, the king and queen and knave, in their gorgeous gowns, were exalted into *court cards*. Although this kind of change takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well-known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Axmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whisky*, the Scotch *Usquebaugh*.* In the name of the *Isis*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river Ox, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken, and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for oxen, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all doubts on the subject.

BRITISH DISCOVERY OF TIN.—St. Perran and St. Picras live in the memory of the Cornish miner as the discoverers of tin; and the tinner's great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called Picrou's day. The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, employed a heavy

black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chiwidden. They examined the stone together, and Chiwidden, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal. Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and metheglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumor says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby.

BOMBAST.—Those who are acquainted with Spanish literature are well aware how common a fault the fury for fine writing is with them. We give two or three instances. Throughout the whole work of Lorenzo Graciano,—“The Art of Ingeniously Thinking and Writing,”—ingenious thoughts are constantly the subject of consideration. “A man of genius,” he says, “may receive these ideas from nature; but art enables him to create them at pleasure. As he who comprehends such ideas is an *eagle*, so he who is capable of producing them must be ranked among *angels*; for it is an employment of cherubim, and an elevation of man which raises him to sublime hierarchy.” Villegas, a poet of the seventeenth century, sometimes degenerates into the most monstrous conceits and images. In one of his odes, he absurdly entreats Lyda to suffer her tresses to flow, and says that “when agitated by Zephyr, her locks would occasion a thousand deaths and subdue a thousand lives;” and then he adds, “that the sun himself would cease to give light if he did not snatch beams from her radiant brow to illumine the east!” One of Manuel Varia y Sousa's songs is composed in honor of a pair of eyes, “in whose

* See Isaac Taylor's “Words and Places,” page 222. The Ock joins the Thames near Abingdon.

beauty," he says, "love has inscribed the poet's fate, and which are as large as his pain, and as black as his destiny," etc. In this ridiculous style he composed hundreds of sonnets. Calderon de la Barca, in his play entitled "Misfortune comes Well if it comes Alone," a waiting-maid, addressing her young mistress, who has risen in a gay humor, says: "Aurora would not have done wrong had she slumbered that morning in her snowy crystal, for that the light of her mistress's charms would suffice to draw aside the curtains from the couch of Sol."

DOUBLE NAMES OF PLACES.—When people, speaking different languages, live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbor. This was adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, namely, *mouth*, which really means harbor. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name and then *mouth* was added, so that "the mouth of Port," that is, of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last Portsmouth. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is any thing corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle, under the year 501, "that Port came to Britain with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called Portsmouth; and they slew a British man, a very noble man." Such is the growth of legends, and, in many cases, the growth of history.

CHARITY TOWARD THE DEAD.—There is a story told of a celebrated wit of the last generation, that being called on to give evidence in a will case, he was asked his opinion of the deceased testator, and replied with great gravity, *De mortuis*. He was not cross-examined. The jurymen, to whom his short answer was unintelligible, were deeply puzzled to see him dismissed so soon. A less epigrammatical, but not less decided, appli-

cation of the *nil nisi bonum* principle, occurs in a list of the Abbots of St. Albans, in a manuscript (Nero D. 7) in the British Museum. There is a picture of Abbot John of Berkhamstede, represented with a dejected expression of countenance, and wringing his hands as if in deep remorse, and this commentary: "*Quia nichil memorabile fecit in vita nichil de eo ponimus in presenti pagina, sed tum lectorem monemus ut convertatur ad pietatis opera, et Omnipotenti pro ejus anima preces fundat.*" "For the reason that he did nothing noteworthy in his life, we say nothing about him here; but we admonish and advise the reader to turn himself to works of piety, and to pour out prayers to the Almighty for his soul."

ANCIENT POTTERY.—The history of ancient pottery might almost be defined to be the early history of history itself. Certainly, amongst the earliest of human inventions, fictile manufactures, from their first production, appear to have been elevated to the rank of historical monuments. The stamps upon the most ancient bricks of Egypt and Assyria, with the cuneiform inscriptions and other devices engraved, for the express purpose of record and memorial, upon the clay cylinders of Nimrod and Babylon, commence the great volume which the ceramic art has dedicated to the history of man. Next succeed vases and other vessels, with their painted, engraved, and embossed decorations. And then the plastic art, modeling in clay the forms of the physical world, fully develops the versatile powers of the ceramic processes, and sets forth an infinitely diversified series of graphic illustrations of history. But, besides exciting in a remarkable degree that peculiar interest which attaches itself to all historical monuments, the works of the ancient potters possess strong claims upon our attention, from their intrinsic excellence as fictile productions.

PHYSIOLOGICAL OBJECTION TO DARWINISM.—There is one objection to Darwinism, says a late writer, to which little, if any, attention has been given. For example, the nearest creatures to man in form are not the nearest in intellect. The elephant and dog and horse, which have no affinity to man, have a closer intellectual affinity than those pets of Darwinism, the gorilla and chim-

panzee. Again, man is omnivorous; the stronger races of men, from the Greeks before Troy to the English of to-day, are primarily carnivorous. But no monkeys are carnivorous. If a man is to be developed from a lower creature, he is nearer to the monkey in form, but to his faithful friend, the dog, in mind.

BORROWED THOUGHTS.—Lord Byron, whose mind was as grandly fertile, and who, it would seem, needed to borrow as little as any man, said that a certain strange stanza upon memory suggested to him this thought: "Memory—the mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied." It reappears poetically draped in *Childe Harold*:

"Even as a broken mirror which the glass
In every fragment, multiplies and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks."

Now it is a pity to take away the seeming spontaneity of the poetic figure from Lord Byron. But Burton, the learned author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," had written years before, "As Praxiteles did by his glass when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it to pieces; but for one, he saw many more as bad in a moment"—and Byron is known to have been a reader and admirer of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*."

Even Milton did not disdain the same method of enriching his works, and that too very largely, as may be seen in Warton's edition of his shorter poems. One writer tells us, "A prevailing characteristic of Milton's mind was that of reflecting the bright sayings of all ages of literature stored in his capacious memory." But genial Leigh Hunt says, "He did not 'borrow' as gypsies borrow children, spoiling their features that they may not be recognized. Had he 'borrowed' your coat, he would have returned it with a new nap on it." The celebrated line that calls Fame,

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

is supposed to have its original in Tacitus.

CARPETS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—Seventy years ago carpets were rarely seen in American families of the middle classes, as they are now rarely found in Germany. Dr. Ly-

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man Beecher gives an amusing account of the biography of his first carpet at East Hampton, L. I. His wife spun a bale of cotton, and had it woven. Then she fitted it to the floor, sized it, painted it in oils, with a bright border around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the center. She took also some common wooden chairs and cut out figures of gilt paper, gluing them on and varnishing them. The general effect was very beautiful. The East Hampton people were quite startled by the novelty. One of the old deacons called at the house, but stopped at the parlor door, as if afraid to enter. "Walk in, deacon, walk in," said the minister. "Why, I can't 'thout stepping on it," was the answer. Then, surveying it with evident admiration, he gasped out, "D'ye think that ye can have all that and heaven too?"

MUSK AND AMBERGRIS.—Musk arrives in its natural condition in small pouches, packed in tins or caddies, and often horribly adulterated. Downright fictitious musk is also sent to this country, the emptied pouches being refilled with abominable trash concocted for purposes of fraud by the "heathen Chinees" and other childlike Orientals. A great quantity of genuine musk, however, comes from Tonquin, from Central Asia, and from the Indian Archipelago. The extraordinary permanence of this perfume is well known. A handkerchief once scented with it may be washed a dozen times and stored away for years, but when taken out the scent of the musk-deer "will cling to it still" and display the power falsely ascribed to the rose. Other instances of the endurance of musk might be given—such as the famous one of the apartments of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, from which no quantity of scrubbing, painting, and fumigating could remove the subtle penetrating odor. Ambergris, of which sundry tins are for sale, is another curious animal product, a secretion of the sperm whale, still known as a perfume, and sold at a large price, but much fallen from its mediæval celebrity as a condiment. We do not care much now for dishes "drenched with ambergris"—truffles being good enough for the gourmands of these degenerate days

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

ENGLAND.—At the late session of the British Wesleyan Conference in Nottingham, a letter was read from Canon Morse, of St. Mary's Parish, cordially inviting the Conference to attend a service in his Church. On the following evening the Canon presided at a public meeting held in aid of the Wesleyan "Children's Home;" and on what is known as "Conference Sunday," a special service was held in St. Mary's Parish Church, by the same worthy clergyman, at which upwards of two hundred Methodist ministers were present. The Canon preached a sermon from Galatians iii, 28: "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In the course of his remarks he said that in proportion as we drew more nearly to the Savior, so surely would we draw nearer one to another. There might be varieties of education and of Church organization, but in Christ we were all one. This pleasant instance of fraternization is in happy contrast to the narrow-mindedness which still characterizes the majority of the clergymen of the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches.

GERMANY.—Cardinal Ledochowski, whose prolonged contest with the German Government has contributed equally to his personal discomfort and to his fame as a loyal son of "the Church," has recently sent a summary letter to such priests in his diocese as have submitted to the State laws, ordering them to retract their promise to the Government under penalty of suspension and major excommunication.

While this hopeless struggle continues between the Jesuits and the State—and the majority of the Protestants stand by indifferently,—the cause of "pure and undefiled religion" seems to be making real progress in many parts of the Empire. The missions of our own Church were never more fruitful in conversions than now; and in many of the Northern towns the German Evangelical Society is holding a series of popular Christian meetings, which have been greatly blessed.

SWITZERLAND.—During the past three months the "Old Catholic" societies in

Switzerland have completed their organization under the title of The Christian Catholic Diocese. At their National Synod they chose as first Bishop, Dr. Herzog, Professor of Catholic Theology in Berne University, and pastor of the congregation in that city. He is a scholarly man, of recognized force and ability. The membership of the new Church already amounts to over seventy-three thousand persons, and large and speedy accessions are expected. It has the sympathy of the great majority of the Swiss people, and the sanction of the Federal Council. Its leaders are resolute in their efforts to effect ecclesiastical reform. The Synod adopted resolutions recognizing Jesus Christ as "the sole Head of the Church;" abrogating compulsory penance and confession; permitting the use of the national language in the celebration of the mass; and allowing the marriage of priests. It also pledged its "heartly co-operation" with all efforts to restore union with the Greek, the Anglican, and the various Protestant Churches.

SPAIN.—The religious liberty guaranteed by the laws of Spain is but a sorry boon as interpreted by Spanish officials. At the best, the Protestants are only permitted to worship in private. Recently a pastor was compelled to close his chapel doors on Sabbath morning because, forsooth, an open door was a "public demonstration." All evangelical effort is effectually crippled, and native Protestants, especially, are exposed to continual annoyance, if not downright persecution, for the sake of their faith. Petitions for relief have been repeatedly made by the evangelical party, but thus far without effect. The matter has come to the notice of the English and German Governments, and if the evil is not very soon lessened, there is probability of their interference in behalf of the suffering Protestants.

ITALY.—Pope Pius will reach the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop next May. The proposal to celebrate the occasion by liberal contributions of money

by Romanists throughout the world is not received with as much favor as attended similar movements in the past. There have been too many such "jubilees" of late.

The sick-bed of Cardinal Antonelli has been watched with equal interest by the friends and foes of the Papal Hierarchy. His death might be as important in its effects on Christendom as the demise of the Holy Father himself.

Late dispatches from Rome state that Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits, is shortly to be elevated to a Cardinalate. Father Beckx is the future candidate of the Ultramontane party for the Papacy. His election, it is stated, would accelerate the Old Catholic movement in Central Europe, and might even sever Church and State in France.

A movement on foot in Italy to bring about the election by the people of clerical dignitaries, including the Pope, has received the qualified approval of the Italian Minister of Grace and Justice, and has become very popular. It has provoked a very natural hostility on the part of the supporters of the Papacy, and a decree of excommunication has been pronounced against all who support the doctrine.

The Bishop of Naples recently made a sensation, and greatly offended the Pope, by taking his seat as a Senator at the late session of the Italian Diet. He has since been suspended, and, at latest accounts, was humbly suing for peace. But the poor old Pontiff finds his frowns of less effect when directed against the secular authorities. The privileges of the Vatican have been steadily narrowed by the Ministry of Victor Emmanuel; and of late a vexatious order has been issued, forbidding all public religious processions.

TURKEY.—Notwithstanding the deplorable state of affairs in Turkey,—the wretchedly conducted uprising of the Northern Provinces, the brutal cruelty of the Turks, and the utter demoralization of all classes,—the Protestant missionaries are meeting with solid success. The first American missionary went to Aintab in 1846, but was driven out with great violence. In 1847 a medical missionary established himself in the same town, and, because of his skill, and their own needs, was welcomed by the people.

"This was the beginning of a work which has extended in all directions, even far up among the Amanus and Taurus mountains, until now there are twenty-six organized evangelical Churches, with a membership of two thousand, and about twelve thousand persons in all of the congregations of the missions. There are fifteen ordained native pastors, and as many educated licensed native preachers. Many of the Churches support their own pastors, and some of them their common-schools also. At Marash there are eight common-schools, having ten teachers, all of whom are supported by the people."

Just now a college and medical school are to be established in Aintab. Fifty thousand dollars have already been secured toward this object. Seven thousand dollars of this amount were contributed by the natives of the town. A wealthy Mohammedan has presented thirty-four acres of land to the college as a site for the buildings.

INDIA.—In India the Presbyterian missionaries have decided to form an "Alliance," which shall meet once in three years. Eleven branches of the Presbyterian Church will be represented in it, and although the functions of the "Alliance" are to be only advisory, much advantage from it is expected.

CHINA.—A new magazine in Chinese has been projected by some of the missionaries. It is to be called *The New Chapter in Philosophy*. It is intended that a high position shall be taken in the matter of the magazine, and while topics of general interest shall be treated in a popular style, as suited to ordinary readers, aids will be furnished for the development of a new line of things in the literature and science of the country.

JAPAN.—In the session of the Missionary Committee of Review, held in connection with the late British Wesleyan Conference, Rev. Ebenezer Jenkins, who had just returned from a visit to India and Japan, strongly recommended that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should occupy the latter country.

DR. BUTLER has raised a large sum of money in the United States for printing evangelical literature in Spanish, and returns shortly to his mission-work in Mexico.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

FROM D. Appleton & Co., comes yet another volume from the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe,"* whose productions now number among the twenties. Miss Yonge is among the respectable second-class novelists, whose works form so large an element in the popular literature of the day. She gained a fair reputation by some of her earlier productions, especially those here indicated in connection with her name. But she has not been a growing writer; her later productions scarcely sustaining the promise or, indeed, equaling the performance of her earlier ones. The present volume, a story of a family of not especially interesting persons, presents no prominent features, and can be desired only by that class who require their new novel much as the tippler calls for his drams, or the petted child for yet another, and a still more exciting story, simply for the faintest amusement for the passing hour. Because there are such readers in sufficient numbers to create a market for the stuff they feed upon, such books will continue to be written and published.

IF the great Franklin Square Publishing House has many and great sins, both ethical and æsthetical, to atone for, on account of their "Library of Select Novels," a partial and not inconsiderable compensation to an injured public is rendered by them in their "Students' Series" of Histories. The two volumes recently issued, "Merivale's General History of Rome"† and "Cox's General History of Greece,"‡ are worthy of the society into which they are here introduced, which is saying very much for them. Deau Merivale is already well and favorably known to general readers, as well as to those more exclusively devoted to his specialty, by his

* *The Three Brides*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc., D. Appleton & Co.

† *A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus*, B. C. 753 to A. D. 476. By Charles Merivale, D. D., Dean of Ely. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ *A General History of Greece, from the earliest period to the death of Alexander the Great*, with a Sketch of the Subsequent History to the Present Time. By George W. Cox, M. A., author of "Tales

two excellent works, "The Romans Under the Empire," and "Conversion of the Northern Nations," which are about equally trustworthy as histories and pleasingly instructive as models of style and composition. Mr. Cox, too, is not a stranger in the department of historical literature, as the reader will see and appreciate by the naming of the two rare volumes from his pen, in connection with his name upon the title-page of this work. Both works are written in pure, classical, and transparent English, thoroughly learned, informed and informing; and both are sprightly, vivacious, and sufficiently dramatic to please and allure, while they instruct. For these, as eminently for the whole series, the publishers deserve great thanks. It is an invaluable library of history in the smallest space consistent with proper fullness, and at a price so moderate that very few need complain of inability to purchase.

Is "History Primers" a new series, of which this little volume, "History of Europe"|| (16mo, pp. 150), is at once the promise, and the fulfillment in part? The name of the editor is a pledge of both the scholarship and the literary excellence of the successive little volumes. This is of necessity only a skeleton history, and yet just such a one as should be thoroughly mastered before a fuller one is taken in hand.

ENGLISH grammar and composition are best taught together, and for younger classes in school a good text-book on both subjects is Dr. Quackenbos's *Illustrated Lessons in Our Language*, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE readers of *Harper's Monthly* know very well the name of Eugene Lawrence, and with his name they will readily call to mind what kind of matter he has been accustomed to furnish to that world-read

of Ancient Greece," "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," etc. New York, Harper & Brothers; Franklin Square. 1876.

|| *History Primers*. Edited by J. R. Green. *History of Europe*, by Edward A. Freeman, LL. D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

magazine. Ten of these trenchant philippics against the Church of Rome, as the debaser of men's intellects and the tyrant of the conscience, have been issued in book form by the Harpers, making a portly octavo of five hundred closely printed pages.* The indictments brought by him against the papacy are simply fearful, and their severest feature is their undeniable truthfulness, as proved by history. And in all that he utters there is an air of sincerity that compels every one to feel that he believes what he says. He is evidently a good hater, *quoad hoc*; and next to a fast friend, the good hater is the man that may be trusted. Men naturally hesitate to accept the views of one of deep and strong convictions, and yet in such a case as this the extremist may be nearer the right than the man of less decided and pronounced opinions. It certainly would not be amiss for the American people to thoroughly weigh what Mr. Lawrence here presents for their consideration.

VERY many people have read books about Egypt and the Orient, and a less many have read books written by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; but not till now could both be done at once. A newly published volume,† brought to our sanctum, makes even this possible. It is chiefly about the land of the Nile, with some account of a journey across the Desert of Sinai to Jerusalem. It is written in the style of a somewhat hilarious tourist, but with a keen eye for both nature and society. The book is decidedly readable, well written, and vivacious; and although it is neither pedagogical nor didactic in its professed purposes, yet it may serve a very good purpose in both these directions.

THE *Speaker's Commentary*, prepared under the auspices of the late Speaker of the British House of Commons, and under the editorial supervision of Canon Cook, of Exeter, which is issued in this country by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, is now com-

plete as to the books of the Old Testament. The sixth and final volume upon that part, extending from the beginning of Ezekiel, is now in hand, the whole constituting a compact and thoroughly wrought system of Biblical exegesis and exposition; and though it was designed to make the *Commentary* as brief and concise as possible, it has nevertheless already grown to six volumes, with not less than three more to follow,—too voluminous it would seem, and yet how could it be more compressed than is here done?

The character and position among kindred works of the *Speaker's Commentary* is definitely taken, and its position is well maintained. As emanating under the supervision of "bishops, and other clergy of the Anglican Church," it must needs be elevated and dignified, learned and well-written, and neither dangerously rationalistic nor offensively evangelical; and all these properties are distinctively presented in its pages. It is a decided improvement over the older commentaries, with their literal criticisms, and verse-by-verse expositions; for though it usually adheres to their antiquated methods, in most things, yet it bears everywhere the marks of real scholarship in its authors. Doctrinally it is broad without being loose, holding and teaching the inspiration of the divine Word, yet not in the form of a merely mechanical dictation of words. In its methods it is rational but not rationalistic, and spiritual in tone without falling into mere incantations. It may be said to be chary of theories of the interpretation of prophecy, and not especially inclined to spiritual and mystical meanings, for which the words give only the faintest authority. In short, it does not force a Christological sense, where nothing of the sort is to be found in the obvious intent of the language used.

The mechanical execution of these volumes is exceedingly solid and in good taste. The type is larger than is usually seen in such annotations, which may, in part, account for its voluminousness. For ordinary and unprofessional use we prefer this work to any other of the recently published Commentaries; and we shall await in hope the appearance of the New Testament portion of the work.

**Historical Studies*, by Eugene Lawrence. New York, Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.

†*Mummies and Moslems*, by Charles Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Back Log Studies," etc. Hartford, Connecticut, American Publishing Company; Cincinnati, Robert Clark & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CALL FROM THE MINISTRY.

AT one of the recent conference sessions, during the roll-call of the non-effective ministers, at the announcement of one of the names, a gentleman of some forty years old, dressed in a gray coat and generally unclerical habit, came forward and quietly stated his wish to resign his connection with the body, and to cease to be any longer recognized as a minister of the Gospel. His manner was quiet and respectful, and he declared his entire freedom from any dissatisfaction with the Church or with any of its members, but at the same time he affirmed that he had fully determined to retire, and therefore he requested his brethren not to attempt to dissuade him, but to grant his request by accepting his parchments of ordination, and remanding him to the ranks of the laity. And this, after further conversation, in which ample testimony was given both as to his unimpeachable Christian character and of his settled purpose to cease to be even in name a minister, was granted.

It appeared that he had been for ten or twelve years an itinerant minister, and member of the conference, laboring faithfully and with fair success in his appointed fields, and that he had won the good will and esteem of both the ministers of the conference and the Churches that he had served; but some three or four years ago his health failed him, and ever since he had been laid aside from ministerial labor by nervous debility. He had also engaged in business, in which he had been moderately successful, earning a living. He had also preached occasionally, and acceptably, and without suffering any great harm; but his Church work had been chiefly in the Sunday-school, in which he was said to be at once earnest and effective. In short, the whole statement of the case went to show that he had become a good and useful lay member of the Church at the place where he resided.

This whole affair is provocative of reflections and inquiries. Was the course of the retiring minister, in determining to so act, commendable or even justifiable? And did the conference act wisely

and consistently with the sacredness of the ministerial calling in granting him leave to so retire, giving him in his exit a Godspeed as he retired to the status of a layman in the Church? The notion of a special call from God as an essential prerequisite to assuming the office of the Christian ministry, and which when duly made known may not be disregarded or evaded, is an old Methodist article of faith,—though not exclusively Methodist,—that has not wholly passed away. The question is not as to the divinity of the call to the ministry, but whether the call once given is in any case recalled? One who has taken upon himself that office may, indeed, become satisfied that he has mistaken his calling, in which case his only wise course is a speedy withdrawal from a false position. Such a case is, however, quite apart from that which is here presented, which relates to the terminableness of a genuine call to the ministry. And if it is granted that such a calling may be terminated short of death, then what are the evidences by which the case may be judged? Certainly they should be as clear and indubitable as were those in favor of the original calling, and, indeed, even more so. Providential circumstances must in both cases be accepted as factors in the problem to be solved; and in the latter not less than in the former, the inward monitions of the divine Spirit should be regarded as necessary to the determination of the case. He would indeed be a bold man who would aver that the divine call to the ministry must in all possible cases extend over the whole natural life; and yet without at all favoring the fancy of a special character imparted and received in the act of ecclesiastical ordination, it must be a very clear and decided conviction of duty that can justify a conscientious Christian in laying aside a function once accepted among such sacred and impressive conditions.

It must be remembered, too, that the Church has made provisions for the retention of such physically disqualified persons among her acknowledged ministers; and there are many such in nearly all the annual

conferences. This man could have taken the relation of a superannuate,—for such he was according to the legal definition of that relation,—and remained a minister still, without being required to perform the services for which he had become disqualified. Others have taken that course, and, as a result, men ecclesiastically recognized as ministers of the Gospel may occasionally be met with in many of the secular callings of society. To this some most decidedly object, as anomalous and damaging to the ministerial profession, and as especially derogatory to the sacred and separate character of that calling. There may, indeed, be, in some cases, worldly motives influencing men to hold on to the name and style of a calling which has become impossible in fact,—but with all such these reflections have nothing to do. Was it right, and therefore the duty of this man, who in early middle life found himself no longer able to render effective service as a Christian minister, to divest himself of the character that had been given him, and retire again into the ranks? So he judged, and his ministerial associates concurred in his decision by accepting his resignation of his ministerial orders.

And if all this were well and wisely done, then why should not the same course be taken in all similar cases? This whole action proceeds upon the assumption that only ministers of the Gospel *de facto*, can be such *de jure*;—that the office depends upon the work, rather than the work upon the office, or “character.” There may, indeed, be differences of opinion in respect to what work may properly be included *within* the ministerial function; for while some might restrict it exclusively to the pastorate of Churches,—the cure of souls,—others would extend its sphere to a variety of forms of Church work, in which it would be said that ministers, as such, may be properly engaged. With all such questions we do not now meddle,—having only to do with such cases as that presented at the beginning of these remarks,—cases of ministers permanently disqualified for ministerial services, yet still as able as others to gain their own livelihood, and to serve the cause of God and the Church in other relations. Should all such in like manner resign their ministerial characters, and take their places in the ranks?

It would not be wise to compel any to act in so weighty a matter, except in obedience to their own hearts' convictions of duty; and yet it must be plain that if the case referred to was determined wisely and in the fear of God, then it would seem, that in all similar cases, the same way of acting would be the only one advisable.

But the application of this rule would fall heavily in not a few places in Methodism. We say nothing about ministers engaged in doing properly Church work other than the purely and directly pastoral,—though evidently there must be a limit to the Church's right to detail her ministers to semi-secular services. Nor do we refer to those who have become really worn out in ministerial labors, and are retired from active duties of every kind. But what of that large class of persons among us, all of whom have professed to be satisfied that they are called of God to take upon themselves the office and work of the Christian ministry, but who do not intend at all to forsake their usual secular pursuits? The doctrine of Methodism respecting the preaching of the Gospel, whether or not it is a function belonging exclusively to the ministry,—those specially called to the holy office in the Church,—or whether it is lawful and expedient for any one possessing the needed personal qualification to teach and expound the Scriptures, and to exhort the people in the congregation, is not definitely and clearly settled. Methodism, in its earlier stages, both in Europe and in this country, proceeded by practically assuming that it was lawful and proper that laymen should preach the Gospel; and consistently with this theory, there are now in all the divisions of British Methodism thousands of laymen licensed as local preachers, who are no more accounted ministers than are their class-leaders or trustees of Churches. If we mistake not, whenever a traveling minister of the British Conference ceases from the work of the ministry, for any cause, he also ceases to be recognized as distinctively a minister. The application of such a rule among us would widely change the *status* of our hosts of local preachers,—and especially of those who have received orders and still hold and use the powers signified by them.

The position of one recognized as a min-

ister, but not a pastor, is not always the most enviable as to his Church relations. His ministerial character separates him somewhat from the body of the laity, while there seems to be no place for him on the side of the minister. It is not to be denied that in not a few cases there is a decided prejudice against the participation of unofficial ministers in the ministerial offices of the local Churches, and no doubt, whether from his own fault or that of others, many a man who might have done good work as a layman has been rendered comparatively useless by his ministerial name and profession. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that whether right or wrong, many of our Churches do not desire the presence among them of other ministers, to be recognized as such, than their own pastors.

The subject of lay-preaching is closely connected with this matter. The tendency in most evangelical Churches at this time is strongly in favor of the largest "liberty of prophesying," and even among Methodists there is a growing persuasion that no formal license is necessary to make it lawful to preach Christ to the people. Such a license may, indeed, be expedient in some cases,—not, however, to give the right, but to guard against abuses and to accredit the holder. But this notion of the natural liberty of all God's people to "prophesy" separates the act of preaching from all special relations to the peculiar office and work of the ministry. According to this theory the lay-preacher is no more a minister of the Gospel, in the peculiar or ecclesiastical sense, than is any other of the lay-office bearers of the Church. Ordination is a setting apart of him who receives it to the special work of the ministry; and, therefore, it would seem that to ordain a lay preacher is to unmake him as such; and, unless he is to assume the pastorate, it is to separate him, but to no proper function.

This, too, may throw some light upon the mooted question respecting women's preaching—their licensure and their ordination. If the only prerequisite for preaching is the ability of the performer and the willingness of the people to hear, then the question of a woman's preaching is one of facts and of taste, and the fitness of things generally. If all these concur in her favor

then may any woman preach as well as any man. But all this, be it observed, is simply lay-preaching, which requires neither ordination, nor of necessity any formal license. On the other hand it will be plead by some that in the case of every woman her sex is a natural disqualification for the pastoral office, and, therefore, no woman should be at any time brought into any ministerial orders. This would seem to be an easy and a natural solution of the case. If she can speak to the people to their edification, why should she be hindered? but seeing she is disqualified by nature for the pastorate, why should she be forced against nature into a position for which she can not be adapted?

LINING THE HYMNS.

THE following appeared in some one of our Methodist weeklies, not long since,—we can not now say which one,—and because it affords an opportunity for a passing comment, we present it:

Bristol District Meeting, in a memorial to the British Wesleyan Conference at its recent session, expressed regrets to find that the practice of giving out two lines, or a verse, of a hymn at a time in conducting public worship is falling into disuse, and suggests to the conference to urge the ministers to abide by the usage as far as possible. The conference resolved that the practice of singing the hymn through without giving out the verses has no sanction either in our usage or regulations, and the conference is of opinion that it is not expedient that such a practice should be sanctioned.

Our own observation of the practice in the British and also the Irish Wesleyan churches, in this matter, was that the whole stanza was announced at once, though it extended to six full lines. It may also be remarked that our transatlantic brethren make great use of the hymns in the stanza known as six-eights, in which measure, beyond all question, Charles Wesley especially delighted, and in it are found some of his best hymns. British Methodism has thus far successfully resisted the encroachments of the music of the theater upon its public worship, which in so many of our American churches has taken this part of the exercises almost entirely away from the congregation, and given it to the organ and choir; and on account of the unintelligibility of the enun-

ciation of the words by these, the teachings must go for nothing, doubtless very greatly to the loss of the people. In its services the hymns are announced from the pulpit, usually a whole stanza at a time, in a full and audible voice, and then it is sung by the whole congregation, singing boldly and heartily, with very few individual exceptions, and for the most part correctly, if not especially artistically. The advantages of this method are various and very considerable. Methodist hymnology is the "Common Prayer" of the congregation, and the singing is the one and only part of the worship in which the people are expected to unite openly.

The theology of our hymns is not excelled in its Scriptural character and in its felicitous presentation of the great truths of the Gospel by any other uninspired embodiment of Christian doctrines; and coming as it does through these, without dogmatic stiffness or polemical severity, and accompanied by the gentle persuasiveness of sacred music, it is readily apprehended and earnestly appreciated alike by the learned and the unlearned. It is wise, therefore, to use them as vehicles of instruction, as well-pleasing accompaniments to the other parts of divine worship; and for that purpose it is of the very first importance that the language of the hymns should be familiarized by frequent repetitions, reading them with proper elocutionary enunciation and rhythmical fullness, and singing them in such clearness that the words may be plainly understood by all. There is, indeed, a good deal to be said in favor of that time-honored usage, now, however, quite laid aside among us. In parting with "lining the hymns," as with many other old-fashioned and obsolete usages, it is not at all certain that we have profited by the exchange. It can scarcely be questioned that in the earlier days of Methodism its hymns were a more effective element of power than they are to-day because of the changed methods of using them.

But, probably, it is now too late to recover all that we have lost in this matter. We shall never, perhaps, return to the practice of dictating the words, whether by couplets or stanzas, for the people to sing; but there is still much within our power by

which our hymns may yet be made to serve the most excellent uses. Let them always be read in the congregations with all the fullness and forcibleness that can be commanded for the purpose. And let our ministers study and labor to become good readers of hymns,—a most important part of their office, and yet one in which scarcely one in ten is even respectably proficient. The practice of omitting the reading of the hymns should be everywhere discountenanced, as detracting from the solemnity and the effectiveness of public worship, and as depriving the people of one of the most effective means for Christian edification.

TOO OLD.

COMPLAINTS are all the time heard in the papers and elsewhere, of the great number of ministers who are living without employment, for no other apparent reason than that they are somewhat advanced in years. It is said that in all sections of the country men may be found able and earnestly desiring to work, who can not find any thing to do. Not because there are no vacant pulpits, or destitute congregations wanting ministers; but because none of these want *them*; and this for no assigned cause of incompetency, or moral unfitness, but solely for the reason that they are *too old*.

Thanks to our better Methodist way of doing things, there is somewhat less of this among us than among others. Our preachers, who are able to work, are generally employed, and they always must be until, for broken health, or for actual superannuation, they shall be retired according to rule. We have no able-bodied men willing and anxious to work, who have occasion to "stand idle in the market-place," lamenting that "no man hath hired" them—though the work offered may not be just what is desired or desirable. And yet, the desire of our congregations, plainly enough expressed, and almost, if not quite universal, to have the younger preachers assigned to them, and their extreme reluctance, sometimes, to receive men with gray hair, and spectacles on their noses, show very clearly what the state of things would be if the matter of locating men were left, as it is in the other denominations, purely to the voluntary action of the congregations.

By all the obvious rules of judging the old ministers who are yet sound in body and in mind ought to be the best. Are their *experiences* good for nothing? their long years of study and thought—their practiced skill in preaching, in explaining, defending, and enforcing the doctrines of the Bible, in counseling the ignorant, in comforting the feeble-minded, in warning the unruly—are all these of no value whatever? In law and medicine and statesmanship age, with all its analogous advantages, is at a premium. Is it only in the ministry of religion that men deteriorate with their opportunities to acquire wisdom and aptness and strength?

And yet the Churches do not want the older men, but the younger. One sometimes hears this spoken of as if it were purely a fault and a folly of the Churches. The quinquagenarians and the sexagenarians who are not wanted are commiserated as persons unreasonably and unjustly dealt with, being made sinners for their years, and the Churches are sharply lectured as notional and fastidious. But is there not something to be said in their justification? For some reason or other the older men in the ministry are not so popular as the younger. What is the cause?

In those denominations in which the pastoral office, in the theory of it, is conceived of as permanent, and long pastorates are regarded as desirable, a very obvious reason presents itself at once why a Church, in settling a minister, should prefer one with a long life before him rather than behind him. The old man who is at present able-bodied, and of a sound mind, is nevertheless drawing near to his limit of life, and can not last long. He may be entirely acceptable now, but his short future is a sufficient objection against him. No Church desires to distract itself with the choice and settlement of a minister oftener than is necessary. In our Methodist theory of the pastor's office this difficulty is obviated, and we have less excuse than our brethren for the sentiment in favor of young men, which, nevertheless, is quite as strong with us as with others, only by reason of our system not so mischievous.

It is obvious that the unpopularity of old men is not to be explained by the consideration, barely, of their age. It is a fact that *some*

old men, if only still able to work, are sought after, and earnestly desired in the pastoral office. There are not a few such, who for acceptableness with the Churches are not behind their younger brethren. It is the same elsewhere. There are sexagenarian pastors whose congregations would be vastly amused at the suggestion that they might be better served by young men. There are sixty-year old men among the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, who, if they were now, by any chance, without charges, would be sought for, and eagerly solicited again to put on the harness.

It is not the mere fact of *age* that makes some men unpopular and undesirable as ministers, but something else which, indeed, is so common with old ministers, that it has occasioned a prejudice against their class, and begotten almost every-where among the people a settled feeling that young ministers are better.

Will our older brethren permit us to say some plain and hard things, in a spirit of love and kindness, and with a deep sense of all that might be urged in extenuation, yet affirming that all the possible mitigations do not amount to an adequate excuse?

In the first place, some of the old ministers have left off their early habits of neatness in dress, and of attention to their persons, and to appearances generally. This may be thought a small matter, but so also is the little leak that wears away the foundations of a dam, or the little expenditures that eat up the estate. Foppery is indeed contemptible, whether in the young or the old, and especially in a minister. But a minister should be gentlemanly in all his habits, comely and neat in his attire, and habitually observant, at all points, of whatever evinces good breeding. The Churches are more particular in this matter than some may suspect. Whether in town or country a minister should be properly and neatly clad, and gentlemanly in all his personal habits.

Again, some old ministers have yielded very much to that physical sluggishness which comes naturally with advancing years. They have lost, in a great measure, the fervor which formerly distinguished their preaching, and took hold of the sympathies and hearts of their hearers. It is not correct

to say that this is unavoidable. With a duly awakened sense of the vast importance of an animated and earnest delivery in preaching, and by resisting the tendency to dullness of both thought and manner, all this might be obviated.

This evil is usually the most apparent where *read* sermons are read rather than spoken. Extempore preachers usually keep up their fire better than readers of sermons, though very dull extemporizers are not very rare, and in any denomination the dull and lifeless preachers will not be wanted, be they young or old.

But beyond all else too many old ministers have set a greatly exaggerated value upon the excellence, and all sufficiency, of their old sermons. That minister who concludes that he has made sermons enough for a life-time, and that he may stop work in the study, and rely henceforth on his past labors and accumulations, is sure to be undesired.

Probably the old sermons, good when they were made, and when they were fresh to their author's mind, and had in them the peculiar and invaluable element of adaptation, and were delivered with energy and effect, are not good now, when used merely for convenience. Delivered without spirit, they can not be preached well, and will not be heard well. The same sermons that thundered twenty years before, and, under God, aroused the people, and brought on revivals, have too often become "stale, flat, and unprofitable," not by any change in themselves, but in the preacher and his surroundings. The trouble is, not so much in the sermons as in the *man himself*, who ceases from the labor of new production, and declines spiritually and mentally, and of course shows abated power in every department of his ministerial work. *Every thing* declines in the hands of such a one; and the same person, to-day preaching over again the same sermons with which he was once mighty, and gained distinction, is only tolerated—the Churches *don't want him*.

The old men in the ministry who have retained their popularity and added to it, and there are such, are men who have never turned away at all from the forge and the anvil, and the hammer of the workshop. They may sometimes use an old sermon, just as they always did,—and such sermons are

often the most effective of any,—but they always prepare them anew. The living minister, who shall command the minds and hearts of his congregations, must be a working minister, bringing out of his treasury things new and old. He must keep himself abreast of the thoughts of the times, and especially must he be in lively sympathy with the religious spirit of the day. Such a one does not spend *less time* in study than he formerly did; and what has been gained in facility of working, is turned to account for improving the quality of his work.

The old ministers that are not wanted have not usually been of this sort of men. We know all that may be said for them, and we heartily sympathize with their disappointments and dissatisfactions, but we fear that the help they seek is impossible to them. But let our still popular preachers be warned against the danger of ever ceasing to *study* to show themselves approved. The Churches care but little whether their ministers are old or young; but they want live ministers; men who, in their persons, and in all their personal habits, and especially in their preaching, both as to manner and matter, most honor the sacred calling. X. X.

DEATH OF BISHOP JANES.

IN common with the thousands of American Methodism, the editor of the *REPOSITORY* mourns the loss of a chief and a long tried leader of the host of our Israel, Bishop E. S. Janes, who died at his residence in New York, September 18, 1876, in the seventieth year of his age, and the thirty-third of his episcopate; and beyond the common grief that has fallen upon so many, the editor mourns the taking off of one with whom he has for long years, and somewhat closely, associated in Church-work, and also in not a few personal domestic and social relations. His history, for nearly half a century, is also that of his Church,—the annals of which must be his own memoirs,—and in its records his name must always hold a conspicuous place. His term of official service as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was longer than that reached by any of his predecessors, and in the amount of work rendered he stands unrivaled among them, except by the first upon the list,—Asbury,—whom he resembled in many points of his character and

career. It is not for us, at this time, to say more; hereafter we hope to render a more fitting tribute to the work and the good name of this truly good and wise, and abundantly laborious and eminently successful chief minister of the Gospel of Christ, who departing leaves his survivors his debtors to a greater amount than can ever be paid.

FREE SEATS VS. PEWS.

AT the dedication of the "free chapel" of Grace Church, in the city of New York, not long since, Bishop Potter (of the Protestant Episcopal Church) "improved" the opportunity so afforded to assert the claims of free seats in places of worship in opposition to rented pews. A short time afterward, at the annual convention of his diocese, the Bishop, in his annual address, again introduced the same general subject, and especially congratulated the Convention on "the growth of the movement in favor of free chapels,"

He had recently had the pleasure of consecrating the free chapel of Grace Church, and by his direction Dr. Morgan Dix had laid the corner-stone of a new chapel in the Bowery. The Church of the Incarnation had in contemplation the project of erecting a free chapel. There was cause for thankfulness at the wide extension of the Church where it was most needed. He rejoiced in the movement for another reason, namely, because it was giving a check to the tendency toward expensive church edifices, the erection of which was so apt to entail heavy debts upon the parishes. It was well to have a few plain churches where people of moderate means could worship at a reasonable expense.

The last sentence of this extract is suggestive of two lines of thought; first, respecting the expensiveness of Church-going, which, according to the intimation, is such as to require other than existing provisions in order that "people of moderate means," which designation includes three-fourths of our city populations, may be able to attend public worship, "at a reasonable expense." It is implied in that remark that now, Church-going, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is to all but the wealthy *unreasonably expensive*. Questions might here arise as to what degree of expensiveness should be thought unreasonable, and also, whether the evil deprecated exists in other denominations, as well as in that for which

the Bishop was speaking. It may be presumed that the Church expenses do not very widely differ, *per capita*, among the Churches of the different denominations, in which there is about the same degree of attention to style and sumptuousness. Fine architecture, elaborate cabinet work and upholstery, artistic music, and all the requisites of a fashionable place of worship, cost about the same without respect to the name or denomination of the particular edifice, where they are to be found. All these things cost money, and, commercially, it would seem only right and equitable that they who use such costly matters should pay for them.

The Bishop does not, however, object to fine and costly churches, quite the contrary; but while he would have these for the rich, he would also have a cheaper kind of churches, more cheaply served for the use of the great body of the people, who are neither rich nor accustomed to the use of luxuries. This implies two kinds of churches, for the rich and the poor, respectively, all of which may be much more easily practicable in the Protestant Episcopal denomination than in some others.

The system of having only churches with free seats, which was long maintained by the force of law and usage in Methodism, but which seems to be now rapidly falling into disuse, was designed to meet precisely the want indicated by Bishop Potter. "Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and with free seats, *wherever practicable* [these two words are a later addition]; but not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable." (Discipline, ¶366.) But this is only half of the sentence as it stood; the excised part read, "otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us." But now the Methodist Church has fairly separated from the spirit and practice of that rule, though the skeleton of it still stands in the Discipline. And yet even in most of our chief cities there are still found free churches, where the cost of attendance to each individual is determined by himself, according to his ability and liberality. It has, however, come to be known that free-seated churches, in our cities, are in nearly all cases virtually Mission Churches, supported by the liberal gifts of a comparatively small number of their abler and more

liberal members. It has also happened in not a few cases that such persons, wearied at length with the undue expensiveness of their Church relations, have removed to some convenient pewed church, where the burden is found to be comparatively light. And so the free Churches are becoming forsaken by those who have all along sustained them financially, and abandonment or missionary aid seem to be their only alternatives. For these reasons one may hear it given out occasionally that the free-seats system is a failure in large cities.

But there is another side to this subject, which was also presented in Bishop Potter's address. The Bishop called attention to the fact that a majority of the work of the diocese during the year had been done among Mission Churches, and likewise the majority of the fruit had been gathered in those Churches.

And what is thus said for the work of the Protestant Episcopal Church is equally true if applied to that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, classing the whole of the free-seated churches in the category of "Mission Churches." Costly churches, with their luxurious arrangements and expensive appointments, from which all those of moderate incomes are effectually excluded, are not the places where "work" is most effectively prosecuted. In both these Churches the poorer and less expensive places of worship are necessary as feeders to the more costly, in which the additions of home-made converts are seldom sufficient to compensate for the wastages made by deaths, natural and spiritual. It may be a matter of policy, therefore, and a measure for self-protection, for those wealthy Churches to sustain the poorer ones, by pecuniary gifts, in hopes of the more excellent compensation of souls; for there will always be a passing from the poorer to the richer, as religious character increases the wordly substance of its subjects.

OUR PORTRAIT FOR NOVEMBER.

AMERICAN Methodism has from the beginning been rich in its non-ministerial members; and while it has in largest numbers embraced the poor of this world, rich in faith, it has also numbered among its adherents not a few of a class of a higher social position,—rich Zacheuses, honorable

Josephs, learned Nicodemuses, and hospitable Gaiuses. If, indeed, not many, yet still some few, "wise and noble" ones of this world have been among "the called;" and very many whom it found in even the humblest conditions have under its good influences tested and found to be true the declaration that "godliness" has "the promise of the life that now is" as well as of "that to come." In her multitude of devoted laymen and women, with their hearts all aglow with zeal for Christ and for Methodism, she has the pledge and assurance of her own bright future. In this number of our magazine we give the portrait of one of the chiefest of these.

Andrew Varick Stout was born in the city of New York, October 12, 1812. From his parents he received not a fortune, but what was much better,—Christian nurture, discipline, training to habits of industry, and the influences of godliness. He received the school training afforded by the best schools in the city at that time,—those under the patronage of the Public-school Society. At fifteen years old he became a teacher in one of those schools, in which relation he continued for the next twelve or more years,—most of the time being in charge of one of the largest. Afterward he was for a year at the head of the Orphan Asylum at Bloomingdale, in that city, and then he engaged in mercantile business, in the shoe and leather trade. This business he pursued with characteristic diligence and good success for nearly ten years, and then (more than twenty years ago) he was called, first to the Vice-Presidency, and afterward to the Presidency of the Shôe and Leather Bank,—which position he still occupies.

By unwearying diligence and careful frugality, he had at the close of his services as a teacher accumulated what was then esteemed a handsome property; but in consenting to help a friend, he assumed responsibilities by which he was stripped of all and left still in debt, out of which he paid his way by his subsequent earnings. His later business engagements have been in like manner successful, and without the same disastrous sequel.

His religious history,—though, if it stood alone would be remarkable,—is happily in its chief features not unlike that of a very

great multitude of others. He grew up an attendant upon the Sunday-school and the public services of the Forsythe Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and having become convinced that he needed to be born again, and that it was his duty to live a godly life, on the evening of the last day of the year 1827, at the watch-night service in that church, he resolved to give his heart to God, and to commence a new life. But it was only after long and very severe conflicts with doubts and fears and unbelief, with a deep sense of guilt and dread of the wrath of his justly offended God, that he found peace, and was enabled to rejoice in the assurance of pardon. But after nearly six months of earnest seeking and praying,—and especially attending upon the revival services of the Allen Street church, then the spiritual focus of New York Methodism,—near the hour of midnight, in his own room, and all alone, suddenly his eyes were opened to see the way of salvation by Christ. The darkness at once departed; his burden was gone, and a sweet and indescribable peace possessed his soul,—which soon rose into the rapturous joy of assurance. And now, for nearly fifty years that same blessed assurance is giving its light along his pathway.

In his Christian life Mr. Stout has been distinguished for steady devotion to his religious profession, and to the performance of the duties growing out of his various relations. As a Church member his fine business talents have been made especially available in the financial affairs of the Churches with which he has been associated, while his money contributions have always been duly bestowed, and as his worldly fortunes have grown his benefactions to the cause of religion and benevolence have increased in a still larger ratio. His interest in the cause of Christian missions has been steady and increasing for many years, and for some time past he has by his own contributions sustained a missionary in one of the foreign fields; and when, a few months since, the resources upon which the Drew Theological Seminary, and in part Wesleyan University, depended were cut off, he at once came to their relief, by a direct gift of forty thousand

dollars to each, as a permanent endowment for the presidency of these institutions severally.

Mr. Stout, though well up in his sixties, is still hale and vigorous, with mind and body alike in good condition, both to do and to enjoy; and it may be hoped that there are still before him many years, in which to do good both by his benefactions and his wise counsels, and especially by the mellow radiance of a mature Christian life. He has sown good seed, while yet living to see it germinate and grow up to its fruitage; may he be permitted to witness its harvests through not a few succeeding years.

WE understand that the editor of the *Golden Hours* has consented to speak a good word for the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, and though we have not been allowed a glimpse of that good word, yet we feel assured it is all that could be desired, and are anxious to return the favor at an early date. While it is true that the *Golden Hours* is a prosperous little journal, it is also true that many of our Methodist families do not lend their aid to its support—some being scarcely aware of its existence. The *Golden Hours* should not only succeed, but succeed grandly. It is an entertaining and instructive magazine, devoted exclusively to our young people—and its contents are not only of a healthy, moral tone, but point the children to Christ, and present religion in its most attractive light. The illustrations of this publication are good and numerous, and we understand there are some charming ones in prospect for the new year. In the department of *Owldom* are puzzles, Scripture enigmas, etc., for the little ones to wrestle with, and prizes for solution and for completion of other tasks are offered during the year. Solomon Owl, who presides over *Owldom*, is a lover of children, and we do not need to secure a promise from that individual that every effort will be made to constitute this magazine the first and best among the juvenile publications of the day. It costs but one dollar and sixty cents a year, post paid. It is certainly worthy of your support. Shall it have it?



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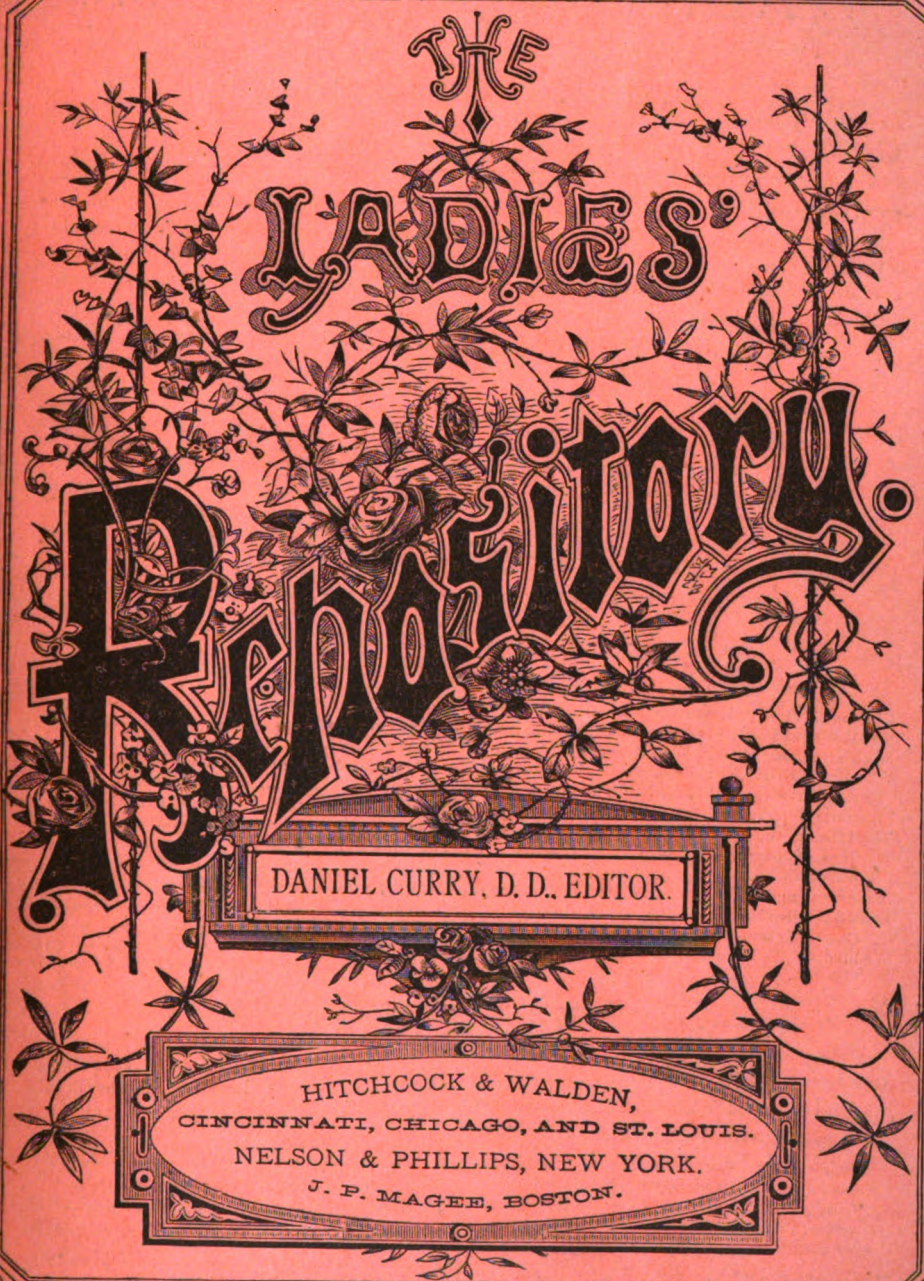
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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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CHARLES G. FINNEY.

THE memoirs of President Finney, just published by A. S. Barnes & Co., can not properly be called an autobiography. In fact, the author has expressly announced at the outset that it was not his purpose to write a history of his entire life; but only to chronicle the great revivals with which he had been connected. Hence he had entered no farther into detail concerning the events of his own private life than seemed necessary in order to explain his connection with these important religious movements. We have here a history of some of the most interesting revivals of religion that ever occurred in this country and Great Britain, extending through a period of more than forty years. And, although the author felt great reluctance at saying so much about himself, yet in these pages he has given us a valuable account of his own labors during this period. A great part of his history remains unwritten. His work in connection with Oberlin College, where for many years as Professor of Theology, and afterward as President, his rare faculties were employed in instructing young men who were preparing for the ministry and other callings, is scarcely mentioned at all in the book before us.

Charles G. Finney was born in Warren, Litchfield County, Connecticut, August 29, 1792. In childhood he enjoyed very meagre advantages, both as regards

an intellectual and a religious education. His parents were not religious, and he seldom heard the Gospel preached. His opportunities for reading and study were very limited. Converted to God while engaged in the practice of the law in Adams, Jefferson County, New York, he immediately turned his mind to the study of the Bible and the work of the ministry.

The history of his conversion opens at once, to some degree, the secret of the strange power which he carried with him to the close of life. When he began the study of law in Adams, at the age of twenty-six, he says: "I was almost as ignorant of religion as a heathen." The ministers whom he had heard, in the various places where he had lived, preached the Gospel in so cold and lifeless a manner that it made no good impression on his mind. At this period, however, he began regularly to attend Church, and, for the first time in his life, listened to the discourses of an educated minister. He became interested also in the prayer-meetings, and as leader of the choir, conducted the singing in the Church. Finding in his legal studies that the old authors frequently referred to the Mosaic Institutes as authority for many of the principles of common law, he procured a Bible merely for the purpose of consulting it with reference to these points. His mind was greatly perplexed concern-

ing the meaning of many things in the Bible, and neither the preaching nor conversations of the pastor of the Church afforded him any relief from the darkness. His perplexity was greatly increased by the fact that he could not see that the prayers which he heard offered from week to week were answered. He read in the Bible the promises which God had made; and then he heard the members of the Church asking in prayer for the fulfillment of these promises,—for a revival of religion, and for the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of sinners; but he never witnessed any answers, and the petitioners themselves did not regard their prayers as having been answered. The teachings of the Bible did not seem to him to accord with the facts. When asked if he desired the people to pray for him, he answered: "No; I do not see that it will do any good. I suppose I need to be prayed for, because I am conscious that I am a sinner. But you do not receive what you ask. You have prayed enough since I have attended these meetings to have prayed the devil out of Adams, if there is any virtue in your prayers. But here you are praying on, and complaining still." For a time he was unable to solve this difficulty. But after a careful investigation of the teachings of the Scriptures with regard to prayer, he came to the conclusion that the reason why the prayers he heard were never answered was, that those who offered them did not pray in faith, in the sense of expecting to receive the things they desired.

This difficulty being removed, the Bible was free from any just charge of falsehood, and Mr. Finney was brought face to face with the question of his own salvation. He determined to seek that change of heart which he was deeply convinced he needed. But immediately an obstacle presented itself, of which he had never before dreamed. Pride confronted him. He did not know he was proud before. He had no thought that the fear of man had any place in his heart. Previous to this, he had kept his

Bible open before him, in full view, in his office, for the purpose of consulting it in his professional studies. But as soon as he began to seek in it for light on the path to heaven he found himself hiding it under his law-books, lest some one should suspect his serious convictions. After a few days of mental conflict, he determined one morning to accept Jesus Christ as his Savior *immediately*; and instead of going to his office, turned aside and went up into a grove near the village to consummate the covenant with God. As he walked along he said within himself, "I will give God my heart, or never come down again." After wrestling for hours with his pride, and doubts, and fears, this passage of Scripture seemed to drop into his mind with a flood of light: "Then shall ye go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." And his soul cried out, "Lord, I take thee at thy word. Now, thou knowest that I do search for thee with all my heart." Then peace and rest came to his heart. Although his burden of guilt was removed, he did not receive so clear and overwhelming an assurance of the favor and love of God immediately as he did in the evening of the same day. When the work of the afternoon was over, and 'Squire W., with whom he had been studying, had left, Mr. Finney says: "As I closed the door and turned around, my heart seemed liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the room back of the front office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw him as I would

see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at his feet. . . . I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed his feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched him, that I recollect." This wonderful experience continued for a considerable space, and grew still more remarkable in its effects. Presently he received "a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit" without ever having thought that there was such a thing. "I could feel the impression," he writes, "like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love. . . . These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after another, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I can not bear any more.' Yet I had no fear of death." It is refreshing to read such a distinct profession of the experience of conversion. Did we not know the history of the life and the character of the mind of the man who writes these things about the work of grace in his soul, some might think the picture overwrought, or suspect the man of fanaticism. But this is the experience of a strong, thinking, logical mind; one who was as far from a fanatic as any skeptic can be.

No sooner had this great change taken place than Mr. Finney began the great work of his life. He had a distinct conviction that it was his duty to preach, and he began to preach immediately. And in his words, even in his presence, there was such a spirit of power that prejudice and skepticism went down before him from the very first. The next morning after this remarkable blessing, he went down into the office, and shortly 'Squire W. entered. Mr. Finney said

"a few words to him on the subject of his salvation." He made no reply, but soon left the office. Afterward it was discovered that these "few words" pierced his heart, and he was converted. Not many minutes after this interview a deacon of the Church came into the office and said to the young disciple, "Mr. Finney, do you recollect that my cause is to be tried at ten o'clock this morning? I suppose you are ready?" He received this characteristic reply: "Deacon, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead his cause, and I can not plead yours." The deacon went out filled with astonishment, settled his suit, betook himself to prayer, and rose to a higher state in grace.

Mr. Finney went out of the office immediately, and sallied forth in the streets "to seek and to save that which was lost." The first case he took in hand was a young man whom he found in a shop defending Universalism. With the Spirit of God upon him, the young missionary poured the truth into the mind of this young man with such force that he went out, sought the shelter of a grove, and repented and prayed, and came back in the evening reconciled to God. Such was the effect produced by the remarkable conversion of Mr. Finney, and his zeal for Christ, that a revival immediately commenced in the Church, and swept over the entire village, bringing in nearly all the adults in the place. He was filled with the Spirit, and aflame with zeal for God to so great a degree, that he gave himself up at once and wholly to the all-absorbing work of soul-saving. His characteristic devotion to his mission, and directness of aim, will be best illustrated by the manner in which he conducted the first interview with his father after his conversion. His father was unconverted. He met his son at the gate and said, "How do you do, Charles?" Charles replied, "I am well, father, body and soul. But, father, you are an old man; all your children are grown up and have left your house; and I never heard a prayer in my

father's house." His father dropped his head and burst into tears and replied, "I know it, Charles; come in and pray yourself." He complied, and in a short time both his father and mother were hopefully converted.

In March, 1824, Mr. Finney was licensed to preach, after an examination in due form before the presbytery. He had not received a classical education, nor attended any school of a high grade. He had refused to go to Princeton, as his brethren in the ministry advised, on the ground that the ministers who were trained in theological schools were not educated as he thought a minister ought to be, and it was his opinion that these seminaries failed in the accomplishment of their object; they did not make young men successful and efficient preachers of the Gospel. Hence he preferred to study for the ministry under the care of the pastor in the place where he was converted. He spent two years in this way, but was never able to agree with his pastor, concerning many of the fundamental doctrines of religion. Soon after he was licensed to preach, he accepted a commission from a female missionary society to go into the northern part of Jefferson County, and labor as a missionary. Immediately his passion for souls and his fitness for the work of an evangelist began to show themselves in his ministrations. He preached two or three Sabbaths, and several evenings through the week to the people at Evans's Mills, with great acceptability. But he was not at all satisfied with the results of his labors. It afforded him no pleasure to hear the people speaking well of his public efforts while souls were not converted. The desire to see immediate results, such as the Word of God had promised, became so intense in his soul that he could not wait longer for the people to make up their minds. He resolved to press them to an immediate decision for or against Christ. At the close of one of his sermons he opened to them the state of his mind, and told them that if they proposed to continue to reject Christ, it was

useless for him to remain among them. Having made his message plain, he called on them to decide *immediately*, and requested all who would accept Christ *now* to rise, and all who would not accept him to remain seated. No one rose, and the preacher began to speak to them as men and women who had made their final decision not to serve God; and to let them know that he was in earnest, and intended to shake off the dust from his feet as a testimony against them, and turn to another field. When the people saw that he had taken them at their word, they became angry, and began to leave the house. He then told them that he was sorry that they had so decided, but would preach for them once more on the following evening. The next day there were many angry threats uttered against the preacher; but he spent the day in the grove, praying. At night the house was crowded with a solemn assembly; and Mr. Finney preached as though he regarded the decision they had made as an intelligent and final act, and did not ask them to reverse or change it. But deep conviction began to fasten on the minds of the hearers. That night a number of messengers came for the preacher to go and pray with distressed inquiring souls. The work thus begun, went on until nearly all the people in the place were converted. This was the beginning of that long series of religious revivals which grew up, one after another in quick succession, under the ministry of Mr. Finney, throughout the eastern portion of the United States, and only closed when his physical strength became too much exhausted to continue longer in the work. He went from place to place as an evangelist, preaching the Word. He made no arrangements long beforehand, for his future field of labor. But as the providence of God opened the way, and as the Spirit of God directed his mind, he went to labor together with pastors, or, where there was no pastor, calling on men to repent. Sometimes, when many invitations were under consideration at the same time, he would accept

the one to which his mind was drawn at the very moment of setting out. His movements, in some instances, seem strange; showing that he regarded the calls of his mission as being far above the common civilities of life. He is holding a meeting in one place, and God's work is revived. The news of the gracious outpouring reaches the neighboring towns. The people come to see, and catch the spirit of revival, and invite Mr. Finney to come and preach for them. With no higher authority than the invitation of a minister, or a Christian lady, he goes and preaches; and the work advances in this way, from town to town, throughout entire counties and extensive districts. Wherever he goes, the Spirit of God attends his preaching, and multitudes believe on the name of Christ. At one time he left his wife at her father's, two or three days after his marriage, with the intention of coming for her in about a week, and went to preach at a place where he had promised to remain for a year. For it seems that at this time he did not think of itinerating. He went and preached one Sabbath: met a brother who urged him to go to a place a few miles distant and preach. He went, preached once, and gave out another appointment. The Spirit was poured out, and he remained and continued to conduct a succession of revivals for six months, without returning for his wife. At last, when he did start to bring her, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod; and when the people of the village heard that he was there, they came together and besought him to preach for them. He consented. A revival commenced, and he gave up the trip after his wife, and sent a messenger to bring her, while he carried on his Master's work. At another time, he had gone to attend a synod and met his pastor, under whom he studied theology; went home with him, and attended a prayer-meeting in the neighborhood. When he heard the cold prayers of the elders, and saw the backslidden state of the Church, his jealousy for God became

so intense that he could not restrain himself, but arose and exhorted until the elders wept, and confessed, and were reconverted. Mr. Finney stayed and held a series of meetings, and a revival began which swept all over Western New York, and resulted in the conversion of thousands of souls.

Mr. Finney met with no little opposition from prominent ministers of the Presbyterian Church on account of his methods of working in revivals, and also on account of the doctrines which he preached. And since much that is peculiar to the man is to be found in his theological views and his manner of preaching, it will be interesting to know what these were. It has already been intimated that he could not agree with his theological instructor concerning the fundamental doctrines of religion. Mr. Gale, the pastor under whose direction he pursued his studies, was a Presbyterian of the old-school type, a graduate of Princeton, and a strong Calvinist. He preached the doctrines that the guilt of Adam's sin was imputed to his posterity in such a sense as to render all his descendants legally exposed to eternal punishment for his sin; and that all men inherit from Adam a nature totally depraved, so that they are unable to do or think any thing pleasing to God; and in addition to this they are all justly exposed to the wrath of God on account of their own actual sins. He taught also that the obedience of Christ was imputed to the elect, in such a sense that they were regarded by the divine government as having fulfilled the law themselves; and that Christ suffered the exact penalty which was due to all the elect, so as to make it impossible for them to suffer it. He taught also, that since man is depraved and corrupt in his nature and constitution, and all the faculties of his soul, the work of the Holy Ghost in regeneration is a "physical" act of omnipotence, by which the nature and constitution of the soul are changed and made holy, and in this work the soul itself is entirely passive, not able to do any thing,

but can only wait until renewed by the Holy Ghost. These views Mr. Finney found himself unable to accept. He had not studied theology, except the system he found in Mr. Gale's library. But, possessing a logical mind, which could not honestly accept conclusions without satisfactory reasons, he could not believe these doctrines. His training as a lawyer had strengthened his natural disposition to reject assumptions which are not sustained by sound arguments. His Bible was his principal text-book in the study of theology; and he failed to find these doctrines in the Bible. And when he could neither reconcile them with reason nor Scripture, he was bound as an honest man to reject them. It was in vain that his teacher remonstrated with him, and told him that he must not reason on subjects of religion, because reasoning would land him in infidelity; but he should accept the doctrines which older and wiser and more learned men had declared to be true. He was told that God would not bless his labors unless he preached the truth, that is, the doctrines of Calvinism. These appeals had little weight with him, for he observed that his own pastor did not succeed in securing the conversion of souls, and, in fact, did not seem to expect such results. He also learned in his own experience, that the mind of the sinner was greatly perplexed by the preaching which assumed propositions that needed to be proved. At first his views of Christian doctrine were merely negative. He could only say that he did not believe the doctrines which his pastor taught. But it was some time before his notions of theology assumed a positive shape. He studied his Bible faithfully, upon his knees, praying that he might learn the mind of the Spirit. Finally his mind was cleared up before the light of the truth; and the doctrines which he drew from the Bible in his early studies he ever after maintained. He proclaimed them in all his evangelistic labors, as the means of saving men. He always attributed his success as a revivalist

largely to the doctrines which he preached. The truth is the instrument of conversion, and in proportion as it is clearly set forth it will accomplish this result. And when it is mixed with error, or presented in such a way that the mind can not grasp it, in that degree it will fail. When he was preaching in London, the ministers blamed him somewhat for reasoning with the people. They said the doctrines should be presented upon the authority of God's Word alone. But Mr. Finney defended his course by pointing out the fact that no mind can accept a doctrine intelligently, and be affected by it, unless it commends itself to the understanding.

Whatever may be said of the orthodoxy of Mr. Finney, it can not be doubted that his views of truth were eminently fruitful of good results. He denied and rejected all the doctrines of Calvinism mentioned above. He held that man is born into the world with the ability to do whatever God has commanded him to do; that his depravity does not inhere in his nature and constitution, but is moral, and belongs to his will. He uses the term "voluntary total depravity." Man is degenerate and corrupt on account of the abuse of his free will. Hence the work of conversion is not a change in the nature and constitution of the mind, but a moral change. The office of the Holy Ghost is not to change, by omnipotent energy, the nature of the soul, but to teach and persuade, and enforce the truth. And the soul is not passive in conversion, but a free agent; and when enlightened by the truth can and must convert itself. Hence, instead of waiting to be converted, it is the imperative duty of the sinner to repent and give his heart to God himself. He further taught that the sinner is able to do this without the aid of the Spirit, but *will not* do it until the Spirit influences him. His notion was that if the sinner had been unable to repent without the Spirit, then the gift of the Spirit would not be an act of grace, but of mere justice on the part of God.

He also held that Christ did not die to pay the exact and literal penalty of the elect, but to satisfy public justice, and make it possible for God to be just and the justifier of the ungodly. These are some of the points in which he differed from the teachings of the Church to which he belonged for many years, and these are some of the reasons why his labors were so strenuously opposed by leading ministers in that Church. It is not our purpose to criticise, or pronounce any verdict upon these religious tenets, but only to present them as the weapons with which Mr. Finney fought his battles against sin and error. When connected with Oberlin College he published two volumes on Systematic Theology, in which his views of Scripture doctrine are fully discussed.

Another thing in which he chose to be peculiar was his manner of preaching. The ministers of the Presbyterian Church were accustomed to write their sermons, and read them to their congregations. In this way they gained the advantage of correct statement, and finished composition, and avoided the embarrassment arising from inaccuracies in their sermons. But Mr. Finney did not regard this as the most effective way of presenting truth. Here, again, his education as a lawyer had something to do with his notions of fitness. He observed that lawyers spoke to convince, and secure a verdict; that they did not regard accuracy and polish so highly as force of argument. Hence they spoke extemporaneously. And so far were they from dreading repetition, that it was a part of their art to repeat the same argument, or reason, or fact, over and over in different forms until it fastened itself upon the minds of the jury. He conceived that a similar method would much more certainly awaken conviction in the mind of a hearer of the Gospel than the method which is pursued by preachers generally. Accordingly he began by preaching without manuscript, or even notes. He says that for a number of years he did not prepare his sermons at all. He went to the church

without knowing what he would preach, and allowed himself to be guided by his convictions in the presence of the congregation. But he lived near to God. He spent nearly all his time in prayer and communing with God in his Word, and in conversation with penitents. The Spirit was upon him in great power. If any one would imitate him in this, he would surely fail, unless he lived as Mr. Finney did. And then, although he did not prepare his sermons in a formal way, yet it will be seen that he had prepared himself with great diligence, when we remember how closely and constantly he studied the Bible. He tells us that during one entire Winter, while holding revival meetings in Boston, he read nothing but the Bible. He would rise at four o'clock in the morning to read the Bible and pray, and spend all his time in this way, when not engaged in meetings, or conversing with penitents. This is the best preparation for the pulpit in the world. A vessel thus filled with living water is always prepared to send forth a refreshing stream. Afterward, however, he was accustomed to make definite preparation for the pulpit, but was always an extempore preacher. His notion of enforcing truth by turning it over and presenting it in different forms, and repeating substantially the same argument until it became thoroughly imbedded in the mind of the hearer, he adopted with marvelous effect. He illustrated his subjects with facts familiar to his hearers, and anecdotes, principally of such scenes as had transpired under his own observation. He was an enemy to all high-sounding phrases, stiff declamation, and affectation of learning in the pulpit. Sermons filled with phrases manifestly intended to adorn the production rather than instruct the people, he called "barbarian preaching." His preaching was direct. He preached *to* the people, not over their heads. He preached the Gospel, not *about* the Gospel. Living in the spiritual atmosphere where he did, he quickly detected the spiritual condition of the people before him, and preached

the truth which they needed, as effectually as a skillful physician would select the proper medicine for his patient. He laid bare with unsparing hand the sinful hearts of men, and tore away the covering from their secret sins. When lukewarm and backslidden professors of religion heard him, they went and confessed their sins, and made restitution in cases where they had wronged their fellow-men. Ungodly sinners trembled when he proclaimed God's law. He was a wise minister of the Lord Jesus. The careless, the awakened, the anxious, the penitent, each and all, received the needed message from his lips. And where souls were brought to see their sinfulness, none knew better how to lead them immediately to Christ. He aimed at immediate results—immediate conviction, immediate decision, immediate repentance, immediate conversion. He stormed the refuges of lies under which inquiring men were hiding, and pursued them with the truth, until they were shut up with Christ alone.

One element in preaching Mr. Finney regarded as of paramount importance; namely, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was not sufficient for a minister to be converted, and have correct views of truth, and be able to present it clearly, but he must be endued with power from on high, so that his message will cut and burn its way to the consciences of the hearers. He must "preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." This was what Christ meant when he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He believed fully in the doctrine that the Holy Ghost teaches faithful ministers. This was what Christ meant when he said concerning the Spirit, "He shall take of mine and show it unto you;" "He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." With all his natural endowments, and intimate acquaintance with the Bible, this baptism of the Holy Ghost was one great secret of his power, and the success which attended his ministry. LUCIEN CLARK.

THE CONJUGAL POETS.

MUCH has been said of the loves of the poets, but very little of their wives. It seems to be generally understood that conjugal tenderness and "domestic doings" are invariably dull and prosaic. Thousands of women have become objects of eternal interest and admiration, because their memory is linked with the most glorious monuments of human genius. But who and what were these women? Courtesans, frail maidens, and ladies who were the wives of other men. We would not censure the weaker sex too severely. Who can blame them for wishing to wear this gift of immortality? It appealed to their most tender natures, and won the grandest emotions of their hearts. The love

of sway and the love of pleasure was forgotten, and the love of praise and the love of pleasing rose paramount. It was a blessed privilege this, of sharing the amaranthine wreath of glory, the highest and the most enviable in the world, with those who sang their charms; and, in fact, it only repaid them for the inspiration they gave from their eyes, from the ardor, the glow, their beauty lent to genius.

Surely if love and beauty are ever to be prostituted it can not be for a nobler object than to give genius its greatest incentive and at the same time twine the garland for her brow which can never die. If, in return for being made illustrious, she made her lover happy: if for glory she gave a heart, was it not a rich

equivalent? Who wonders, then, that women desire beauty when through it they achieve that which exalted rank and potency of power have never yet bequeathed? Let us believe, then, that Laura was all that Petrarch thought her; that Sappho died for love of Anacreon; that Beatrice was an angel, and Leonora d'Este the noblest of womankind. Give to Lady Geraldine her due, adorn Alessandra Strozzi with chaplets, dead, as Ariosto clothed her while living; let Sydney's Stella, and Spenser's Rosalind be worshiped still, as when their heroes bowed their knees before them. They deserve all this celebrity and perpetuity of praise, for is it not just that the beauty they dispensed should be consecrated to their adornment, and that the inspiration they bestowed should be repaid them in fame?

What we would question, the theory which we wish to illustrate, is simply this and nothing more: If love, to be poetical, must be wreathed with the willow and the cypress, as well as the laurel and the myrtle, why is it that some of our noblest poetry owes its grandeur to the pictured joys of matrimony? If men were always to have their genius chastened and made sublime by the gentle passion, why should not their wives have kindled the heavenly spirit rather than women whose reputation was not the most virtuous. But the assertion is not true that all poets were so. The history of poetry has many striking examples of those whose conjugal ties were the best testimony of their greatness. Odes, sonnets, epistles, lofty and eloquent as any ever sung by lascivious poets have been breathed forth in praise of loving wives. Who does not remember Ovid's noble lines, when banished and living an exile in a foreign land, to the wife who mourned his absence among the palaces of Rome?

"And thou, whom young I left when leaving Rome,
Thou, by my woes art haply old become;
Grant Heaven, that such I may behold thy face,
And thy changed cheek with dear loved kisses
trace;

Fold thy diminished person, and exclaim,
Regret for me has thinned this beauteous frame."

Ovid had been a most abandoned libertine in his youth, but love for the gentle Parilla had changed his sentiments, and when grief and trouble came, we see him seeking sympathy and consolation from his tender, amiable wife. Hardly any thing can be found in the whole range of poetry that surpasses this voluntary tribute of the Roman poet to conjugal bliss.

Of course, every student of history recalls the story of Seneca and Paulina. When the aged philosopher was condemned to die by order of Nero, his wife, young and beautiful, yet loving him more than life, determined to die with him. They both agreed to the mode of execution, and their veins were opened at the same time; but the strength of the noble woman was not sufficient for the trial. She fainted away in the midst of her sufferings, and when she revived her husband persuaded her to live. She survived but a few years, however, a pale, fragile woman, whose pallid hue suggested the proverb, "As pale as Seneca's Paulina."

The picturesque story of this devoted woman is surpassed by that of Polla Argentaria, the wife of Lucan, who lived in the next generation. Unlike the former, however, the latter, when her husband perished, consented through love for his fame, to survive him. Lucan was the author of "*Pharsalia*," which he left in an imperfect state. Her husband's amanuensis, counselor, and confidante, as well as *sua mulier*, she revised and copied it, and in the form in which Polla Argentaria left it, this great poem has descended to our times.

The poet Ansonius had a virtuous and beautiful wife, whose love fed his genius without corrupting it. Though living in a loose and licentious age, and courted and flattered by royal princes and high-born dames, his heart was never seduced from her. He composed many fine verses in her praise—verses that utter more in honor of the sex than a dozen volumes could have done. In the same age lived the Latin poetess Sulpicia, who celebrated

her husband Calenas in some of the most glowing lines that love ever breathed from genius.

From classic days to the age of the Troubadours we pass by a single leap. These were the palmy days of the Provençal and Spanish poets. Kings, warriors, and legislators courted the muses; and the tenderness of feeling and delicacy of expression as depicted in the ballads of the time are very touching. But, after all, most of the poetry of the Troubadours—all the serious, passionate, and imaginative adoration of women, was mere gallantry. Only one of the poets of that gay and amorous period was a true and conjugal lover. This was the young Sardello, of Mantua, whose name Dante has celebrated in one of the finest passages of his great poem. He was an Italian, but wrote in the Provençal tongue. He won the love, and afterwards married Leonora de Romano, sister of the famous Ezzolino, tyrant of Padua. He was wholly in love with his beautiful and high-born wife, and dedicated to her many of his poems, besides inditing to the praise of her virtue and beauty several exquisite roundelays. In Millot's collection there is a very elegant ballad by Sardello, inscribed to his beloved Leonora. More properly speaking, it is a kind of rondeau, the first line being repeated at the end of every stanza:

" Hélas ! à quoi me servent mes yeux ? "

" Alas ! wherefore have I eyes ? "

In it the poet sings of the pleasures of Spring, which are nothing to him in the absence of the only object on which his eyes can dwell with delight. Nothing can be more singularly eloquent and musical than the arrangement of the rhymes of this pastoral song. They are full of a cadence, a pathos, a melody, which only the most fervent feelings could dictate to an imaginative and poetic heart.

The history of modern conjugal poetry happily contains more numerous instances of true poets than either the classics or the lives of the Troubadours

present. The earliest instance where we find high poetical excellence inspired by conjugal tenderness, occurs in the fifteenth century, in the person of a noble French woman, Lady Clotilde de Surville. Born of the princely house of Vallon Chalys, she wedded, when she was but fifteen years old, Berenger de Surville, one of the bravest of the knights of France. She early gave proof of high literary and poetical talent, and when her lord was absent in the bloody wars of that period she addressed him often with some of the most beautiful effusions of conjugal tenderness to be found. And they are more than simply beautiful—they are true. Fanciful as they are, the intense feeling gushes warm and strong from the writer's heart, and fills the mind of the reader with magic sweetness. Her husband was killed at the siege of Orleans, where he fought under the banner of Jeanne d'Arc, leaving his widow only in her twenty-fourth year. Read how she expressed herself when the sad tidings were unfolded to her. She asks:

*" What is this world ? What asken men to have ?
Now with his love—now in his cold grave.
Alone, without any companie ! "*

Lady Clotilde never married again. She devoted herself to literature, and the fame of her poetical talents rendered her an object of interest and celebrity. She died in 1495, at the age of ninety, full of honors as of years; but nothing has given her more lasting fame than those touching stanzas wherein this noble wife, through her love and genius, immortalized a husband.

The sixteenth century saw three Italian poetesses, beautiful, accomplished, noble, whose names must be added to the list of those whose genius has contributed to conjugal affections the loftiest tributes. The first of these was the illustrious Vittoria Colonna. She was the wife of that brave Marquis of Pescara, the noblest of all the valiant captains of that age, and the conqueror of Pavia. Great as he was, however, the laurels he reaped in the cabinet and on the

battle-field are perishable compared to those which his admirable wife wreathed around his brow. The strains in which his gifted consort sang his exploits and praised his beauty, his valor, his devotion, and his constancy, prove him as worthy of the love he enjoyed.

Veronica Gambara, the friend and contemporary of the Colonna, is another inseparable name in Italian literature as well as in the list of conjugal poets. Like her friend, she made the personal qualities and renown of her husband the principal subjects of her verse. Her poetry sometimes lacked the polished harmony and the graceful suavity of Vittoria's, but it had more vigor of expression and greater vivacity of coloring. Both were noble women, devoted wives, gifted, the friends of the leading scholars and artists of that unrivaled century.

Camibla Valentini, the niece of the latter, wrote some very sweet poems in honor of her husband, the Count del Verne. In those beautiful and captivating terms of a language so rich in expressive and sonorous expressions, she made him the theme of her song. Her fate was singularly sad and romantic. She died of a broken heart on the dead body of her husband, lasting proof of her eternal love for the man she made immortal.

We can not leave the sweet and glowing South without mentioning two other names, landmarks of the golden age of Italy and of literature: Bernadino Rota, who died in 1575, was a poet of power and pathos. His best known work is a volume of poems in which he celebrates the beauty and devotion of Portia, his wife, whom death snatched from his arms while she was yet in the pride and flush of youth. Castiglione must also have a place among our conjugal poets. Knight, poet, courtier, he also was a virtuous and loving husband. He married Hypolita di Tornello, who, young, beautiful, and accomplished, was worthy of him. While ambassador at Rome, his wife was separated from him, during which time a very impassioned corre-

spondence was carried on between them. After her death he transposed the most touching passages of her epistles into a very beautiful poem.

After Italy, England, who has ever trod in her footsteps, and at length outstripped her in the intellectual race, is the next country which presents honorable names in the list of poets who have sung the charms of conjugal love. Lord Lyttleton tells us in a very charming line:

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride,"

and to his beautiful Lucy Fortescue he is indebted for more of his fame than to his genius. It is the remembrance of this fair and gentle being more than any thing else that has hallowed the precincts of Hagley and made it classic ground. Lord Lyttleton was not a great poet, but the power of truth has given to most of his rhymes an interest to what were otherwise mediocre. His love and devotion was real. Its object was noble, beautiful, and virtuous, and in spite of all his literary faults, and the change of taste, the conjugal poet has survived the others of the rhyming gentry of his times who indited epigrams on shoe-buckles and fans,—songs to duchess this or duchess that,—and elegies to Chloes, Miras and Delias.

Perhaps the most elegant monument ever erected by genius to conjugal affection is Habington's Castara. William Habington was a far greater poet than Lord Lyttleton, but he was a gentleman and a faithful husband as well. His wife was Lady Lucy Herbert, daughter of Lord Powis, and a common descendant of the Herberts and Percys. Love sanctified their marriage, constant devotion and mutual tenderness were its accompaniment through all the years of pure and peaceful happiness that were theirs. It was this love for a beautiful and worthy object which animated his imagination with elegant thoughts, and filled his mind with images whose soft beauty her feminine delicacy purified of all gross alloy. It is therefore justifiable that he be al-

lowed to exult in the immortality he has given her.

"Thy vows are heard; and thy Castara's name
Is writ as fair as is the register of fame.
As the ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to heaven, each there a star,
Fixed in love's firmament, no star shall shine
So nobly fair, so purely chaste as thine."

To Dr. Parnell's love for his wife we are indebted for two of the most charming songs in the English language: "My Life Hath Been So Wondrous Free," and the beautiful lyric, "When Yon Beauty Appears." Neither is so well known as it should be. Parnell was a writer of Queen Anne's time, and moved in the same literary circle as Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, and De Foe. He married in middle life Anne Minchin, a young and rosy maiden, who loved him none the less for being twice her age in years. She died after a short, but delightful union of six years, and left the poet husband broken-hearted. He did not long survive her, dying in the prime of life, spotless in his conjugal fidelity.

The influence of woman on a poetic temperament was never more beautifully illustrated than in the story of the gallant James, the first of the Stuart Kings of Scotland, and Lady Jane Beaufort. He was a prisoner in the English land, a man of noble and kingly presence, accomplished, handsome, knightly; a poet as well as a sovereign, one to be loved by a fair, virtuous, noble-hearted lady as was the granddaughter of John of Gaunt. They met many times in the castle at Windsor,—met and loved each other. The amorous captive composed songs for his love, and sang them to his lute. His prison was no longer a dungeon, but a palace of light and bliss. He also wrote a history of his love in rhyme, a long poem, still extant, but which he did not finish until after his marriage with the maiden who had won his princely love. Lady Jane Beaufort became a queen, and well she merited and repaid the love of her devoted and accomplished husband. History records her noble heroism, her self-sacrificing acts. She was a true queen of a noble monarch and a great poet.

The name of the German Klopstock forms an epoch in the history of poetry. Before Goethe, or Schiller, or Wieland, this man impressed on the poetry of his country the stamp of nationality. Gifted with imagination and genius, he also was born to love, and this sentiment was nourished and fed by a woman who knew how to love in return,—the lovely, devoted, angelic Meta. She was the subject of some of her husband's most delightful and popular poems. Few ever loved so deliciously as the German Milton and his wife. Other loves might be poetical, but the love of Klopstock and his Meta was in itself poetry. There is nothing so tender in the whole history of poets as the record of the blissful wedded life of those two romantic, loving beings.

Then there is Bonnie Jean, who as Burns's *wife* as well as his early love, lives immortalized in her husband's songs. We must also class Milton among our list of conjugal poets. He was three times married; but his most beloved wife was Catherine Woodcock, the second who bore his name. She died within a year after their marriage. He always cherished her memory with a fond regret, and honored it with a sonnet, beginning with the lines,

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,"

No doubt she was full in his heart when in his noble poem he writes thus:

"How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?"

The poets have a bad reputation. From the days of Anacreon and Juvenal to the time of Byron and Poe the class genus of rhymesters have been noted for their profligacy and immorality equally with their genius. How much then we should honor the poets who have proved exception to the rule and redeemed their kind by their heroic virtue and ennobling lays! Surely virtue is not to be scoffed at. Is not Milton, the domestic poet, better than Dante showering chaplets on his frail innamorata? Who would not be Vittoria Colonna rather than a Laura?

Shall it be Klopstock or Goethe to give inspiration to our national muse? Ah, Petrarch, Tasso, Sydney! yours the sorrow, yours the sin. In your crowns of roses are many thorns. Happy are

those who, if less kingly in that royal intellect and sublime genius which prompts to song, yet wear the crown without the thorns.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

AMONG the beautiful valleys which open out from the Susquehanna river none are more lovely than that drained by Krewz Creek. Long mountain ranges, with alternate elevations and depressions, fence it in on either side. In its ragged, southern rim opens a transverse valley, with its diminutive water-course winding its devious way to the main current. Far up this gorge it widens into green fields and meadows. In this sequestered nook stood, half a century ago, a pine log cabin, with its single room, similar in all its arrangements to many scattered over the country. Yet that scene, with its clump of maples by the spring, and the yellow willows along the stream, the flowers that bloomed on the hill-sides, and the singing-birds that cheered the dawn, are all still fresh in the remembered picture. A wandering life of half a century, and a thousand scenes both beautiful and grand that have been witnessed, have presented no other so lovely a spot as this one among the green hills of Pennsylvania. It was the home of my childhood. The old log cabin has long since fallen, and the surrounding scenery has changed; but the picture in my memory is still fadeless.

That humble cabin was the home of my *mother*! Her name and character and influence are associated with all that is endearing in that picture of memory. Of her I would now speak in grateful terms of sober praise.

Born of English parentage, reared among the Quakers of Chester County,

wedded to a Scotch sailor, and the mother of eleven children, she accomplished her providential mission with fidelity and success. In humble circumstances all her days, she accepted her lot, and was content with her surroundings. A learned writer has said, that people make themselves miserable by fancying themselves entitled to a better lot in life than they have; and he proposes that these malcontents should fancy that they deserve much less, and then they would be content with what they have. But no one ever heard my mother complain because she was poor. She was always contented, cheerful and full of hope, in her log-cabin home and her life of ceaseless toil.

She belonged to the virtuous, deserving names unknown to fame. The few Christian women of education, wealth and prominence of position, or who are gifted with talent and genius, receive the notice and praise of the world; but by far the larger portion of intelligent and pious mothers are without fame. Yet these are the women who mold character, and from whose quiet, Christian homes go out the men and women who shape the affairs of Church and State in every generation. Toiling in their humble households, with fidelity and patience, appreciated only in their own little circles, they nevertheless deserve well alike of their own families and of the world. Not infrequently, along the line of the ages, some one rises into sudden prominence, and every body asks, "Who is he?" and in not a few instances it will be found that the man owes his success

to the influence and the character of his mother. The commendable traits which Paul noted in Timothy dwelt first in his grandmother and his mother. Through him they ministered to the Church, and by reason of his prominence these worthy but obscure women will be known to all time. So many a faithful mother in the obscurity of their humble homes, whose children act a noble part in life, are known only to their families and their God. But, like the mother of Moses, they instill the principles of true religion into the hearts of their children, that all the after evil influences of the great world fail to turn them aside.

The influence of the mother in shaping the future destiny of the child is almost unlimited, and especially when exercised in early life. The work of moral and religious training must begin in earliest childhood; Papists comprehend this truth, which Protestants seem slow to learn. Their scanty worldly means, numerous children, and incessant domestic toil, often allow our worthy mothers but little opportunity to be known beyond their own households, and a small circle of immediate neighbors; and yet in solid intelligence, pure taste and refinement of feeling, and genial piety, they are worthy of all praise. Industry, taste, intelligence and religion are the essential qualifications of a good mother.

The subject of this sketch had but few of the advantages of the schools; her library was scanty, made up chiefly of the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Saint's Rest. But these she had mastered. Her comments on Scripture though never written, became imprinted upon the minds of her children. So wise were her counsels, so pious her life, so consistent her example, and so great her influence, and so greatly were all these owned and blessed of God, that at the time of her death, her ten living children were all Church members, and four of them ministers of the Gospel. Who will say that she lived and toiled in vain? She never moved in fashionable circles, never visited a watering-place, and never traveled

beyond her own native State; yet in fruitful labors she surpassed many who in worldly advantages were more highly favored. Her children, as they look back over the years are made to wonder at the magic influence she exerted over them. Never imperious, never exacting; always kind and ever indulgent, yet her children respected her,—dreaded to displease her, and uniformly loved her, and vied with each other in doing her honors. Her influence for good over her children was, indeed, not owing to any one single trait of character, but to the happy combination of many excellencies, blending harmoniously into a symmetrical but indefinable whole. As all the primary colors are conjoined in the rainbow, and thus form the arch of beauty that spans the heavens, upon which the generations have gazed with rapt wonder and delight, so, in this mother's character was the union and blending of many virtues tinged with beauty and invested with irresistible influence.

That mother was once walking with a son in a chestnut grove, in sight of the lonely cabin. She was then a widow, and largely dependent on his help for her support. His contemplated field of labor was far in the south-west territory; she had interposed no objection, and the time of final separation had come. Words had ceased. One glance at the old home, one embrace and parting kiss, and the paths diverged; one to the cabin, the other away into the great world. The love of Christ sustained her spirit in the painful ordeal, and supported the soul under its crushing weight.

After the lapse of years there was another and a final separation of mother and son; a last farewell on earth. It was at the grave of husband and father. The mother was bowed and faint, and near her journey's end; and there, in sight of the spot where her sleeping dust was to rest, with trembling frame and throbbing heart, she gave her son the mother's last kiss!

On an eminence, overlooking green

fields and ancient farm-houses, surrounded by humble graves of former neighbors, have been erected two headstones, side by side; tokens of affection from grateful children. There the Summer birds sing their sweet carols all unheard, and the winds of Autumn chant

requiems as the years roll by; and when the trump of God shall wake the sleeping dead, then "death shall be swallowed up in victory,"—and they that have done good shall shine as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

WHETHER IS BETTER, THE OLD OR THE NEW?

SECOND PAPER.

WORN out, mayhap, yet always true, is the assertion, that every outgoing of human genius has been strangely unnoticeable in its beginning. Equally mysterious as to result, are the divine ways, to our preconceived ideas, which bring out from obscure corners, and isolated districts, and unknown spheres, the most glorious emanations of spiritual light, destined at last to flood the world in their celestial rays.

From Jesus of Nazareth—from the fishermen of Galilee, and Saul of Tarsus—from the monk at Erfurt, and from the Mayflower pilgrims—from the brothers Wesley, and their compeer, George Whitefield, may be traced some of the religious earthquakes that have shaken this world of ours to its very heart's core for the space of eighteen centuries. It is with the offshoots of Wesleyanism that we are now interested, and making an endeavor to search within its treasury, not for grand details of triumph and success, but simple memories,—things both new and old, which, perchance, the lowly may glance over in sympathetic vein with the writer, and the more fastidious "lofty" pass by as a dietary system too coarse-grained for modern taste. There may, perhaps, be a minority, at least, of readers that scan the pages of this magazine, who can travel backward with the writer to numerous small villages, radiant in their picturesque beauty, and his-

torical interest, which lie nestled among the high mountains and gentle hills environing Lake Champlain. From out these, therefore, we must be permitted to cull our first and only chaplet of early Methodism.

The *inner witness* as preached by the early itinerants, gave an elasticity and buoyant joy to the religious element of forty years or more ago, which has always appeared to my own mind peculiarly in unison with the Pentecostal fervor of the primitive apostolic faith. Its adaptation to the spiritual need of that period was far greater than the abstract dogmas of the well-conditioned Luther, or the ascetic practice, however orthodox, of Wyclif and Calvin. We pause in actual bewilderment at the almost supernal labors, the wondrous deliverances, the patience, the poverty, the forbearance of these straight-coated disciples, that bore all suffering from fire, stones, water, even unto persecution and death, meeting every adverse storm with a placid smile of content that they were accounted worthy to endure torture for the Master's sake.

The days of such Herculean labors do seem, in reality, a "Golden Age" of vigor, untiring effort, and never-failing success, which gives to our more refined, and transcendental piety, a species of dull, chill, faded coloring in the present.

There prevailed, almost universally, at

the period to which we are making especial reference, among the senior class of Wesleyans, and which had permeated the body almost from the first inception—a dogma that has not been quite obliterated from its history, even to the present, creating a kind of a bar-sinister on its fair, and otherwise untarnished, denominational escutcheon in the minds of many who are noble, wise, and of excellent worth; namely, the conception and belief that human learning is always a hinderance and snare to the preacher.

Perhaps the first great characteristic of Methodism at the outset, and apart from its vital life, feeling, and fervor, was, that it addressed itself specially to the lower classes, being often propagated by illiterate preachers. Thus, Southey in his one-sided "Life of Wesley," tells us in a sprightly way, describing the style of a noted "itinerant declaimer," who unable to read himself, employed his mother for that purpose:

"She reads the text, and I 'splains and 'spounds," said the orator.

Goodrich also selects the following as a fair specimen of exhortation from a gifted "'spound text" to his audience in Connecticut, when the historian was a young farmer there.

"What I insist upon, my brethren and sisters, is this: Larnin' is n't religion, and eddication do n't give a man the power of the Spirit. It is grace gifts that furnish the ra'al live coals from off the altar. St. Peter was a fisherman. Do you think he ever went to Yale College? Yet he was the Rock on which Christ built his Church. No! no! beloved brothers and sisters, when the Lord wanted to blow down the walls of Jericho, he did n't take a brass trumpet, or a polished French horn; no such thing! He took a ram's horn—just as it grew. And so when he wants to blow down the walls of spiritual Jericho, my word for it, he do n't take one of your smooth, polite, college larnt gentlemen, but a plain, nateral ram's horn sort of man just like me!"

Yet, in spite of every adverse stum-

bling-block, how has the true light of its wonderful reformation flashed through every dark, portentous cloud of human depravity, and lighted up the background with its heavenly glow of devotion!

As I sit in my western home on this blustering May-day, in the year of grace, 1876, there comes before my mind the clear, unclouded tableau of a lovely Summer morning—a Sunday morning of the year 1835, when half-child, half-woman, I found myself *en route* for my first camp-meeting.

The whole scene is as vividly present now as in the far-off past when it occurred. The pleasant steaming over beautiful Lake Champlain, the crowded boat, the entering within the pretty bay, harboring on its gravelly beach—the picturesque "Walnut Grove" on the plateau above—the lively scene on the water, where skimming, or anchored, were craft of every description, small, great, tiny skiffs fastened to the point of rocks, sloops, canal boats, and our own little steamer, all bringing their full delegations to the camp-ground.

As the retrospect thrusts itself forward, its aspect seems not more dream-like than did the reality on that halcyon morning of early youth, as the first gleam of the small white tents, scattered throughout the deep, green foliage, and the low murmur of distant voices—the commingling of song, of prayer, of social speech—struck earnest eye and expectant ear at the landing.

Indescribably weird and mystical did the very flickering of the sunshine appear, as it fell on the bright, emerald leaves, stretching backward from the lake.

In those old-time meetings, only four days were allotted to the worship—extending from Friday morning until Monday night. There were no board tents, no classic villas, no pretty rural cottages, as now, found in the vast camping-grounds of Old Orchard, Martha's Vineyard, and the like; but the tents were universally of white cloth, and so small as to be simply places for rest and lodg-

ing, while the very frugal meals were prepared outside. During the eldership of Rev. John Clark, in 1831 and 1832, it is said, that the daily average attendance in this grove was estimated at ten thousand, and the number of tents very imposing, some old settlers declaring them to have been as high as four hundred, which for such an era and district was simply enormous.

It was in a small hamlet close adjoining the ancient "*prayer-ring*," on the grounds, that the first stove in that section of the country was improvised, in a log meeting-house, in 1809, by turning a black potash kettle, the under and rounded side uppermost, with a few inches of masonry under it as a support, and in which an aperture was left for a stove door. On the opposite side, an opening was made in the edge of the kettle, through which the smoke escaped to the rude chimney, in the center of the room.

And here also it happened that the phrase, "period or no period," had its origin among the Methodists of that region, and which appears to have extended far and wide beyond its true locality.

John Howard looms up in Lake Shore history as a hearty Christian worker, and vigorous in shouting his devotional amens! It is hinted that he did not always exercise the best discretion possible in such matters, which proved a rock of offense to certain of the more fastidious brethren. The pastor in charge finally expostulated with the good man about this defect in his worship, saying among other gentle suggestions, that he should at least wait until the one who was praying came to a "period." The old gentleman, in deepest chagrin at his impromptu error, promised amendment, and for some time really ceased to shout his amen! altogether.

There came about a certain night, however, when the man's heart glowed with inspired happiness, and in its paroxysm he exclaimed to the brethren kneeling around him: "I tell you brethren

it's getting pretty warm in this corner," while at the same moment there burst from his devout lips a rousing shout of "Amen! amen!—hit or miss! *Period or no period!*"

Of the times past, these souvenirs must suffice, for we can not tarry longer in this land of our youth. Beautiful is it still for situation, as in the years gone by; and still is it familiarly named as of old: "The Walnut Grove Camp-ground;" but the glorious Shekinah no longer, as of old, abides under the shadow of its grandly spreading forest; nor do the white tents, in their picturesque beauty, dot the pleasant greenward. No preacher's stand, once embowered in the most dense of avenues, is ever erected there; while the surging crowd of another generation gather on some far away beach, "'mid sea-bird's cry and ocean's roar," leaving the pretty little lake shore quite deserted. Not only by the splendid steamers, draped with their hangings of white and green and gold, fastened by cords of purple and fine linen to silver rings, and pillars of marble," like unto the kingly palace of Sushan, the magnificent, which speed past the almost sacred spot, with never a sigh for the days that are gone; but the little cove is forgotten, even by the fleets of small fishing craft, that now find anchorage elsewhere. Yet although the voices of the venerable Hedding and Clark and Ferguson, and a grand army of other veterans, who were then chief armor-bearers in the spiritual contest, are silent, there will ever come forth a mournful cry from this little wilderness, dwelling in its solitude, which can not fail to echo through the princely grounds where now worship a new generation. It will float on amid the devotees who sit in the costly churches, and more opulent congregations of modern life, and such, mayhap, will be the burden of its strain: "In this hallowed spot were once gathered, year by year, a multitude of self-denying, faithful souls, who were prompted only by the love that had learned the lesson of the Cross, and

maintained the religion of the Crucified, as the single strength through life—the only stay in death for men's immortal souls!"

In thus judging by contrast these diverse kingdoms of piety, we must question whether it be healthful for any disciple to pine for the "good *old times*," and keep up within his soul a chant like the "Peasant's Evening Prayer:"

"Compared with *that*, how poor religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace—except the heart!
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some *cottage* far apart
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his Book of Life, the inmates poor, enroll!"

If one is disposed to query why the former experiences of Methodism are changed as to outward manifests, may we not reply that every revolution of this earthly sphere brings with it its own peculiar phase in action and effect?

Men no longer see visions, nor dream dreams of prophecy, nor work miracles, nor cast out devils. But Christians are executing many wonderful projects in the present, even better than these, and of which our forefathers were quite ignorant. A thousand avenues are being opened—a thousand outlets toward God's suffering children and the poor, in which are laboring in a quiet, modest, unobtrusive way, the tenderly reared sons and daughters of patrician wealth—yea, even the children whose natural home is in the gorgeous palaces of emperors and queens. Who can number the ragged schools, provident schools, asylums for the idiot, asylums for the aged, homes in which the consumptive and others, hopelessly diseased, may lay their heads in peace and die, asylums for the penitent, homes where the homeless may repose? These stand as glorious monuments of what Christianity means, at the close of this nineteenth century! Vast increase has been made in every modern, and household convenience. Why, then, should not our consecrated temples be both cheerful and ornate as

well? When the writer calls out from its dusty corner, tableau of the dull, tame Sunday-school appointments, under which her first religious training was received; when she remembers the volumes that filled up the scant library, solemn in their never-ceasing details of good, angelic children that *always died*, and compare it all with the brightly illustrated literature, the gilded vases, the blooming flowers, the sweet, inspiring sacred songs of to-day, she exclaimeth, Verily, the latter days are better than those gone before. It is asserted, and mayhap with some degree of truth, that the tendencies of this age are toward the sensuous, rather than the spiritual. "A visible shrine, not a sublimated idea, is the adaptation to the present manifestation of religious life." And yet we know, that no years of the world's history have been so rife with magnificent benefits as the passing decades of our present life—charities and holy efforts, that more than counterpoise its gigantic crimes.

The various revival movements now occurring, while they may be less spasmodic, and accompanied by smaller nervous excitation than formerly, are in perfect unison, and influenced by the same earnestly divine Spirit, that burned in the heart of Whitefield and Wesley, of Cartwright and a Lyman Beecher.

Every development in the work of Bliss and Whittle, Moody and Sankey, Needham and Hammond, tells us in language none can gainsay, that the mantle of Christ and his apostolic brethren has fallen upon these latter-day saints in its fullest benediction.

The sect termed "Methodist" may have departed somewhat from its primitive simplicity of dress and manner, but it has lost none of its actively demonstrative nature, which ever takes the enemy by fearless assault, even when the heart is filled with every kind and gentle sentiment toward the opponent, and a Christian's good will beaming out over all men. The religion of this denomination is of one fiber with the warmest

affections, and not one of set forms and cold propositions.

The whole man is so continually quickened by vivid memories permeating present sentiment, that it can never be a dead body. The past phases are always so ready to stir the pulse of historic sympathy, that whatever may occur in its outward manifest, its temper will ever infold an inspiration strong, forceful and earnest.

As to its past, it has been veritably written, "That a glamour of wild adventure, like an enchantment, hovers around

these pious cavaliers, who came through the wilderness proclaiming a free and full salvation, to sinful and repentant men."

To-day its noble army is quite as ready for battle, in cabin or camp, brooking no delay, nor quailing at obstacles, but with tireless zeal, and equal step they still move on, singing, as occasion requires, the martial strain,

"The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

E. S. MARTIN.

MESMERIC TELEGRAPHY.

MY cousin Moses has made the discovery that he is a powerful magnetizer. Like many others who have newly come into possession of a small tract in those mysterious, outlying, unexplored wildernesses of nature, which we call by so many names, but which, as yet, refuse to be defined or classed, he has been naturally eager to commence operations, and explore and farm it a little. He is making experiments on a narrow border of his wild lands. He is a man of will and of strong *physique*, with an inquiring and scientific turn of mind, which inclines him chiefly to metaphysical studies. It is not to be wondered at, that, having lately discovered that he possesses the mesmeric gift, he should not discriminate as to its application. Later he will see that it is an agent not to be tampered with, and never to be used on healthy subjects, but applied only to invalids. To-day he is like a newly armed knight-errant, bounding off on his steed at sunrise in search of adventures.

One afternoon, not long since, he was telling me of his extraordinary successes with somnambulists and simniloquists, of old ladies cured of nervous headaches and face-twitches, and of young ones put to sleep at a distance from the magnetizer,

dropping into a trance suddenly as a bird struck by a gun-shot, simply by an act of his volition; of water turned into wine, and wine into brandy to the somnambulist taste; and so on till we got wandering into crooked by-paths of physics and metaphysics, that seemed to lead us nowhere in particular, when I said, "Come, Cousin Moses, suppose you try it on me, by way of experiment. But I have my doubts if you'll ever put me to sleep."

My cousin yielded to my request with alacrity—every subject for mesmerism was for him legitimate—and I relinquished myself to his passes with the docility of a man about to be shaved. The passes from the head downward were kept up perseveringly for half an hour, without my experiencing any change, or manifesting the least symptom of drowsiness. At last the charm began to work. I began to be conscious of a singular trickling or creeping sensation following the motion of his passes down my arms. My respiration grew short. I experienced, however, no tendency to sleep, and my mind was perfectly calm and unexcited. My cousin was satisfied with his experiment so far, but we both concluded it had better end here. So he made the reverse passes, in order to undo the knot

he was beginning to tie in my nerves. He did not, however, entirely succeed in untying it. I was a healthy subject, and the magnetism continued to affect my nerves in spite of the untangling passes.

Soon after I arose and took my leave. I was strangely excited, but it was a purely physical, and not a mental excitement. Thinking that a walk would quiet me, I went through street after street, until I reached the outskirts of the city. It was a mild September evening. The fine weather and the sight of the trees tempted me to continue my walk. It was near sunset, and I strolled on and on, watching the purple gray and ruddy gold of the clouds, until I had got fairly into the country. As I rambled on I was suddenly seized with a fancy to climb a tree which stood by the roadside, and rest myself in a convenient notch which I observed between two of the limbs. I was soon seated in among the branches, with a canopy of leaves around and over me, feeling, in my nervous condition, as I leaned my back against the mossy bark, like a magnified tree-toad in clothes. The air was balmy and fragrant, and against the amber of the western sky rose and fell numberless little clouds of insects. The birds were chirping and fluttering about me, and made their arrangements for their night's lodging, in manifest dread of the clothed tree-toad who had invaded their leafy premises.

The peculiar nervousness which had taken possession of me was now passing off, to be replaced by a species of mental exaltation. I was becoming conscious of something approaching semi-clairvoyance, and yet not in the ordinary form. Sensation, emotion, thought, were intensified. The landscape around me was dotted with farm-houses, pillowed in soft, dark clumps of trees. One by one the lights began to appear at the windows—soft rising stars of home-joys. The glorious September sunset was fading, but still resplendent in the west. The landscape was pervaded with a deeper repose, the glowing clouds with a diviner splendor

than that which filled the eye. Then thronging memories awoke. My remembrances of all my past life rose vividly before me. In the long strata of solid gray clouds, where the sun had gone down, leaving only a few vapory gold-fishes swimming in the clear spaces above, I could fancy I saw the lonely Roman Campagna and the wondrous dome of St. Peter's, as when first beheld on the horizon ten years ago. Then, as from the slopes of San Miniato at sunset, gray, red-tiled Florence, with its Boboli gardens, full of nightingales, its old towers and cathedrals, and its soaring Giotto Campanile. Then Genoa, with its terraces and marble palaces, and that huge statue of Andrea Doria. Then Naples, gleaming white in the eye of day over her pellucid depths of sea. The golden days of Italy floated by me. Then came the memories—glad or sad—of days that had passed in my own native land—in the very city that lay behind me, the intimate communings with dear friends, the musical and the merry nights, the trials, anxieties, sorrows—

But all this is very egotistical and unnecessary. I merely meant to say that I was in a peculiar, almost abnormal state of mind, that evening. The spirit had, as it were, been drawn outward, and perhaps slightly dislocated, by those mesmeric passes of my cousin, and I had not succeeded as yet in adjusting it quite satisfactorily in its old bodily grooves and sockets. The condition I was in was not as pleasant as I could have wished; for I was as alive to painful remembrances and imaginations as to pleasant ones. I seemed to myself like a revolving lantern of a light-house—now dark, now glowing with a fiery radiance.

I asked myself—Is it that I have been blind and deaf and dull all my life, and am just waking into real existence? or am I developing into a *medium*?—Heaven forbid!—and the spirits pushing at some unguarded portal of the nervous system, and striving to take possession? Shall I hear raps and knockings when I return to my solitary chamber, and sit a powerless

beholder of damaged furniture, which the spirits will never have the conscience to promise payment for, when my landlady's bill comes in? (By the way, have the spirits ever behaved like gentlemen in this respect, and settled up fair and square for the breakages they have indulged in by way of exemplifying the doctrine of a future state?)

As I was thus soliloquizing, I was attracted by a low vibrating note among the leaves. Looking through them, I saw for the first time that two or three telegraph wires, which I had observed skirting the road, ran directly through the tree in which I was seated. It was a strange sort of sound, that came in hurried jerks, accompanied with a corresponding jerk of the wire.

A gigantic fancy flashed across me! The spirits are singing, perhaps, with their heads up there in the sweet heavens and the rosy clouds, and this vibration of the wire is a sort of loose jangling accompaniment of their unpracticed hands on earth. The voice is always above the strings. This I thought in my semi-mesmeric condition, perhaps. I soon laughed at my Broddingnagian nonsense, and said, "There is a telegraphic dispatch passing. Now if I could only find out what it is, that would be something new in science—a discovery worth knowing, to be able to hear or feel the purport of a telegraphic message simply by touching the wire along which it runs."

So, regardless of any electric shock I might receive, I thrust out my hand through the leaves of the tree and boldly grasped the wire. The jerks instantly were experienced in my elbow, and it was not long before certain short sentences were conveyed, magnetically, to my brain. In my amazement at the discovery, I almost dropped out of the tree. However, I kept firm hold of the wire, and my sensorium made me aware of something passing like this: "Market active. Fair demand for exchange. Transactions from five to ten thousand shares. Aristides railroad stock scarce.

Rates of freight firm. Yours Respectfully, GRABBER & HOLDHAM."

"Upon my word," said I, "this is rather dry. Only a merchant! I expected something better than this to commence with."

The wire being now quiet I fell into a musing upon the singular discovery I had made, and whether I should get any thing from the public or the Government for revealing it. And then my thoughts wandered, and I remembered those long rows of telegraph wires in France, ruled along the tops of high barrier walls, and looking against the sky like immense music-lines, and those queer inverted coffee-cup-like supports for the wires on the tall posts. Then I thought of music and coffee at the Jardin Mabille. Then my fancy wandered down the Champs Elysées to those multitudinous spider-web wires that radiate from the Palace of the Tuileries. Then I thought, "What a thing this discovery of mine would be for political conspirators—to reverse the whispering-gallery of Dionysius, and, instead of the tyrant hearing the secrets of the people, the people hearing the secrets of the tyrant!" Then I thought of Robespierre, and Marat, and Charlotte Corday, and Marie Antoinette; then of Delaroche's and Muller's pictures of the unfortunate queen; then of pictures in general, then of landscape scenery, till I almost fell into a doze, when I was startled by a faint sound along the wire as of a sigh, like the first thrill of the *Æolian* harp in the evening wind. Another message was passing. I reached my hand out to the iron thread. A confused sadness began to oppress me. A mother's voice weeping over her sick child pulsed along the wire. Her husband was far away. Her little daughter lay very ill. "Come quick," said the voice. "I have little hope; but if you were only here I should be calmer. If she must die, it would be such a comfort to have you here."

I drew my hand away. I saw the whole scene too vividly. Who this mother was I knew not; but the news of

the death of a child whom I knew and loved could not have affected me more strangely and keenly than this semi-articulate sob which quivered along the iron air-track, in the silence of the evening, from one unknown to another unknown.

I roused myself from my sadness, and thought I would descend the tree and stroll home. The moon was up, and a pleasant walk before me, with enough to meditate upon in the singular discovery I had made. I was about to get down from my crotch in the tree, and was just reaching out my dexter leg to feel if I could touch a bough below me, when a low, wild shriek ran along the wire, as when the wind-harp, above referred to for illustration, is blown upon by some rude, sharp north-wester. In spite of myself I touched the vibrating cord. The message was brief and abrupt like a sea-captain's command—"Ship *Trinidad* wrecked off Wildcat's Beach. All hands lost—no insurance."

Do you recollect when sitting alone sometimes in your room, at midnight, in the month of November, how, after a lull in the blast, the bleak wind will all at once seem to clutch at the windows with a demoniac howl that makes the house rock? Do you remember the half whistles and half groans through the key-holes and crevices, the cries and shrieks that rise and fall, the roaring in the chimney, the slamming of distant doors and shutters? Well, all this seemed to be suggested in the ringing of the iron cord. The very leaves, green and dewy, and the delicate branches seemed to quiver as the dreary message passed.

I thought, "This is a little too much! This old tree is getting a very lugubrious spot. I do n't want to hear any more such messages. I almost wish I had never touched the wire. Strange! One reads such an announcement in a newspaper very coolly; why is it that I can't take it coolly in a telegraphic dispatch? We can read a thing with indifference which we hear spoken with a shudder, such prisoners are we to our

senses. I have had enough of this telegraphing. I sha' n't close my eyes to-night if I have any more of it."

I had now got fairly my foot on the branch below, and was slipping myself gradually down, when the wire began to ring like a horn, and in the merriest of strains. I paused and listened. I could fancy the joyful barking of dogs in accompaniment. Ah, surely, this is some sportsman, "the hunter's call, to faun and dryad known." This smacks of the bright sunshine and the green woods and the yellow fields. I will stop and hear it. It was just what I expected—a jolly citizen telegraphing his country friend to meet him with his guns and dogs at such a place.

And immediately afterward, in much the same key, came a musical note and a message babbling of green fields, from a painter: "I shall leave town to-morrow. Meet me at Brighton at ten A. M. Do n't forget to bring my field-easel, canvases and the other traps."

"If there is more of this music," I said, "I think I shall stay. I love the sportsmen and the artists. The weather promises well for them."

There was a little pause, and then a strain of perfect jubilation came leaping along the wire. I expected something very rare—a strain of poetry at least. It was only this:

"*Mr. Grimkins*,—Sir,—We shall expect rooms for the bridal party at your hotel, on the side overlooking the lake, if possible. Yours, P. SIMPKINS."

"Ah," I said, "that 's all Greek to me—poor, lonely bachelor that I am! I wonder, by the way, if they ever wrote their love-letters by telegraph? But what is this coming? I am clearly getting back to my normal condition: 'Miss Polly Wogg wishes to say that she has been unable to procure the silk for Mrs. Papillon for less than ten shillings a yard.' Nonsense! I'm not in the millinery nor young lady department."

And here was another: "I have found an excellent school for Adolphus in Birchville, near Masterville Corners.

Send him up without delay, with all the school-books you can find."

And another—important—very: "I find that 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin' is in 'Troilus and Cressida.' Do n't send the MS. without this correction."

We are getting into the minor key again. Listen! "Mr. S. died last night. You must be here to-morrow, if possible, at the opening of the will."

"Well," said I, "I have had plenty of dispatches, and have expended enough sympathy for one night. I have been very mysteriously affected, how, I can't exactly tell. But who will ever believe my evening's adventure? Who will not laugh at my pretended discovery? Even my cousin Moses will be incredulous. I shall be at least looked upon as a *medium*, and so settled."

And here allow me to remark: Have you not observed how easily things apparently difficult and mysterious are arranged in the popular understanding by the use of certain stereotyped names applied to them? Only give a name to a wonder, or an unclassified phenomenon, or even an unsound notion, and you instantly clear away all the fog of mystery. Let an unprincipled fellow call his views Latitudinarianism or Longitudinarianism, he may, with a little adroitness, go for a respectable and consistent member of some sect. The name is a long, decent overcoat for his shabby ideas. So when wonderful phenomena in the nervous system are observed, when tables are smashed by invisible hands, when people see ghosts through stone walls, and know what is passing in the heart of Africa, how easily you unlock your wardrobe of terms and clap on the back of every eccentric fact your ready-made phrase-coat—Animal Magnetism, Biology, Odic Force, Optical Illusion, Second Sight, Spirits, and what not! It is a wonderful labor-saving and faith-saving process. People say, "Oh, is that all?" and pass on complacently. There are such explanatory labels to be met with every-where. They save a great deal of

trouble. All the shops keep these overcoats—shops ecclesiastical, medical, juridical, professional, political, social.

Now, all I have to do is, not to go to the second-hand slop-shops for the phrase-coat I need for my naked discovery, but look for some unfamiliar robe, some name more *recherché*, learned, and transcendental than my neighbors sport, and then I shall pass muster. The classic togas seem to be the most imposing. The Germans, who weave their names out of their indigenous Saxon roots are much too *naïve*. I will get a Greek Lexicon and set about it this very night.

After all, why should it be thought so improbable, in this age of strange phenomena, that the ideas transmitted through the electro-magnetic wire may be communicated to the brain, especially when there exist certain abnormal or semi-abnormal conditions of that brain and its nerves? Is it not reasonable to suppose that all magnetisms are one in essence? The singular experiences above related seem to hint at the truth of such a view. If it be true that certain delicately organized persons have the power of telling the character of others, who are entire strangers to them, simply by holding in their hands letters written by those strangers, is it not full as much within the scope of belief that there are those who, under certain physical conditions, may detect the purport of an electro-magnetic message, that message being sent by vibrations of the wire through the nerves to the brain? If all magnetisms are one in essence, as I am inclined to believe, and if the nerves, the brain, and the mind are so swayed by what we term animal magnetism, why not allow for the strong probability of their being also under certain conditions, equally impressible by electro-magnetism? I put these questions to scientific men; and I do not see why they should be answered by silence or ridicule, merely because the whole subject is veiled in mystery.

It may be asked, "How can an electro-magnetic message be communicated to the mind without a knowledge of the

alphabet used by the telegraphers?" This question may seem a poser to some minds; but I don't see that it raises any grave difficulty. I answer the question by asking another: "How can persons in the somnambulist state read with the tops of their heads?"

Besides, I once had the telegraph alphabet explained to me, though I have forgotten it, and it is possible that, in my semi-mesmeric condition, the recollection revived, so that I knew that such and such pulsations of the wire stood for such and such letters.

But is there not a certain spiritual significance, also, in these singular experiences here related?

We may safely lay down this doctrine—a very old and much-thumbed doctrine, but none the less true, for all its dog-ears: "No man lives for himself alone. He is related not only to the silent stars, and the singing birds, and the sunny landscape, but to every other human soul." You say, "This should not be stated so sermonically, but symbolically." That is just what I have been doing in my narrative of the wires.

It gives one a great idea of human communion, this power of sending spark messages thousands of miles in a second. Far more poetical, too, is it not? as well as more practical, than tying billets under the wings of carrier-pigeons. It is removing so much time and space out of the way—those absorbents of spirits—and bringing mind into close contact with mind. But when one can read these messages without the aid of machinery, by merely touching the wires, how much greater does the symbol become!

All mankind are one. As some philosophers express it, one great mind includes us all. But then, as it would never do for all minds to be literally one, any more than it would for all magnetisms to be identical in their modes of manifestation, or for all the rivers, creeks, and canals to flow together, so we have our natural barriers and channels—our *propriums*, as the Swedish seer

has it—and so we live and let live. We feel with others and think with others, but with strict reservations. That even-
ing among the wires, for instance, brought me into wonderful intimate contact with a few of the joys and sorrows of some of my fellow-beings; but an excess of such experiences would interfere with our freedom and our happiness. It is our selfhood, properly balanced, which constitutes our dignity, our humanity. A certain degree, and a very considerable degree, of insulation is necessary, that individual life and mental equanimity may go on.

But there may be a degree of insulation which is unbecoming a member of the human family. It may become brutish, or it may amount to be ridiculous. In Paris, there was an old lady, of uncertain age, who lived in the apartment beneath mine. I think I never saw her but twice. She manifested her existence sometimes by complaining of the romping of the children overhead, who called her the "*bonne femme*." Why they gave her the name I don't know; for she seemed to have no human ties in the world, and wasted her affections on a private menagerie of parrots, canaries, and poodle-dogs. A few shocks of the electric telegraph might have raised her out of her desert island, and given her some glimpses of the great continents of human love and sympathy.

A man who lives for himself alone sits on a sort of insulated glass stool, with a *noli-me-tangere* look at his fellow-men, and a shivering dread of some electric shock from contact with them. He is a non-conductor in relation to the great magnetic currents which run pulsing along the invisible wires that connect one heart with another. Preachers, philanthropists, and moralists are in the habit of saying of such a person, "How cold! how selfish! how un-Christian!" I sometimes fancy a citizen of the planet Venus, that social star of evening and morning, might say, "How absurd!" What a figure he cuts there, sitting in solitary state upon his glass tripod, in the

middle of a crowd of excited fellow-beings, hurried to and fro by their passions and sympathies, like an awkward country bumpkin caught in the midst of a gay crowd at a ball; or an oyster bedded on a rock, with silver fishes playing rapid games of hide and seek, love and hate, in the clear briny depths above and beneath. If the angels ever look out of their sphere of intense spiritual realities to indulge in a laugh, methinks such a lonely tripod-sitter, cased over with his invulnerable, non-conducting cloak and hood—shrinking, dodging, or bracing himself up on the defensive, as the crowd fans him with its rush, or jostles up against him; like the man who fancied himself a teapot, and was forever warning people not to come too near him—might furnish a subject for a planetary joke not unworthy of translation into the language of our dim earth.

One needs not be a lonely bachelor, nor a lonely spinster, in order to live alone. The loneliest are those who mingle with men bodily and yet have no contact with them spiritually. There is no desert solitude equal to that of a crowded city where you have no sympathies. I might here quote Paris again, in illustration; or, indeed, any foreign city. A friend of mine had an atelier once in the top of a house in the Rue St. Honoré. He knew not a soul in the house, nor in the neighborhood. There was a German tailor below, who once made him a pair of pantaloons; so they were connected sartorially and pecuni-

arily, and when they met, recognized one another; and there was the *concierge* below, who knew when he came in and went out—that was all. All day long the deafened roar of carts and carriages, and the muffled cry of the *marchands des légumes*, were faintly heard from below. And in an adjoining room a female voice (my friend could never tell whether child's or woman's, for he never saw any one) overflowed in tones of endearment on some unresponding creature—he could never guess whether it was a baby, or a bird, or a cat, or a dog, or a lizard (the French have such pets sometimes), or an enchanted prince, like that poor half-marble fellow in the "Arabian Nights." In that garret the artist experienced for six months the perfection of Parisian solitude. Now, I dare say he or I might have found social sympathies by hunting them up, but he didn't, and I dare say he was to blame, as I should be in the same situation; and I am willing to place myself in the same category with the old lady above referred to, omitting the feathered and canine pets.

As to my mesmeric-telegraphic discovery, it may pass for what it is worth. I shall submit it at least to my Cousin Moses, as soon as he returns from the South. People may believe it or not. People may say it may be of practical use or not. I shall overhaul my terminologies, and, with the "metaphysical aid" of my cousin, fit it with a scientific name which shall overtop all the "ologies."—*Treasury of Literature.*

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

CLOSE sheltered in some fragrant nook
Beside the wanton river,
Or bending o'er the caroling brook,
Whose love song ceaseth never,
The trembling lily seeks to hide
Her first faint blush of maiden pride.

She wraps herself in emerald dress,
From each rude gazer's viewing,
Nor dreams her bashful loveliness
Inflames the zephyr's wooing;
Till, each fair coronal imperaled,
She bares her beauty to the world.

THE WRITINGS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

TO Samuel Taylor Coleridge De Quincey paid the superb compliment of saying that, in his judgment, he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." John Foster, a man of calmer mood than the brilliant author of the "Confessions," describes Coleridge's mind as enriched with all varieties of knowledge, and adds that "in his power and manner of putting it to use he displays more of what we mean by the term genius" than any man he ever saw, or ever expected to see. Wordsworth, in referring to his spirituality, calls him,

"The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

Throughout the great circle of English authors can three men be found contrasting more sharply with each other than these whose testimony we have selected? De Quincey, versatile, anomalous; Foster, polished, "proper," reserved; and Wordsworth, the sternest of all poetic idealists? However dissimilar, their testimony, like the converging rays of the three primary colors, meets at one point where it renders homage to the wealth of Coleridge's acquirements, and to the peerless quality of his mind.

This illustrious man died on the 25th of July, 1834. Physically he was through life a great sufferer. His body did him "grievous wrong," but his intellectual enjoyments were intense, and his mental activity was wonderful. It is not the design of this paper to trace an outline of his outward life, but to present, or at least endeavor to present, to any who may be unfamiliar with his works, some of his prominent characteristics as an author, and also to make brief references to his principal writings,—some of which are fragmentary. His life of pain is referred to, since it was the cause of their unfinished state.

As each human being has a face differ-

ing from all other faces, so every thinker has that which distinguishes him from all other thinkers. It appears to us that the writings of Coleridge have three very noticeable and peculiar features, two of which, involving charges of obscurity, sometimes frighten away readers at the outset. One is the supposed difficulty of apprehending the *foundation idea* upon which his philosophical and religious views rest. The foundation idea of Coleridge's system is this: The Diversity of the Understanding and the Reason. The failure to comprehend fully his distinction between the two, and the grounds upon which the distinction is based, is most unfortunate. The reader can but grope bewildered and in darkness through many of the richest pages ever penned by man. As he himself says: "If I could succeed in fully explaining the sense in which the word 'reason' is employed by me, and in satisfying the reader's mind concerning the grounds and importance of the distinction [between reason and understanding], I should feel little or no apprehension concerning the intelligibility of these essays from first to last;" but this "remaining obscure all else will be so as a system, however clear the component paragraphs may be, taken separately. . . . Till this great truth be mastered, and with the sight that is insight, other truths may casually take possession of the mind, but the mind can not possess them; if you know not this, you know nothing; for if you know not the diversity of reason from the understanding, you know not reason; and reason alone is knowledge." Reason is considered by Coleridge, not as a faculty, but as a light—that inward "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

In Appendix A, volume 1, Mr. Coleridge gives a summary of the scheme of the argument by which he attempts to prove the diversity in kind of the

reason and the understanding. Briefly, it is this:

"The position to be proved is the difference in kind of the understanding from the reason.

"The axiom on which the proof rests, is: Subjects which require essentially different general definitions differ in kind and not merely in degree.

"Now, reason is considered either in relation to the will and moral being, when it is termed the practical reason= A : or relatively to the intellective and sciential faculties, when it is termed theoretic or speculative reason= a . In order, therefore, to be compared with the reason, the understanding must, in like manner, be distinguished unto the understanding as a principle of action, in which relation I call it the adaptive power, or the faculty of selecting and adapting means and medial of proximate ends= B : and the understanding, as a mode and faculty of thought, when it is called reflection= b . Accordingly, I give the general definitions of these four: and I find that the definition of A differs *toto genere* from that of B , and the definition of a from b Understanding and reason require essentially different definitions. Therefore, understanding and reason differ in kind."

This summary is not as clearly expressed as are many passages, especially in the "The Aids," and in "The Friend," where the difference between the reason and the understanding is brought forward in practical connections, or in illustration of thoughts which in turn illuminate the sources whence they are derived. For all knowledge comes to us through one of these two—either through the reason or the understanding. And here, if the reader (not of this fragmentary outline, but of Coleridge) will think carefully, he will perceive clearly the wonderful difference *in kind* between the knowledge we gather through the understanding and the ideas we perceive through the reason. And, following on, he will find that so diverse are these acquisitions that they absolutely require

totally different media (the word does not suit us, but we can find none better), through which to present themselves to us. "There is nothing the absolute ground of which is not a mystery," and incommunicable in words; the vital distinction between the understanding and the reason can be best sought in contemplation when the soul turns its eye inward upon itself. Enough for the present, that Coleridge defines, with Bishop Leighton, the understanding to be "the faculty which judges according to sense." It is the *mind* of the flesh. "Reason is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves. . . . If there be aught spiritual in man," says Coleridge, "the will must be such." The will is the spirit—the reason is the *light* of the *spirit*.

The "manner" of Coleridge in using his knowledge is peculiar. His mind takes an immense range. He frequently deals first with ideas so far removed in appearance from the subject under consideration, that the careless reader fails to perceive any connection: gradually he wheels round and round in ever decreasing circles, then, suddenly, like the eagle, sailing in *his* lessening circles until he swoops down, straight as an arrow, upon the unconscious prey,—the great thinker seizes the idea, holds it before your astonished gaze, bewildered but an instant since, made now through his gift, your property—a jewel enshrined in your mind, precious beyond all that flash in kingly diadems. They shall perish, but this shall endure.

This peculiarity of Coleridge should be especially borne in mind in reading the "Aids to Reflection." It frequently subjects him to the charge of obscurity, and, subjoined to a failure to comprehend the diversity between the understanding and the reason, makes him to that reader really unintelligible; but his obscurity is almost wholly a matter of style—his thoughts are crystalline clear. The expression of them is usually happy. Still the vast circuitous range he some-

times takes in argument, and his singular lack of constructive ability, do indeed present difficulties. But even when these two combine, a sufficiency of attention will enable any mind of ordinary "sense" to comprehend Coleridge. And an hour's downright, hard study, now and then, operates as a tonic (sometimes a pretty vigorous one, in this case), strengthening us against the easy vulgar commonness inseparable, perhaps, from all ages of improvement—inseparable certainly, from *our* age, in which every thing is done by machinery, and nearly every thing explained by object-lessons. Macchiavelli says: "There are brains of three races. The one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself, nor what is shown it by others." Only the third race of brains need fail of understanding the germ-idea of Coleridge's philosophy, and the third race of brains is not likely to read Coleridge at all.

In the works of Coleridge, religion and philosophy are united. Would you define in one sentence that great work, the "Aids to Reflection?" It is simply a series of arguments in support of the position, that the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence. Well said Heraud in his eloquent funeral oration on this illustrious man, religion and philosophy were first reconciled—"first brought into indissoluble union—in the divine works of Coleridge." This is the last and most important of the three distinguishing features of his writings. The first, namely, the diversity of the understanding and reason, forms its base; the second concerns only the form and manner of its presentation.

The volumes before us* are published by Harper & Brothers, and edited by Professor Shedd, who introduces the first

complete edition to American readers, in a finely written essay on the opinions of Coleridge; this is followed by another from the late Dr. James Marsh. These introductions, the "Aids to Reflection," and the "Statesman's Manual," fill the first volume. "The Aids," "The Friend," "The Remains," "Biographia Literaria," and the "Poems" (too well known to require further allusion), are perhaps the best indicators of the vast and versatile powers of Coleridge. "The Aids," considered by many as the apotheosis of his genius, and the work on which his fame will finally rest, is a defense and an elucidation of the Christian faith. It was written, the author tells us, "Generally, for as many in all classes as wish for aid in disciplining their minds to habits of reflection; for all who, desirous of building up a . . . character in the light of distinct consciousness, are content to study the principles of moral architecture on the several grounds of prudence, morality, and religion. . . . For all who feel an interest in the position, . . . that the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence." The structure of this great work is very simple. It is arranged in the form of Apothegms, with comments thereon. It requires closer attention than Butler's Analogy, that dear old stumbling-block of student life; but if its germ-idea is clearly and constantly kept in mind, obscurity and difficulty vanish.

"The Friend" is full of beautiful thoughts, and is one of the most quotable of books, for the judgment that Coleridge pronounces upon the writings of that great man, Jeremy Taylor, applies as justly to his own; it is "the costly gems that glitter loosely set, on the chain armor of his polemic Pegasus, that expand his wings chiefly to fly off from the field of battle, the stroke of whose hoof the very rock can not resist, but beneath . . . which the opening rock sends forth a Hippocrene." "The Friend," with its paragraphic jewels, in a somewhat somber setting, may be aptly likened to one of those mines in which we are assured by the "Arabian Nights," the genii stored

**Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge.* In seven volumes. Crown 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. I. *Aids to Reflection—Statesman's Manual*; II. *The Friend*; III. *Biographia Literaria*; IV. *Lectures on Shakespeare and other Dramatists*; V. *Literary Remains*; VI. *Second Lay Sermons and Table-talk*; VII. *Poetical and Dramatical Works.*

all precious things—whose darkness was lighted by the glow of the diamond, where flashed the red-eyed ruby, and glimmered in calmer beauty the fair, pure pearl. Yet how seldom do we see a quotation from Coleridge. "Literary Remains" is even richer in single paragraphs, studding it like precious stones, than "The Friend." Many of Coleridge's best things were written on the margins of the books he read. They consist of criticisms, replies, reflections, springing out of the printed words, but often suggesting other thoughts to himself. The style of these singular writings, or rather sentences, is, as might be expected, varied, sometimes careless, but usually the marginal notes are elegantly expressed and very original in matter. "The Remains" contain five hundred and fifty pages of these curious intonations and suggested thoughts. It is quite evident that Coleridge often read as he tells us Taylor did, "to bring out the growths of his own fertile and teeming mind;" and his reading, like Taylor's, was oceanic. This habit of availing himself so liberally and so oddly of the aid of other men brings us directly to the solution of those grave charges made by Mr. De Quincey and Archdeacon Hare,—charges impugning the honor of Mr. Coleridge as an author, by virtually accusing him of plagiarism, particularly in the cases of Schelling, Schlegel, Kant, and other German thinkers, whose labors these gentlemen claim he at times appropriated without sufficient acknowledgment. Mr. Coleridge's habit of reading to "bring out the growths of his mind," and of writing directly upon the upspringing of the same, added to his ill-health, and his extremely "easy" ways (they made themselves very hard ways years before he died) was probably the cause of his appearing to use occasionally the German thunder aforesaid, as freely as though it were his own. Probably he thought it was. Holding many of the views of these great thinkers, for *views* one is thankful to know are not plagiarizable, he may have assimilated some of their methods of presenting

them so perfectly and so unconsciously, as to have overlooked some special obligations. He did repeatedly state his indebtedness to them. It is a little difficult to explain the efforts of human beings to belittle each other in certain directions, except by allowing a measure of original sin amounting to total depravity. As though no two persons could pursue the same line of thought, on the same subject, without one of them being a thief! And pity 't is that it must always be the *last* one. Why do not some of the cloud-lapped sons of the Father-land invent a plan by which it may sometimes be the *first* one? The work would not be a whit more back-handed than many that they have undertaken and finished, to their own eminent satisfaction. Of course, our Milton stole "Paradise Lost;" and our Shakespeare, not being over-bright himself, was obliged to eke out his plays with purloining from the obscure dramatists of his day (one wonders why, if the obscure dramatists' work fitted like mosaic into the great man's work, *they* were not distinguished too); and it is high time that somebody looked after our "honest" John Bunyan, and the probability of his having stolen the "Pilgrim's Progress" out of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." From whom Coleridge filched "Christabel," that most incomprehensible of all writings since the world was made, no one yet knows; but if it was not the product of an opium dream, it must have been that of a German.

The "Biographia Literaria" is prefaced by more than one hundred closely printed pages, written by the accomplished daughter of Coleridge, and containing a vindication of his works from the charges so ruthlessly made against them. Sara Coleridge, whose charming "Memoir and Letters" have been published by the Harpers, was competent for the task of defense and explanation. She was a remarkable person. Her mind was of the highest order, and she possessed all the graces that adorn woman and beautify social life. In erudition she was the peer of Mrs. Browning; in fine critical acu-

men her superior. Had she not devoted herself, with rare self-sacrifice, to the work of preserving her father's writings, her genius might have won her lasting fame. It was she who wrote,

"Father! no amaranths e'er shall wreath my brow;
Enough that round thy grave they flourish now!
But love his roses 'mid my young locks braided,
And what cared I for flowers of richer bloom?
Those too seemed deathless—here they never faded,
But, drenched and shattered, dropt into the tomb."

From the defense of Mrs. Coleridge, as well as from her father's references to Spinoza, Kant, and others, it appears that he freely acknowledged his obligations. It is curious to observe that in some of the instances where his critics identify, or think they do, some borrowed thunder, it is not nearly so good an article as the Englishman's own. We half incline to believe that Coleridge *did* (unconsciously) take from these Germans more than he ought, for he is at sundry points as "*marvelously confused*" as the venerable Calvinistic preacher thought that St. Paul was, in certain passages on predestination, which do not quite tally with the fullness of the Geneva dogma. Of conscious plagiarism, Coleridge was doubtless incapable. At all events, he would not have taken the worst that these great men wrote; and which represent, if the accusations are true, nearly all of the obscurities and vagaries to be found in his works. Stealing is quite mean enough without the added stupidity of selecting an inferior article. And the supposed German thunder comes from so unreasonably high an altitude, and in so befogged an atmosphere, as to be, when it reaches us, very indeterminate as to peal, and very misty as to flash.

"*Biographia Literaria*," as its name imports, is a record of the literary life of Coleridge; it is full of self-revealings, though free from egoism. The growth of his mind, the radical changes through which it passed, the sources of his beliefs, the results of his faith, and the outward surroundings effecting him in intellectual and moral aspects, are noted with a candor that commands confidence, and a child-like humility that wins admiration.

In his early manhood Coleridge was a Unitarian; in the prime of life he saw the need of a Redeemer—one mighty to save; he embraced Trinitarianism, and became a zealous defender of those exalted ideas arising from the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. The God-man, the Savior of the soul, is the theme of some of his most eloquent discussions. The sublime mysteries of the Incarnation and the Ascension won his reverent belief; he attempted no solution of ideas incomprehensible to us in our finite state, but revered the limits of the finite mind. It was enough that we *need* such a Savior as the Son of God—one with the everlasting Father; enough that nothing adverse to reason is demanded by such a faith. This great thinker did not ask to understand every thing.

He held that "the Trinity is the only form in which the idea of God is possible, unless, indeed, it be a Spinozistic or World-God." He held that Christ was not created in time; and that the mystery of the incarnation is not to be expressed in words. In speaking of the use of that "unhappy and improper term, *persona*," applied to Christ by the Latin Church, and by us, in reference to his elemental being, he says, "Would you know my own inward judgment on this question; it is this; first, that this pregnant idea, the root and form of all ideas" (namely, the idea of the union of the divine and human natures in Christ), "is not within the sphere of conceptual logic—that is, of the understanding,—and is, therefore, of necessity, inexpressible; for no idea can be adequately represented in words; all parties agree that Christ was the Son of God, and that the Son of God was truly God, 'or very God of very God.' All that was necessary to be added was that Christ was not created . . . in time. More than this might be possible, and subject of insight; but it was not determinable by words, and was therefore to be left among the rewards of the Spirit to the pure in heart, in inward vision and silent contemplation."

Not in the modern sense is Coleridge

a transcendentalist. He, indeed, holds that to grasp many of the ideas that spring out of our relation to God, and to *realities*, considered apart from evanescent conditions, man must abstract himself from all outward things, save as they serve as images for ideas—images necessary, because the only possible way in which he can conceive of ideas is through their medium; “he must sink into the depths of his being, where the sensual man can no longer draw breath.” But Coleridge does not *lose* himself as do the modern transcendentalists. Herein is he specially distinguished from them. His moral sight was undimmed, because his life was pure. His peerless intellect trusts, not only in that which he finds within, but in that it reaches too—in God. These are the secrets of his intellectual and spiritual being. The pious thoughts and rare, that he evolved, are scattered over all the pages of his books. He, indeed, retired into himself, into that awful sanctuary—the soul—known to so few! In what is darkness to the sensual life, he sought the light which shines upon the spiritual life; upon those relations transcending all common experiences, or conceptions, which subsist between the understanding and ideas—between the created and his God. These are things which can not be perfectly uttered, language having no symbols capable of expressing them. “Still, as meditation soars upward, it meets the arched firmament, with all its suspended lamps of light.” In the contemplation of all ideas upon which realities rest, the mind must work patiently. And these ideas are our life—our life! All else shall pass away, and

“Like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Coleridge is not humorous; his subjects are far removed from the paths of levity, but, alas! as we all know, this alone is not sufficient. Self-control, and the truest reverence for what is right, these are downright *needs* for the brilliant, facile mind, making it proof against that subtle and powerful temptation to win applause by raising the approving laugh, and,

harder still, against the inward impulsion to speak the almost irresistible witticism, even in the pulpit. The temptation of the author is less, perhaps, since he has not the immediate personality of his audience to draw him aside; for I suppose (women can only “suppose” on these subjects) that the magnetic influence of a great assembly is immense. Coleridge had a keen sense of the ridiculous, but his admirable self-control never fails him. The secret of this steady repression may be found in a note on Donne, referring to a sermon paragraph by that clergyman, founded on a broad pun; on which Coleridge remarks, “Such was the taste of the age; and it is an awful joy to observe, that not great learning, great wit, great talent, not even (as far as without great virtue that can be) great genius, were effectual to preserve the man from the contagion, *but only the deep and wise enthusiasm of moral feeling.*” In his soul Coleridge knew, as all know who minister in sacred things, whether in the pulpit or on the printed page, that ludicrous incidents, puns, witticisms, are irrelevant, irreverent, and shocking. In such connections are they not against that divine order—that “eternal fitness of things,” which impresses itself not only upon the taste, but also and more sternly upon the conscience?

What it costs a man full of happy “quips and quirks,” as Milton has it (how thoroughly did he understand this form of repression), to keep levity out of his pulpit, and laughter out of his pages, is known to Him only who made us as we are, and set us the awful task of governing ourselves. For the witty man who is a preacher to restrain the powerful temptation to speak the funny sentence, for him to overcome the mental craving that cries for utterance of the rare, laughable, mirth-shaking comicality—is not this the highest self-control, the acme of self-abnegation? Of course, we speak of the man in whom the sense of the grotesque, with the corresponding power to express it, is a chief feature of the mental organization. Have such

men the praise that is their due? Who thinks of it? We wish that Coleridge and Milton had, for once at least, written on some mirthful subject, that all the world might see how wise and strong men can be when they will to be wise and strong! For each possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, but neither of them would have committed the fatal blunder of dragging puns into the "Aids to Reflection," or jests into the "Paradise Lost," because they *could*. Miserable reason! Because they *will* not, though they *can*—herein lies the strength of the sons of Adam. Many a man can raise the popular approving laugh, who lacks the moral and intellectual power to *not* raise it! Ah, this matter pierces to the core of self-denial, and reaches to the arc of self-government.

In glancing over the pages of Coleridge, the eye falls continually upon passages full of beauty and wisdom. These sentences are so suggestive, and often so concisely worded, that we can not forbear quoting a few of them:

"The man who can not see the redemptive agency in the creation has but a dim apprehension of the creative power."

"The capabilities of deliberating, selecting, and aptly disposing of our thoughts and works are God's good gifts to man, which the superadded graces of the spirit, vouchsafed to Christians, work on and with, call forth and perfect. Therefore, deliberation, selection, and method become duties, inasmuch as they are the bases and recipients of the Spirit, even as the polished crystal is of the light."

"No more ingenious way of making nothing of a thing than by making it every thing. Omnify the disputed point into a transcendent, and you may defy the opponent to lay hold of it. He might as well attempt to grasp an *aura electrica*."

Speaking of Milton, Coleridge thought that the biographer of the divine bard ought to have made a collection of the adverse criticisms of his contemporaries.

Some of them were rather explicit; for instance, this one, from Bishop Hacket, who was among the occasional readers of the divine bard: "What a venomous spirit is in that serpent Milton, that black-mouthed Loilus, that blows his viper's breath! This is he that wrote with all irreverence against the fathers of our Church, and showed as little duty to the father that begat him; a petty school-boy scribbler, that durst grapple with the prince of the learned men of his age, Salmasius, who would have scorned to drop a pen-full of ink against so base an adversary, but to maintain the honor of so good a king. Get thee behind me, Milton! Thou savorest not the things that be of truth and loyalty, but of pride, bitterness, and falsehood. There will be a time, though such a Shimei, a dead dog in Abishai's phase, escape for a while. It is no marvel if this canker-worm, Milton," etc.

We are pleased to learn that somebody, a German, acknowledged that the canker-worm, etc., had a glimmer of ability, for he refers to him as "Hans [Jack] von Milton—not to be compared in learning and genius with the incomparable Salmasius; yet a shrewd and cunning lawyer," etc. "*O, sana posteritas!*"

What more picturesque critique than this from Coleridge, on Jeremy Taylor:

"His arguments are a procession of all the nobles and magnates of the land, in their grandest, richest, and most splendid paraphernalia: but the total impression is weakened by the multitudes of lackeys and ragged intruders running in and out between the ranks."

Coleridge had "views" also. As a specimen of glaring originality we offer:

"In a good man it is an abuse of his intellectual superiority not to use a portion of it in stating his Christian opponent's cause, his brethren's (though dissentient and, perhaps, erring; yet still brethren's) side of the question, not as they had stated and argued it, but as he himself, with his higher gifts of logic and foresight, could have set it forth."

He had ideas about the Jews not quite in accord with popular theories, thus:

"My conviction respecting the conversion of the Jews is, that whatever was ordained for them as *Abrahamidae* is not repealed by Christianity, but only what appertained to the republic, kingdom, or state. The modern conversions are, as it seems to me, in the face of God's commands."

"I am glad," said Coleridge to a friend whose entrance interrupted a long conversation, "you came in to punctuate my discourse, which I fear has gone on for an hour without any stop at all."

A vision of editorial weariness and wholesome dislike of long articles, and of consequent imminent danger to this article, has just dawned on us, thanks to

the last quotation, and we hasten to punctuate our discourse with a period. Dare we even breathe a word of Coleridge's "Table-talk," with its tempting pages, or of his volume on Shakespeare, and other dramatists, or, above all, of the poems? No, dear reader; search for yourself among the treasures left us by this powerful, almost peerless intellect. It is now piercing the mysteries it here perceived dimly, but with reverence; it is developing, where abides serenely the fruition of moral life; where the soul solves the enigmas that are here beyond its comprehension. There, in the land of the great departed—in the presence of God, all thoughts are made known, all hidden things are revealed.

ELIZA WOODWORTH.

MANGANESE AND ITS USES.

IT is very strange how little one part of the world knows of how the other gets its living. This is no new saying, but it is a very true one. Now, for instance, how many people know any thing about manganese? and yet the immense quantities imported into Great Britain must there give employment to a great many. In one year, fifty thousand tons were carried into that country, and thirty thousand were used on the Continent. The ore itself is most variable in appearance; sometimes it is dark-brown, other times blue-black, and then again it is found in beautiful crystallized masses. The principal supply comes from the south of Spain and Portugal, where it is found amongst the mountains in what are called "pockets"—a miner's phrase for a detached mass of ore—which may vary in size from a few tons to several hundred. Very often it is found on the surface of the ground, and it is seldom that it is met with at a greater depth than ninety feet.

This metal, unlike other minerals,

seems to follow no rule, so that the most experienced mining engineers are often at a loss to know whether the ore exists in certain places or not; the men who know best where to find it are the miners who work in it every day. As these men are totally ignorant of science, they, of course, do not stop to think whether the ore ought to be there or not; but recalling their experience, are seldom wrong, and seem to know by instinct where the ore is. After the ore is got out of the ground, it is roughly sorted from the pieces of rock in which it is found, and then piled in baskets on mules' backs, when it is taken to the nearest water, which is sometimes a long distance off; there it is washed in sieves by the women and children, after which the ore is properly sorted according to quality, for it varies as much in this as it does in appearance. Here, again, it is strange how clever the sorters are at knowing the different kinds; to a stranger they all look alike; but the poor women know

the various grades as well as any clever chemist.

When the ore is ready it is again put into baskets on mules' backs, and taken to the nearest seaport, or railway station, either of which is frequently many miles distant. There are no roads from the mines along which carts could go, so this is the only way in which the ore can be transported. In Spain the charge for carrying it is about a real (or six cents) a hundred weight per league.

In spite of all that has been said of Spanish indolence, the poorer classes are steady, industrious workers; they begin working at sunrise, and work till sunset, with an interval of two hours in the middle of the day for the *siesta*, which is very necessary in that hot, shadeless country, where they are exposed to the full glare of the sun all day. The only holidays they get are on saints' days, for Sunday is like any other day there; but it must be borne in mind that saints' days occur rather frequently. The men get about half a dollar a day as wages, and the women and children from fifteen to twenty-five cents. Very young children are employed, some of them not being eight years old.

As a rule, the mines are very quiet, orderly places, where quarrels are all but unknown. The "truck" system, which used to be so well known in many parts of England, is in full vogue in Spain; every little village—and there is nearly always one near a large mine—has its *almacen*, or general shop, at which the workmen have to purchase all they want; they do not pay ready money, but tell the *almacenista*, or master, how many days they have worked, when he, as he well knows what wages they get, credits them with a certain amount of goods. At the end of the month the *almacenista* presents his account to the manager of the mine; and the balance, if there is any money over, is given to the worker.

This system is very injurious in its working. By an agreement with the manager of the mine, to whom the *almacenista* pays a certain percentage, no

one else is allowed to open a shop near the mine; so there is no opposition, and he can charge what he likes for his goods. Still, the people are so accustomed to this system, that it is doubtful whether they would give it up if they could.

Manganese is met with in considerable quantities in the north of Spain, but during the late unfortunate war none of it was exported. Large quantities were, however, met with in the south of Portugal, which are now being extensively worked, the mines being managed in precisely the same manner as in Spain. In England too, in the county of Devonshire, are mines of manganese of excellent quality; and it is occasionally met with in Wales.

Germany used to supply a great deal of this ore, but owing to its poor quality, it has been almost entirely superseded by the Spanish and Portuguese, which, so far, is the best which has been found. Besides these sources of supply, shipments of ore have been made from California, Virginia, and New Zealand; but at present, the supply from these last named countries is very limited, owing to the difficulty of getting freight low enough to make it remunerative. Recent reports show that large deposits of manganese exist in the Cape of Good Hope, and the specimens of it which have been sent to England to be tested, shew it to be of excellent quality.

In many of the manganese workings in the south of Spain, abundant evidence exists that this ore was worked by the ancients; and it is supposed that the celebrated Toledo blades owed their peculiar qualities to the presence of manganese in the iron ores from which they were made; and one of the uses to which it is being put in England is in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. But the principal use for manganese now is in the manufacture of bleaching powder, or chloride of lime, which, as every one knows, is a powerful disinfectant, and is extensively used in making paper, bleaching muslins, etc.

Manganese ore, or, more chemically

speaking, the peroxide of manganese, possesses the peculiar quality of decomposing hydrochloric acid into water and chlorine gas, a quality possessed by no other ore in such a high degree. The ore is crushed to about the size of walnuts, and put into large stone stills; the hydrochloric acid is then poured on to it, and steam is blown into the mixture, when the chlorine gas begins to evolve, and is then conducted into suitable leaden chambers, where it is absorbed by lime laid ready to receive it, which, when sufficiently saturated with the gas, forms the bleaching-powder of commerce. A singular property of the ore is, that the refuse left in the stills, which is known as chloride of manganese, can be again utilized by the proper admixture of lime with air forced through it, when it is reconverted into peroxide of manganese, and is ready again to do its work. In many of the leading chemical works, this process of recovering the manganese is carried on under the name of "Weldon's process."

Spanish manganese is considered the best for making bleaching-powder, owing to the facility with which it dissolves in the acid, many other ores being, although of as high a percentage, of too dense a nature to melt readily; for the real commercial value of the ore depends upon the amount of available oxygen it contains. At one time, owing to the enormous chemical trade of Great Britain, it became a serious question, from whence the manufacturers could draw sufficient supplies of manganese, when the discovery of Weldon's process of recovering it helped them out of their difficulty; truly, "necessity is the mother of invention."

But manganese is used for many other things besides the manufacture of bleaching-powder. In making steel it is employed to remove any impurities that may exist in the iron, and it is found wonderfully to improve it, and add to its ductility; and iron ores which contain a small quantity of manganese are eagerly sought after, and command high prices. In disinfecting fluids manganese is the principal constituent.

Manganese is likewise used in glass-works to remove any impurities in the glass, and make it clear and in proper proportions; it gives the amethyst color so often seen in stained-glass windows. The black china which has become so fashionable, owes its color to this ore; and many of the tiles for our floors are made with the same material. In the laboratory the chemist employs it, when mixed with chloride of potash, as a ready means of obtaining oxygen; and in metallurgical operations, it is found to be a very useful flux.

From experiments that have been tried in Belgium, it has been proposed to bring manganese into use for the manufacture of gas for lighting purposes, owing to the oxygen it contains, and the property it possesses, under certain conditions, of reabsorbing oxygen from the air. This is an experiment which will be watched with the greatest interest by all scientific men. There is no doubt that all the uses to which manganese could be put are not yet exhausted, as fresh discoveries are continually being made; but this latest one, of making artificial light, will be the most interesting to the general public, as the means of obtaining light concerns every one.—*Chambers's Journal*.

DEAD BUT ALIVE.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

ON a pleasant evening of one of the last days of October, 1396, the Florentine Cathedral St. Maria dei Fiori presented a most gloomy aspect. The front of the church was hung with white and black draperies and armorial bearings, whilst the lugubrious singing of the priests coming from the inside, and the loud tolling of the bells, denoted that some splendid funeral was then being solemnized. The interior of the Duomo offered, in fact, a most strange and somber picture. The last rays of the sun passing through the colored windows still shone on the lofty vault of the temple, leaving the lower part in total obscurity, only partly dispelled by the light of numerous tapers, vaguely disclosing the crowd that moved to and fro under the solemn arches. In the center, on a catafalque covered with scarlet damask, rendered still more vivid by the torches flaming around it, a young and beautiful woman was reposing; and a throng of weeping people dressed in red (the mourning color at that period in Florence), was kneeling close by. Death is always a sad and terrible thing to look upon; its unfathomable mystery haunts and terrifies us forever. But when a lovely young creature in the prime and strength of life lies before us cold, still, and pale, at once so attractive and so repellent—the sight is inexpressibly sad and touching. A lesson indeed never to be forgotten.

When prayers and a long eulogy of the deceased were over, the relations, and after them the whole assembly, kissed, as was the custom, the hands and garments of the deceased, and several of the women pressed their lips on her forehead. The corpse was then carried out of the church to the southern side, where a church-yard once existed. There, at a short distance from the door, which is nearest the Campanile, an open tomb was waiting. The

corpse was lowered in it, the marble stone replaced, the lights extinguished; and as the soft twilight darkened into night, every one hastened homeward, lamenting poor Ginevra's untimely fate.

A few minutes later, a tall and comely youth, of stately demeanor, was slowly descending the Monte St. Miniato. He had for a long time been admiring the splendid sunset and the beautiful panorama extending along the base of the lovely hills which environ Florence. When Phœbus's last rays had disappeared behind the distant mountains, tinging them with purple and gold, he re-entered the city by the St. Miniato Gate, and soon arrived on the Rubaconte Bridge, now commonly called Ponte alle Grazie. Whilst lazily dreaming on the verdant hill-side, enraptured by the enchanting view before him, a distant death-knell had painfully struck upon his ear. He felt a quick, sharp pang at his heart—a presentiment of coming evil—as if some great sorrow was impending; and now as he was crossing the bridge, revolving sad thoughts in his mind, a few words he chanced to overhear made him suddenly pause.

"Poor young lady," said one workman to another as they passed, "who would ever have thought of her lying in that coffin. Not later than this morning she was hearing mass at St. Maria dei Fiori. Is it not a pity to die so young and handsome? I wish you had seen her. 'Though excessively pale, she rather seemed asleep than dead.'"

The youth here impetuously interrupted him. "Good people, would you please tell me the name of the lady you speak of."

"I hardly remember it, Messere Antonio Rondinelli," politely replied the speaker, "for I only casually knew the gentlewoman. But, perhaps, you will easily guess it; for she was one of the loveliest and richest ladies of Florence, and she

lived at the corner of the Corso degli Adinari."

At these few words a thunder-bolt seemed to fall at Antonio's feet; he remained stupefied, motionless for a few minutes, then without another word he hastened away. The astonished workmen gazed a moment with no little surprise at the retreating figure, then bade each other good night, and soon disappeared in the dark shadows of the narrow streets.

Two noble and powerful families of Florence, the Almieris and the Rondinellis, were for several years divided by a most inveterate hatred. Messer Bernardo degli Almieri had a daughter called Ginevra, justly renowned for her grace and beauty, unequalled in all Florence. She was a brunette, with an abundance of raven tresses, a proud, sensitive mouth, and magnificent black eyes, which, never appearing twice the same, had a tender, winning expression that was irresistible. Ginevra, however, had not yet loved; the flattery and admiration lavished upon her had always left her as cold as marble. But it one day happened, that accompanying her mother to Church, her eyes met the longing look of a remarkably tall and handsome young man, who was gazing with rapture upon her fair, sweet countenance. Her heart was suddenly touched by his fervent admiration and by the earnest glow of his brilliant eyes. The youth was unfortunately the scion of Rondinelli's house, the young and courageous Antonio Rondinelli, perfect in all the external and showy accomplishments of the time. This discovery, as obstacles generally do, only strengthened their mutual tenderness. Ginevra and Antonio loved each other most passionately and fondly; happy only when in stolen interviews they could exchange ardent vows and embraces, and speak of future hopes in which, alas! they themselves hardly believed.

Thus they lived on with continual fears lest their secret should be discovered, till after four years of unchanged and true devotion, the long impending storm suddenly broke forth. Bernardo degli Almieri was apprised of his daughter's

love; prayers and entreaties were of no avail; the remonstrances and the advice of relatives and friends were alike unheeded. Bernardo's hatred was stronger than his fatherly affection, and he decided that Ginevra should immediately marry Francesco Agolanti. The unfortunate damsel was dragged to the altar, and, half insensible, became the wife of another.

From that day the smile vanished from Ginevra's lips, her happiness gone forever, the beauty of her life dead. The desperate Antonio vowed never to marry, for his love, he said, would be strong and steadfast through life and outlast death, and his only comfort was to follow everywhere his mistress's steps, and forget at the sight of her sweet face the anguish of his heart.

Meanwhile the unfortunate lady, utterly broken down by this cruel blow, was gradually declining. She was often troubled with terrible convulsions, which for hours left her insensible and seemingly dead. These gradually increased, and became so violent, that one day she was found pale, cold, and motionless, as we have seen her in the Duomo, and in the tomb of the Agolantis. Her sorrows, however, were not yet ended.

Ginevra was not dead. . . . Her tomb had only been shut a few hours, and night so far advanced that the streets had become quite deserted, when she slowly recovered her consciousness as one awakening from a restless and troubled sleep. At first she was aware of a cold, stifling air oppressing her; then she tried to move, but could not, for her hands and feet were bound together. She called for help; no one answered. Wearily opening her eyes, Bernardo's daughter looked around her. Where was she? . . . With the exception of a dim ray of light coming, she knew not whence, total darkness enveloped her. She succeeded at length in breaking the bonds that fastened her limbs, but her trembling hands recoiled at the touch of human bones scattered around her. The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her.

She had been buried alive! And she uttered a desperate wild cry for help, then fell back, overpowered by the certainty and horror of a dreadful doom.

Oh! who can express the anguish of that awful moment? Who can tell what horrid phantoms rose, one by one, before her till her whole frame quivered with pain and agony? No help whatever to be expected, and death in its most frightful form impending over her. . . . When she somewhat recovered from this first shock, she endeavored to ascertain whether no means of escape were left her. That faint ray of light again caught her eyes. It was, in reality, a pale moonbeam that had found its way through a crevice of the old marble slab, which, happily, had not yet been walled up.

Guided by this cheering light, Ginevra crawled, rather than walked, till she reached a few steps leading to the tombstone, which was small and circular, and enclashed in the pavement. Then, summoning all her strength in a desperate effort, she succeeded, after repeated attempts, in removing the marble slab, and with an impetuous outburst of joy and fervent thanksgiving to God for her extraordinary deliverance, she rushed in the open air, gratefully lifting her eyes toward the beautiful blue heaven, with its silvery moon and sparkling stars, all of which seemed to share in her delirious joy.

The keen night air, sending a cold thrill through her delicate frame, soon recalled her to her senses, for she was lightly clad with a thin white shroud, and Ginevra, with a last shuddering gaze at her late dreary prison-house, turned her faltering steps toward her husband's abode. Crossing that narrow street, which, on her account, was afterwards called *Via della Morte* (Death's street), she soon found herself before the Agolanti's palace, and seizing, with her delicate hands, the heavy knocker, it loudly echoed through the halls of the princely mansion. Messer Francesco Agolanti, who had just then retired to his bedroom,

hurriedly opened the window and looked in the street. But when he saw that ghostly apparition, and heard his wife's voice tearfully calling on him to open the door, his courage totally forsook him. Trembling so that he could scarcely pronounce a few unintelligible words, he promised that he should, on the morrow, order as many masses as were necessary for the rest of her soul, and disappeared immediately. The miserable woman vainly implored, entreated. No one answered. Her husband had hastily hidden his head under the bed-clothes, and never ceased muttering numberless *De Profundis* and *Misereres*. The rejected wife was thus obliged to leave her own threshold; not without shedding many bitter tears on her present condition and past misfortunes. She then directed her steps to her father's house. Her cruel father was indeed there, but Ginevra relied on her mother, who dearly loved her, and who, though not able to make her happy, had at least pitied and comforted her. She accordingly knocked, imploring admittance. Her mother was still awake, weeping and praying for her; but here also superstitious terror was stronger than affection. Prayers were again promised, the windows quickly closed, and Ginevra was left alone in a paroxysm of despair.

Her strength was now utterly exhausted. The harsh repulses, her increasing weakness, and the piercing cold had nearly deprived her of that remnant of life which still remained. Rejected by the living, the unfortunate lady remembered her grave, from which she had so joyfully escaped, as the only refuge that was left her, and she, therefore, endeavored to reach the Piazza del Duomo. She had not, however, gone far, when a sudden dizziness seizing her, she fell half senseless upon the ground. "Here, then, shall I die," she exclaimed, "God's will be done. And with a last sigh of regret, she murmured Antonio's name. That cherished name proved a magic talisman. Her blood warmed itself at the sound, her strength revived!

"I'll go to him," she at length cried out, "to him who loved me so devotedly; he said his love would be steadfast through life and outlast death, and I will put it to the test. If this last hope fails me, I am doomed forever." And tremblingly she got up, and with faltering steps slowly wended her way to Rondinelli's palace.

Antonio after leaving the Rubaconte Bridge had been wildly wandering through Florence, scarcely knowing whither he was going or what he was doing; until at length finding himself before his own door, he entered, mechanically, and shut himself up in his room. The tension of heart, brain, and nerve had become insupportable. Casting himself on the floor, his whole frame quivering with passion and with the keenness of his suffering, the disconsolate youth found at length some relief to his violent grief in a passionate outburst of tears. His affectionate domestics and faithful esquire vainly asked admittance; they were rudely repelled, and it was only to his old mother's repeated entreaties that Antonio yielded at last, and opening the door disclosed his wild, haggard face.

The anxious mother folded him in her fond embrace, wept over him, and endeavored to soothe his heavy sorrow. Then fearing to leave him alone with his sad, gloomy thoughts, she sat with him the whole night, speaking words of comfort, and talking of God and of submission his holy will. Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the street door. Astonished at the late and unexpected summons, the old lady hurriedly left the room to inquire what had happened, but hastily re-entering pale with terror.

"Ah! my son," she gasped, "a white ghost is at our door, and it keeps saying, with a hoarse, faint voice, 'Open to poor Ginevra.'"

"Ginevra!" And Antonio rushed to the window, and stretched on the door-steps he saw a woman in white, seemingly dead. He was not himself free from the superstitious terrors of the time; and at first a cold thrill of horror utterly unnerved him, but love, that outlasts death, con-

quered, and in another minute he had opened the door, and folded in his embrace the forlorn, rejected creature, now quite insensible.

The tenderest care and most sedulous attentions soon restored her to life,—to a new life indeed, for she was near her own beloved Antonio. And she thought that God himself in pity for her misfortunes had brought on this happy reunion, and reopened for her the heaven of love and trust.

The two faithful hearts solemnly vowed never more to part, and planned many schemes for their future welfare and safety. Antonio accordingly, taking advantage of the early dawn, hurried to the Duomo closely hidden in a dark cloak, and replaced unseen the tombstone of the Agolantis in its accustomed place. He then secretly invited to his house a trusty lawyer, and the two lovers were quietly married before him. On the same morning the Cathedral was hung again with black and white draperies, the bells were tolling loudly, and the husband and relations of Ginevra, who thought of the following night with considerable apprehension, were hearing numberless masses with the most fervent devotion, hoping most of all that the ghostly apparition would not pay them another nightly visit.

Ginevra, thus restored to life and love, remained for several weeks concealed in the house in the enjoyment of deep, true happiness; but at last it became necessary to disclose her secret existence. On a bright Sunday morning, Ginevra, richly dressed, accompanied by Rondinelli's mother and by a faithful servant, turned her steps to the Nunziata, where on the Sabbath, the most elegant and distinguished gentlewoman and knights of Florence generally assembled to hear mass.

On her way she was soon recognized by many of her acquaintances, who stared at her with wonder and astonishment. Suddenly she met her mother. The surprise and terror of the old lady can hardly be expressed. She remained thunderstruck before Ginevra, struggling

with the various emotions that overpowered her. Now she recalled the ghost's nightly visit, and shuddered with horror at the remembrance. Now she gazed at Ginevra's radiant countenance and listened to the secret voice whispering in her ear that her daughter was restored to her. Again she thought of Ginevra's illness, death, of the burial ceremony, of the tears she had shed over her grave, and it struck a chill to her heart; but again she raised her eyes and met those of the fascinating creature before her, now blooming with life and health, and hope revived. The more she looked, the more she hoped. Could the dead have such a radiant face, and such a charming smile? Unable to resist longer these conflicting passions, she at length grasped tremblingly both her daughter's hands, exclaiming: "Are you—are you Ginevra, my dear lost daughter?" and was answered with such tears and such a long, tender embrace, that all her doubts were immediately dispelled.

For some time the mother and daughter remained speechless in each other's arms; but when the first emotion had subsided, Ginevra proceeded to tell all the particulars of her wonderful story to her mother, and to a crowd of people who had eagerly flocked around. She spoke also of her second marriage, declaring she would rather die than return

to Francesco Agolanti, who had suffered her to be buried alive, and repulsed her cruelly when she asked for admittance at his door.

The day after this memorable event, Ginevra and Antonio were called before the archbishop's tribunal by the offended husband, who claimed his wife by right of priority. They both tremblingly obeyed the summons, confiding in God, who had so evidently protected them, and trusting in their judges' mercy and justice. On their way they were cheered by the cordial greetings of the people and by the good wishes of their acquaintances, and this somewhat revived their courage.

They were not to be disappointed. The judges declared, to the general satisfaction, that the lady, having been considered as deceased by her husband, her parents, and the whole city, and having been, in consequence, buried with all due formalities, Ginevra degli Almieri, wife of Francesco Agolanti, was positively dead, and both parties were at liberty to marry again if they chose.

Ginevra and Antonio, whose brightest dreams of happiness were thus unexpectedly realized, were married in church with great pomp and rejoicings, and for many, many years they lived happily together, a fit reward for their life-long love and constancy. ELVIRA CAORSI.

WEDDED.

REST we, dearest, in our home,
Roam we o'er the heather;
We shall rest, and we shall roam—
Shall we not?—together.

From this hour the Summer rose
Sweeter breathes to charm us;

From this hour the Winter snows
Lighter fall to harm us.

Fair or foul—on land or sea—
Come the wind or weather;
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
We will share together.

W. M. PRAED.

GUNHILDE.

PURE as the lilies that lay on her brow
 Was the heart of Gunhilde the fair,
 The robes of her soul were white and clean
 As those which the blessed wear,
 As they walk thro' the gardens of life and
 light,
 And breathe the heavenly air.

Alas that her home was the cloister dark,
 Where the sun scarce dared to shine,
 And alas that she loved and dreamed of one
 As a mortal half-divine—
 Her love was the vestal moon that shone
 On the dark of a ruined shrine.

Father Confessor to fair Gunhilde,
 He toiled with a serpent's art,
 And his words were fangs to sting her soul,
 With a sin-venomous smart—
 But her guileless soul slept under the wings
 That shelter the pure in heart.

Yet her love was true, and at last he won
 The pledge of her maiden hand—
 She would be his bride, and the loveliest
 bride
 In the breadth of the father-land.
 So he vowed with a thousand fervent words,
 As firm as the shifting sand.

Forth from the darkling convent wall,
 As the midnight gloomed o'erhead,
 Dreaming of holiest marriage-vows,
 The beautiful maiden fled,
 And, alas! she found but a traitor stand
 In a loyal lover's stead.

Then her stainless soul leaped up in her eyes,
 With a light so clear and strong,
 That the false one shook with a sudden
 dread,
 And fled as he fled a *throng*;
 For behind him lightened a flaming sword,
 A soul with its scorn at wrong.

Down paths that gloomed with a hundred
 crimes,
 He strode to a death of shame.

Alone and lonely she wept and prayed,
 While the long days went and came;
 And there were scorners to doubt her
 truth,
 And mock at her saintly fame.

Alone and lonely, too great it seemed,
 The burthen of grief she bore.
 And she sped at last, like a storm-drenched
 dove,
 To the waiting cloister door,
 Crying, "Undutiful one am I,
 Yet pity thy child once more."

She flung herself at the Abbess' feet,
 In an anguish sore to see,
 But the lady spake in a tender tone—
 "My daughter, why kneel to me?
 Ever thy praiseful songs ascend,
 Oh, holier thou than we!"

So they led the nun to the olden cell,
 Entranced in a sweet surprise,
 And there from her wonted place of prayer,
 She saw an angel rise,
 With a song of rapture on her lips,
 And a glory in her eyes.

Then the maiden knew in her heart of
 hearts,
 That her dear Lord, of his grace,
 Had spared one out of his shining choir,
 To stand in her lowly place,
 That none might doubt of her innocence,
 Or sully her name and race.

Yet as they gazed in reverent awe,
 The beautiful one was flown,
 But a subtle sense of harmony,
 On the sleeping air was thrown,
 And out from the opened gates of pearl,
 A breath of heaven was blown,
 While over the maiden's bended brow,
 A tremulous brightness shone;
 And they left her there, as the night stole
 down,
 To talk with her God alone.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

GOD'S PURPOSE FOR AMERICA.

IT is a noticeable fact that students of America who do not lay any stress upon Scriptural prophecies, perhaps do not believe in them, still find utterances in the literature of the ages which they rank as prophecies. Whether in this case,

"The clear vision doth attain
Unto the prophetic strain,"

or whether these be indeed sibyls, such as in a higher vision announced the coming of Messiah's reign, though themselves of no Messianic line or nation, or whether they be only stumbles upon truth, which the most thoughtless boor may hap upon, it is still a fact that such sounds articulate were heard in the remotest past, and got themselves bodied forth in song and fable and philosophic word. Mr. Sumner gathered many of these in a volume which he entitled, "Prophetic Voices concerning America." It is not our province to quote these sayings, some of which have a remarkable fulfillment already in our history, and more than suggest a complete fulfillment in the future. It is rather to another volume that we look, whose pages take cognizance of earth and man as a unit, not of lands and men in their distinctive and local relations.

Paul at Athens did not discourse upon Greece and the Athenians, though no more thrilling theme could have been set before him from a human stand-point, nor one more sure of giving him a flattering reception among that not over-conceited and most artistic people.

Moses among the Israelities, in his parting words, failed to exalt that chosen people in any conceit, but gave them the most searching and humbling portrayal of their dangers and their possibilities, a prophecy of horror which almost four thousand years have not ceased to approve, and how many more will be added till that disastrous course is ended in their recognition of their Messiah, God only knows.

David has exulting national psalms,

but none the less with them most painful national prophecies and proclamations. Isaiah shouts high the praises of Israel, yet none excels him in the counter-blasts of imprecation. From the first chapter, where he cries out, "Your new moons, your appointed feasts, my soul hateth," to his fifty-ninth, the most terrible utterance in all prophecy against a rebellious people, a pathetic minor crosses his hallelujahs.

Even Christ himself, lauding their authorities to the highest, and placing their city and rulers on heavenly seats, pulls them down to the nethermost destruction. "O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" is the wail of this Son of David over his Absalom, "O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" Exalted to Heaven she shall be cast down to hell.

Thus faithfully does God, the Holy Ghost, deal with the people to whom his Gospel is first proclaimed, and among whom it was first planted. Shall American watchmen fail to be equally faithful in this centennial year and era? Shall we cover ourselves with glory alone, and fail to see the purpose of God concerning ourselves, and to solicit his guidance for its perfect fulfillment? God forbid! Let us the rather in deep gladness but deeper humility, seek to know and to do the will of God concerning this vast and lovely land, which we, for a moment, call our own, before what is perishable of us is resolved into the dust that composes its soil and into the air that makes its covering; until the change come, and dust and air reclothe the soul forever.

What is God's Purpose for America?

1. It is such as he intends for every continent. There is no partiality in the divine mind for one continent over another, any more than there is for one people or one person over another. God is no respecter of persons. No more is he of lands or nations. It is a foolish conceit that supposes God has especial love for this bit of the earth cast up between

two seas, and no especial love for a corresponding bit cast up between the same seas on their opposite shores. It is folly to say that because we have great lakes and great rivers and great mountains and great plains, therefore he approves our land above all lands.

What lakes have we that compare with the immense midland sea that rolls from Gibraltar to Constantinople, in fact, from Gibraltar to Trebizond, a distance greater than from Gibraltar to San Salvador, or from Gibraltar to Darien—a sea that is engirted on every rod of its circuit with the most brilliant history, of every branch of the human family, in every department of human endeavor? where Afric, Asian, and European have made its every shore equally famous; where literature, science, arms, government, philosophy, and religion have each risen to their most towering form; where Carthage and Egypt, Greece and Rome, Spain and France, Phœnicia and Turkey, have reigned with splendor, such as makes our shores barbaric; where Rameses, Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Charles V, Napoleon, and multitudes of mighty men, hardly inferior to them have swayed the past and sway the present; the sea that Ulysses sailed and Homer sang; that saw the great battles of Agamemnon, of Xerxes, of Pompey, of Augustus, of Nelson, of unnumbered others, not inferior in port and power; the sea that Venice wedded, and Columbus first sailed, that the Crusaders floated over, and the Knights of Malta and St. John held in their control; the sea of Tyre and Sidon, of Troy and Ephesus; above all, the sea whose waters glanced in the eyes of David, when, from his watch-tower, he descends and describes that "great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts;" which Job had seen when he brings forth from it the leviathan; which Samson saw from the gates of Gaza, and the plains of Philistia; to which Joshua drove the discomfited hosts of Amalek; from which Elijah ordered his servant, going but a few rods from his bower of prayer, to watch for the rising of the cloud no bigger than

a man's hand? Look at your hand, plaster it against that hot, dry, blazing dome of last Summer's sky, and see how great the faith that could turn that speck into a storm, which should, ere one's chariot could gallop a league, spread into a heaven-covered cloud pouring its oceanic fullness on a land dead with forty months of desolation. It was this same sea, by whose side, greatest of all, once walked the Savior, when he went into the ports of Phœnicia, and gave the Syrophenician woman the crumb that restored her daughter to reason and to her. Hither came Jonah, and after him, Peter, and both, recalcitrant to the wish and will of God, were compelled, at the same port, in almost equally distasteful modes, to learn that to obey is the duty of the preacher of the Gospel, not to prevaricate and dissimulate and prophesy smoothly. The whale from the depths and the sheet from the heights, alike taught disagreeable but divine truth in a disagreeable but divine manner. It was over this sea that Paul sailed, first on his journeys to preach and last on his journey to die. What pretense to put our American lakes, stifled with their saltless atmospheres, as historyless as a droning beetle, by the side of this, wonderful in nature and history, the mid-world ocean of the Eastern Continent!

Inferior to this, but to none of our lakes and rivers, are such waters as the Persian Gulf, covered with battles from Alexander to Napier; the Red Sea, with its one gigantic, unequaled miracle; the Black Sea, full of history from Jason and the Golden Fleece to the Crimean War; the Adriatic, bride of Venice and glory of Austria, who, at Lepanto, destroyed for ever the advance of Mohammedanism. What rivers have we like the Euphrates and Tigris, cradles of the human race; the still awe-inspiring Nile, the castled Rhine, the Alpine Rhone; even the Tiber, Thames, and Seine, small streams, but jammed with highest life? The English Channel, the Baltic, every globule almost of flowing or floating water has qualities of commerce and irrigation

equal with our own, while in history we have hardly a drop that approaches their rich significance.

What is true of the water is also true of the land. Whether mountains, famous as Pyrenees, Alps, or Himalayas, or plains like Tartary's and Germany's; whether the minor hills and hollows of Greece and Italy, or the rich intervals of Switzerland and Scotland, and the richer levels of Holland; whether sunny France or showery England; whether populous China or empty Russia; whether luxurious India or stalwart Scandinavia; whether ingenious Japan or enthusiastic Arabia,—how cheap appear our acres to the Old World's richness and variety!

In climate we can not boast above them. Said the British delegates in Baltimore on the 1st of May: "We left vegetation at a more advanced state in England a month ago, than it is here now." The burning heats of our mid-summer, and freezing colds of our mid-winter, the droughts and tornadoes of winds and rains, do not give us such a superior climate as makes it possible for us to boast above our fellows. New England is far below Old England in this respect. So is New Jersey below the old; and New France and New Spain, as Louisiana and Mexico were called, are far outranked, in this respect, by their Old World parents.

There is something in our atmosphere that, perhaps, encourages the excesses of the people. It is stimulant to an unnatural degree. Possibly it is too highly oxygenized. Its dryness is charged with super-dryness, and the race has not that plodding character which it elsewhere exhibits. It is too ethereal, too volatile, too subject to its own tornadoes and earthquakes, and freezing cold and burning heat. Nor do these extremes of climate lead to unity of population. Europe could much more easily be homogeneous than America. The climates of Italy and England bear a far closer resemblance than that of Florida and Maine, or even than that of Ohio and

Georgia. The isothermal line will find far less variation in the Eastern than in the Western Continent. "The Butter Zone," said an enthusiastic Philadelphia student of American temperatures, "runs between the Hudson and the Susquehanna." A narrow strip was to him the perfect thermal belt. The European "butter zone" extends from Edinburgh to Lyons, a broad belt of almost uniform temperature, genial and productive.

Thus, then, with our excellences, which are many, we can not be too modest over our superior advantages. The land we live in and that we love is not so far exalted above all other lands, as to be the especial favorite of heaven. God's purpose in America does not, in a pre-eminent degree, include her soil and climate.

That soil is not to be despised. It has broad rivers and large lakes. It has rich plains and wooded mountains—or would have the latter but for the parsimony and folly of man. It has sufficient variety of beauty to satisfy every lover of the picturesque, and sufficient variety of composition to satisfy every lover of the useful. It is a goodly land, though not the only one that the Lord hath blessed.

Nor is God's purpose for America especially illustrated in the quality of the stock with which he has planted it. By quality I refer to its essential superiority to all previous national seed-germs. Much is said of the Pilgrim blood. It is no unworthy blood; but it has had the most trifling effect on New England itself. The Puritans were a much more powerful stock. They peopled and controlled Massachusetts and Connecticut. They have driven their influence through all the land.

Some speak respectfully of the Huguenots and Quakers, though their contributions to the national blood have been of the feeblest. Yet none of these is especially exalted. Our stock is simply and solely human. It has no advantages above other human races. In fact it comes from them all.

What then is the divine purpose in respect to America? To give the human race a chance to start afresh the development of the human problem, without many of the impediments which attended previous beginnings and developments, and with some fruits of previous national results to guide and to warn; and especially with its fountain and origin in Christ and Christianity, which no other nation had ever previously enjoyed.

Classify these conditions a little more sharply. They were:

1. To give the human race a new territory to work out its destiny.
2. To give it light from past failures.
3. To give it Christ and Christianity from the start.
4. To unify it from all diverse tribes and tongues.

Out of these conditions precedent was to come the one perfect humanity in Christ, or the confessed failure to organize such a humanity, and the consequent results. "For this cause in very deed I have raised thee up," saith the Lord God; raised thee up for his glory in thy perfection, if thou abide in his Word; for his glory in thy destruction, if thou fail to abide. These very words that Moses used to Pharaoh, Paul quotes to the Jews, showing that God meant them for man. It is to solemn and not boastful thoughts this Centennial natal era summons us.

1. We are given here an unoccupied territory. It was a virgin soil to which the American people was to be married. This was a great desideratum. Previously all nations grew by conquering other nations and taking possession of their dwelling-place. Expatriation was a prerequisite of their own mobilization. We have no certain knowledge of any autochthones before ourselves. We are our own aborigines. The Jews conquered the Canaanites; Greeks, Pelasgi; Trojans, Latins; Romans, all surrounding tribes. Franks expelled Celts; Germans, Franks; Rome subdued Britons. Then Angles and Saxons and Danes and Normans each superimposed a layer of

humanity upon the other. The Britons, as such, were not completely crushed till the fourteenth century, and even then they were only subdued by compromise, the present Prince of Wales carrying in his name the fact and mode of that compromise. The first-born son of the Norman ruler takes the regular ancient British title, and so preserves their claims to almost co-ordinate sovereignty unto this day.

This universal law is broken in respect to America. It may be said that our Indian tribes reproduce this fact. But this is not the case; for the Indian has never successfully maintained his rights to the soil, and also has never, in the least degree, affected the invading peoples. The only thing the Indians have contributed to our civilization is names. We have accepted their nomenclature for our rivers, mountains, lakes, and lands. This is their only gift. They do not give themselves with it. They have never contributed their blood or ideas or weapons or any thing to our America.

It is very different in Mexico. There the Aztec has taken possession of the Spaniard, and in arts and society, and blood and brains, the State is more Aztec than Spanish. In religion and arms alone has the conqueror there prevailed over the conqueror; and these have been largely infused with Aztecism; for the reigning religion is the worship of an Aztec idol, and their arms are the desultory and steadiless fighting of Indian natives.

In this last particular, the Indian has in a slight but perceptible degree, affected our people. The pioneer is an Indian hunter. He adopts the style of his foe; fights from ambush, stealthily, and singly. In every thing but scalping he is an Indian. Such was Boone, Kit Carson, and many another famous hunter. Such was our first Revolutionary battle—that of Concord and Lexington, so called, but which was really an Indian warfare on the solid British lines, by the Yankee English Indian from behind stone walls, and trees and bushes. They lined the

road from Concord to Cambridge, a dozen miles, with a perpetual ambuscade. Such, too, was the battle of Saratoga. Burgoyne was melted down as Braddock had been twenty years before, only Burgoyne was picked off by English-blooded Indians, pure whites in all save their mode of warfare, while Braddock was overcome by the pure, original stock. Of this sort were Marion's men, and almost all our Southern Revolutionary fighters.

But this was not our only style of warfare. If it had been, the Indians might have claimed an inheritance in us. We met the foe in the style of the foe, at Bunker Hill, and often afterward, though never quite forgetting the Indian passion for single combat. Even our last war gave sharp-shooters a rank they never hold in European armies. It is a tribute to the Indian, an absorption of his style into the more disciplined forms of cultivated warfare.

This is his only gift to American civilization, and this, unlike the European conquests, is unaccompanied with his own blood. He has not contributed a perceptible drop to the American nation. One family only has boasted of this relation, and that branch of it has disappeared from observation, if not from existence. New England, New York, Pennsylvania, who all treated the Indian more or less kindly, never interblooded with him. He has simply vanished from before this world-flood. He is no part of the American integer. He held the soil to keep down wilder beasts till we came, whose right it was by the decree of God. He was to America what the Bedouin is to Palestine, a subduer of wild beasts, a transient keeper for the coming man. Our immense territory was unincumbered with claimants and possessors of any sort. The first musket scattered the bows and arrows, and they have steadily abandoned the field.

This is a fact entirely unknown before in human history. Nowhere can one find a region unoccupied by adventurous feet before America was discovered.

Australia followed, and that is all. Africa has sixty millions of settled people,—not nomads, but established nations and forms of government. All other lands were alike populated.

2. The second gift was the gift of others' experience. We are very much younger than other nationalities, and hence could learn, if we would, from their failures. If we do not, we are without excuse. We have their wrecks as our guides, not to a like wreck, but to avoid like wrecking. No previous nation had such a chart for its voyage. They started out on an unknown sea. They could not tell by previous experience what was the result of any form of national wrong-doing. They had no chart. How were they to know whether democracy or monarchy was the best government, or State Church or independent Church, or severe or light punishments for political and other offenses, or strict adhesion to moral law in our legislation, or laxity, or ceaseless fighting or arbitration? These experiments and many others of like sort had to be made. It took centuries to make them. The ocean of civil life had to be traversed in every part, and charts, wrought from experience, had to be laid down. No constitution like ours could have been written until hundreds of unwritten constitutions had been writ in blood and anguish, in long, deep, and fearful experience. Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors.

3. The chief gift was the possession of Christianity. No other people started out on their political life with Christianity. In every instance before, Christ conquered an existing nationality. From Rome to the Sandwich Islands, the Christian faith was leaven applied to a long-existing lump, and therefore with great difficulty penetrating the lump. The Apostle to the Gentiles was the proper title of all Christian missionaries in all Europe for eight hundred years. It was Edwin the Saxon who was converted, and whose conversion brought Britain into the fold. It was Clovis the Frank, whose conver-

sion made the French Christians. The Germans were longer in yielding, and not till Boniface, the Irish apostle in the ninth century, did they completely accept Christianity. Russia was the last of these royal and national converts, and her translation from heathenism to Christianity was in the tenth century, and practically as late as the fourteenth century.

All such superinduced faiths are weakened by the upspringing forces of the subjected, but not annihilated, faith. Ecclesiastic Rome is to-day more of Cæsar than of Christ, as the very titles of her head show. Pontifex Maximus is the old imperial name, and that which her popes still put upon their monuments, or did to the hour of their political dethronement.

The Greek Christian is the old Athenian in disputation and weakness of moral character. The Egyptian Christian and the Oriental soon disappeared, the mass below eating up the crust which was all Christianity could impose upon them.

Northern Europe, caught and Christianized in a barbaric state, was more possessed with the Christian idea. Yet its barbaric force, for hundreds of years even, welled up to corrupt, if not drown, the incumbent Christ. All the horrid usages of Northern Europe, all their fierce appetites, unto this day seen in their sports and songs,—their bear-baiting and wrestlings and hard drinking,—are only rudiments of a once powerful barbarism, which delighted in drinking the enemy's blood from his own skull, which was brutal in its pleasures no less than in its duties.

Our civilization began with Christ. Whatever may be the boast of the scorner and rejecter of Christ to-day, he and all must grant that it began, formally at least, in Christ. Like the legend of Harvard should be that of the country: *Christo et Ecclesiæ*; only it may be hoped that the country will better observe this legend than the college has done.

Columbus never would have gotten his pinnaces but for Isabella's Christian

faith and love; nay, but for Christian priests, in their monasteries, first proving the feasibility of the enterprise. His first act on landing was to raise the cross, his next the flag, which also had the cross in its folds. His next act was to engage in Christian worship, as he understood it, and with the Christian teacher who accompanied him.

A hundred years after, most of the coast had been taken possession of by Christian powers. A hundred and twenty years after, successful settlements began in our territory. In every instance they were under the direction of Christian powers, and with the attendance of Church officials. Jamestown was the child of the English Church, New York of the Dutch; New England, the Independent, and so all the coast was lined with colonies, every one of which was centered in its Church, and came forth from a Christian State. Thus we were planted with Christ,—buried with him in his new, unoccupied, vast, and wonderful land, that we might rise with him in newness of national life.

There never was a question for the hundred and fifty years of our colonial life as to our Christianity. Virginia fought Baptists; Massachusetts, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Quakers, solely in the interest of their Church. Rhode Island admitted all, but was none the less an ardent ecclesiastical State. So were Pennsylvania, New York, and Maryland.

Up to the hour of our national departure, from Isabella's order to Columbus, we were a Christian continent and country. If there is any change since, it is in violation of our birth and almost three centuries of pupilage. Whether we seek to deny or not our present obligations to Christ and relation to Christianity, it is none the less true that Christianity was the predecessor of our existence; that it came not *to* us, as to all previous States, but *with* us. It was before us, and led us into the wilderness. We are, therefore, under different obligations as a nation, from all our political ancestry; for

we are not heathen in our birth and beginning, but Christian. This thought should ceaselessly control the national idea and duty. It has much to do with God's purpose for America.

4. The unification of man in America involves God's purpose. I have said it was not such choice stock as some of us proudly fancy. The few seed-grains that are especially boasted of were of no great choiceness. There was a little gentle blood in Virginia, but it was chiefly of the same relation to the aristocratic stock across the ocean that the tinted slave has to his father's legal family. There was a handful in the *Mayflower*, of which much has been said, choice only from its faith in Christ, as the holiest congregation in our chief cities, the one most chosen of God and precious, is very likely in the poorest quarter, and very possibly of the darkest hue. The *Mayflower* seed was cottagers, serfs, villains, so-called, of England, of its poorest poor, as were the Methodists a century after. Only one or two of superior birth accompanied them, as Wesley, of gentle blood, led up his outcast people. Pennsylvania is proud of Penn, as of aristocratic blood, but his adherents were commonest of the common. There was no form nor comeliness in all our parentage. But one thing was in it. It was from every source. One can hardly appreciate the diversity of origin in this country at its very beginning. It was from every portion of Europe. Italy sent out the discoverer and geographer, and subsequent famous explorers. Spain grasped its richest portions, and sent her valiant men-at-arms around the whole Gulf. France seized the North and the South alike, and connected them with the chief river of the continent. Sweden and Norway were here at the start, as they are now at the finish. Germans, both low and high, from Holland and from farther up the Rhine, flowed over New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania; while Great Britain, in all her divided, and, at that time, and to this time, in part, hostile nationalities, captured two

thousand miles of coast, from Georgia to New Scotland, with the single exception of the New York bay and river. Such commingling of opposite races was never seen before in all human history. And this commingling was substantially free. Some were sent over by the authorities as penal colonists, but most came of an inward preference. Only one class were brought over without their consent. They have melted largely into the mass so far as blood is concerned: not one-eighth of this class to-day, the best authorities say, being of the pure blood of the originally enslaved. Thus every nation and people that lined the transatlantic shore were deposited on our soil. And the mixing of all races from those violently hostile sections began at the beginning of our history. Such admixture of races had in it a Divine purpose. It was above all human thought and desire. It was the seed-corn of a new humanity. The virgin continent shall not be married to an effete, dissolute, exhausted nationality. It shall have a new nation, a new man. He shall come from all the Old World, and from all portions of it. He shall be driven by persecution, led by love of adventure, forced by law, dragged as slave. He shall be of every tongue, tribe, color, and faith. He shall be barbarian of the lowest type, and Christian of the highest. He shall be cruel as Pizarro, greedy as the Dutch, severe as the Puritan, reckless as the cavalier; of every style and sort of manhood. But he shall be *man*. That is the whole of it. God picks out these discarded peoples and plants them where, forgetting the old nationality, they merge into a new life.

This new man will not be completed until the Asian also becomes a vital fraction of the unit. And, strange to say, in the dawn of our second century, but four hundred years after the discovery of the New World, from the other side of the Pacific, he rolls his waves upon our shores. The yellow scum of this tidal wave is very objectionable to some people's prejudices,—very. So was the Irish scum that

dashed upon our Eastern shore a generation ago. Men of this origin first appearing in our streets and fields, as a body, were of the lowest type of civilized humanity. They were universally called "Paddies," as ignominious a name in the ear of society as "niggers" is to-day. They were reckoned too low for any recognition. I remember once chaffing a young lady, daughter of my employer, on the possibility of her marrying an Irishman, and the unspeakable contempt with which she received the suggestion. No appeal to the fact that Burke and Wellington and Moore were Irishmen, helped to restore me to her lost favor. "Lalla Rookh," her favorite poem, might be written by an Irishman, but all she knew of that sort were "Paddies." Now that word has disappeared from our language, and men of high social rank rejoice in the very names that then were a disgrace.

This Mongolian flow is alike despised. Their cleanly features, dress, and manners, their sobriety, industry, economy, ingenuity, all these go for naught. We "go for" the heathen "Chinee." Both the great political parties put hostility to them, and warfare upon them, into their centennial platforms. The one does it delicately but yet positively. The other, with greater aptitude in that direction, though bearing a name that signifies the absolute equality of all men, rushes straight over to their repressive, if not prohibitive, importation. The very men who control that party were themselves, in their fathers and mothers, out of the pale of society a generation ago, and could not have entered the land, if it had been left to a vote of the people.

Still, despite these attempted barriers, Mongolians will come. Already in our Atlantic cities there are enough to demand the services of a missionary, while the Western mountains and shores are alive with them. The Afric came against every effort to prevent him, and stays in spite of every effort to expel him. So will the Asian come and stay,—perhaps, hereafter, in the better form of European emigration, with wives and children, but he will come.

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We may seek by party resolution to drive back this wave of emigration, but it is impossible. Nor is it desirable. They have qualities of quiet, system, patience, persistence, that our feverish, flighty people need. They will be the balance-wheel of American society.

This, then, is God's Purpose for America,—to make this great continent the mother of a new race in Christ. We may fight it down, by enslavement, by ostracism, by refusal to admit them to our shores. Nothing will avail. Who art thou that fightest against God? Nay, more, we may seek to dischristianize the land which was discovered in Christ, planted in Christ, built up to the day of its birth in Christ, and which has received its every blessing through his gift. This attempt, I am sorry to confess, may succeed. God does not compel us to serve him. He allows nations liberty as he does individuals. If this nation wishes to reject the God of its fathers, the God that planted and edified it, there is no one that will prevent it. God did not prevent Israel going over to the most abominable idolatries in its worship of Baal, the God of Power, the pantheistic and free religious idol and idolatry of that time. But they did not prevent God's cutting them off and driving them into returnless bondage and banishment. Moses's threats were as perfectly fulfilled as his promises. So God will not prevent our becoming a nation of Sabbath-breakers, of pantheists, of Spiritists, of rum-makers and rum-drinkers, of haters of our brother from Africa or China,—more than half the human race, of which we are an insignificant fraction. He will not compel us to put his name into the Constitution, to repress political Romanism by edict, or to prevent its mastery of the land. But he will see that the nation that thus violates his laws shall perish. He will allow hatred, discord, envyings, strife, bitterness, malice, to spring up among us. He will allow the East to fight the West; the North, the South. He will allow overproduction to end in disaster as complete as if famine had possessed us.

He will, in a word, permit us to destroy ourselves.

So has he wasted many an empire as proud and prosperous as our own. So has he allowed Italy to disappear for centuries, and Spain, the most gorgeous of kingdoms, to become the basest. So will he permit us to tear ourselves to pieces, and there shall be none to deliver. Turkey invaded a torn, distracted, divided Christian kingdom, that had cast off God, and for five hundred years she has held the capital of the world in her sway. We, too, shall perish, if we, too, cast his words away from us.

This Centennial era does not portend that evil. True, foes are within us, many and mighty, that seek unwittingly our national overthrow. But God is greater than our foes and fears. He raises up a standard and an army of his own. He has broken the chains from the necks of one-eighth of our population, against every interest, purpose, and power of party and man. The Church arrayed itself on the oppressor's side. The Government avowed itself their active and obedient servant. Trade spurns with sensitiveness extreme the reformatory call. Society sneers from its lofty perch on the low-lived movement. Yet over Church and State and society and trade sweeps the whelming tide. In the Church arise its valiant defenders, who suffer unto death for its destruction. In politics heroes appear who dare all for the great truth. In trade men stand forth who avow they sell goods and not principles, and in society the lordliest become allies of the lowliest, and the Tappans, Phillips, and other gentry, join the ignoble throng. The battle is set. Wealth, lordship, power, arms, go into the wasting strife for the perpetuation of ownership in human flesh. But down go fortunes, reputations, lives, every thing, in one fell swoop, that God's oppressed may go free. The Centennial opens on man free.

But Alps rise behind Alps. Man is no longer merchandise, but he is not yet man. There are as heavy chains on the

spirit as there were upon the body. His color is marked in his face, so that it is impossible for him to conceal it. A drop of it, even if it does not appear, and is known, drives him into the outer darkness. The party that liberates hesitates about accepting his brotherhood. It refuses to make no discriminations in schools. It refuses to forbid laws against intermarriage. It puts him in regiments by himself. It forbids his promotion in the army. It aids in rejecting him from the Senate house, because it fears that he will claim social as well as political rights. It refuses to protect him in these political rights, though it had secured in the Constitution the very power thus to protect him. It allows him to be shot by hundreds, to be driven from the polls by the thousands. It should have put, if needful, a million of soldiers at the polls to protect his national rights. It did not put a thousand. It only needed to say, "His political rights shall be complete, or his enemy's shall be taken away." It tampered, hesitated, declined to help its own allies. Were you in that dark land you would cry out:

"My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage."

Facts by the score, could be given of the horrible condition into which our indifference has cast the best and in many places the only friends of the nation. How long shall women have hot sealing-wax dropped on their naked bodies, and massacres prevail? How long? Until we ourselves are cured of our unchristian and unbrotherly feelings.

Our heart is not yet brotherly, though it is against his being made into merchandise. What has happened because of this timidity? No bracing air of human rights blowing through the party cordage and filling out its sails, it wallows in the trough of the political sea. Barnacles, borers, every sort of devourer, get into ship and cargo. Corruption, ambition, every greed, seizes upon it, and the mighty organization once moving to victory, was almost moving to defeat,

Persons rejoicing in lack of principle, though once full of highest principle, who hate black man, brown man, and yellow man alike, who glory in slavery and secession, who despise the Sabbath and the Bible and the common-school, and the attempt to suppress the iniquity of the rum traffic by right legislation, whose ideas and organization and history for the last forty years are utterly without high principle, utterly under the control of low motives,—such almost, if not altogether, get possession of the government.

If they should succeed, farther oppressions will come. The man just emancipated will be brought close to the house of bondage; as the children of Israel, failing to enter Canaan when God carried them to its borders, were driven back close to the Egyptian frontier. They did not enter their old house of bondage, and these, we hope, may not. But they will be oppressed in wages, in schools, in legal protections, in travel, in every wicked way. Yet, from this estate they will arise. Hardening the iron in the fierce fires makes it into steel. They shall come forth from their new captivity higher than ever before, no longer freedmen, but brothers beloved in the flesh and in the Lord. They shall redeem us as we have them, and we shall be proud to own them brothers.

So shall intemperance be fought down. If the power of Antichrist now embottled in whisky or lager goes over *en masse* to the power that shall declare in favor of the traffic, if every drunkard and drunkard-maker join hand in hand to extirpate the glorious truth and duty of Prohibition, they will make that truth and duty so much the lovelier and the stronger. It will arise from all these overthrows triumphant over all its foes.

So will the subtle and ceaseless efforts to expel God from the common-schools in expelling his Word; to expel the Sabbath from its throne, by denying its legal sanctity; to make this nation, born and nursed in Christianity, into a godless, churchless German beer-garden, where sobriety and virtue are alike well-nigh

unknown, as the birth annals of Munich and Vienna and the older German cities painfully show,—even this active and aggressive anti-godliness shall be destroyed, possibly through its momentary success. Slavery would not have been so suddenly and swiftly annihilated, but for its dominion in the nation in the gag law, the decree of the Supreme Court, the declaration of the Secretary of State that it was the corner-stone of the nation, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the attempt to assassinate a State Senator, and at last to assassinate the nation. Such brief reign taught the people that it must be destroyed, root and branch, or it would destroy them; and it was so destroyed. So these assaults on our accepted and nominally avowed Christianity in the school and the Sabbath, will end in putting Christ, by regular amendments, into the Constitution. So the boldness of whisky vendors and the subjection of our better States to their sway will make them attempt to be yet the supreme rulers in State and national legislatures. The people will be aroused by the arrogance of the rum power. Prohibition will arise from its earlier defeats with State and national constitutions and sovereignty. Not the less certain is the legal and ecclesiastical emancipation of woman from the long bondage wherein she has been made to serve. Her exclusion from the polls is inconsistent with Edenic impartiality and identity, and the coming Eden shall restore the lost equality. America, which has unchained man, shall unchain woman also. Pulpit, bar, every profession shall open its doors to her admittance. Halls of legislature and seats of authority shall behold Deborah again among the judges.

The future is ours. The alkali plains of the mountains Americo-Asians shall make into gardens. The burning savannas of the Gulf, Americo-Africs shall make to blossom abundantly with the white rose of cotton. The central North and West, European-Americans shall fill with proud and happy homes. And

all these threefold Americans shall no longer be Afric, Asian, or European, but simply and indistinguishably *American*. That is the American for America. This is the America for such an American. Let us look forward to that next Centennial, and behold the grand purpose of God still more gloriously advanced in all this land, and through this land in all the earth: the United States of Europe, then, perhaps, celebrating its semi-centennial—perhaps a longer life; the United States of Asia, under Christian teachings, becoming a united, intelligent, prosperous continent; the United States of Africa, even, solidifying into lovely life; while those of America, covering all her lands and seas, shall shine in the firmament of man, the very chiefest of his stars of glory; and all lands dwelling in brotherly love as one Christian State; Christ the object of universal external devotion and unspeakable internal love; all vice restrained to private and narrow limits, and the people one people, whose God is the Lord. Then shall the lakes and rivers of America surpass in true glory even the extraordinary splendors of the Eastern central seas; for here shall be humanity perfected. Not the Christ that suffers, but the Christ that reigns. Mighty men and their battles and their voyages and their sayings may still be Europe's heir-loom; but America's gifts shall be mankind perfected. The shores of every lake and the banks of every river, the glens of the hills, the prairies, and the mountains shall blossom with a realized manhood. That Eastern sea never saw that sight. The mighty man there was the mightier for the humiliation of his brother. The few were tyrants, the many were slaves. There was no State, no neighborhood of free, equal, fraternal men. A New England, a North-western hamlet of our pure primeval blood is infinitely superior in these essentials of real humanity to all the grandeurs of Greece, Egypt, Rome, and Palestine. That coming America shall be this local loveliness every-where extended and perfected.

The school open to every child, the shop and farm and store equally free to every youth, the Church the loving fellowship of every believer, the family interblended in affectionate equality, the lecture, concert, and library lifting all into corresponding culture; every home comely with outward and inward adornings; gardens and walks and trees and flowers and lawns without; carpets and pictures and pianos and every comfort within. Such places besprinkling now the edges of our Mediterraneans, lining now our Rhines with true, domestic, peaceful castles, shall then be multiplied universally. To-day seven-eighths of the habitations of the South are huts and cabins of poverty and degradation; three-fourths of the West are but a little removed from this condition; one-half of the East is slightly superior. Only in the West and East it is a transient and disappearing state. In the South it has been its permanent condition. Freedom has come in part, and its effect is seen in this blossoming into wood and brick, of comely structures; though even now there are scores of thousands of cabins not worth a score of dollars. Progress is impossible in such degradations. That is the state of all enslaved lands.

Our coming centennial will see this changed. It is changing, and the future will give us the best of the present in still better form. How simple are these changes, yet how vital! So small things, seemingly, as gas and water and ice and sprinkled streets, and hard driveways and sidewalks (this last an American invention, and not found yet but in few of the old cities of the Old World) and stoves and furnaces and elevators and refrigerators and sewing-machines and steel pens and steam-made tooth-picks, and a multitude of what you fancy trivialities, are evidences of our superior culture, almost as great as the railroad locomotive, steamer, and telegraph. Photography in colors; pneumatic freighting, if not traveling; cheap telegraphy, every man owning his own lines, or working those of the nation at a nominal cost; books equally cheap,

and universally read; our youth conversant in their childhood with many languages, and in their manhood with many lands,—these are tokens of the coming glory of the coming centennial.

We are inviting the peoples who shall be molded after this high and holy fashion. Let them come! Let us welcome to our shores the people of every nation, only demanding that they shall recognize Christ and the Bible as the soul of our national being.

It may be ages before these truths are

fulfilled, but fulfilled they will be, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

“Not centuries, but ages, span the life
Of nations great as ours, and here on earth
The punishment of ill, though slow of foot,
O’ertakes the guilty race, and golden seed
Ripens to golden harvest full and fair.
And so for this our land may ages fall,
Dragged down in time’s deep gulf; may ages rise,
And the past’s failure be atoned for here.
And after years of suffering and of sin,
Light breaks athwart the gloom and swift winds rise,
And sweep away the clouds that hide the heaven,
And angel swords are flashing through the world,
In the last triumph over death and sin.”

GILBERT HAVEN.

AN INCIDENT OF HUGUENOT TIMES.

HENRY IV, the first French King of the house of Bourbon, the not altogether unworthy son of Jeanne d’Albret, and descendant of that mother of the French Reformation, the beautiful Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre, Catholic though he was nominally, yet, by the celebrated Edict of Nantes, secured to his loyal Protestant subjects, full freedom of conscience, and all political and religious rights, winning thus the truly worthy honor, sometimes, and not unwarrantably, claimed for him of being the first in modern times to announce and to practically vindicate the Christian doctrine of religious toleration. Louis XIV, however, that unmitigated scourge of the seventeenth century, fully intent on breaking the power of the Protestant cause, and exterminating, if possible, the creed of the Huguenots, having, first, in the use of a variety of means, direct and indirect, greatly reduced their number, resolved, at length, to take a step which should exterminate or banish from his dominions the great bulk of these hated heretics. Accordingly, in 1685, he published his infamous revocation of the Edict of Nantes, letting loose thus upon an inoffensive and unsuspecting population the trained and blood-thirsty minions of the Romish hierarchy.

The measure adopted was only too effectual. In consequence of this terrible procedure, not less than five hundred thousand Protestants, it is said, turned their backs upon home and fatherland, and took refuge in foreign countries.

The most of these refugees escaped to Geneva, Holland, Germany, and England. Not a few of them, however, turned their faces toward the New World—our own America, standing, as yet, in desolate, primeval grandeur, surrounded by her lakes and forests, and waving to these victims of religious persecution abroad, her glad and royal welcome.

One can not but ardently and profoundly admire such a majestic example of indomitable virtue, which, for the sake of liberty of conscience and

“Freedom to worship God,”

cheerfully accepted a sacrifice involving not merely “the spoiling of their goods,” but expatriation also, and long and perilous voyages across unknown and inhospitable seas, and all the trials incident to a life in an unbroken wilderness. By a slight compromise, and a very moderate degree of dissimulation, these exiles might have remained unmolested in the sunny glades of their childhood, beneath their own roof-tree; living and dying,

many of them, in the splendid halls of their ancestors.

But no; they could die if necessary; they could abandon their paternal acres, incur all the perils of the deep, and of a home among savages, and in the pathless wilderness; but they could not dissemble.

Succeeding, but too well, in thus draining his dominions of the very best blood of the land, Louis at length, with a view to arresting this disastrous exodus, and yet without, at the same time, withdrawing the hand of persecution, issued edicts imposing the severest penalties on all those who were found attempting to escape from the country. The more effectually to enforce these edicts, troops were quartered on Protestant districts, and billeted especially on such as were suspected of heresy. During this "dragooning" period, as it was called, twenty-two soldiers were once quartered in the family of a widow in the province of Pericord. The latter, refusing to sign a prescribed form of abjuration, was instantly and pitilessly plundered of all she possessed. At length, and on the express condition that her four children should remain unmolested, she was induced to sign, obstinately persisting, however, in adding to her signature the words, "compelled by fear." This being considered virtually a breach of her promise, her children were straightway apprehended, and confined in prisons or convents. One of these, however, the eldest, a lad of eighteen years, named Amadeus, with a sagacity and resolution quite beyond his years, contrived to escape. Traveling on by-roads and along unfrequented thoroughfares, and much of the time under the friendly cover of night, after many ingenious and hair-breadth escapes, he succeeded in gaining the frontier, and embarking for Holland.

At the last moment, however, as bad luck would have it, through some inadvertence, he was suspected, and arrested as a fugitive. The governor of the province, before whom he was forthwith brought for trial, feeling not a little compassion for the heroic young heretic, tried kindly to persuade him to abjure, as other-

wise he must inevitably, under the circumstances, be condemned for life to the galleys. The youngster, however, determined to endure even the galleys or death, rather than renounce his faith. Several priests interposed, using every argument to convert him, offering bribes withal; one going so far as to offer to procure an advantageous alliance for him, assuring him that he knew of a beautiful lady, with an ample fortune, who would accept him as a husband as soon as ever he had proved himself to be a truly converted son of the Church. The captive and moneyless youth, not thus to be bought or cajoled, proudly spurned the proffer of liberty and emolument on any such conditions, and heroically confronted the hardships and privations he knew only too well his refusal must involve.

He was now manacled, clad in the convict's garb, and required with others to take up his long and wearisome march to the sea. By night he lodged in noisome dungeons; by day he was compelled continually to associate with the most abandoned and degraded. With a chain about his neck and with bruised and bleeding feet, abjectly subject to the beck of the most brutal and tyrannical keepers, our young Amadeus, and all for the sake of a good conscience, undertakes his long and painful pilgrimage to the galleys.

In consideration of its largely secular origin, the spirit and energy, the heroic, indomitable self-denial, with which the reformers, for the most part, maintained their cause, was certainly very remarkable. The devotion especially of these Huguenots, reminding us of the no less invincible prowess of the Protestant Netherlanders, and of the Scotch Covenanters,—a devotion, as we have seen, descending even to the children,—gives evidence, truly, of having been disinterested and conscientious to an extent seldom, if ever, surpassed. Pains and penalties were laughed to scorn; dungeons, tortures, expatriation, and exile were cheerfully welcomed rather than falsify their word, or dishonor their cause. Even

in the case of those of tender years, the world seemed all too poor to tempt them for a moment to purchase immunity from suffering by compromise with or submission to the man of sin.

Our young friend Amadeus, meantime, was now subjected to yet one more trial of his faith,—a trial, more bitter, more cruel, if possible, than any as yet presented. He had been assailed on the side of reason, and of covetousness, of conscience, patriotism, and religion. He is now to be assailed on the most vulnerable of all sides,—that of the heart.

Benefactions, from time to time, were quite freely bestowed upon the wretched prisoners, with whom he was there compelled to associate, by the compassionate inhabitants of the several cities through which they passed; and as, by virtue of his fine features and noble bearing, Amadeus presented a commanding and noticeable figure, he naturally attracted extraordinary attention, and won the admiring regard of all who beheld him. Women, true to the generous instincts of their natures, especially regarded him with a tender interest, and were not slow, in many instances, to manifest on his behalf the deepest and sincerest sympathy. At one place, in particular, a beautiful young girl approached him, and, learning that his only crime was heresy, tendered him, with every evidence of the most earnest and affectionate esteem, a rosary with a crucifix attached. The young man, moved by this simple and manifestly unaffected demonstration of regard, would gladly have accepted this gift as a token from the tender-hearted maiden; but fearing lest the act would be construed as a sign of concession or submission touching the matter of his faith, he heroically declined it, yet with many and very fervent expressions of gratitude for this manifestation of the young lady's kindness. That evening, this same young woman again sought the prison of the young Huguenot, this time bringing with her a priest, declaring that her object was the conversion of this beautiful but obstinate heretic.

"Once, during this interview," said Amadeus, "I became faint from the stress and urgency of my emotions, and I was upon the very point of yielding. I pressed the soft and delicate hand I held to my lips. Again and again I tried to release it. I could not." The priest, seeing in this a yielding spirit, and seizing on this moment of supreme weakness as his golden opportunity, eagerly whispered in the young man's ear, "Renounce your heresy, and embrace the true religion, and that hand is yours for all eternity." It was indeed a crucial moment, yet God gave him the fortitude and firmness still to adhere to his principles. "For eternity?" he murmured. "No," he exclaimed, with new and reviving resolution; "no, it might be mine for this life, but an eternity of misery would be the price I would pay for this gift. No, let me die, if necessary, a galley-slave; at peace with my own conscience and my God, rather than purchase either liberty or love at such a price."

The beautiful vision has passed away. The severest of all temptations has been encountered and a victory won. And yet, when Amadeus found himself at length all alone once more, as he heard the prison door closing sullenly on him for the night, and, as, especially, he fully realized that that sweet, sorrowful face that a moment since was beaming so tenderly and lovingly upon him, was now gone from him forever, he sank down and wept in very bitterness. At length his agony yielded to calmness, to peaceful slumber, to dreams—whether waking or sleeping he knew not. He thought he was dying. "God save me," he cried. Angels, as he thought, came to conduct him to the realms of bliss. And now, strangely, yet how blessedly! brightest and serenest of them all shone the face of the sweet Catholic girl, to whom he had just bidden a last and tearful adieu. Her presence dispersed all his gloom, and instantly made his prison walls glow with heavenly light. Approaching his hard, uncomfortable

couch, she seemed to bend over him, and, raising the hand he had just forever resigned, in a voice so soft and silvery she said: "This, though lost for time, yet by your fidelity, you have now won for eternity."

Amadeus never knew what became of this bright angel of his dreams,—this simple-hearted, beautiful creature, that, in all sincerity had sought his conversion; and who, while thus earnestly seeking his redemption, at once, as she imagined, from temporal and spiritual bondage, actually did capture his heart, though she could not yet seduce him from his integrity, or prevail upon him for a price to betray the Lord that bought him. Often, however, during the subsequent long and dreary years of his captivity, by night and by day, when chained to his galley-oar, bending beneath the bur-

dens of his wearisome toil, or groaning under the cruelties of hard-hearted taskmasters, the ardent, noble-minded youth seemed to behold that same beautiful vision, and to hear again that same sweet voice saying: "*Lost for time, but won for eternity.*"

Through the intercession of Queen Anne, of England, liberty and pardon were granted to a certain number of Protestant galley-slaves, on condition of their quitting the kingdom at their own expense. Amadeus was among the number thus released. He had been a prisoner for seven years. By the aid of the charitable, he, with others, was enabled to reach Geneva, where all were received amid many demonstrations of joy, and where this interesting, valiant young Huguenot is finally lost to our view.

R. H. HOWARD.

LITERARY CHEATS AND MYSTERIES.

A CURIOUS chapter in literary history relates to willful falsification, wayward deception, misconception of an author's identity and meaning,—one or all of these according to circumstances. Sometimes a writer claims as his own a production that proceeded wholly or in part from another brain. Sometimes an author has professed to make a journey to a distant and little-known region, and has published a description of it, due wholly to his own invention, or amplified by bits taken without acknowledgment from other books. Many instances are on record in which a writer assumed a name that did not belong to him; while still more numerous are those wherein an author, for reasons sufficient in themselves, leaves just so much mystery as to give rise to a wide range of conjecture.

About the middle of the last century, one Mr. Lauder startled the literary world by the publication of a circular in which

he accused Milton of having borrowed from a previous author some of the versified materials for "*Paradise Lost*." It was easy to accuse a man who had been dead three-quarters of a century; nevertheless, Milton's reputation stood too high to permit this charge to be passed over in silence. Lauder named the author, and quoted passages strikingly like some of those in the great English epic. Dr. Douglas took the matter up. He obtained a copy of the work, with some difficulty, and went through it line by line, without finding any such passages as the accuser had professed to quote. What he *did* find was this,—that one Hogens had translated "*Paradise Lost*" into Latin, 1690; that Lauder had taken eight lines from this translation, and stated that he had found them in the works of Staphornius, a Dutch poet and divine. Meanwhile, not knowing what Douglas was doing, Lauder obtained subscriptions

for a new edition of Hogens's poems, or that part of them which contained the passage supposed to incriminate Milton. When the work was actually printed, the result of Dr. Douglas's examination was made public. The publishers insisted that Lauder should place in their hands the veritable book from which his excerpts had been made. He then confessed that the whole affair was an invention. The publishers issued a small edition of the work, but inserted this prefatory note in each copy: "As this man has been guilty of such a wicked imposition on us and the public, and is capable of so daring an avowal of it, we declare that we will have no further intercourse with him; and we now sell his book only as a curiosity of fraud and interpolation." Dr. Johnson, before the cheat was discovered, had so far been imposed upon as to furnish a preface and postscript to the work. Lauder endeavored to ward off public censure by giving first one motive, then another, for his conduct. He fell into obscurity, and died in great poverty about twenty years afterward.

Book-buyers were invited, in 1704, to purchase a "History and Description of the Island of Formosa," by George Psalmanazar, a Christianized native of that country. The work made a great stir. It was vividly written; the details were minute; and numerous engravings depicted the houses, vehicles, shipping, etc., of the Formosans. There next appeared "Dialogues between a Japanese and a Formosan," concerning religious matters; together with a grammar of the Formosan language, a vocabulary for the use of strangers visiting that beautiful island, and a series of translations of prayers and short sentences. The reading public were greatly interested in learning so much concerning a remote region until then little known except by name. A few better informed men suspected that all was not genuine. George Psalmanazar mixed openly in society, and bore with great ability the questionings and cross-questionings to which he was subjected. After two English editions and

two or three foreign translations of his principal work had appeared, the bubble burst; conscience pricked him, and he confessed that he had been deluding the public. Full particulars of his life were never obtained, nor was his real name known; but it was accepted as probable, from facts one by one ascertained, that he was a native of Switzerland; that he had great natural abilities, and had received a good education; that for some years he led the life of a vagabond adventurer, living by various impostures in several parts of Europe. His Formosa fraud was known to and encouraged by an army chaplain in Holland, who brought him to England, and obtained for him those high recommendations which so advanced his schemes. His "last will and testament" contained expressions of deep contrition for the reckless and dishonest conduct of his early years.

In 1760 a small work was published, purporting to be a translation into English of a Gaelic poem, written by Ossian in the third century; and these were followed by a few other specimens soon afterwards. They excited great interest in Scotland, on account of their alleged antiquity; and the translator and editor, James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, acquired notoriety. Critics, however, especially critics conversant with the Gaelic language, suspected that all was not as it should be. Macpherson had obtained the good opinion and aid of Home, the author of "Douglas," and had been assisted with funds to enable him to travel about the Highlands, as a means of collecting specimens of early Gaelic poetry. What he had published had been translated from his English into French, Italian, Danish, and Polish; and "Ossian's poems" began to take a place in European literature. It was, therefore, desirable to settle whether they were authentic or not. The Faculty of Advocates sent him on another tour to collect further specimens; he apparently reaped a rich harvest, but nobody could tell *where* he found what he

pretended to find,—ancient Ossianic manuscripts. Lord Kames, Sir John Sinclair, with the poets Blair and Gray, contended for the authenticity of the publications; while Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Malcolm Laing, and Pinkerton more or less openly accused Macpherson of deception, in having written English poems, and palming them off as translations from very old Gaelic. As Macpherson scorned, or at any rate refused, to reply to any accusations against him, the controversy went on without his assistance. About twenty years afterwards, Mr. Shaw, author of a Gaelic dictionary and grammar, published a vigorous onslaught on the Ossian poems; declaring that internal evidence showed them to be modern instead of ancient; and pointing to the fact that Macpherson had never publicly shown the old manuscripts which he professed to have discovered. Malcolm Laing, an historian of Scotland, adverted to inconsistencies and even impossibilities in the alleged poems. Wishing to set at rest a question naturally so interesting to Scottish men of letters, the Highland Society, in 1804, drew up a series of questions, printed them in circulars, and sent these circulars to every part of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. They asked whether any persons had ever heard any poems, long or short, in Gaelic, attributed to Ossian; and whether they could repeat what they had heard. Slowly did the replies come in, and the members of the Society were unwilling to come to an unfavorable decision on the subject. Though the controversy has of late been again raised, Scotland has arrived at a pretty unanimous verdict that the poems published by Macpherson are a *cento*, or patchwork, partly fictitious (that is, written by himself), and partly copies or adaptations of poetry orally current in the Highlands.

We must not call the "Letters of Junius" a deception; the writer merely wished to keep secret his own identity, but left the world to conjecture at leisure as to who he might be,—the name of

"Junius" being a fanciful one. A literary conundrum were these "letters," and such they still remain. They were published a little over a century ago, between 1769 and 1772, and produced amazing excitement in England by their brilliant satire, scathing denunciation, and polish of style. More than forty theories have been put forward concerning the name of the author. The balance of opinion has long tended towards Sir Philip Francis; but the matter is not even now settled.

For reasons which seemed to him sufficient, Scott concealed for many years the authorship of the Waverley novels and romances. He did not make the truth known until the curiosity of the entire reading public had been raised to a feverish height. If at any time he were asked point-blank whether he was the author, a few twinges of conscience may have troubled him at the necessity or temptation to tell an untruth on the subject; but this is an annoyance likely to befall any great writer who maintains the *anonymous* for a series of years.

Thomas Chatterton, who in one sense lived a long life before he was eighteen years old, was one of the most extraordinary literary deceivers on record. Born at Bristol, in 1752, he was taught a small routine of knowledge at a parish school, and then belonged to the Colston School from his eighth to his fifteenth year; afterwards he led the life of a drudge in an attorney's office. Antiquities, especially of an artistic or poetical kind, were the special objects of his liking; and in this direction he manifested at once his genius and his fraud. In 1768 a new bridge was opened at Bristol; and there appeared, in *Felix Farley's Journal*, a translation of an ancient manuscript, under the title: "A Description of the Fryars Passing Over the Old Bridge." The antique phraseology and the vividness of the description attracted general attention; but the whole affair was the product of Chatterton's own brain, although he indulged in plentiful lying when pressed for an explanation. This

first deception marked his sixteenth year; and the remaining two years of his brief career may be characterized as one continued falsification. He handed to a Bristol tradesman a pedigree, tracing his ancestors back to the Norman times, and claiming to the astonished shop-keeper relationship with many a noble and knightly personage in past ages. He produced the "Bristow Tragedy," and other poems, declaring them to have been written by one Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. He brought forward some old parchments, descriptive of the principal churches and chapels in Bristol; they were wholly his own production; but by discoloring them with smoke and ocher, and imitating old writing, he completely deceived Mr. Barrett, who was at that time writing a history of the city. He wrote to Horace Walpole, inclosing pieces of ancient writing, purporting to be biographical sketches of Bristol painters, scarcely, if at all, known to the public, and offering to place in his hands a large collection of such papers. Walpole, who was at that time preparing his "Anecdotes of Painters," entered upon the subject with great interest; but his critical judgment soon detected the fraud, and he shook off the impostor. Some London booksellers made Chatterton an offer which tempted him to come to the metropolis, where he was chiefly employed in writing satirical party articles. The attention they attracted gratified his enormous self-conceit; and in a wild burst of excitement he said to a friend that he hoped, "by the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which will make my fortune." The "mad genius," as he was called, had long brooded on suicide; and he put it into effect at a squalid lodging in Brook Street, Holborn, and did not live to see his eighteenth year.

Another of these strange palterings with truth is known as the "Ireland Shakespeare forgeries," a publication that scandalized all literary men who possessed any reverence for truth. Sam-

uel William Henry Ireland, born in 1779, was the son of an engraver, respectably, though not eminently known in his profession. The father's love for relics and memorials connected in any way with great men was the bait that tempted the son into dishonesty. The two visited Stratford-on-Avon in 1795, with the main purpose, on the part of the senior, of bringing out a description illustrated by his sketches and engravings. Young Ireland, who had been articled to a conveyancer, after their return, told his father that he had accidentally found, among some law-papers, an old, time-worn deed or lease containing Shakespeare's autograph. The father, overjoyed at such a find, urged him to search for further memorials of the great poet. An unfortunate request, as the result speedily showed. Young Ireland pretended to find one curiosity after another, until enough had been collected to form a volume.

He soon after caused it to be noised abroad that one of the newly found treasures was a tragedy by Shakespeare, bearing the title of "Vortigern," but that he would not publish it until it had been acted at one of the principal theaters. Sheridan, though not without misgivings as to the quality of this dramatic composition, fell into the trap, and gave a considerable sum for the copyright. John Kemble undertook the principal character; and, public curiosity being excited, there was an immense house. The audience waited and waited for touches of Shakespeare's genius, but waited in vain; for the piece was one of the baldest and most inane. The curtain fell amid a storm of hisses, and "Vortigern" at once disappeared. Meanwhile, Malone and other critics had disputed the authenticity of the so-called Shakespeare discoveries generally. The too credulous father, rendered uneasy by these things, insisted on the son giving full particulars of the when, the where, and the how of his findings. Ireland then made a clean breast of it, and confessed that they were all mere inventions.

THE CALIPH HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

HOW many of our readers have got their first notions of the sovereigns of the East from the graphic picture drawn in the Arabian Nights' tales, of the eccentric adventures of Haroun-al-Raschid? And yet he was, for the age in which he reigned, a remarkable and a great man,—greater than many European sovereigns whose names have rung from end to end of the world. To learn somewhat of his history may not be uninteresting to many whose ideas regarding him are perchance confined to some dreamy recollections of having read of an Eastern monarch of that name, who was given to wandering about the streets at night in disguise, with his vizier Giafar, and getting into all sorts of strange adventures, which generally ended in his being told divers very remarkable tales.

Haroun-al-Raschid, or "Aaron the Just," was the fifth monarch of the dynasty of the Abassides, and reigned over the Saracens between the years 786 and 809, A. D. His father, Mahadi, at his death bequeathed the caliphate, which extended over the greater part of the East, to his eldest son, Hadi, upon the condition that after his death the scepter should descend to Haroun, instead of being assumed in the hereditary order of succession. Haroun suffered greatly from the tyrannical disposition of his brother, who hated him on account of the injunction of his father, which compelled him to regard Haroun as the natural enemy of his son. To escape from this tyranny, Haroun offered a vow to heaven that, if he were allowed to live and obtain possession of the throne, he would perform a pilgrimage to Mecca on foot. And this self-imposed punishment he did not hesitate to inflict on himself, when the death of his brother placed the supreme power in his hands. He was the last monarch of the East by whom such a pilgrimage was undertaken.

It is related of Haroun that his father, when dying, bequeathed him a ring of great value, containing a ruby of matchless beauty, as a token of his right to the succession. Of this ring his brother longed to possess himself, that his son, after his own death, might produce it, and by virtue of it demand the crown. With this wicked purpose he sent an armed soldier of his guard to waylay Haroun, who attacked him one day in a solitary spot on the banks of the Tigris, and threatened to take his life if he did not surrender the ring. Haroun knew from whom the soldier came, and, determining that his brother should never get what he sought, he flung the ring into the river. The soldier returned to the discomfited caliph, and announced to him what his brother had done. The caliph immediately sent men to search for the ring at the spot where Haroun, according to the soldier's tale, had cast it in; but all in vain—the ring was not to be found.

Years passed away, and the caliph died. His son, Giafar, raised a large faction of his friends and followers, and endeavored to contest the crown with Haroun, who was not slow in making every preparation to resist him. It so happened that his forces were encamped by the Tigris, and Haroun, wandering forth one morning, came suddenly to the spot where, many years before, he had buried in the depths of the river the gift of his departed father. He immediately ordered some of the followers of his camp to dive into the river and bring him up whatever they found there. They did so, and after a few seconds returned to the bank and presented the prince with the long-lost ring! This circumstance was instantly hailed as a signal of divine interposition; the story spread far and wide; several of the warmest partisans of Giafar came over to the side which they believed a special sign from

heaven had marked as the just one; and the result was that Giafar gave up the contest, and quietly allowed Haroun to assume that position for which the deeds of his after life showed that he was pre-eminently qualified.

Before Haroun ascended the throne, his name had been rendered famous by his achievements as a leader of his father's armies against the Greeks. When caliph, he invaded their empire in person, and compelled Nicephorus, the Greek monarch, to pay his caliphate a yearly tribute. Nicephorus, on the death of his mother, Irene, whom Haroun had conquered, refused to pay any tribute to the Saracen empire. An immediate demand was made by Haroun that the tribute should be instantly paid. He was answered by a messenger from Nicephorus, who laid at his feet a bundle of Grecian swords, declaring that to be the only answer his master would give. Haroun made no verbal reply; he rose from his seat, fixed the swords erect in the earth, drew his cimeter, and at one stroke shivered every one of them. The messenger bore to his master this significant reply; and not long after the territories of Nicephorus were laid waste by Haroun, at the head of an immense army, and the haughty Grecian monarch was forced to become again a tributary to the Saracen. Does not this anecdote remind the classic reader of the story told of Tarquin, and his equally significant answer to the questions of his son?

Haroun became the friend and political ally of Charlemagne, a man to whose character his own bore no slight resemblance. The caliph was the friend and supporter of learning, in an age of the most degraded ignorance. It was under his encouragement that the productions of the Grecian poets were introduced to the people of Arabia in their own language,—a task which, be it remembered, had not at that time been accomplished in any country of Europe.

Haroun was in general a mild and just law-giver; but absolute power is a dangerous gift in the hands of any man, and

despotism rarely fails to warp the mind and corrupt the heart of even the most humane and enlightened.

The most unfortunate stain on the character of Haroun was the fate of his grand vizier Giafar,—a personage scarcely less celebrated than himself. Giafar had offended the pride of his master by espousing the caliph's favorite sister, Abassa; and Haroun, in his unseemly rage, commanded that not only Giafar, but his father and three brothers, should suffer death in consequence. He ordered one of his officers, named Jasser, to bring him the vizier's head. The command was abruptly announced to the unfortunate minister, who, knowing the caprice of Eastern despots, without showing any emotion, said: "Perhaps the caliph is heated with wine; go back and tell him you have executed his order. If he be sorry for it, I shall be still alive; if not, my head is always ready."

Jasser being by no means content with this expedient, the vizier accompanied him to the door of Haroun's apartment and said: "Go in and tell him you have brought my head and left it at the door."

Jasser consented. He delivered his message; the caliph speaks: "Bring it before me."

Giafar prepares and the head is struck off. No sooner does the caliph see it than he says to Jasser, "Call hither such and such an one."

The man obeys, and the persons arrive.

"Cut off," said Haroun, "the head of this man; for the murder of Giafar is not to be suffered in my presence."

The father and the three sons, all excellent men, and in great power, were thrown into prison and perished miserably.

This is a sad story, and shows what the unbridled passions of the human heart are capable of when suffered to gain the ascendancy. Giafar, thus wantonly sacrificed to the caliph's pride and cruelty, had enjoyed his highest favor for twenty years, and had been his constant companion, adviser, and friend; while

the four who perished with him were innocent of the slightest participation in the offense which had been so sternly punished in the person of the hapless vizier. More than that, Haroun avenged the remorse which he could not but feel, on the innocent slave who had done no more than obey his will. And yet, in the long line of Eastern monarchs, one of the most liberal and enlightened was Haroun-al-Raschid!

It is narrated of him that, on one occasion, his eldest son, who after him inherited the throne, came to him and violently demanded justice against a courtier who had dared to traduce and calumniate the prince's mother in the hearing of many by-standers. Haroun inquired what kind of "justice" the prince required.

The answer was: "Vengeance—his life!"

"Go," said the caliph; "learn that any man may demand vengeance for an offense; to pardon it is the only revenge worthy of a prince such as you are."

This species of retaliation did not suit the inclination of the prince; he still indignantly called for some severe measure of justice against the offender.

"Be it so," said Haroun; "if nothing but absolute vengeance can satisfy your anger, go and be revenged. Call around you the men who listened to the offender's calumnies, and in their presence speak of his mother in the same terms as he has spoken of yours. This is the punishment I decree for him."

Whether the prince was perfectly satisfied with this sentence or not, the chronicler omits to tell.

Insurrections in different parts of the caliphate occasionally compelled Haroun to have recourse to his military power to repress them. During one of these outbreaks, he was one day marching at the head of a large army through one of the disturbed provinces. The army happening to halt, a woman came out from one of the huts near them, threw herself at Haroun's feet, and demanded reparation for some injuries which had been

done to her property by the Saracenic soldiery. Eastern princes had but vague ideas of the rights of property, so that this demand took Haroun rather by surprise.

"Woman," said he, "is it not written in the Koran, 'When princes march in arms through a country they desolate it?'" This, probably, appeared, to Haroun to be calculated to settle the question. The woman promptly replied: "In the same book I have read these words, 'The houses of princes shall be desolate because of the injustice they commit.'"

Haroun was conquered; and he had the generosity to acknowledge it, and to order that immediate reparation should be made to the woman for the injuries she had sustained from the rapacity of his soldiers.

It was during the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid that art and science were first the objects of royal patronage in Arabia,—a country which his talents elevated to a very high degree of civilization, from the state of semi-barbarism in which he found it. It was remarked of him that, whenever he built a mosque, he never failed to build a school in addition to it; and a favorite though questionable maxim of his was, that religion is the offspring of education. Like all great monarchs, his love of learning was only equaled by his respect for its votaries; and many a ruler of this enlightened nineteenth century might take a lesson from the conduct of the Mohammedan caliph in his treatment of the humble worshippers of genius and knowledge. He lived in rude, uncivilized days; yet while he reigned, genius was never left to starve, or learning to beg at the doors of the great. He was unskilled in the secrets of philosophy and the doctrines of political economy; but he strove for the education of his people, and knew not the modern system that allows men to grow up in ignorance and vice, while it punishes them for not being educated and virtuous.

A great warrior, a patron of learning

in general, a moderate and wise law-giver, it is not wonderful that amongst his people his name should be even yet revered, and the title bestowed on him should be that of *The Just*. Though a strict Moslem he was no persecutor of other religions. At the head of one of the universities which he established was a Christian. Jews and Christians were alike appointed to places in his government, and learned men of whatever nation or faith were welcomed at his court.

Haroun-al-Raschid died in 809 A. D. He may be said to have fallen a victim to one of the ignorant superstitions of the age. One night, when on the eve of a military excursion to Khorassan, a Persian province then in a state of revolt, Haroun dreamed that he saw a naked hand and arm raised in the air above his head, the hand holding a lump of red earth, and that he heard at the same time an unearthly voice exclaim, "Behold the earth that shall serve as the last resting-place of Haroun-al-Raschid." It seemed to him that he gathered courage enough to ask from what territory that earth had been taken, and the same awful voice replied, "From the land of Thous."

Haroun awoke, filled with superstitious horror; and from that moment an overpowering melancholy stole over him, under which his health and spirits sank. His physician, a Christian by religion, strove to cheer him. He spoke to him of the folly of yielding to a mere vision of sleep, and exhorted him to continue his expedition. Haroun made an effort to rally, and continued the journey until they arrived at a small town near Khorassan, where a slight illness seized

him, and he determined to rest for a night.

While preparations were being made for his reception in the town, he carelessly inquired its name. With blanched cheek and quickening pulse he heard that it was the town of Thous! After a few moments, however, he recovered his wonted composure, and, turning to his physician, calmly remarked that it was the place he had heard of in his dream. Then, betraying no outward emotion, he ordered his attendant to go and bring him a handful of earth from outside the town. The man obeyed, and presently returned with the earth. His arm was bare, and, fearing to soil the monarch's robes, he raised his hand and arm high over Haroun's head. The caliph gave a cry of surprise. "Behold!" he exclaimed, "the very hand and arm I saw in my dream. This, then, is the spot destined for my grave!"

Three days after this singular incident he expired, and was entombed on the spot, which a supernatural visitation, as he probably erroneously believed, had marked out to receive his mortal remains.

Thus died Haroun-al-Raschid, with all his faults, the greatest of Eastern sovereigns,—a man the most remarkable of any whom the history of his time has commemorated. His name is familiar to all; yet his real character and history are but little known, save from the doubtful records of the "*Arabian Nights*." But for these tales, his very name, to the million, might be a thing unheard of; and the fame of the monarch here, as in many other instances, has received no slender support from the pen and the tongue of the story-teller.

AN ESSAY ON ORATORY.

WHEN Horace intimated that the orator is so born, he created a maxim often hurtfully misunderstood. It is untrue that the orator is made by imitation; for in this alone the artist, of whatever order, differs from the workman, that the one is slavishly obedient to a pattern, while the other follows an ideal, upon the lofty purity of which, as much as upon the care with which it is wrought out, his artistic power depends. Education does not build the orator. True, education must partly furnish the means by which the ideal can be perfected, and must provide some of its component parts. Nothing better than the spider finds in himself the materials for his web. But he who, through copying a model and instructing the brain, hopes to attain to oratory, will ever be like him who would endeavor to destroy the confronting rampart by the cannon-ball cast with the puny strength of his own arm. As well might a sculptor hope, with block and chisel, to fashion a living man, as by such mechanical means to construct oratory. Oratory is a living thing. Her parents are the spirit of the age and the divine afflatus. Her birthplace is the soul of man. The orator is the organ of the time; he speaks not his own language; not so much creates as obeys the spirit of the age. By an unconscious instinct, the mind, in the action of its powers, adapts itself to the number and complexion of the other minds with which it is to enter into communion or conflict. As the voice falls into the key suited to the space to be filled, the mind, in the various exercise of its creative faculties, strives, with curious search, for that master-note which will awaken a vibration from the surrounding community, and which, if it do not find it, is itself too often struck dumb.

It at once follows from this that no two ages or countries have held precisely the same estimate of oratory, so

that what would have called forth tumultuous applause, if thundered from the Grecian bema or Roman rostrum, might not be regarded as a beauty, but possibly as a blemish or defect, if heard from an American pulpit or by a British House of Commons. To illustrate this point is the effort of this essay.

Let us endeavor, then, to trace, in the peculiarities of genius, the time and circumstances which produced them. For it is with a man's intellect as with his face, of which the features are the gift of nature, but the expression is graven by oft repeated touches of the patient hand of time. To study the works of a great speaker, and forget his position and surroundings, is as if a mariner should steer by a light-house, while neglectful of his chart of the shoals around, and with no knowledge of the bearings indicated by the guiding flame. For in many cases the orator's immediate audience was his only care, and in all it was indispensable that he should reach the hearts before him. Whether his object be to persuade or to terrify or to reproach, to rouse to indignation, to melt in sorrow, or merely to express his own admiration or contempt, passion of some kind must upon the moment ensue, or the orator, as such, has failed.

The daring fallacy is often soberly repeated, that the eloquence of a speaker depends altogether upon his hearers. The truth is evidently this, that upon the subjects of its influence must and will depend the manner of his operations. It is so with other things. General Sheridan triumphed over Lee and Captain Jack by very different tactics; yet the genius of the warrior was not dependent on his foe.

Among literary pursuits, however, this diversity of action is, perhaps, peculiar to eloquence. Judging by immediate effects, "Cain" should be placed higher than the "Excursion," and the "Lines on the Fall

of Napoleon" than the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." But it does not depreciate Wordsworth that he had to wait for fame while Byron was setting England in a blaze.

Now, first effects are a real test in oratory, modified, of course, by the important question, how far they are likely to be permanent.

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that, while the historian and the poet may, regardless of the fluctuations of opinion, mold themselves upon the great examples of the past, the orator, while not neglecting these, must always, with an anxious eye, watch the shiftings of the popular current, and set his sail to the ever-veering wind of the people's intellectual tastes.

If we turn from theory to experience, we shall find it an indisputable fact, that eloquence has thus, to some extent, been the foster-child of circumstances.

Why did the Grecian orators often observe a succession of metrical feet, regulated by canons defined in scientific treatises? Why was it that the rhythm adapted to each emotion was carefully elaborated, and a failure in cadence was almost as dangerous as a failure in argument? How came it that the mob at Athens was conciliated by arts so delicate that modern taste rejects them as affected? Surely because the Athenian Assembly, which was altogether unique, produced a race of orators whose merits and defects alike proclaimed their origin. Every modern language is, to a great extent, exotic. How many words does our tongue owe to foreign sources? How many the French? Hence we require years of study to enjoy what is called our mother-tongue, and he who would master his own language, must gather from all languages from Iceland to Ceylon. Hence many are forever shut out from appreciating those majestic conceptions of which the language is capable. From the same source comes half the difficulty of the sciences. It requires as great an effort to master their vocabulary as to become familiar with their dogmas. But the

Greek tongue developed itself. Branch and leaf and flower were put forth from the parent stem by its own inherent powers. Without a tutor or a guide, led by its instinct for the beautiful, which was the god of Greece, this people constructed, elaborated, and matured the most perfect language of the world. And surely they had their reward. The most educated and the most untrained Athenians were able to follow their orator with precisely the same ease. When a speaker found a word to suit him, he had not further to beware lest it might not be understood; and if, through carelessness, he employed an improper phrase, there was not a man in broken sandals or torn tunic who failed to resent the fault. This dependence on the crowd might have degraded and vulgarized the language, *an effect of which there seems much danger among ourselves*, had it not been for the high influence of their theaters, the public competitions of the poets, and, above all, its wonderful homogeneity. There is to be noticed in the pulpit and platform orations of the present time, a kind of mock poetry, teeming with inflated descriptions of scenery and moonlight; rhapsodies which have no bearing on the subject in hand, and yet are applauded to the echo. Surely this arises from the want of popular and real poetry among the masses, and a vague yearning after it. It is when the appetite can find no food, that it turns to empty husks. That people which had learned to enjoy the works of Æschylus and Sophocles was in no danger of thus lowering the standard of taste; and a similar nation must be found, ere we look for another demagogue like Demosthenes.

Perhaps the most irreparable losses to literature have been in the field of oratory, and amongst the greatest prizes lost in this field are the speeches of Pericles. It is not from verbal records of the immediate and awe-striking effects of his speeches that the true estimate of his eloquence must be formed. But when we read that he hushed all opposition to

changes perhaps as sweeping as were ever made in any State; that he wielded a greater moral power than Demosthenes himself, and obtained tangible results, while his successor could extort no more than promises and votes; that he retained to the last, in the face of great disasters, his supremacy over a fickle and ungrateful people, and died lamented as he lived revered,—then we feel that one of the world's great men was there. There is little doubt about his real style, and abundant evidence that it was very different from that of the speeches which Thucydides represents him as delivering; it is plain that it was stately and commanding, suited to daunt and overbear,—the eloquence of conscious elevation. Thus it was asserted to have thundered and lightened when he spoke; upon his tongue were the weapons of Jove, and he was popularly styled the Olympian; he would seem, in fact, to have triumphed by his loftiness quite as much as by his passion.

Surely we can recognize in the ascendancy of such a man indications, not to be mistaken, of the imperial age of Athens. We would say, even if we had never read, this man might have lived, but scarcely could have ruled, in the city's latter days, when a degenerate and pampered nation covered with broken sword before the brute force of Macedonia. But if we heard of one who governed while the memory of Salamis and Marathon was green, while noble maxims of devotion and patriotism were as yet unfaded, while Athens presided with dignity over unreluctant States, and while beneath the hands of mighty artists rose the lordly piles that were to make her name immortal; one whom the democracy—by him never flattered, and frequently rebuked—was content to obey as a prince and honor as a father,—then we would need no history to say that we had found the age of Pericles.

It could easily be shown that it was the growing prosperity and luxury of the country which produced, in the days of

Pericles himself, the spurious eloquence of the Sophists, and that Gorgias and he represented the two currents in which Grecian taste was flowing. Perfect melody and rhythm, sounding phrases and elaborate antitheses, all by which the judgment might be lulled into delicious slumber, and the hearer captivated even if not convinced, gave to the words of the Sophist such a charm as was owned by the lotus-eaters of his own mythology. But the subtle people let themselves be pleased, not governed, by a combination of mellifluous words; a child, therefore, could have predicted the school which would be next produced, if the principles with which we started were correct. Melody was reunited to logic. The excellencies of the Sophist were retained, while his weak points were avoided or toned down. A style culminated in Isocrates, where every artifice of diction and of manner was united with an ostentatious semblance of respect for the higher faculties of mind. But too often the appearance was illusive. Isocrates tampered with facts and figures in a manner astonishing to our ideas. He boldly pronounced the object of one branch of oratory to be "to diminish the great, to exaggerate the small, to reclothe the ancient, and to give a venerable aspect to the new." So little is it true that the Athenians could usually despise the arts to which Demosthenes rose superior, because he pleaded in the crisis of their destinies.

We turn now to the oratory of Rome, and here an apparent perplexity meets us. From the stern, disciplinarian Romans, whose legions vanquished, and whose laws control, the world, we should naturally expect an oratory as strong and muscular, but also as undraped, as a statue of Hercules. But quite the contrary is the case. Gracchus and Antony, Hortensius and Cicero, make use of all the figures and all the ornaments of rhetoric to an extent which the Athenians, when most effeminate, would have spurned. The solution, nevertheless, is to be found in the nature of the national

tastes. The cup of luxury which Rome had then drained without intoxication was deeper far than that which fired the brain and unstrung the nerves of Athens. The Grecian dreamed away a life-time at the gymnasium, the theater, the race-course; the Roman reveled through his leisure in marble palaces by artificial seas. The pomps of victorious Rome were more gorgeous than the shows of enervated Greece. May we not also deem that universal empire inflamed the imagination, and gave an opulent profusion to the Latin mind? Besides, in all Roman refinement, a tinge of vandalism was present. She could copy or purchase or plunder the marbles of vanquished Greece, but to outstrip them was beyond her power. Upon her stage the tramp of the elephant and the tiger's roar supplanted the wild despair of Medea, the lonely resolution of Prometheus. A speech of Cicero beside Demosthenes is somewhat like "Paradise Lost" beside a tragedy of Shakespeare. There are some who may admire the effect almost as much. There are none who can not discern the means by which it is produced.

In choosing, then, between the two great

schools of systematic eloquence, it seems that something may be gained by considering, at the same time, the nature of the audience to be addressed and the effect produced. The history of oratory at this period shows us that inherent principle of liberty which forbids that it should ever become the slave or instrument of a tyrant. The decline of Roman oratory, at the very time when every branch of literature was most prosperous, proves how tender is the plant which was so easily withered. A few legal changes diminish the influence in the forum, military prowess checks its ascendancy in the Senate, and the patronage of a Mæcnas, the munificence of an Augustus, are in vain. But shall we not applaud the lofty soul of eloquence, when we see, through all ages and dominions, history prostrate and poetry subservient, and even religion sometimes whispering to the great with bated breath, and with the lamp in her hand shaded, knowing that she has never borne a fetter on her arm, nor bent the knee to a tyrant? for when she could not conquer, she has always died.

GEORGE C. JONES.

HOPE'S FRUITION.

HIS hand at last! By his own fingers writ.
 I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet.
 His hand!—Oh, reach it to me quick! And yet
 Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat.
 Long prayed and waited for, through months so drear
 Each day methought my wasting heart must break;
 Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear,
 The more we suffer for their sweetest sake?
 O feast of soul! O banquet richly spread!
 O passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!
 Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
 Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.
 His hand at last! each simple word aglow
 With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
 Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go,
 Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.

J. C. S., in *Good Words*.

A COMPLAINT.

THE radiant glow of sunset has left the hollow west;
 The busy day is closing, the evening bringeth rest.
 The chirps of insect-vespers with chants of men arise;
 But resting I am restless, and calm with anxious eyes.

Ah, why this mood of sadness with earth so green and bright,
 When life so much enriches, and gives such rare delight?
 But pain pursues all pleasure, and passion murders peace.
 The answers are so feeble that questions never cease.

I'm tired of hill and mountain, of Summer sun and rain!
 Why go to cold, dumb Nature when she but mocks my pain?
 Is she possessed by longings, and does she with sorrow weep?
 Does she in chill heart-sickness cry out for gentle sleep?

What heed has she for mortals who cuts them down at noon;
 Who wastes them with a plague-touch when they have begged a boon;
 Who kisses them with flame-lips, and rocks them in the wave;
 Who smiles above their battles, and feasts above their grave?

Aye, these are days of culture, all dark with conscious sin!
 Where truth uncloses portals that error enters in.
 Though fire and air are servants, though lightnings on us wait,
 We're robbed of God by science, and doomed to heathen fate!

While building stately cities comes there no cry for bread?
 Are helpless ones protected? Are outcasts pitied, fed?—
 Fed, not by poor alms only, but strengthened by our trust?
 We boast of tender mercy; alas! that we were just.

The statesmen buy their honors, the tradesmen haggle, cheat;
 And men forget their manhood, and bow to tyrant feet.
 The fiery poison maddens to crime the coward brain,
 A wife once loved is beaten, perchance a child is slain!

I'm worn and sick with thinking. I can not find the light.
 I'll push aside the mysteries on which there comes no light.
 I'll shut my own heart inward, forgetting all this wrong,
 With God, to find the calmness I've sought elsewhere so long.

Softly on my soul there fall
 Words of tender, stern reproving;
 Infinite to finite calls,—
 "Dost thou chide instead of loving?
 Wilt thou grow more selfish, heart?
 Waste thy power of benefaction?
 Selfishness is death to art;
 Life must be high art in action.

Palms the conquerors only greet.
 Peace will not be found by shunning
 Evils that thy brothers meet.
 Valor is not learned by running.

Take the sackcloth from thy brow,
 For thy mourning take thee laughter!
 What I do thou know'st not now,
 But thou all shalt know hereafter."

EMMA G. WILBUR.

POPULAR ART.

WHILE so much is being written upon the old masters, Pre-raphaelism, the Renaissance, and the more modern celebrated schools of art, I think it would be well to take a survey of the more humble sources of art education. If the streams are lovely, the rivers grand, and the seas and oceans sublime, we have no right to forget the mountain-born spring or the rills that water the meadow-lands in the far-away valleys. Thirty or forty years ago few persons living in the country or in small villages ever saw a real oil painting. If they did it was some stiff old family portrait, with less life in it than in a rock: for we know that some rocks *are* instinct with the beautiful touches of nature. Here is one looming up before me as I write,—a living breath of nature's divinest beauty upon a little canvas of fourteen by seventeen inches. The warm sunlight and tender green woods of Spring shimmering behind throw it into the loveliest dark relief, while its old gray surface is dotted with lichens so life-like, that one feels sure one could pluck it off, only one doesn't wish to. This picture was painted by Fishe Reed, of Cincinnati, poet, composer and artist—one of those to whom nature has been most lavish of her gifts. This rock will always be associated in my mind with Hawthorne's wonderful story of "Retribution." When it came to me I was ill; and to a sick person a new picture is a blessing. I lay for hours studying its tender beauty. My husband brought a volume of Hawthorne from the library and read to me the tale of "Retribution," while I lay gazing upon my new treasure. And by some strange process of the brain, the old rock in the wood, where the young man was forced to leave his old friend to die, grew to be *the* rock in the picture. And so it must evermore remain to me: a poem, a story, a dream, and a picture, all in one.

But I commenced to speak of old times, and how little we then knew of art. We could not see original pictures, and our few magazines and books did not often reproduce them. So how should we know? I remember the class of pictures then upon the walls, and all middle-aged people will do the same,—all except the favored wealthy classes, and even these did not then aspire to private galleries of art as they do now. There were coarse colored lithographs of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and Monroe. There were "Samuel at Prayer," "The Morning Prayer," and "The Evening Prayer." There were "Sophia," "Angeline," and "Amelia;" there were stiff bouquets and vases of flowers, with three roses, a pair of pinks, and a couple of marigolds, all arranged as precisely as the tea-cups upon dresser-shelves. And lastly, there were the stiff monumental urns, with a weeping-willow and a weeping lady above or beside each, and the names of our dear departed ones written upon the stones. They were absurd, considered from our present stand-point, but they were prized then, for they were the best we had or knew; and in this case, as in many others in life, ignorance was bliss.

But, as the old proverb has it, "The times are changed and we are changed with them." The reproductions of artworks have been carried to such high perfection and in such wonderful variety that every painting of celebrity in the world, either of the past or present, is brought to our firesides and homes. It is of these reproductions, the real and true educators in art, that I desire to speak. They have done more to create and cultivate a refined taste for true art than could ever have been done by the original works alone; for they go to the homes of the masses, and genius as often springs up from the common classes as from any other. All that is needed is the inspiration, the motive power; and

this, in art, is given by these reproductions to all.

In the days spoken of, was begun in Boston the publication of annuals or gift-books, and in these were commenced the art-education of our country. Even at that time we had fine artists, educated of course in the mother-country. And small engravings of their works, from six to twelve in each book, appeared once a year. But the possessors of these books were few and far between, and the education was confined chiefly to the East.

Then arose the monthly magazines; but these did not copy paintings—or, at least, very few. "Graham" and "Sartain" attempted it, but the process was very expensive and failed. I believe the *Ladies' Repository* is the pioneer monthly teacher in American landscape paintings. For fourteen years it has brought to me each month a copy of some fine painting, chiefly from American artists, and engraved in the highest style of the art. I shall grieve to have this feature dropped from my monthly supply, although it has grown and widened to such dimensions that in the *Aldine* and *Art Journal*, as well as in many other illustrated works, our copies from paintings have constantly multiplied. But those engraved for the *Repository* are peculiarly their own, and always beautiful. I could mention several artists who purchased the magazine especially for the engravings from paintings; and I doubt not that there are hundreds of others who do the same.

Steel engravings will never lose their hold upon the public taste. They are so rich and delicate in touch, so chaste in effect, that they are never out of place in the richest room, or the plainest. Many have been executed from large and celebrated paintings, and notwithstanding the numerous other processes, these seem to increase in popularity. Sets of "Cole's Voyage of Life," "Mercy's Dream," by Huntington, and many others engraved years ago, still find ready sale among all the lovely chromos

and other pictures of the present day, while new copies of paintings are being constantly brought out.

Wood engraving also has been brought to such perfection that a large majority of our artists prefer it as a medium of bringing their works to the eye of the public. The *Aldine* has done wonders in this art. Every month its wealth of beauty astonishes even the best of artists. Paintings from European and American artists drop upon us as from the clouds; and he who takes the *Aldine* can not remain ignorant of art, if he would. *Appleton, Scribner*, and *Harper* also give us excellent lessons in art; while the new *Art Journal* by Appleton takes us into its highest and purest atmosphere. Here we study Sir Edwin Landseer and other English artists, the old masters of Europe, Japanese drawings and Ceramic wares, and also get each month a pair of the most exquisite wood engravings of American landscapes. In the latest number are a pair of engravings from two of Coleman's beautiful water-color paintings, and in the sketch it is mentioned that the artist acquired his love for art from the black and white engravings in his father's bookstore. Inness, Whittidge, Wood, Gifford, McEntee, Casilear, Miller, and several others have been represented in these exquisite representations on wood, while the three steel plates are copies of foreign paintings and sketches.

Even the weekly illustrated papers give us good prints from paintings and statuary, a hundred times better than the old-time cheap lithographs. So that in these days there is no reasonable excuse for being ignorant of art. But we have left the best for the last—that is, the most perfect copies of real paintings. The finest of Chromos, made in Berlin and by Prang, in Boston, are such exact imitations of the paintings that one is often obliged to turn the picture so as to throw a glare of light across it to discover its true character. The paintings of "Yo Semite Valley," by Hill; of "Reminiscences of an Old Man," by

Durand; of Correggio's "Reading Magdalen;" of the two lovely "Pompeian Scenes," by Coomans, and many others are as beautiful in every respect as the painting can possibly be. There are no glaring colors; no flat or insipid effects; all is rich, deep, and beautiful, with the exact tone of the artist pervading the canvas. If only one copy could be made it would be a great deal more costly than the original. It is only the facility for multiplying them that makes their cost so reasonable. Every man can have copies from fine paintings in his house, if he can not have originals; and for all purposes of art-study the copies are equally as good. In this way the art of chromo-lithography in its perfected state is one of the first educators in our land. People who before its introduction knew nothing of art, thought nothing of it, now talk of Murillo and Correggio, of Bierstadt, Durand, Brown, Tait, and others, with knowledge and intelligence. If we possess a treasure of any kind we will straightway seek to learn its value and all which relates to it; and thus, by examining cyclopædias and the books in our most accessible libraries, we soon get to know, not only about our treasure, but of many others of a kindred type. And so every picture becomes a teacher; each plaster cast, when studied, leads us into the history or mythology of the ages that are gone; even as every book well read opens to us a new field of thought.

We have a little boy in the family who knew more about the world we live in at two years of age than some mountaineers we have seen do at seventy. Animals, churches, fountains, steamers, cars, birds, flowers, and many other things he could name, some of which, at least, our old illiterate friend had never dreamed of. And all this was learned from pictures. An old lady relative used to say to the children, "No, you can't have the pictur-book. You'll never learn nothin' if you spend your time lookin' at picturs." But the world has learned that the objects themselves and the pictured ones are more successful teachers than

mere printed words, which never can interest a child; and from this knowledge has sprung the famous kinder-garten system of education.

It does not seem strange to me now and here, where objects of art are to be seen in all their glorious and inspiring forms, that our Arthur, of eleven years, should come in and say, "Oh, Auntie, I have just seen a lady who is the very image of Murillo's Madonna;" or that Ettie should come and tell me of the lady on Pearl street who looks so very much like poor Beatrice Cenci; and of the new teacher, whose face is exactly like that of the Venus de Medici. I like all this. It is education from association, and the only kind which refines the pupil—which enters into his daily life and becomes a portion of him. When we received our chromo of Murillo's "Madonna," two years ago, from Prang, and it was properly framed and hung in a good light in our sitting-room, I noticed Arthur looking at it often in the pauses between his lessons. At last he asked, "Auntie, please tell me about the new picture." But I said, "Arthur, the best way is for *you* to find it all out of the encyclopedia and the large art dictionary when you have no lessons to do, and then come and tell Auntie. Then you will never forget it." This was on Thursday evening, and the next evening I noticed Arthur busy in the library. On Saturday, about noon, he came to me, his dark eyes sparkling with a new revelation: "Oh! auntie, I know all about Murillo and the 'Madonna' now!" And he told me a very good history of the artist, and several other pictures besides that which he had been inquiring after. And so it is always. When we seek knowledge of a certain thing we always obtain it with interest. When Cousin Julia sent me the beautiful "Clytie" and Sallie the bronze "Mercury," Arthur never rested until he knew all about them. And although he is still too young to comprehend fully the mysteries of mythology, yet a few words to him of the days when men had no Bible and no Christ

to worship, and must needs invent some gods of their own, dwelling in the woods and rocks and streams, seemed to give him a comprehensive idea of the situation.

And here I am reminded of one beautiful feature of modern popular art still unnoticed. I allude to the celebrated Rogers Statuettes. These are truly wonderful works, and all appeal to the masses of the people. I can imagine another Arthur, or "Inquisitive Jack," if you will, reading the history of the American Rebellion, fifty years hence, from these very statues. In the "Council of War," the "Fugitive's Story," the "Wounded Scout," "Taking the Oath," and a dozen

others, the favorite ornaments of thousands of households, the grand old story will yet be told when we and our children's children shall have passed away; while Jefferson, in his "Rip Van Winkle," shall dwell immortal in our land.

And so I offer my plea for popular art,—for the suggestions and hints of the beautiful which are not too costly to reach the modest home of the workingman, to bring the poetry of art into the lives of his children, and mayhap to stir the deeps of some boyish soul to its uttermost, till he arises from the sterile plains around him and soars, lark-like, toward the skies.

MARY E. NEALY.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WEEP, weep, November rain:
 White mists fall like a shroud
 Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain;
 Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,
 Dash down the last leaves from the quivering boughs,
 And wail about the house,
 O melancholy wind,
 Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,
 Out of yon cloudless blue,
 Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,
 With faces like dead lovers, who died true.
 Come not, lest we go seek, with eyes all wet,
 Primrose and violet,
 Forgetting that they lie
 Deep in the mould till Winter has gone by.

—Till Winter has gone by!
 Come, then, days bright and strange,
 Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by,
 Restful, amidst this life of restless change.
 Shine on, sweet Indian Summer, tender, calm,
 The year's last thankful psalm
 To God you smiling bring.
 —We too will smile: and wait the eternal Spring.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

SOME time ago we called attention in these pages to the good deeds of the Florence Nightingale of Germany, on the battle-fields of Bohemia and France, in the wars of 1866 and 1870. Madame Maria Simon has made her memory perennial in the history of those wars because of the part of the Good Samaritan which she performed with so much acceptance and success, in the line of bringing aid and consolation to the wounded or dying. Her extreme activity during those epochs gave her an opportunity to gain an invaluable experience in the matter of caring for the sick, and led her to study the possibility of sanitary reform among the poor and needy of the cities of her native land. She began her new career in this line by establishing, in Dresden, a sanitarium, whose success was such that soon another was called for in one of the suburban towns. In these she brought to bear her practical experience, gained under the most unfavorable circumstances, but which, for this very reason, developed her power of resource.

An experience extending through several years has enabled her to realize the value of some long-cherished theories which she has mingled with a constant practice until they were fairly tested; and her plans and systems being now fully matured by actual trial, she has recently appeared in the world of letters with a manual for the guidance of those who would most effectively and economically care for the poor and neglected sick in large cities. Madame Simon declares in the preface that her object is most especially to impart the rudiments of nursing to those who would make it—as it should be—an occupation; and her directions and advice are given in such clear and intelligible terms that they form a basis, or text-book, on which to found

a later development of actual experience. She complains that the ordinary manuals presuppose too much scientific knowledge, which very few of those possess who devote themselves to the calling of a nurse. The science of judicious nursing is yet in its infancy, and needs the guidance of a sensible rather than a scientific teacher. It is preferable to have both; the nurse should be taught the elementary science theoretically by the physician, and then should pass into the hands of experienced female nurses, who could impart practical training in a much more intelligible and effective manner than they do now.

After Madame Simon has developed the motives which have impelled her to undertake this work, she gives with admirable accuracy the sources of her information, and the field and cases of her experience, which unfold a scene of great activity, and testify to the thoroughness with which she has studied her theme and performed her task. She is careful in her introduction to give her pupils some very wise counsels in relation to their demeanor toward the sick and their relatives and physician, which show a large fund of excellent common sense, and unfold the secret of her success. The book is also a treasure in its kindly appeals to the wealthy to care for the poor and lowly, and thus gain their sympathy and affection, with a view to breaking down the barrier between classes, and creating a kindlier feeling in the breasts of the suffering toward those who are blessed with means and friends. The dire evils of late wars have thus been mitigated in both hemispheres by the valuable lessons learned in the various sanitary or Christian commissions, and it is gratifying to know that the women of Christian lands are coming out so nobly and efficiently in this great work.

THE Germans have gotten into a terrible quarrel among themselves, originating in our great Exposition at Philadelphia. One of their foreign commissioners by the name of Reuleaux came here to superintend the work, in co-operation with some who had been appointed from this side of the water, and he soon began to show very evident signs of dissatisfaction at the general character of the German exhibit, especially that portion of it dealing in tissue fabrics. His verdict was "Cheap and Poor," and with this as a text he wrote home a series of letters decanting on the character of many of the specimens sent by German manufacturers, and declared them a disgrace to the country, and a great drawback to her industrial interests and commercial success. He told the Germans that they had allowed their heads to become turned by the successes of the war, and imagined they had now nothing more to do than sit down and enjoy their victory, while the French, whom they had conquered on the battle-field, were now shooting ahead of them in the area of industry, and would soon distance them, and drive them out the field of competition for the patronage of foreign nations. We need scarcely add that this raised a hornet's nest about his ears, and that he was ordered home to tell the story in person, and clear himself from the charge of being disloyal and unpatriotic. He is now on the ground fighting away for his text, "Cheap and Poor," and the nation has taken sides for and against, and the war is going on bravely. They accuse him of having gone over to the French, and even of being bribed to abuse home productions and praise theirs; and unfortunately for him just now, his name is French, Reuleaux, and they declare that it is French blood in his veins that makes him decry German manufactures. He, on the contrary, holds his ground admirably, and does not go backward one jot or tittle. He declares that much of the German goods are cheap and therefore common, and made so in the opinion that German manufacturers must make cheap goods in order to compete with other nations, whereas his doctrine is that manufacturers ought to claim their value for real worth, even though it cost money. On sober second thought the German nation is dividing in his case and he is daily gaining

friends, who are beginning to think that too much which he says is true, and that if they would compete in the markets of the world they must supply good things first, and then make them as cheap as possible; quality first, and price next. It looks now as if Reuleaux would come out ahead, and, in the end, teach the Germans a good and very useful lesson. For us the matter is one of interest to know that our Exposition has been an institution of so much import to the Germans and the world at large; they have all learned some lessons that they were not prepared for. A committee of English workmen have gone home and sounded the alarm throughout England, that English artisans must wake up, or our own will outstrip them in our markets and those of the world.

THERE is a world of warning for parents and teachers, in the International Congress of teachers for the blind, recently held in Dresden. Their proceedings extend over every thing that can in any way affect the interest of the unfortunate class which they would aid and guide in their sad affliction. One object of wide-spread importance was quite fully discussed; namely, inflammation in the eyes of new-born infants. Dr. Reinhard, Director of the Dresden Institution, announces the surprising fact that the majority of the pupils brought to him have become blind from neglect of this malady in infancy. Science is now in possession of means to meet this terrible pest of the eyes, and it is simply ignorance or criminal indifference that go hand in hand with it to rob so many people of sight for life. Statistical returns now fully prove that in the last ten years a considerable per cent of the pupils coming to the most varied institutions owe the loss of sight to injudicious treatment of the disease; so that Director Reinhard was fully sustained in his startling assertion. To do what they could to counteract this great danger, the assembled teachers adopted the following proposition: "This Congress expresses the urgent desire that the public press of Germany and Austria may pay special attention to this evil of inflamed eyes in infants, and call the attention of their readers to the subject of this ruinous disease, in popular style and oft-repeated warning." And in order

to give them a tangible basis from which to attack this evil, a large and efficient committee was appointed to investigate this matter in their respective districts, and make an annual report of the number of pupils brought to all the institutions for the blind in these two countries, and make the result widely known. An additional resolution declared it to be "the duty of clergymen and teachers to call the attention of nurses and parents to this matter, and acquaint them with the terrible consequences attending a neglect of remedial measures, that they might not neglect to call the physician until it is too late!" The Congress was attended by delegates from all the German Empire, as well as Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Russia, and these gentlemen will undoubtedly be inclined to labor in the same interest in their respective homes and countries. The entire proceedings were very thorough in regard to the care of the blind, and much information was elicited. This was supplemented by an exhibition of the various appliances and inventions for the successful teaching of the blind.

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THERE is a journal published in Berlin bearing the name of "*Woman's Post*," which deals very closely with questions of a domestic nature, and in absence of the question of Chinese Biddies, to which it would doubtless give much attention were it issued on this side of the water, we perceive that it is taking up the vexatious matter of "*recommends*," given to departing servant-girls. It appeals very strongly to housewives to act truthfully and conscientiously in this, for their own interest and that of the girls. It injures the girls because it induces them to be indifferent to conduct, and to make changes much more often than they would if they knew that they ought not to, and would not, receive good testimonials on leaving their places. And, by the way, the custom in Germany is such that a mistress must give a girl a character of some kind; and without this, the servant can make no progress in other directions; for on application for employment they are always asked for their dismissal from their last place, dated, signed, and sealed. Not unfrequently these must be deposited with the

Police at certain periods or intervals. The *Woman's Post* significantly says: "Why are so many testimonials given which are contrary to truth, by housekeepers who are not friendly to falsehood, and who would sternly punish every untruth in servants or children? A misconceived kindness, quite as often as personal convenience, is the cause of this; and sometimes, we say it openly, a portion comes from sheer egotism. If a girl is provided with a good paper, one is relieved from inquiries, and often avoids the malicious and ungrounded tattle of a girl that would be too glad to represent her mistress as a scold. And again, some persons do not wish to lay obstacles in the way of the girl's future, thinking it possible that she may get along in some other family. When a lady in this way raises the rank of a useless or vicious servant into that of a useful and loyal one, she does not reflect that this same proceeding is followed by many other ladies, and thus each housewife must see in a bad servant the unavoidable results of her own conduct. If all women would be honest, and in case of necessity maintain their convictions, they would mutually spare themselves much annoyance, and do something toward raising up, by and by, a school of faithful and intelligent servants. The evil must be cured, and to that end the best means is for each one to do her duty, no matter how unpleasant or disadvantageous for the time being. When we demand from housekeepers reliable testimonials regarding their servants, we, of course, make no excessive demands, but wish simply to be warned against evil habits and dishonesty."

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THE Roman Campagna has been planted with Eucalyptus trees, with a view to rendering it more salubrious. The beneficial results arising from the cultivation of these trees, have been tested in many parts of the East; in Australia populous cities now exist, where formerly the air was poisoned by unhealthy vapors; and in Africa, near Lake Tezzare, through the action of this plant malarious fevers have been entirely destroyed. In one part of the Campagna, a monastery, formerly uninhabitable during a portion of the year, is now occupied constantly. This change is due to the Eucalyptus.

ART NOTES.

THE desire of beautifying our homes by natural objects, as flowers, Autumn leaves, etc., is becoming more and more indulged. The European, traveling through the hilly and mountainous sections of our country during the calm October days, becomes enraptured by the gorgeous tints of our Autumnal foliage. Indeed, it is difficult to convince the untraveled German that the bouquet of Autumn leaves which you have sent him has not been prepared by greatest pains in the laboratory of the chemist. The delicate penciling of the leaves of our maples, sumach, pear, etc., totally defies imitation by any artificial process. The numerous forms of beauty into which these leaves may be wrought are well worthy of the attention of families who wish to make home bright, cheerful, and attractive; and no simple work will more cultivate the taste of the children, and also of the adult portion of the household, than studies in form and color which our Autumnal leaves place within our easy reach. It was, therefore, no unworthy exercise for the members of the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University to prepare a beautiful design in Autumn leaves to be presented to the Crown Princess of Germany. We venture the assertion that such an object would be highly prized by even so high a dignitary. One department of this home decoration has come to assume very considerable proportions in the industries of the country; we refer to the gathering and pressing of the delicate New England ferns. It seems that this beautiful creeper is scarcely known west of the Hudson River, and not at all west of the Alleghanies. Greenfield, Massachusetts, seems to be the center of this industry. The woods near Springfield, in Longmeadow, Wilbraham, Somers, etc., have already been carefully gleaned. This crop will now often exceed in value a crop of corn, and whole wood-lots are now bought at high prices solely for the ferns growing upon them. From a few fresh ferns gathered for Christmas decorations, the trade has now passed largely into that in pressed ferns, which are sent into all portions of the United States

and Canada. A dozen ferns are pressed into one "string," as it is called; and it is said that a single dealer in New York has ordered twenty thousand "strings." We are not at all surprised at the demand for this beautiful object, since its delicate foliage furnishes the means of the most chaste and cheerful house decoration.

—The bust and the statue seem to be the means most easily suggested to honor the eminent departed. And now we have to note the completion of a bust of Horace Greeley by the sculptor Charles Calverly. It is to be cast in bronze and set up in Greenwood cemetery. All know the difficulties which our artists encounter in handling the modern dress. Nothing more unartistic can well be conceived than the average modern fashion, both for males and females. There is no opportunity for lines of grace to be wrought out in the drapery; while to introduce some other style, as the Roman toga or the Grecian female costume, would be usually condemned as an unwarranted anachronism. Mr. Calverly has somewhat compromised the matter, and introduced Mr. Greeley in his well-known "old white overcoat," which the artist claims gives dignity to the figure and gives partial relief to the harsh, stiff outline which would otherwise mar the statue. The monument is to be known as the "Printers' Greeley Memorial."

—The visitor to the Exposition buildings in Philadelphia found the display nowhere finer, the competition nowhere sharper, the warfare nowhere fiercer, and the arts of persuasion nowhere lovelier, than in the department of pianos. It is not quite easy to understand how a more attractive and better managed show could be arranged. The struggle for the mastery in this department of art-industry argues very strongly the immense moneyed interest involved in the decisions of the judges. It may be said that an award by the Centennial Commission will not change the relative excellencies of these instruments; that Steinway will continue to have great artists his special patrons; that

Weber, Knabe, and old honest Chickering will still have high musical names among their list of friends. While all this may be true, it is only half the truth. The great multitude of buyers are greatly influenced by the parade of such high indorsement of the pianos of any particular house; and if the award is honest, the public *ought* to be thus influenced. Moreover the mere fact of award furnishes a double incentive to the honored firm to maintain this first position, and also to the defeated firms to put forth redoubled efforts honestly to dispute this honor. The result is honest work, the tax of inventive and artistic genius, and a better grade of instruments to the general public. It is a cause of real pride to us that the pianos of American manufacturers have far outstripped all others in this Exhibition. This is highly honorable, not to our mechanical genius only, but to our artistic culture as well. It is no small thing for American pianos to lead the world. It is no small cause for congratulation that the great musical artists of the world yield the palm to the Steinway, the Weber, and the Chickering; while the present made to the heroic Wagner, at the close of his great triumph at Baireuth, was a Steck piano. *En passant*, we quote from a musical correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*: "Our American organs, by their magnitude and resources, by the adoption of pneumatic and electric actions, and by presenting in many cases the chief good points of all the various styles of organ-building adopted in the greatest European nations, bid fair to rival those of the whole world, even as our piano-fortes now excel those of all foreign makers. It seems, therefore, necessary to point out that, while they incite and tempt performers to undertake the greatest tasks, they also impede and balk them by the use of antiquated devices hitherto in use."

—The statistics of the "Society to Encourage Studies at Home," England, furnish a straw to indicate that public attention is drifting more in the direction of art studies and art encouragement. In the choice of studies history occupies the highest place, English literature the second, science the third, while art occupies the fourth. The preceding year art occupied

the seventh place. This Society, in a most unostentatious way, is giving encouragement and stimulus to many who would otherwise pass their hours of leisure in aimless and useless frivolities, and is thus steadily purifying and elevating the public taste. It has many features which might be profitably incorporated into similar societies on this side of the Atlantic.

—"Quite recently the Dean of Durham invited the bishop of the diocese to preach at the reopening of the cathedral after the completion of the alterations. This request the bishop declined, couching his reply in language at once dignified and reproachful. The bishop seemingly is a prelate who is impressed with the responsibility of his office, and esteems it more his duty to look after the individual welfare of the numerous parishes in his diocese than to employ his time and talents, as is done by so many Churchmen in England, in architectural and archæological studies, which generally lead to undertaking the restoration of the cathedral or church of which the reverend student is the incumbent. The bishop does not object to any necessary repairs or reasonable alterations; but he says, 'All this had been already accomplished, at a considerable cost, before the recent alterations were commenced.' Church funds have been used on the cathedrals to neglect of other buildings and parishes in the diocese. 'Thus,' says the bishop, 'to take but one instance, you look down from the cathedral on the parish of St. Oswald's, in the patronage of the chapter, in which two new churches are urgently needed, one of which, at least, might have been built for the sum now expended on an Early English screen and an Italian pavement, hardly in harmony with the simple grandeur of the Norman edifice.' He closes his letter of refusal by expressing his interest in the cathedral, while he says, 'I can not give my countenance to an expenditure of Church funds which, in my judgment, has been unwise and wasteful.'"—*American Architect*.

Doubtless the bishop is quite right in this position. No advocate of the cultivation of the æsthetic could for a moment justify this wasteful expenditure that has been witnessed on the cathedrals of Durham, Lincoln, Peterboro, and Ely. But the plea

which every thoughtful man does put in is, that it is as easy, by proper study and cultivation, to make inexpensive churches conform to æsthetical principles, and thus save the public from the sorry influence of combining "an Early English screen and an Italian pavement with the simple grandeur of the Norman edifice."

—Ruskin has given the following sensible advice to girls about dress, etc.: "Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you) and in the best materials; that is to say, in those which will wear the longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion, but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useful stuff to make a knot or flounce of, or drag them behind you over the ground, and your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy, of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. Learn dress-making yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of every day in needle-work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not the time or taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station." All of which can be safely and heartily indorsed.

—In the recent death of Joseph Ernst von Baudel, Germany has lost one of her foremost sculptors and most devoted patriots. Born in 1800, he has lived a long and very busy life, witnessing some of the most remarkable periods in his country's history, from the deep humiliation of Prussia by the First Napoleon, to Germany's proud triumph over the Third Napoleon, and the consummation of German unity, which has been the dream of her poets and her heroes during these centuries of waiting and of struggle.

Von Baudel's art studies were begun in Nuremberg, and continued in the Art Academy of Munich. At the early age of twenty he exhibited several sculptures which were favorably received by the critics. After studying for some time in Rome he settled in Munich, where his great talent and industry soon placed him in the front rank of German sculptors. Among the numerous works executed during this period the best known are perhaps "Charity," and busts of high Bavarian dignitaries. At an early period of his art career he conceived the idea of erecting a grand monument and statue to Hermann, the earliest hero of Germany. During a long and prosperous career of nearly a half century he never relinquished this darling purpose. His plan met with great favor among his countrymen, and when at last his conception of the Hermann statue took form in a plaster model, the enthusiasm of both Germans and foreigners was so great as to promise to supply the funds requisite for so great an undertaking. As early as 1838 he removed to Detmold—the place which is generally believed to be the scene of that terrible battle in the ancient Teutoburg Forest, in which, during three days of constant fighting, Hermann and his warriors killed or captured the whole Roman army of fifty thousand men. Assisted by a committee of the towns-people, Baudel began the erection of the pedestal, which was not finished until 1846. Although work had been begun on the statue, the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 again threw the heroic sculptor upon his own resources, and for many years he worked on, patiently and diligently as he could gather the necessary means. Not until his head had been silvered over by age, and his hearing had been almost destroyed by the continual hammering on the copper, did he witness the triumph of his life plan. In 1874 the noble old artist was enabled to place his statue on the pedestal that had been in waiting for more than a quarter of a century. It was unveiled by the German Emperor with most imposing ceremonies, in the presence of more than fifty thousand people. The pedestal is ninety-five feet high, and the statue ninety feet to the point of the upraised sword. As a work of art it has received the very highest encomiums of the critics.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

BYRON AND MRS. RADCLIFFE.—A book now seldom read, with which Byron was charmed, and which he undoubtedly used to stimulate his imagination, was Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho." Describing Venice, which, by the way, she had never visited, the authoress writes: "Its terraces, crowded with airy, yet majestic fabrics, . . . appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter." Now, the following familiar but beautiful lines introduce the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold":

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand."

SAFFRON.—This drug has fallen from its high estate, and is no longer prized, as of old, as medicine, condiment, perfume, or dye, though it is still used as a domestic remedy in certain diseases. In the good old times saffron and almond milk were the sheet-anchors of the "master cooks" of such luxurious monarchs as Richard II, but saffron is now rarely met with on our tables. So highly was it esteemed in the Middle Ages that tremendous edicts were fulminated against sophisticators of the popular condiment. In Germany, notably in Nuremberg, a Safranschian, or saffron inspection, was established, and adulterated goods, whether holden "knowingly" or not, were burned, together with the proprietors. At one time it was largely cultivated around Saffron Walden, in Essex, England.

THE ROMAN WALL.—We can hardly imagine that such formidable ramparts, if defended by the disciplined bands of Hadrian or Severus, could have been so repeatedly broken through by half-armed barbarians. But when the Roman arms were finally withdrawn, no strength of natural or artificial defenses could avail for the protection of the timid and helpless natives. The wall was speedily penetrated, and from the middle of the fifth century it ceased to afford any shelter to the southern province, which was quickly overrun, its stations stormed, its treasures ransacked, its population decimated. Coins of

Diocletian have been found in great numbers as far north as Fort Augustus; coins of Constantine, at Edinburgh, and in many other places in the Lowlands; coins down to Honorius (413), on the line of the Antonine Vallum. But from this period all such indications of Roman occupation cease, both to the north and south of the Tyne and Solway. The civilization of Italy was swept away from the Northumbrian isthmus; the strong places on the wall were occupied by the chiefs of the clans, and held, no doubt, one against another; just as the palaces of Rome itself were converted by the barons of the Middle Ages into private fortresses. To the Pictish chief succeeded the moss-trooper, who stalled his stolen herds in the guard-rooms of the Roman centurion; and the moss-trooper has been in these latter days supplanted by the Northumbrian farmer, who has stripped wall and camps of their stones, and fenced his fields with the spoil.

A BIT OF ETYMOLOGY.—The "bayonet" tells us that it was made at Bayonne; "cambrics," that they came from Cambray; "damask," from Damascus; "arras," from the city of the same name; "cordwain," or "cordova," from Cordova; the "guinea," that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast, so called; "camlet," that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair; calicoes and muslins are now sent to India and the East, yet the words give standing witness that they were once imported thence; for "calico" is from Calicut, and "muslin" from Moussul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—Three centuries ago domestic servants appear to have been very much what they are nowadays, if we may judge, at least, from the rules laid down for their conduct in a family of some eminence. The following "orders for household servants" were "first devised by John Harrington, in the year 1566, and renewed by John Harrington, sonne of the saide John, in the year 1592; the saide John, the sonne, being then High Shrieve of the County of Somerset." Imprimis, any servant absent

from morning or evening prayer without lawful excuse, to be alleged within twenty-four hours, should forfeit twopence. Swearing was strictly forbidden, on pain of being fined one penny for each oath. Whoso left a door open that he found shut was to pay one penny. No man-servant was to lie in bed after 6 A. M., or to be out of bed after 10 P. M., between Lady-day and Michaelmas, and during the other six months 7 A. M. was the hour fixed for rising, and 9 P. M. for going to bed,—on Charles Lamb's principle of going away early to make up for coming late. The penalty for disobedience on any of these points was twopence. One penny was forfeited if any man's bed was unmade, or any fire-place or candle-box left unclean, after 8 A. M. Four times that sum was exacted from any man that would teach children "unhonest speech" or improper language. If any man waited at table without a trencher in his hand, he was fined one penny, and also if he absented himself from any meal without permission. The rule was strictly enforced that who breaks pays; and if the actual culprit could not be discovered, the butler was condemned to make good the loss, or forfeit twelve pence. The table was to be covered for dinner half an hour before 11 A. M., and for supper half an hour before 6 P. M.,—the penalty for neglect being twopence. Three times that amount was the punishment if dinner was not punctually served at 11 A. M., and supper at 6 P. M. Whoso absented himself for a whole or even for a part of a day, without leave, was fined fourpence. Should any one strike another, or revile him, or threaten him, or provoke him to violence, he must submit to the loss of twelve pence. Whoso entered the kitchen without reasonable cause, paid one penny for the trespass, the cook being amerced in like amount for connivance. It was further enacted that "none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d;" and "that no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or dublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.;" and further, "that when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be drest up againe within four howrs after, on paine of 1d." The hall was to be made clean by 8 A. M. in Winter, and 7 A. M. in Summer, on the like forfeit, while the porter suffered to the same

amount if he failed to close the court gate during dinner and supper. A fine of three-pence avenged any omission to clean the stairs, and all rooms that needed that process, every Friday after dinner. "All which sommes shall be duly paid each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poore, or other godly use."

FINESS OF PLATINUM WIRE.—Dr. Wollaston obtained very fine platinum wire for the object-glasses of his telescopes, for observing the relative places of the stars, by inserting platinum wire in a cylinder of silver, wire-drawing the whole, and then melting the silver coating. Now, silver wire may be drawn to the three-hundredth of an inch diameter; so that if the platinum wire was originally one-tenth of the thickness of the silver, it then became only the three-thousandth of an inch. Dr. Wollaston procured some only an eighteen-thousandth, which did not intercept the smallest star. Very fine platinum wire is also employed as a substitute for hair in making forensic wigs. It is calculated that a piece of platinum the size of the tip of a man's finger, could be drawn out across Europe.

ENORMOUS DISTANCES OF THE STARS.—The only mode we have of conceiving such intervals at all is the time which it would require for light to traverse them. Now, light, as we know, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. It would therefore occupy 100,000,000 seconds, or upwards of three years, in such a journey, at the very lowest estimate. What, then, are we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes which the telescope discloses to us? If we admit the light of a star of each-magnitude to be half that of the next magnitude above it, it will follow that a star of the first magnitude will be required to be removed to three hundred and sixty-two times its distance, to appear no larger than one of the sixteenth. It follows, therefore, that among the countless multitudes of such stars, visible in telescopes, there must be many whose light has taken a thousand years to reach us; and that, when we observe their places, and note their changes, we are, in fact, reading only *their history of a thousand year's date*, thus wonderfully recorded!

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

METHODIST FRATERNITY.—The ministers and members of the two chief branches of Episcopal Methodism have pretty generally accepted, with a show of hearty good will, the adjustment adopted by the Joint Commission on fraternity. Most of the Bishops of both Churches, and nearly all the official papers have indorsed the action of the Commission. Many of the annual conferences, on both sides, have adopted resolutions approving the "basis of fraternity," and those on the "border" and in the South have generally pledged an observance of the rule for settling disputed questions; and yet while the extreme Southern party profess to accept the conclusions reached, they give to them an interpretation that fully justifies all their most extreme pretension; and among the more outspoken ex-Abolitionists of the North an undertone of dissatisfaction is heard, expressive of a feeling that they have been sold out by the Commissioners.

DEATH OF DR. MYERS.—The Rev. E. H. Myers, D. D., the worthy Chairman of the Commission on Fraternity, appointed by the M. E. Church South, did not long survive the completion of the work effected by himself and fellow Commissioners at Cape May. On hearing of the outbreak of yellow fever in Savannah, where he had his pastoral charge, he hastened home from the North, and for three weeks labored among the sick and the dying, sparing not himself in effort for the good of others. At last he sank under the disease, and on September 26, after a short illness, his spirit returned to God, who gave it. Dr. Myers had filled some of the most important offices in the gift of his Church. He was a strong man, of thorough convictions, and accustomed to express them with emphasis. In sympathy he was a Southerner of the extreme sort; but his deep piety tempered his strong feelings, and his last public deeds were beautiful examples of Christian charity.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN CHICAGO.—The services held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Chicago have been attended with eminent success. The "tabernacle" erected

for their use has been crowded at every meeting. By way of preparation for the services all the families in the city were visited, and an invitation to attend left with each. Every means of public advertisement was taken, and an interest excited among all classes. The street-cars announced the meetings by signs from their roofs. The bill-boards of the city contained Moody and Sankey posters side by side with the gaudy bills of theaters and dance-houses. The daily papers contained advertisements of the meetings. They were the subject of common conversation on the streets, and at every hour of the day children's voices might be heard throughout the city singing from the "Moody and Sankey hymn-books." The press of Chicago liberally supported the revival movement, and the evangelical clergy and Churches gave their heartiest aid. As a result, vital religion has received a healthful impetus, and many converts have been added to the Churches. Simultaneous meetings have been held in several of the large cities of the West by such evangelists as Whittle, Bliss, Morehouse, Inglis, Needham, and Stebbins.

CITY EVANGELISM.—The stimulus given to evangelical effort in the cities on both sides of the Atlantic in which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have labored is still felt, and means are taken to continue the revival influences begun under their labors. In London the Baptists have held each week during Fall, and will continue during Winter, a series of very successful revival meetings, their list of preachers including such names as Spurgeon, Landels, and Culcross. The Wesleyans and others are also making unwonted efforts throughout the United Kingdom. In New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, in "Gospel tents," and in public halls hired for the purpose, the good work is carried on with the most blessed results.

THE WORTH OF MISSIONS.—In a private letter from Sir Arthur Gordon, the Governor of Fiji, recently published in England, he speaks highly of the conduct of

the native Christians during the late outbreak. He says: "The hearty co-operation of the people generally is worthy of all praise, and the manner in which Christianity seems really to influence their conduct as regards the treatment of prisoners and the wounded, even in moments of the greatest excitement, is most cheering and satisfactory." The correspondent of *The London Daily News* also appears to be impressed by the fact of the genuine Christianity of the Fijians. He writes that the work of the Wesleyan missionaries in Fiji "has been speedy, marvelous, and complete."

PALESTINE.—A residence of some years in the Holy Land leads a writer in the *Jewish Herald* to conclude that there are signs of the approaching restoration of the Jews to that country. The last four or five years have witnessed a return of the Jews to Palestine from all parts, but more especially from Russia, which has been altogether unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is now probably double what it was some ten years ago. "In 1872 and 1873 such numbers returned to Saphed alone, one of the four sacred cities of the Jews, in the mountains of Galilee, that there were no houses to receive them; and building was for a considerable length of time carried on all night as well as all day. This, be it remembered, was in the East, when 'the night' is emphatically the time 'in which no man can work.'" Moreover, the Jews in Palestine are certainly acquiring possession of landed property in the villages and country districts.

SOUTH AMERICA.—A serious insurrection has broken out in the Columbian States of South America, because of the establishment of free public-schools by the present Liberal Government. The Romish priests denounced the schools as "godless," and have so stirred up the poor and ignorant country people in opposition to them that what was at first but a local riot has rapidly grown into the dimensions of a formidable rebellion; and the stability of the Government is threatened.

THE MORMONS.—*The Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, published in Salt Lake City, says that there is a new condition of

things inside the Mormon Church on the subject of education. Once there was a general opposition to schools. No one dared to breathe a thought aloud in favor of general education. Now, not only are many of the Mormon leaders outspoken in favor of free schools—notwithstanding the opposition of Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon, and others—but there are found many who, on the general subject of education, speak and act more like free men than any dared to do only a few years since.

JEWISH POPULATIONS.—Jerusalem does not contain more than 8,000 or 9,000 Jews; there are more in North Africa than in Judea; there are scarcely any in Italy and Spain. In Great Britain they are in the proportion of one in one thousand; in France, four in one thousand, owing to the large numbers in the German Provinces; in Switzerland, 7,087 Jews in over 2,500,000 population; in Germany, including Alsace, Lorraine, and the Polish Province, 512,160; in Austria, 1,376,000, or 38 per cent of the whole population, nearly one-third of them occupying Galicia, of whose population they will be a majority before long, at the present rate of increase. In Russia's 63,000,000 there are 1,829,100. In the old kingdom of Poland, Jews are thirteen per cent of the population, and are over thirty-five per cent in Warsaw.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—The following statistics show the status of Southern Methodism, namely: Traveling preachers, 3,271—increase, 47; superannuated preachers, 259—decrease, 2; local preachers, 5,462—increase, 106; white members, 715,951—increase, 19,187; colored members, 2,083—decrease, 580; Indian members, 4,335—decrease, 162; total preachers and members, 731,361—increase, 18,596; infants baptized, 22,603—decrease, 2,306; adults baptized, 38,908—decrease, 10,450; Sunday-schools, 7,578—increase, 374; Sunday-school teachers, 49,797—increase, 972; Sunday-school scholars, 346,759—increase, 18,125.

THE BIBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The Bible has been largely distributed throughout the regions of the river Platte. Over five thousand copies have been circulated in this field by the American Bible Society alone.

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.—The reports made at the recent anniversary meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions show that, although "the aggressive work has been crippled at many points for the lack of funds," the donations of the past year have exceeded those of any previous year since the withdrawal of the Presbyterians and associate bodies, in 1870. The debt of last year has been reduced about \$13,000, leaving the present indebtedness \$31,050.20. The entire income of the year has been \$465,442.50. The stringency of the times has been severely felt, and retrenchments in the current expenses have been made to the amount of \$37,000. The whole number of laborers connected with the missions is 1,148.

PRISON COMMISSION.—The report of the commission appointed to investigate the prisons of the State of New York is a suggestive document, and deserves the earnest consideration of right-thinking American citizens, and especially of Christians, irrespective of State relationship. The investigation thus far made shows that "business affairs have been very loosely conducted, in regard to purchases, both as to prices paid and quantities bought; there have been great carelessness and false entries in the accounts; books have been altered, mutilated, and lost; property of the State has been loaned to private persons without charge, or any account thereof being made, and never returned; moneys have been obtained

from the State treasury by fraudulent vouchers; property stolen; tools and materials belonging to the State not cared for;" and there has been "a general lack of economy" on the part of the officials. This mortifying exhibit only lays bare, in its virulent ugliness, an ulcer of whose festering growth our thoughtful men have been long aware. Indeed the report only puts in form a state of facts which have long been patent to every one, and neither of the political parties, when in power, could or would correct the flagrant abuse. For almost the third of a century the great majority of American prisons,—there is too much reason to believe,—have been schools of vice instead of houses of correction. New York probably takes the lead in this demoralization, but other States are not far in the rear. The cause, it has been well said, is to be found in one word—politics. Men are appointed to positions in the prisons without any regard to fitness, but solely as rewards for political party services. "If a warden or other officer of high grade attempts to discipline a subordinate he (the inferior) will threaten his superior with removal—a threat easily carried into effect by means of political influence." Of course, under such circumstances, there can be no discipline among the convicts. Until our prisons, official positions, and courts of justice are completely removed from all political control, we can have but little ground to hope for "reform," either in criminal circles or in the world of politics.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WHILE scientists are making heavy onslaughts against some of the outposts of the traditional creeds, and compelling the defenders of the faith to abandon not a few of their outlying positions as no longer tenable, another class is doing a good work for the true faith by exposing the legendary character of very much that has come down to our times from the ecclesiastical literature of the Middle Ages. We have now in

hand a spirited volume* of this class, so written that there was no necessity that its author should sign himself as *not* of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits). It is full of matter giving definite and reliable information gathered from trustworthy sources respecting the fables and legends of the saints, and of

* *Medieval and Modern Saints and Miracles. Not ab uno e Societate Jesu.* New York, Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 307.

the miracles wrought by them, living or dead,—presenting an epitome of mediæval legendary literature. Its design to convict the Church of Rome of being a teacher of fables is not at all concealed, and yet the book is genial in its spirit, and scarcely at all controversial in its style. It will fulfill a valuable mission if it shall aid in rescuing Protestantism from the curse of the mass of non-scriptural and superstitious matter that still abides upon it,—the yet unavowed *impedimenta* brought by it out of its former papistical prison-house. By degrees Protestantism is learning to accept the canon of faith, that the Bible is the only authority in matters of religion,—and it is also awakening to the fact that very much of the popular faith is more legendary than Biblical. When Professor Huxley makes fight against Milton's cosmogony, or some other learned scientist calls in question Dante's Eschatology, we look on with quiet indifference, little caring which shall have the better of the fight,—careful only to have it recognized that the teachings of the Bible are not at all compromised in it.

BISHOP PECK's "Great Republic" was a Centennial book written ten years before the Centennial year; and though it was earliest in its course,—the pioneer and harbinger of a numerous following, yet few of its juniors have gone beyond it, in the specialties of the class. The new title* given to this edition, the author tells us in his preface, "is in exact accordance with the author's original design," which was, however, at first laid aside at the instance of the first publishers, but now resumed as best suited to both the character of the work and the time of its appearance. Of the book as it was in the former edition it is not necessary now to speak, as the reader may be presumed to be familiar with it; the additions made in this edition are such as were necessary to bring the narrative down to the close of the century. When first issued,

**The Great Republic*, from the discovery of America to the Centennial, July 4, 1876. The History of the Great Republic from a Christian standpoint. Thoroughly revised. By Jesse T. Peck, D. D., LL. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. [With thirty-four fine steel engravings.] New York: Nelson and Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock and Walden. Imperial octavo. pp. 704.

some thought its enumeration of the great things achieved by the nation sounded almost like boasting, and that its tints were a little over-colored; but we have of late become so accustomed to that order of things that this seems quite tame and moderate. And though fitly enough described as a Centennial book,—referring to its date, and its retrospect of a hundred years, it may also receive the same designation in respect to the future,—for at the next Centennial, it will still stand as a mile-stone to mark an important stage in the nation's progress. Bishop Peck,—as becomes a bishop, or any other kind of a Christian,—believes in Providence in human affairs, and he does not hesitate to look for and to recognize the guiding hand in the wonderful affairs of our country. That he may not always have correctly interpreted some of these things, is possible,—for even the *infallible* bishop may err in matters of history,—yet it may be quite as philosophical and a good deal more devout, to err on the side of too much faith, rather than to believe nothing at all. We can most sincerely commend this noble volume to our readers, as well adapted both to inform and to instruct in goodness. It is especially suitable as a household book of American History.

THE RIVERSIDE CLASSICS (Hurd and Houghton, Cambridge, Massachusetts) begins most promisingly with *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It is given in an elegant duodecimo of two hundred and sixty-six pages, with paper and types about as nearly perfect as the existing state of the book-maker's art can reach. The two or three wood-cuts are fair, but do not add much to the value of the volume. Of its matter, of course, nothing needs be said, for who has not read and re-read that wonderful "classic?" As the initial number of the proposed series, it is especially happily chosen.

FROM Robert Carter and Brothers, N. Y., we have received the following juvenile books, suitable for holiday presents: "Stories of Vinegar Hill," by Susan Warner; "The Little Woodman and Flowers of the Forest," by Mrs. Sherwood; "Holiday House," by Catherine Sinclair; and "The Peep of Day." From D. Appleton & Co., "My Own Child," and "Fallen Fortunes;" both standard fiction.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HUXLEY IN AMERICA.

HE came; he saw,—and his admirers are saying,—he conquered. Certainly Professor Huxley's visit to this country was made the most of, by both himself and his friends, and also by those portions of the American public that are interested in the subjects with which his name and fame are associated, and especially by all that multitude who are ready to run after and make the most of any temporary sensation. It was certainly both proper and expedient that he should avail himself of the opportunities afforded by a few weeks of vacation to visit our shores, and to look in upon our country and its affairs; and it was the most natural thing in the world, that while here he should give special attention to whatever he found that might come within the range of his special studies and observations. And it was only proper, and the right thing to be done, that he was received courteously and heard respectfully,—full opportunity being given him to speak his mind as freely and fully as he might please. For the time his presence among us, and his utterances on various occasions, afforded matter for the newspapers; and now that he has returned to his home duties, what he said among us will be matter for lively discussions, from the press, the pulpit, and the rostrum; afterwards the whole affair will subside into the common level of current thought; but whether that shall be towards the better or the worse, it is not necessary to say. It may be said at this point, that simply as a vacation tour Professor Huxley's coming among us was eminently prosperous; its influence upon the cause that he advocates will be less obvious,—though most certainly the discussion of these things is bound to go forward.

Giving our hearty good-bye to the learned Professor, as he leaves us, and sending our congratulations after him, on his safe arrival over the sea, we may now quietly turn our attention to the matters that his name suggests, and of which he talked so freely when among us. His utterances, though apparently given out rather hurriedly, will be found to be remarkable for the clearness

with which they present the distinctive points of his system, so that probably in no other form can the salient thoughts of the new philosophy be found so fully and yet succinctly set forth as in the collected reports of Professor Huxley's American addresses. And they abound with real excellences, which, however, like almost every thing human, are largely discounted by most obvious faults.

An apparently casual remark made by the learned scientist in one of his addresses, in respect to the cause of which he is a representative, is especially worthy of consideration; to-wit, that on account of the breadth of the whole field of learning, in order to proficiency in any department, each scholar who would become a proficient must confine himself to some chosen subject, and steadily refuse to be drawn away into others. To be at once broad and deep,—a cyclopædist, to embrace all kinds of learning; and an incisive specialist, to enlarge the area of science,—is possible to very few minds. Not only is the profession of learning an exacting one, requiring the entire consecration of the soul and intellect to itself, but each of its divisions is in like manner jealous of any divided devotion. To succeed largely in any department of learning, a man must make that his specialty, and consent to let alone many other things that may be intrinsically well enough, but which, if pursued, will divert him from that in which he would excel. Division of labor is quite as necessary in the pursuits of learning as it is in the arts and trades. And this, too, must be accepted with all its disadvantages and drawbacks, which certainly are not inconsiderable. In the arts it is found that, while by this method, with the combination of many hands upon the same piece of work, a higher degree of mechanical perfection is reached, yet the individual is sadly minified and limited by it as to his mechanical capabilities. So in matters of learning and thought, too much concentration, while it increases incisiveness and aids in the extension of the knowledge of the one point immediately in hand, narrows the mind of the

student and renders him incapable of a broad and intelligent generalization. Specialists are, therefore, necessarily unreliable as to their opinions on all matters outside of their own specialties, both because of their lack of general information and also their prejudices of preference. That Professor Huxley and many of his associates are open to this criticism, there is not much room for question. They are good in their way, but they are professionally disqualified for the work of making and uttering a comprehensive opinion upon the questions involved in their multifarious relations.

The evil of this tendency is seen on a large scale in the make-up of the philosophical system of these scientists. It is purely experimental, and shut up, as to its methods of attaining knowledge, to the sensuous observations, and in their use of what is thus learned, only logical deductions are made of any account. As a system of thought and culture it is partial, and therefore one-sided; and because it disregards both the ethical and the æsthetical in man's nature, while it may be correct in itself, it is not a truthful presentation of the truth. Its modes of reasoning are exclusively inductive, leaving out of the account the whole realm of the intuitional, which is the highest style of intelligence in man. That this method is the best suited for the study of the physical sciences, is sufficiently evident; but it is entirely unsuited to all else; and therefore for whatever in man is outside of his physical organism, and beyond the facts discovered by the senses and the philosophy deduced from them, it makes no provisions. As a scientific method adapted to the material world, it is invaluable; but it becomes pernicious and misleading when carried beyond its legitimate bounds.

Within their own proper sphere, every liberal-minded person must wish for these learned scientists the largest possible success; but since they are, by the conditions of their system, shut up to things material and physical, they are estopped from all interference with the spiritual universe. And as it must be granted that man has a spiritual nature, with its appropriate facts and phenomena, it must also follow that there is very much in the world which their philosophy can not explain. Nor is this any re-

proach to their system, which is sufficient within its proper bounds; the folly is with those who either attempt to apply it beyond its legitimate limits, or else to deny all of which it can not take cognizance. It would be only the part of discretion for these learned investigators to attend their sole business,—to acquire and set in order natural science, leaving spiritual things to those better prepared to deal with them. It is now very generally conceded by all whose opinions on such matters are of any value, that the Bible is not to be taken and used as an authority in physical science. Our physical scientists should also learn, on their part, that their system is not a theological one; and however far it may be carried, it can neither prove nor disprove the being of God, nor to any large extent illustrate his character; and especially is it unable to throw any considerable light upon the nature of his moral government over intelligent beings. Here is their folly, in which they err about as egregiously as do the literalistic and materialistic interpreters of the Bible, but on the opposite extreme. Whatever may happen to systems of cosmogony, whether of geological or legendary origin,—and all these change after the manner of the figures in the kaleidoscope,—the Word of the Lord remaineth forever. To both classes of contestants in this controversy, one may, with about equal fitness, apply the homely but pertinent proverb, "Shoemaker, stick to your *last*."

TURKISH CIVILIZATION.

Is our detestation of the Turk justifiable, or is it the offspring of traditional prejudice? We know that in war his cimeter shows no mercy. When he entered Constantinople four hundred years ago, he signalized his victory by just such an indiscriminate massacre as that which recently marked his success in Bulgaria. The belief of Christendom that his ferocity in war is ineradicable, that his indolent effeminacy in peace is incurable, and that his injustice toward his Christian subjects, being the natural fruit of his religion, is incapable of being reformed, is the root from which the popular hatred of his reign has grown. It is this belief which is at this moment arraying the popular mind in opposition to the policy of the British

Government, and which determines the sympathies of American society toward Russia in the conflict now progressing in European Turkey.

But should the statements recently made in Boston by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin be relied on, we should do well to reconsider the grounds of our belief so far, at least, as it concerns the hopelessness of reforming the character of the Turkish rule. Mr. Hamlin's high reputation and long experience as a missionary and educator certainly entitles his utterances to thoughtful consideration.

Believing as he does that the overthrow of the Turk in Europe implies the enthronement of Russia on the shores of the Bosphorus, and looking at that result from the stand-point of a Christian missionary, he naturally and properly inquires which rule is the more desirable for the interests of Protestant Christianity—Russian or Turkish? Strangely as it sounds in our ears, and unwarrantable as it seems, he prefers the Sultan to the Czar.

Defending this preference, he asserts that the Turks are "naturally a tolerant people." (!) The Koran provides that "any religion with a book," that is, any religion which professedly draws its authority from inspired writings, shall be tolerated; and under this provision the various Christian sects and the Jews find protection. Proselyting is permitted among all except Mussulmans. Missionaries enjoy perfect liberty, and may proselyte any one to their faith, provided they do not convert any one "from Mohammedanism to Christianity." All the persecutions which Protestant missionaries had suffered in Turkey, he says, and the thing seems probable, originated with the Christian priests, communities and churches opposed to the Protestants, particularly with the Jesuits.

On the other hand Russia is intolerant to the last degree. "No Russian, under pain of heavy penalty, is permitted to leave the State Church, and not even a pagan, or Mohammedan Tartar is allowed to be converted to any thing but the State Church,"—a statement that must be received cautiously. Missionaries are not tolerated in the empire. Should the Czar plant his flag on the towers of Constantinople, the combined powers of Europe could neither persuade nor compel

him to concede the toleration now enjoyed under Turkish rule. (?) Moreover, Mr. Hamlin declared that Turkey is more progressive than Russia, that the popular desire to drive the former out of Europe is "insane," and has arisen out of "misapprehension," and that the only condition of freedom under Russian rule is, "to let alone two things—religion and politics."

Mr. Hamlin weakened his statements by a seeming apology for the late atrocities in Bulgaria, by calling Spurgeon an *ignoramus* and Gladstone a mere politician—no statesman—because of their demand for the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. And yet Mr. Hamlin's opinions should, at least, prompt inquiry. They certainly prove that there are two sides to the Turkish problem. And although his statements will not probably prove weighty enough to control the public belief, the question involves so many and vast human interests that the Christian Church should be earnest and incessant in her prayers to the Allwise Providence for its guidance of the conflict, so that it may issue in a long step in the progress of society and the evangelization of mankind.

OUR PORTRAIT.

OUR readers will be pleased to see in this number of the *REPOSITORY* the portrait of one of the agents of the Western Book Concern, that of the other having appeared in a previous volume. The artist has made a good picture, representing his subject in one of his happiest moods, though, perhaps, a trifle too youthful in appearance; but on the whole it is a good likeness, and indicates the elements of character for which he has become distinguished, and which have secured for him the confidence and esteem of his brethren.

JOHN M. WALDEN, D. D., was born the 11th of February, 1831, at Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio. He comes of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and his forefathers were among the early settlers of Virginia. Soon after the settlement of Kentucky, his great-grandfather located near Boone's Station, and in the year 1800 his grandfather, Benjamin Walden, with his family, removed to Hamilton County, Ohio. When John was two years old he lost his mother, but was kindly cared for by his grandfather till his

death in 1841, when he was left homeless, and became entirely dependent upon his own resources. The struggle for a livelihood was a severe one, commencing on the farm, followed by peddling books, by work at the carpenter's trade, and terminating in a successful clerkship—thus developing his ability to grapple with the world, and secure for himself a competency of its comforts and a respectable standing among his fellows.

But he had not yet found a field congenial to his taste, nor one in which his life-work was to be devoted, and success achieved. During his clerkship he turned attention to the improvement of his mind, and occupied all his leisure time in reviewing his studies, reading standard works, and writing for the press. The success achieved in business and literary efforts encouraged him to carry out a cherished purpose, to secure a collegiate education as an essential preparation for a useful life. In accordance with this purpose, at the age of nineteen, in 1849, he entered "Farmers' College," in Ohio; and by his mental ability, integrity, and devotion to study, combined with energy and perseverance, he was, in 1852, graduated with high honor, and the marked respect of his teachers.

He was immediately appointed to a tutorship in the Preparatory Department of his Alma Mater, and for two years discharged its duties with success, when he resigned to enter upon the work of a journalist. For several years he acted as one of the reporters and correspondents of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, made speeches and entered heartily into the campaign of 1856, in support of Mr. Fremont. In 1857 he went to Kansas to aid in the promotion of Free State principles, and at Quincy, on the Missouri River, ten miles above Kansas City, he started a newspaper, called the *Chindowan*, which word is the Wyandotte for Leader. The paper in national politics was Republican—and in local politics, an earnest advocate of the radical Free State doctrines. It was conducted with ability, and exerted a controlling influence in the affairs of the State. Its editorials were clear, ringing utterances in behalf of liberty, equality, and humanity. In 1858 the Editor was elected a delegate to the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention, and as

Chairman of the Committee on Address, was the author of the "Address of the Convention to the American People." He was also a member of the Topeka Legislature, and in the same year was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, under the Leavenworth Constitution. The defeat of the Lecompton (proslavery) Constitution settled the question of freedom in Kansas, and he felt at liberty to turn his efforts in another direction. He had been active and earnest in political work, but it was because political work was, for the time being, the work of duty. This over, he turned away from prospects of political promotion, to enter a nobler work in his native State.

He was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, December 11, 1850, at Miami Chapel, Lockland Circuit, under the labors of Rev. Michael Kaufman, and Rev. James S. Peregrine. He was licensed as an Exhorter in 1851, and as a Local Preacher in 1854. In 1858 he was admitted to the Cincinnati Conference, and in the true spirit of a Methodist minister has rendered valuable service in circuit work, the pastorate, the mission-field, the Presiding Eldership, a Secretaryship, and the Book Agency, advancing in regular order through the various grades of service peculiar to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He is an earnest Sunday-school worker, and for the past ten years has been active in every movement to increase the efficiency and usefulness of the Sunday-school. His tract "On the Attendance of Children at Public Worship" had a wide circulation, and awakened deep interest.

He is a staunch temperance man, and an able defender of its principles and measures. He took a prominent part in the Crusade movement in Ohio, in 1874, and delivered impressive addresses in its defense in various sections of the State.

He has taken a deep interest in the elevation of the freedmen, and prior to the formation of a society in our Church in behalf of this race he was Corresponding Secretary of the Western Freedmen's Aid Society. In the discharge of the duties of this office he selected and sent into the South a large number of Christian teachers, who were among the first to enter and cultivate this important field of effort. He was one of

the chief movers in the organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was its first Corresponding Secretary. The valuable assistance rendered by him as a member of the Executive Committee shows that there is no abatement of his interest in this Society.

During his residence in Cincinnati he has been prominent in the work of education. He was a member of the Board of Education, and as Chairman of the Library Committee was prominent in establishing the Free Public Library, and securing to it the legal provisions through which it now receives annually seventeen thousand dollars for the purchase of books. He is President of the Board of Trustees of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, and takes a deep interest in its welfare.

He has thrice in succession been elected a delegate to the General Conference. In that of 1868 he was elected assistant agent of the Western Book Concern; in 1872, when the agents were made co-equal, he was re-elected, and in 1876 was for the third time elected by acclamation.

Dr. Walden is yet in the prime of life. From the vigor of his constitution and the indomitable energy which he has heretofore shown in all the positions which he has been called to fill, the Church may still look to him for many years of active and useful labor. *Serius in calum redent.*

It is due to Dr. Walden to say that this portrait and sketch are inserted without his knowledge.

OUR HYMN-BOOK.

JOHN WESLEY, in the preface to his "Collection of Hymns for the people called Methodists," issued in 1780, and is still used by his followers in Great Britain (but with a large supplement), said, respecting that book, "It is not so large as to be either cumbersome or expensive, and it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare." That compilation embraced five hundred and thirty-nine hymns, and the book was made up of five hundred and five pages,—less than half the number of pieces in the standard Hymn-book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, though the proportionate sizes of the books are not so diverse, as the hymns in the

former are considerably longer than those in the latter. It would seem, therefore, either that Wesley's estimate of what should be the extent of such a manual was at fault, or else our present book is objectionably "cumbersome and expensive."

We notice, too, that quite recently the Wesleyans of Great Britain,—John Wesley's own Church,—have, without changing the original hymn-book, added to it a supplement, which nearly doubles its size. Among the pieces thus introduced are some of the very best hymns in the language,—a part of which were extant in Wesley's time, while others have been written since. These few good hymns add very considerably to the value of the book; and had they been brought in by displacing some that were already there, but which are simply dead matter or an obstruction, the improvement would have been effected without much discount; but since the old lumber remains, and about an equal amount of the same kind is brought into the supplement, the book is made too large without improving its quality.

In determining the size of his Church hymnal Wesley's first care was to afford the necessary variety for the uses of public worship,—which he thought did not require more than about five hundred pieces; and having provided these he seems to object to any more, because of the entailed "cumbersomeness and expense." It would appear then that, according to his estimate, our later hymn-books are too large by nearly one-half. There can be no question that for the purposes of public and social worship five hundred hymns are amply sufficient. Half of the expense, therefore, and of the burden-bearing connected with our manuals of sacred songs, is unnecessary; and the aggregate of all this is something quite considerable, when the part borne by each individual is multiplied by the hundreds of thousands who must purchase and use such books.

It may indeed be said that among these unsung, because unsingable, hymns there is much good matter and some genuine poetry, which is pleasant and useful reading, and may serve a good purpose, though never set to music. But a Church hymnal is hardly the place for such productions. A

manual of worship should not be encumbered with merely miscellaneous pieces. It is, therefore, quite pertinent to ask, whether it may not be wise in any future attempts at compiling collections of "Hymns for Public Worship" to keep down to about the Wesleyan measure,—five to six hundred pieces?

At the last General Conference, the incipient steps towards securing a new hymn-book for the Methodist Episcopal Church were taken; and the matter is now in the hands of a large and cumbrously ordered committee,—the infelicity of whose methods of action may prove to be the best thing about the matter; for if nothing shall be done, then no harm will be done. Their new book, if they shall indeed prepare one, will be the fourth in succession during the life-time of some of our older Church members, which is rather more of change than is desirable. Our people have now in their possessions a supply of these books that have cost them more than a million of dollars. Will the introduction of the new book render all these unavailable, and make another equal outlay necessary? This certainly will not be done if Mr. Wesley's care against unnecessary expense shall govern in the matter.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

WITH the present number the LADIES' REPOSITORY comes to a close. It owed its origin to a need felt in the Church for a magazine of pure literature, adapted especially to the wants of its female members. The idea of such a periodical first found expression through the late Samuel Williams, an eminent layman of this city. In conversations with Rev. John F. Wright, then Book Agent, in the year 1839, Mr. Williams urged the establishment of a ladies' magazine, and drew up a brief outline of his views as to its character and management.

The suggestion was favorably received, and Mr. Wright presented a memorial on the subject to the Ohio Conference, at that time the leading Conference in the West, and having principal control of the Western Book Concern. A committee of the Conference, consisting of J. F. Wright, W. B. Christie and William Burke, was appointed to consider and report upon the matter. In closing their report, they offered a resolution

recommending to the next General Conference the publication of such a magazine, and it was unanimously adopted.

The subject was accordingly brought before the General Conference of 1840, and by that body the publication was ordered. When the agents had determined on the name, size, style, and scope of the new magazine, L. L. Hamline, who, in view of its establishment, had been elected one of the Editors of the *Western Christian Advocate*, was appointed to conduct it. The first number was issued in January, 1841. It contained thirty-two pages, and the price was fixed at \$2.00 a year. Since that time the magazine has been several times enlarged and improved, both in its embellishments and typography. Its subscription list continued to increase until it reached nearly forty thousand names. In the reaction which followed the war, and through the financial straits brought upon the country by that great struggle, it has steadily declined. Though Dr. Clark and the subsequent editors endeavored to make it more of a family than a ladies' magazine, it became evident that its range was too narrow, and the General Conference of this year determined that there was no longer need in the Church of such a periodical, and directed that, instead, there should be issued a magazine of wider scope and higher character to take its place. Having thus maintained an honorable standing for thirty-six years, the LADIES' REPOSITORY ceases to exist, only to reappear *altera et eadem*. "The king is dead; long live the King!"

ERRATA.—A few inconsiderable mistakes we leave to the good sense of our readers to make all right; but one or two a little more flagrant ones call for correction.

In the September number, page 280, the name of Abraham is given instead of that of Moses, as the recipient of the divine revelation of the name of JEHOVAH, a merely verbal mistake, which any body might correct. A more serious blunder occurs in the October number, page 374, in attributing the authorship of a certain book to "Rev. Mr. Wood," of Philadelphia Conference, instead of E. M. Wood, of Pittsburg Conference. The true authorship is, however, given in the foot-note.

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The paramount purpose of its publication is to furnish children with a magazine that is both entertaining and instructive, and the moral influence of which will strengthen the impressions made by Christian fathers and mothers, and by conscientious Sunday-school teachers. We think an examination of its pages will satisfy pastors and parents that its circulation will do good.

In almost every pastoral charge there are families that would welcome such a magazine, and many that can well afford to take it; other periodicals for the young, of a secular character, are taken in many of our homes, and are silently doing a work of which the parents are unconscious. The introduction of the **Golden Hours** will aid in rightly controlling these results, for the Boys and Girls will read it.

The habit of reading, constantly encouraged among Sunday-school scholars by the circulation of library books and papers, more than any thing else, has made the demand for "Books for the Young," and for a "Youth's Department" in every enterprising newspaper. From these the young are receiving impressions which affect them for good or for evil—either deepening or counteracting the influence of the Sunday-school and religious home.

The **GOLDEN HOURS** is good and cheap. While it is under the general direction of **Dr. CURRY**, the editorial management is mainly committed to Miss **HELEN V. OSBORNE**, who has both the ability and experience that insure success.

It costs, post-paid, only \$1.60 a year.

We ask the Pastors of all our congregations to think of the families in their charges that ought to have the **Golden Hours**, and then to introduce it to them. ***Get them to take it for one year at least.*** The Church having undertaken to furnish such a magazine, it is entitled to such a trial.

An earnest canvass will put the **Golden Hours** in the hands of thousands of the Boys and Girls, who will think kindly of the Pastor who introduced so good and cheery a companion.

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NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN pursuance with the order of the recent General Conference, for radical changes in the "*Ladies' Repository*," a new magazine, to be known as the "**NATIONAL REPOSITORY**," with a scope and character equal to the best of its class, will be published. The first volume will begin with the number for January, 1877, and appear monthly. Each number will contain ninety-six large octavo pages of reading-matter.

New type, with a clear face, has been procured expressly for this work, and care will be taken to make an open page, pleasing to the eye. The pages will be somewhat larger than those of the *Ladies' Repository*, in order to furnish as much reading-matter, and yet allow larger margins and more space between the columns and lines.

It will be printed on a fine quality of richly toned book paper. In the mechanical execution of the work no pains will be spared. It will be the best that can be produced by the Printing Department of the Western Methodist Book Concern, to which Awards have been decreed both by the Industrial Expositions in Cincinnati and the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

Each number will contain one or more articles illustrated with **Wood Engravings**. The degree of excellence now reached in this art renders it a marked feature of the most popular magazines and many of the best books of the day. The illustrations of the **National Repository** will be in the best style of this art, adding beauty to its pages and value to its articles.

The twelve numbers for the year will contain 1,152 pages of reading-matter, which, published in book form, would make not less than fifteen volumes, worth \$1.50 each, and will comprise a variety that will be more interesting and valuable to the general reader than could be procured in books for many times the yearly price of the magazine. It will be sent to subscribers post-paid, at \$3.00 a year, cash in advance.

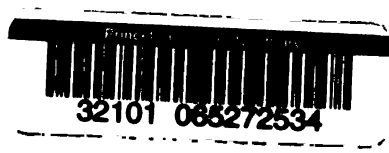
The Committee appointed by the General Conference on the subject of the *Repository* directed "that the scope and character of the magazine shall be that of a first-class religious "and literary monthly, of the highest character attainable, and pervaded, whether in its general or religious articles, by a thoroughly Christian spirit." Under these directions, it will be devoted to General and Religious Literature, Biographies and Travels, Criticisms and Art.

The Editor, Rev. Dr. CURRY, will be supplied with means and facilities by which he can furnish all the variety in the respective departments which their scope and importance may demand, by employing the services of a sufficient number of the best writers for the press, and laying under tribute other available agencies. He enters upon his duties with the purpose of making this magazine the crowning work of a successful editorial career. The publishers feel called upon to use the means and material at their command, to meet the expectations created by the action of the General Conference and the plans of its Committee.

We do not hesitate to promise in the "**National Repository**" a magazine that will be popular from the appearance of the first number; one that will be especially welcome in the family, affording attractive reading-matter for both adults and youth; one that will minister to the taste and understanding, and tend to the best moral and religious culture of its readers.

We earnestly urge our people to take the *National Repository* for 1877—to give it one year's trial, and thereby determine for themselves whether it is worthy of a place in the Christian home and entitled to the generous support for which we appeal.

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